

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 Ashley 2015

Driving Test

“Mom, you know Halloween has always been my favorite holiday,” I whined, pleading with her to turn the car around (introduction type: dialouge).

My mom parked across the street from a building boldly labeled *Accurate Driving School*. “I paid over \$300 for your driving classes, so you can forget it. Don’t you think you’re getting too old to trick-o-treat?” She released a sigh as she watched me gather my materials and get out of the car. “Good luck with the test, honey. I’ll be here at 8:00.” I rolled my eyes dramatically as I slammed the car door shut. I shuffled across the street, dodging the elbows of vibrant boys and girls dressed like superheros and *Disney* princesses that whizzed by from all directions. The scene flashed more color than the fall leaves scattered along the ground did, but the thought merely fueled my mind with more complaints (imagery). As I reached the entrance, I was joined with two of my fellow classmates. Both of them were a perfect match to the word “content,” considering

their broad, radiant smiles and skips in the way they walked. The classroom was cramped with students, though there was another 15 minutes before 6:00, which was when the class would begin. If I had known better, perhaps I would not have assumed everyone was there early in order to prepare for the TEMPS test, which was the first vacuous mistake I made that evening (foreshadowing).

“I bet Ashley is the only one who studied,” The redhead in the row in front of me declared as I took my seat. I merely shrugged. I ducked down under my desk to fish around in my cluttered bag. I brushed aside the snacks and card games I had brought along for after the test until the distinctive yellow folder caught my eye. I soundlessly opened it in front of myself, quickly reviewing a handful of road facts I had written down in the inside cover during the previous week. It had been a personal goal for myself since day one of Driver’s Ed, which was about three weeks ago, to score a 100% on my TEMPS test. If so, I was guaranteed to receive a free t-shirt that read “I drive accurately,” which I was looking forward to at that point. 15 minutes flew by as if just seconds, and the class’s driving instructor, Jane, stood before us, each of her brittle hands placed carefully on her hips. Jane rang a silver bell, initiating the start of class.

“All right, kids, it’s test day,” Jane announced, reaching for the stack of white packets on the table to her right. “Let’s try to get started right away.” Our instructor ushered between rows of students, granting each one of us with a five-paged test. Once everyone had a test packet and a pencil, Jane continued by reciting the rules, which were no different from any other test; there was no talking or electronics. The student was to turn in his or her packet to the front table, and then, without being a distraction, move to the neighboring room when finished. I scanned the room until I locked eye

contact with my best friend from across the room, who nodded at me encouragingly. The second I heard Jane urge the class to quiet down and begin taking the test, I flipped open to the first page. The answers came to me as simply as an elementary math question would. My pace quickened as I reached the sign portion of the test, thinking that only a caveman could possibly get one wrong. Little did I know that it was in that moment that I had endured my second ignorant mistake of the day. As I glanced up from white packet, I noticed that two tests had already been turned in, on their way to be graded momentarily. The clock read 6:17. I focused my attention back to the task at hand, proofing it. I brushed off my eraser shavings with the sweep of a hand after sinking down in my chair to admire my handiwork. I then bounced out of my seat, strutting to the front of the class where I slammed my test down on the table. A 100% was inevitable; I have never felt more confident than I did in that moment. Jane eyed me disapprovingly, her glasses balanced low on the bridge of her nose. I stifled a chuckle as I smiled apologetically, showing myself out of the classroom.

“All right, kids, you can come back in now,” Jane barked as her head poked through the doorway. My classmates and I began to file back into the classroom. I witnessed anticipation grow within the crowd as quickly as fire spreads, flickering from person to person until we all reflected one another (simile). As we relocated in our assigned seats, the class’s attention was a magnet attracted to Jane, following her as she made her way to the front with graded test packets tucked under one of her arms (metaphor). “First of all, I would like to congratulate those of you who earned a 100%.”

“Us,” I mouthed to the girl to my right. In return, her eyes grinned from her cheeks as bright as her dyed red hair. My face grew a deep shade of scarlet the instant Jane announced the names of the students who scored a 100% on their TEMPS test. My name was never called; therefore, I never did receive a free t-shirt. My eyes had bulged to a size similar to golf balls when my peers projected questioning side glances my way, but their evident thoughts were pounding against my skull like how a hopelessly romantic boy would throw stones at his lover’s window during the night time (simile). Ashley Thomas, the nothing-is-ever-good-enough student, did not outshine. “You might want to check the last page, my dear,” Jane hinted, offering me not only my corrected test, but also a reassuring smile. Unfortunately for my instructor, a smile was not part of my to-do list. I snatched the thick, slightly tattered packet from her frail hands, aware of the class’s attention shifting to me. I tore through the pages, treating each one like the page itself had somehow wronged me, until I found the scar left by bleeding red ink (imagery) . I released the papers, which hit the carpeted floor with a *thump* (*onomatopoeia*), and buried my burning face in my palms, shoulders swiftly shuddering. If any chatter had been maintained, it ceased at that moment.

The freshmen boy seated to my left knelt on one knee to collect my test, which he placed on my desktop with care. “Ashley, it’s okay, it really is. It’s just a stupid-” Without warning, I released the roaring laughter I had been attempting to imprison inside of myself. I witnessed pure and utter shock flash on the boy’s face, until he, along with the rest of the class, began to snicker reluctantly.

I finally caught my breath with a series of gasps and a tight clutch to my center, and the room once again grew quiet enough to hear the shrill squeals and footsteps of

the young trick-o-treaters outside. "I got the stop sign wrong."(conclusion type:
quotations from character)