

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

By Seth - 2015

Drama

“If there is one thing I can say about life is that it sucks!” my mind complains. The pencil tapping on the pad of paper like when a computer is being unresponsive and you sporadically click the mouse until it works (Simile). Turns out, that does not really help out much. I am trying my best to write a good poem but writer's block is coursing from my brain and ebbs into my fingers then slowly trudges into my veins until It consumes me (Personification). Yet again rendering me with an eraser burned paper. I harshly grasp the paper making it submit into a little ball from the force of my hand before i whip it into the fire. Watching the fire slowly unfold my unfinished work to show me my “accomplishments” (Personification) before it is completely destroyed. Much like the poem, i too will soon be discarded like a flower crushed by the foot of a toddler (Simile and foreshadowing - ACTION TYPE intro).

Suddenly a distinct essence of accusation had filled the fireplace room. Rapidly invading the air, quenching the heat of the fire and sapping my energy. "...Well?" the voice behind me demanded, "Did you do it?". Now the whole room is crackling with tension, to be frank it is actually about to burst. Slowly I grab the wobbly arms of the chair and jump repeatedly in the air dragging the chair up with me then crash down loudly BAM...BAM...BAM. Each ascension rotating me and my chair ever so slightly. I persist with this agonizing process until my eyes meet ,my sister, Katie's ever so patient gaze. I try to form words but my lips keep having miniature seizures (Metaphor) so it came out weird at first. After receiving a weirded out look, I try again

"...Maybe" my trembling lips counter. My eyes telling her the real answer. Katie's expression softens and then suggests to me

"Do you wanna talk about it in my room?" I nod once again ascending but this time without the chair and follow my sister up our stairway. Our feet leave a trail of tears on the steps, each whining with a solemn creeeeeek. Once up the stairs, we transcend down the hall the wooded floor still in agony. You can hear it cry under the weight of the two of us (Metaphor), like a whimpering dog from the infomercials that guilt you into giving them money (Smiley). After the long embarkment up the steps, we finally reached our destination. Katie places herself on her bed while I take a seat in her butterfly chair. All of the accusation that previously surrounded us is now vanished, "Alright so explain what happened," Katie interrogated. The shyness that I had possessed before had now all but evaporated "Well," I inquire, "It all started earlier today at school."

The time is coming, I can feel it all around me. It's like jumping into an almost frozen lake with the unforgiving cold of the water seeping into my bones, injecting the paranoia (simile). I glance at the clock the second hand being held back by the tiny man who lives inside. Stealing the hypnotic ticking that would have gracefully echoed throughout the classroom. The teacher's blabbering lips were a super soaker filled with warm gooey water (metaphor), dousing the class with the slobbery slime (alliteration) filled droplets. "We have 48 beautiful min with you a-blah-zing students...blah...hope you...blah...wonderful...blah," the teacher proclaimed.

"I swear he's talking about something very important right now but I cannot stop thinking about later on today!" my wandering mind proclaimed. My thought would have continued if not for the healthy dose of fresh spit sailing towards my head, SPLAT. The ooze slowly crawled down my face like a victim of a scary movie being dragged away from the screen. The victim slowly crawls its way down the corridor of my cheek. Soon to be wiped off the side of my face by my sleeve. Even though I realize that it is a fruitless effort (foreshadowing) I still push the residue away, bound to be replaced by another sailing arch.

"...blah...will be...blah tuesday...blah do not forget to...blah...have a wonderful day" The teacher spat.

"How can I have a wonderful day?!" I thought. Normally days are not so wonderful when it is the day you die.

Interjecting my flashback, Katie pronounced “SETH! This literally has nothing to do with what I was yelling at you with before. I just wanted to know if you were the one who...”

“Shhh,” I cooed, “All in good time big sister, all in good time”

“Hold up died? You still here dummy!” Katie argued.

“Just let it happen, now where was I? Oh yes I remember now”

The crisp bell rang thoroughly throughout the school demanding that the students leave the premises (Personification) The students quickly pack up, submitting to the will of the tone now echoing in their ears. They become a tide pursuing the exit in waves clearing the now deserted school....almost deserted. In the distance I see *her*, the one I have been waiting for. I could drag on for a few pages exaggerating on her beauty but that does not matter to me. She could be broken, torn, burned and scarred, yet I would be there to tend the wounds. She does not realize how much I care...but that is ok with me, it is almost better that way.

I reach to where she is standing,waiting impatiently “What did you want to talk to me about?” she questioned. My heart was pulsating like when the base drops in an intense dubstep song(Simile) rum bum bum bum rum bum bum bum. An inconsistent tempo raising at a ludicrous speed thumping into my eardrums. I open my mouth to speak and slowly the slurred words stutter past my lips

“Well uhh,” I stammered, “We have been like...together for a while now,” my awkward voice shakes, soon followed by my hands, “and..I was meaning to do this for a

while now and well, I guess I'll just go for it." slowly I lean in forward inching closer to her lips but was stopped by a commanding voice

"STOP!" she interjected a bit too harshly. I look at her with the eyes of a hurt puppy(Metaphor) and mumble shyly

"Oh...uh..sorry...uhm..well...see you later" then I scurry off, taking steps faster than my heart was beating.

"After that I just went home and you asked me if I wanted to talk about it." I exclaimed.

"Actually," Katie proclaimed, "I was not even referring to that honestly, I just wanted to know if you were the one who..."

Even though my sister was talking to me, my mind started to drift away. I was a delicate flower caught away in the breeze. Slowly cascading through the air ready to be gone with the wind. Apparently the wind had a different plan, now I was slowly being dragged into a blazing fire.

Ring Ring (onomatopoeia). While still oblivious to Katie's ranting, my phone had jarred my thoughts with a particular ring. My eyes slowly falling onto the phone to see *her* on my caller ID.(Type of Conclusion / Beginning of a New Story)