

FULL Names:

Hr:
TEM

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 IZZY
OUCH!!

Filled with innocence and play, I frolicked through the vibrant leaves of autumn. With my dad stationed at his post, the enticing aroma of the charcoal glowing on our Weber grill enveloped me in its warm embrace (personification). My young mind was captivated by the radiant sun and the freedom of a Sunday afternoon. Although as the rumbling of my unfed stomach increased, so did the yearning for my dad's attention.
(Type of Intro: Action)

I surveilled my surroundings, my eyes landing on the old rusted pickup before me. This was it, I had found the ideal station for my stakeout. I watched my dad's every move. Then came my chance, the target had turned his back on me. In that instant I retreated, the sodden leaves flattening beneath my feet as I sought cover behind my shield. I was an escaped prisoner, contemplating my every move. I had flown under his radar, undetected thus far. Making any additional movements at this

point would be perilous. Crouching next to the truck's bumper, my breathing slowed as I took in the sounds around me. The constant hiss of sizzling meat and the occasional scraping of metal with every swift move of the spatula (imagery). I had come too far to blow my cover at this point, but I needed eyes on the target at all times. "Isabelle!" my dad's voice rang out in the wind, "Dinner's almost ready."

Every muscle in my body tensed at the sound of his voice. With my mind fixated on remaining concealed from view, I had not yet realized that he was on the look out. Anxiously I began to rise up, preparing to surrender. However when my eyes focused beyond the two layers of dust coated glass, I had a perfect view of my dad, his gaze a lighthouse scanning over my head. Unfortunately this breach worked both ways, I was now in open view. Peering over the hood of the truck, peeling blue paint at eye level, a feeling of amusement rose up within me. I began to choke back the laughter building in my throat as my dad continued searching for me, and in that moment our eyes met. Surely he must have noticed me, but perhaps there was still hope. I had to act quickly, escaping his field of view. I was already a target, his sights were set on me. I only had one option left, duck and cover.

I soon regretted plunging down like a sled on a steep slope. One second filled with teasing and laughter, and in the next moment my mouth colliding with the cold, dense, metal of the truck. Ringing through my skull was the piercing sound like incoming artillery, and in an instant the confusion and immense pain commenced (imagery). "What did I just do? Could my teeth have gotten shoved back? Is my mouth bleeding?" all at once my brain was bombarded with questions. My mind was a whirling figure skater, rapidly weaving together every new thought (metaphor). Of course not a single soul witnessed the demolishing blow. The truck secreting my every

move. I fled the scene in a panicked state, looking for any answers. My dad's questions were whisked away like raindrops on a windshield (simile) as I headed toward the truck's side mirror. I needed to know for myself the result of the sharp impact. Staring into my reflection, I felt the true weight of my careless act. The feeling of regret was an MLB fastball, hitting me in an instant (metaphor). There was no going back, the damage would be permanent. A portion of my mouth's solid, ivory wall was disintegrated. The heavy rainclouds in my mind let loose their turbulent nature with great drops flowing down my cheeks. The devastation overwhelmed me, knowing that there would be no solution, no natural fix, just rebuilding.

Of course, rebuilding also requires time and planning. The dentist was not able to piece the puzzle back together on a Sunday night. My embarrassment, unmasked for the world to see at the beginning of a dreadful new week. Deja vu setting in as I am bombarded with questions once again, only this time they're not emerging from the depths of my own mind. Soon enough the blueprints were complete, a plan ready to be set in motion. A contractor with artificial materials ready to piece back together a forever weakened wall, knowing it will someday collapse again. I am expected to endure this process once more, if not multiple times throughout my life. An uneasy feeling settled over me, knowing that the work was not complete. Unlike most remodeling there was no date set, no guarantees, no way of knowing how long the improvement would last. I then knew that I could no longer estimate the strength of my modified tooth.

Assuming that injuries can not easily come to a person is something that I will never do again. It does not take an extremely dangerous activity, or a great deal of unawareness to injure yourself. Our bodies endure a lot throughout our lifetimes,

but they are certainly not indestructible. Even with our bodies' astonishing healing power, not everything can be fixed. Any injury, let alone a permanent one, should typically be considered a devastating thing. If we have the power to do so, we should prevent any form of damage being done to our bodies. I will remember not only the physical, but the emotional impact as well that injuries have on our bodies. (Type of concl: Personal Comment)