

FULL Names:

Hr:

SEE OTHER SHEET for DIRECTIONS on What to Mark Up on Here

EVALUATE SAMPLE STORY

MAKE COMMENTS ON HERE – **Carefully Follow Directions on the OTHER Sheet** – Note
You are NOT Identifying the Lit Tech (that is already done)

MANY more samples of finished papers on Ms. Kaminski's Web Page

Note: how various elements are labeled which you will do for your final paper.

Fishing Gone Wrong

By Anna

On a blistering hot summer day, the sun pierced through the clouds expelling a burning, humid light. It was **practically perfect (alliteration)**, with no insight about what has yet to come. **All around, birds were singing a majestic tune as if we were on the set of a movie (simile)**. **Sitting on the old, rustic dock, the lake looked as if it was a shimmering mirror of the world going on around us (Imagery)**. The scene was like nothing I had ever seen before. (INTRO: REACTION)

Throughout our time there, every so often a fish would spring up through the tension of the water, mocking us. Instead of biting our desperate attempts at fishing, they were just being pesky animals swimming around in their own little under water world. My brother and I were just fishing on a dock, a simple task, but it was so peaceful, it felt like we were in a separate life from the one we had before. I had never felt something as magnificent as that. Sitting there casting side-by-side, we made little

conversation since neither one of us wanted to interrupt nature's soundtrack. It seemed as if an eternity had passed, when in reality we had only been at our little escape for a short while. I could have stayed in that magical area for a millenium, but I know that was not an option. We continued to cast just waiting for the moment time would stand still as a fish latched itself onto one of our lures. Just as my thought finished running through my head, we saw a ripple appear in the still lake. My brother and I held our breaths. **He felt his fishing line go from being limp and drifting in the breeze to taut ready to snap in a matter of seconds (Imagery).** This was the moment we had been waiting for. "Hurry James! Hook the line! We don't want to let it get away!" I projected across the dock.

"Don't you see I'm doing that?!" retorted James.

"You don't have to be so rude, I was just trying to help," I responded with hurt lacing my voice. While we bantered back and forth, my brother was ferociously reeling in his line, waiting for the fish to pop through the water. I had thought that maybe he had lost the fish when all of a sudden I heard, "Hurry Anna! Grab the net!" come bellowing out of my brother's mouth. I sprung into action as I dove towards the net and ran across the rickety dock to try and get to him on time. As soon as I got to his side, the fish came surging out of the calm lake. I thrust the net towards the fish with no time to spare. I was in total awe since I had lost all hope in us catching a fish.

I looked towards my brother and whispered, "Wow, way to go James!" I was so proud.

"Thanks Anna. I don't think I would have been able to get it in the net by myself," James admitted, "I'm glad you were here with me."

“Should I go get Mom so she can see it?” I questioned. He nodded his head, so I started the trek back to the campsite. I gradually became in viewing distance of our fifth wheel and noticed my mom was approaching our camper at the same time. Because I did not want to miss her, I decided to shout out, “Hey mom!”

“What is it?” my mom inquired.

“James caught a fish!” I explained, “Come see it!”

“Really? Oh boy! I’ll be right there!” she announced. As she was saying this, she made her way towards me, moving quickly over the dirt and gravel. When she caught up to me, I lead her down the winding dirt path towards our escape. As my brother came into view, I started towards him a little quicker than my mom. I made my way across the dock, and as I turned to look at my mom, it happened.

She had began to step onto the unstable dock while distractedly speaking out, “Wow James! Nice catch!” when her calf hit one of the poles outlining the dock, impaling her leg.

All I heard was a piercing cry echo through the air. My brother and I both turned towards her and yelled out in unison, “Mom! Are you okay?”

“I’m not really sure, it’s bleeding pretty badly,” she responded. Sure enough, there was blood rushing down her leg. I can barely stomach seeing blood from a tiny paper cut, so this was just outrageous. Since I was barely able to handle myself, my brother quickly sprang into action.

Throwing his fish back into the still water, he shouted to me, “Anna, stay with mom. I’m going to get the car.”

My mom attempted to disagree by mumbling, “I’m fine. I just need a bandaid.”

We both turned to her declaring, “No. We are taking you to the hospital and that is that.” Realizing this matter was already determined she stayed quiet.

When James left to go get the car I looked around at our previously peaceful escape and thought to myself, “It’s uncanny at how quickly things changed.” The lake was still the same, reflecting the world around it, but instead of it being two siblings fishing side-by-side, it was an accident waiting for the solution to arrive.

After just a short while, I heard, “ZOOM!” (**Onomatopoeia**) and saw our red Chevy Cobalt come screaming around the corner towards us. As soon as it had come to a complete stop, my brother shoved open the door and ran around to help my mom get in. I felt useless just standing there, so I asked, “Is there anything I can do?”

Before he put the car in drive, he turned towards me and responded, “Yeah, could you look up where the nearest hospital is?”

There were a lot of people at the hospital so it took us a while to be seen by a doctor, but thankfully we were done and ready to leave. Going into the hospital we had two scared kids, and a mom bleeding down her leg landing in a puddle at her shoe; coming out of there, we were a shaken up family with five stitches to our name.

After all the craziness the day had brought, we were all relieved to be finally heading back to our campground. As the car continued going down the dreary country road, I turned to my mom and asked, “How are you feeling? Are you sure you’re doing okay?”

As she went to answer, she inhaled deeply before she spoke, “Yeah, I’m okay. It doesn’t really hurt any more, it is more uncomfortable than anything else.”

“Alright, if you’re sure. I just feel bad because if it wasn’t for us, you would have never hurt your leg,” I admitted.

“Anna. It’s not your fault. Don’t worry about it. I’m okay,” she assured me, “So lets get back to the camper so we can get some dinner. Sound good?”

“Sounds good,” my brother and I responded at the same time.

After we ate our dinner, my mom decided to go out for another walk since her leg did not really hurt anymore, and my brother and I decided to go try and fish again. We all left the camper and parted ways when we got to the dirt road. On the walk down to our escape, my brother and I did not talk much. We were both lost in our own thoughts, thinking about the previous events the day had offered. The trip down to our moss covered dock seemed to take half the time it did earlier that day. Feeling the need to break the silence, I looked towards my brother and wondered, “Do you think we will catch anything tonight?”

“Hopefully,” my brother vocalized.

“I hope so, too,” I admitted. After that the conversation slowly faded away. We did not need to talk, everything that we needed to say was already out in the open. As we stood next to each other, we let the sound of our lures breaking through the surface of the water fill the void space around us. The day was slowly reaching an end, as we casted our lures out into the crystal clear lake in hopes of catching another fish. It was a regular routine for us now. When I brought my line back and went to release it, I knew something felt off. At the moment you usually saw the lure soar through the air, you now saw nothing. It felt tight as if it was caught on a tree, and as I turned to look, time

stopped. I saw my brother slithering down to his knees coming to a rest on the dock,
crying out in pain **(CONCLUSION: BEGINNING OF A NEW STORY)**.