

Full Names:

Hour:

Evaluating a Sample Story: SEE RELATED SHEET and MAKE NOTES ON HERE!

Lost and Terrified

By Jared

I glared at his magnificence as he strolled back and forth in his enclosure. His black and orange fur told a story of great strength as it conformed to his broad and dynamic muscles (imagery). At my young age of five, I was so easily fascinated by him that all of my surroundings seemed to disappear as time ceased to exist. I found the strength to pull my eyes away as I was more than eager to go visit the next exhibit with the rest of my family. (Intro: Character Thinking About Something)

I turned around and was struck with an immense wave of fear. A shiver went through my body as if someone had just put ice down the back of my shirt. (simile) My family was no where to be seen. Their spots behind me were now filled with the faces of strangers. My thoughts immediately sped to the worst possible conclusion of what life would be like without them. "Where would I go? What would I do? Would I ever see them again?" (suspense)My heart beat increased rapidly as all of the possibilities began to settle in and take their toll on my already nervous self. Beads of sweat grew along my forehead as I stood there, frozen with fear. I began to ponder my next move but my thoughts were quickly interrupted by the roar of the tiger behind me (onomatopoeia). I glanced at him once more and once again I was mesmerized by his graceful strides and amazing power. I pulled myself away. "I must find my family," I thought as I was quickly caught in a wave of determination.

I walked over to a nearby park bench in hopes of collecting my thoughts and calming myself. My mom had always told me that if I ever lost her, to stay in one place and that she would come find me. I sat down on the bench. The hot black metal burned the bottom of my legs and along my back. It was then that the dark realization hit me with a jolt. I was lost, disoriented, and alone. Lost in a zoo where the animals seemed to be my only companions.

I had been sitting on this wretched bench for quite some time now. As I sat, I felt a growing sensation for the need to pee but with some squirms and tightly crossed legs found the strength to ignore it. As time passed, questions began to flood my young mind. "Where was my family? Why haven't they returned to find me?" With each thought my body shivered with terror. As the day went on, less and less people passed in front of me. "Had my parents left without me? Was this their plan all along? What had I done to deserve this?" My palms began to sweat as I grew more nervous. I looked down at the small pair of red and blue light up sketchers I had on my feet and thought back to the day I had bought them with my mom. I wished I could go back to that day (flashback). A pulling feeling in my stomach reminded me of how desperately I wanted to return home, but my thoughts were instantaneously interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps (alliteration). "My parents?!" I thought. My excitement was quickly tamed by the sight of a strange looking man. He had a very large nose that held a pair of some of the thickest glasses I have ever seen. He wore an oversized plain green shirt that seemed to compliment and undersized pair of jorts. Along with that, he wore a blue LA Dodgers cap that cast a shadow over his face and a seemingly dyed bushy mustache (imagery).

"Hello," he exclaimed, "Are you lost?"

My mind quickly jumped to the safety protocol my mom had told me to use when approached by a stranger. "Look down, do not make eye contact," I told myself.

"Hello?" He replied again, this time with a hint of question in his voice.

My heart rate sped rapidly. I was lost. I was confused. I had no idea what to do. I came to a decision.

"Hello," I answered.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Harold," I lied. I didn't want this stranger to know my name. He had no right to know. He took a seat on the bench next to me -- too close for comfort.

"Are you lo-?" I didn't stay long enough for him to finish. I took off as fast as my little legs could carry me. I ran. I sprinted, dodging people, strollers, little kids. I had no idea where I was going. The wind blew against my face making it hard to breathe. I turned and ran into the nearest building.

My face was met with a cool, refreshing breeze as the air conditioning met my face. I quickly recognized the building to be the gift shop. I stood in the doorway and was once again met with the urge to pee. This time I was unable to resist. My legs were met with a warm sensation that sent a shiver through my spine. Warm urine ran down my legs. My face became very warm as I became as red as a ripe tomato (simile). "Today just couldn't get any worse," I thought to myself. I quickly walked to the bathroom trying not to make it too obvious that I had just wet my pants.

I opened the door and was met with the greatest surprise I ever could have asked for. There was my younger brother. He was only three and sometimes I hated him but right now, it was the best site ever. I quickly ran to him and embraced him in a large warm, wet hug. "Where have you been?" I asked now relieved.

"Seeing all of the animals!" he exclaimed. "Where were you?"

"Long story," I replied. "Where's Dad?"

"Just outside the bathroom waiting for me," he answered nonchalantly.

I ran outside the bathroom ignoring the wet urine that continued to run down my legs. I ran up to my father and hugged his legs since I was too short to hug his arms.

"Where have you been?" he asked in a surprised tone. "We've been looking all over for you."

"It doesn't matter," I hesitated. "Let's go home now."

"Okay," my father agreed. "But you have some explaining to do."

"I know," I replied. I was exhausted and let out a long sigh. My mind traveled off as I began to think about the long, extravagant story I would have to tell once we reached the car. At least for now, I was safe. (Conclusion: Beginning of a New Story)