

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.

By David

Hockey Match

The incessant buzz of white noise fills my ears as I enter the locker room.

"David," mentions Coach Jody, bearing the grieving expression that one wears when losing a loved one, "I'd like to speak with you."

Dread fills my heart as I enter the coaches room, and I come to the awful realization of the inevitable. Shutting the door behind me, I await with terror the news coach is about to give me. (Intro: A mixture of Action and Reaction. Mostly Reaction)

"Ryan got DQ'd last game....," mutters Coach, his face trying to hide the fact that he has his doubts about me.

My last shred of hope evaporates as the ferocity of my pounding heart fills my eardrums, drowning out the remainder of Coach's monologue.

“Alright,” I dimly respond, exiting the room, determined not to let my emotions escape the clutches of my ever-beating torso.

The dismay of knowing that I alone will be the only thing standing in the way of losing the game in unbearable, tearing at my heartstrings as my mind runs a marathon (personification) trying to decipher my fight or flight instincts. No, I must fight through this.

“You’ve got this David,” I murmur to myself, trying not to vomit through the discomfort of my clenching stomach.

Standing at the entrance to the locker room, I notice that the team is staring at me, waiting for the news. While some look hopeful, others look crestfallen, seeming to know the news that I am about to burden them with.

“I’m starting,” is all I can manage.

The silence that follows is that of a forgotten melody (Metaphor)(Imagery/Sound) as the weight of the news that I had brought falls upon the team’s shoulders. Retreating from my teammates’ unrelenting gazes, I saunter out of the room.

Meandering towards the lobby, I realize with contempt that I could be the most detested person on the team by the end of the night. Trying unsuccessfully to cease my agitated shuddering, I feel somebody’s gaze upon me. Hoisting my eyes from the floor, I immediately lock them with those of the backup JV goalie, Casey Stewart.

“Ryan?” queried Casey, the fire of adrenaline in his eyes. He knows the answer, he just wants to hear me confess it.

“Can’t play this game,” I admit, feeling a wave of misery assault my nerves yet again. I can tell he’s hoping against hope that I get injured this game. Being a sophomore, he would do anything to be in the position I’m in. Watching Casey swagger triumphantly away, I mumble to myself, “Great. That’s one less person rooting for me.”

As I continue to traipse around the rink, I start to notice the little things. I notice how alluring the sound of clattering sticks are as they pass the puck back and forth sound, and how spectacular the sound of shouting spectators feels when it rests upon a player's ears.

Suddenly, the succulent scent of corn-roasted greatness carries me away like the breeze carries a schooner across the blue, treacherous depths of a wide open ocean.

(Alliteration)(Simile)(Imagery/Smell) Letting my nose take the lead, I stroll towards the concession stands. Comprehending where my nose has taken me, my stomach moans with enthusiasm. (Personification)

"What can I help you with?" questions the lady behind the counter. The crossword puzzle that she was halfway through was resting next to her lazily steaming cup of coffee on the counter.

"Could I get two corn dogs please?" I ponder, trying not to salivate at the thought of food, "And possibly a Gatorade?" Setting my money on the table, I wait for her response.

Seemingly pestered by the interruption of her crossword, she snatches the money off of the table and gives me my corn dogs in one fluid motion. With a small huff she sits back down on her stool and continues her crossword.

"Excuse me," I pronounce, trying to retrieve her attention from the crossword that had robbed me of it.

"What now?" she snarls, rising from her seat in her best impersonation of a lion preparing to pounce.

"You forgot about my Gatorade," I proclaim, matching the cold, unblinking stare of pure abhorrence that she utilizes on me.

"Hmph!" she sighs. (Onomatopoeia) Reaching for the cooler beside her, she gets out a blue Gatorade. Slamming it down on the counter, she returns without another word to her crossword.

The sudden surge (Alliteration) of anger is immediately replaced by the returning onslaught of dread that had been tormenting me since coach had told me the news. Trying to shake the thought from my hyperactive mind, I take a bite from my first corn dog. Its tantalizing taste leads my tongue on a trail of honey battered serenity, leaving both me and my formerly bellowing bowels speechless. (Alliteration)(Personification) (Imagery)

“Shouldn’t you be getting ready?” inquires a voice from behind me.

Swinging around, I find myself face to face with my JV teammate Josh Gillis. “ Why? What time is it?” I request, feeling adrenaline course through my veins as I finally comprehend what he meant by his question.

“It’s 6:30,” exclaims Josh, “and doesn’t the varsity warm-up start at 7:00?”

Leaping from my seat, I sprint towards the varsity locker room. Off in the distance I faintly hear Josh shriek, “Good Luck!”

“Just breathe David,” I tell myself, “You are going to be fine.” The constant battle between my fight or flight instincts is starting to take a toll on my mindset for the game.

Already dressed, I still have about 15 minutes before the warm-up begins to let my emotions run wild in the solitude of the pre-game locker room. Where there had once been chit-chatting and joking is now replaced by the lonesome quiet of my teammates getting focused. Continuously reminding myself of the task at hand is the only way I don’t vomit. Over and over I whisper to myself encouragements for the trials to come.

“Zamboni’s only got two laps left!” announces Coach Jody, signaling that it was time for us to go out.

Standing up, I put my helmet and gloves on and get my stick.

“David, you lead the way,” yells the team captain, Matt Berkovitz, as he holds the locker room door open for me.

Determined to seem confident, I put on my best on the way to the ice. Leading the team, I start to feel my heart being overwhelmed with pride.

“I am a varsity player,” I whisper to myself in a daze of awe and grandeur. The misery that I had held so close for the past hour has melted away, leaving only determination and desire. (Alliteration)

As I approach the doors to the ice rink, Matt holds me back.

“Wait,” he commands, peeking out the door “ Let me see if the refs are out there first.” “Okay,” he reports, smiling at me, “You’re good to go.”

As I see the small glimpse of the ice rink from the crack in the door, excitement courses through my body as I think of what is about to take place. (Beginning of New Story)