

FULL Names:

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**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.

## What a Journey

By Collin - 2015

“Please keep right and let oncoming passengers through,” the loudspeaker blared toward our swarm of people. I could not help but cringe from the deafening speech as I traversed my way up the slippery staircase (**Alliteration**).

My brother screeched into my inner ear, “Go faster! You are such a turtle!” Being a wee little whippersnapper, I refused to accept his provoking nonsense, and I cast it aside as if his talk was prickly yard rubbish from a newly sheared hedge.

“Watch your step hun,” my mother nagged of me as I nearly toppled from a jutting piece of hardwood. Instantaneously, I heeded her recommendation and trudged on to the summit of the mountainous set of stairs. (**Type of INTRO - Dialogue**)

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All around me, a roaring wall of water filled my ears like explosions breaking calm airwaves (**Simile**). While its clouds of mist showered me with their cool touch, I wandered aimlessly

throughout the square. Vendors bellowed out meaningless talk to a steady stream of tourists strutting past the desperate and disfigured booths. Everywhere, lights flickered and twinkled with a sense of confidence, while hordes of people propelled collections of groups forward (**Imagery**). Soft, sweet scents of goodies and sizzling cookery drifted through the air and tempted my neglected taste buds. These distractions upon distractions sought for my attention like a young puppy bounds to and fro out of playfulness. Soon my darting mind unconsciously fell through by directing my figure away from the refuge of my family.

Quickly, my vigilant brother outstretched his arm and jerked me back into the completely oblivious party. His rational, but unspoken tongue-lash irked my childlike temper. In a preposterous response, I wormed my way out of the pack and ventured towards a lookout enclosure. Its smooth stone (**Alliteration**) decor and vibrant designs intrigued my racing mind. My attention was then disturbed and mesmerized by a grand and swooping figure of an eagle. Its extravagant form sailed over and around a towering and prickly treeline. The way its extended wings propelled through the fogged atmosphere towards the water captivated my concentration. Here and there, unsuspecting fish were swept up in a flash of fury. The way the silvery animal wriggled and writhed in the binding of the eagle's jaws tantalized my inquiring sanity. Suddenly, my gaze was wrenched over to a ramshackle vessel filled to the brim with miniature people wrapped in blue like a wire wound around a spool after a decorative Christmas season. The order of which massive volumes of water drenched their very being, left a soaked through feeling on my skin. I pondered to myself subconsciously to no real acknowledgement, "Man, that looks fun; I wish I was down there."

\* \* \*

My former careless thoughts and actions were soon drowned out by a quickening thudump, thudump, thudump (**Otamatapaio**) from my heart. I soon came to the realization that my previous group of safety was no longer in sight. Beads of sweat forming on my brow, a growing sense of a

knot in my stomach, and an increased overall tension hindered any ability to think with a level head

**(Imagery).** I was flustered by the way passers-by did not comprehend what was so urgent to me.

Not a single soul so much as glanced in my direction. Little did they know, my racing cardio-vascular system was draining every ounce of hope for rescue from my soul. “Where are my parents?” I helplessly reflected to myself as my body grew frail to a dejected feeling of being forsaken.

The pathetic expression of raised eyebrows and a quivering lip seized one woman’s eye and she cautiously questioned, “Are you okay sonny?”

“No!” I balled to the heavens. This course of action perplexed and disturbed the unknowing lady. In a spring of emotions, I bolted off to the distance through an expanse of people with a desire to uncover an area of safehaven. As I bulldozed my avenue among a forest of towering and unforgiving individuals, I obtained an exponential amount of sideways glances and stares. Finally, I rolled into an abandoned ticket counter. A rush of emotions engulfed every nerve cell within my brain. It felt as if I was a blown circuit being jolted with relentless bolts of electricity. Even the smallest hairs on my body stood on end as if I was a recently blow-dried puppie dog after a grooming session.

All of a sudden a tour guide strutted into the dismal booth. “Well, well, well. What do we’ve got here?” she inquired with bewildered puzzlement within her voice.

With much hesitation, I was able to softly whisper, “I can’t find my family. Please help me.”

“Sure thing bud,” she reassured me, “Everything will be fine.” She lead me toward a building with an ominous appearance. Its jagged corners and its sterile masonry tiles were intimidating to my modest build. My thoughts zipped throughout my head this way and that with an overwhelming sense of unorganization. I could not prepare to ponder what the repercussions for the amount of turmoil I had crafted.

“What is going to happen to me, and will my parents kill me?” I speculated as Maid of the Mist faculty members wizzed past while their air displacements all across blew my hair around. Soon enough an individual that seemed official took a stride in my direction.

“Who do we have here?” the gentle woman warmly inquired with pleasant composure.

“Collin Delrow,” I feebly responded with a wisp of urgency. I finally broke down and wailed “I can’t find my family!”

As the lady wiped away my river of tears, she soothingly countered my weeping with, “Don’t you fret, Collin. We will find your mom and dad.”

\* \* \*

While I lounged on a sofa with a sandwich, I overheard a resounding boom of a voice ring over the PA system of the complex voicing, “Excuse me patrons of Niagara Falls, would the parents of Collin Delrow please stop by the service building please?” In a few short moments my parents barricaded the wood divider that separated me from the ruckus commonly known as the outside world. Before I could comprehend the situation, I was engulfed with hugs and frantic sighs of relief. When I realized what occurred, waves of built up tension were liberated from my body, and I received an aura of refuge once more.

As I took in all of the lovey-dovey feelings of happiness, my mother weepingly, but harshly voiced into my ear with a rasp, “Don’t you ever do that again, you hear? Nothing should ever get in your mind to run off like that. You will regret it if you do an act like this again. I love you Collin.”

**(Type of CONCLUSION - Dialogue)**