

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)

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Note: how various elements are labeled which you will do for your final paper.

By Micheal 2015

OUCH!!

I awoke to see assistants and nurses skittering through the halls, each filing into rooms of separate patients they are caring to. The pitter patter of their feet was echoing against the hard linoleum floor. There was a painful, consistent throbbing coming from what seemed like my right foot. I close my eyes and tell myself to take slow, collected breaths. Eyes still shut, I take in the scent of my surroundings: the stale, dreary scent of sickness combating the clean, sterile scent of hand sanitizer and disinfectant wipes. (Intro ACTION)

"The doctor will be right with you to check up on the stitches, sir," beamed the young nurse, a facade trying to mask the gravity of the situation at hand.

"Thank you, ma'am," I muster up, not much more than a whisper. She left me to the solitude of my hospital room.

"What the hell happened?" I proposed to myself after minutes of gathering, and suddenly it all came rushing back to me.

I was practically bouncing up and down in my seat with excitement. My family always meticulously plans and picks out the best week in summer every year for a camping trip, but this time is different. I get to have a friend tag along! The choice was obvious. My amigo mejor, my sidekick, my best friend, was Dalton Michael Lehrer.

“Aren’t you pumped for this?” I asked, radiating excitement.

“Hells yeah!” replied Dalton, just as beaming as I. The normally dreary three hour ride there soared by as we planned all of our adventures for the week. We arrived in no time, and the set up of our camper flew by as well with a set of extra hands. Finally ready, we had our free time we so anxiously talked about. One of our first plans was for me to give him the dime tour of the gorgeous campgrounds. We decided it would be best to go by bike. We made sure we had all the necessary things: water, food, and air in the tires, and then we set out on the journey.

“Over here!” I shouted, and I heard the shuffling of tiny little feet as a few chipmunks scurried off and rustled the thick foliage of the trees. We rode past the lake, distracted by the incandescent sun reflecting off of it, blinding as an annoyingly bright LED flashlight being shone in one’s eyes (simile). All of a sudden we noticed a van about 30 feet in front of us and coming straight on. I was on the right side of the road, while Dalton was cruising more toward the centerline.

“Get over!” I worriedly yelled, even though I knew he still had time, but I wanted to know he would be safe. However he rode without a care in the world, foolishly hugging the center until he deemed it dangerous himself. He quickly jabbed over toward me, misjudging the distance between my bike and his. I felt the collision of his bike with mine and felt the jolt from the back of my bike all throughout my body. The impact turned my world upside down. Literally, I got sent sailing over the side of my handlebars. I was flying, and in my brief moment of weightlessness I was a feather being tossed to and fro in the wind, gravity not

taking effect on me (metaphor). I felt a quick and abrupt pain signal shoot up from my foot, and that feeling of a thousand needles stabbing into my foot quickly brought me back to reality. One moment I was suspended in the air, the next I was colliding with the rough pavement. The impact itself did not hurt, so much as my limp body skidding across the hellishly painful and gritty cement of a campground road. Thankfully my face broke the brunt of the fall.

“Oh my God!” howled Dalton, bursting with laughter at my misfortune. I scowled, ignoring his existence for the moment. Every inch of my body boycotted the act of standing when I attempted to rise up. Suddenly another jolt of pain was sent coursing through my body, making me yelp in sudden agony. I closed my eyes to let the pain sink in for a moment and noticed that the annoying shrieks of laughter had ceased. I opened my eyes to Dalton, but a Dalton like I had never seen before. A shiver was sent down my spine when my gaze caught his. I quickly knew something worse had gone down. My normally happy-go-lucky and carefree friend was horrified. Something was definitely wrong. Eyes wide, his mouth a gaping black hole, Dalton’s face was struck with sheer terror.

“Oh my God,” he mouthed, this time for a completely different reason. He was not able to conjure up a word. He motioned to my foot, and I knew I did not want to look, but I did want to look. In the same way as you cannot but help look at a grisly crime scene, I could not help but glance down at the root of my pain. I saw what made Dalton’s blood run cold. My sandal allowed for me to see a gruesome v-shaped gash in my foot about an inch and a half long on both ends was where the smooth skin of my foot once was. For a moment I peered into what my torn up skin revealed to be the inside of my foot. Dark blue veins running, the pure white of the tendons in my foot sticking out amongst the deeper maroon red covering the rest (imagery). It was fine for a moment, and then the blood. My

foot was like Niagara Falls, gushing out scarlet red blood in replacement of crystal clear water.

“WE NEED TO GO, NOW,” screamed Dalton, the horror being replaced by a newfound sense of urgency. We were a solid three-quarters of a mile away, and I was the only one who knew how to get back. Adrenaline took control. The pain in my foot was virtually gone, and there was no time to sit around. We had to act. I ran back and grabbed my bike, set the handlebars straight from the crash, and we were off.

“Follow me! We have to hurry!” I barked at Dalton. We weaved through the confusing maze of campground roads with myself leading and Dalton keeping close behind. Not even thinking about things, I turned left here, right there, another right, another left, making split second decisions I wasn’t even sure were right at the time. By a miracle, whether it being my knowledge of the campground layout or sheer luck, we made it back to our campsite in record time. I tossed down my bike and ran to the site, but stopped in horror after the second step. I was wearing memory foam sandals, the incredibly comfortable ones that you avoid taking to the beach because they get saturated with water and take a good week to dry out. However, this was not water it was filling up with. I started my trot again, only to fall into a pattern of every other step being a gruesome squish, gushing as I stepped down, causing thick blood to flow out of the saturated sandal with each painstaking step (imagery). My parents were nowhere to be found. Panicked, Dalton started calling out.

“Carol! Carol! Mike’s hurt!” called Dalton, cupping his hands over his mouth in an attempt to make himself heard. She must have caught part of it, because we heard a response coming from the lake. There was my mom, cooling off in the refreshing lake, oblivious to her son’s newfound injury. We waved her over, beckoning her to come immediately. However she waved back, unaware that to Dalton and I there was a dire situation afoot. She did not stay oblivious for long, however. Her motherly instincts must

have kicked in, because all the sudden she changed from Carol relaxing in the lake, to Carol sprinting out of the water and running toward the campsite. With her towel in her hand, she was still soggy and drenched from the cool lake water.

“What is it boys? Is something wrong?” she questioned, with worry plastered on her face. As if practiced, Dalton and I both nodded solemnly at the same time.

“Well, what’s the probl-,” started my mom, but was cut off mid sentence by herself. Her mouth dropped, her eyes widened, and she gasped.

“Dalton! What happened?” she asked, acting as if I was not able to answer myself.

“We were- and then I- and then Mike- and a van- and Mike crashed,” managed Dalton, giving a masterful summary of the situation.

“Dear God. We need to do something about that, now!” Carol exclaimed, but Dalton and I both could tell she did not know where to begin. She sat me down, and thank the heavens, my dad showed up not a minute later.

“What’s going on here, did I miss the memo for a family gathering?” joked my dad, not knowing the gravity of the situation. No one laughed, and he then noticed the graveness in the air.

“What’s the matter? You all seem alive and well, so what’s the problem?” asked my dad cluelessly. My mom motioned for him to come over, and he was on the move and was quickly by my side.

“Mike! What happened?” he asked again, nearly mirroring my mom with his worrisome question. I failed to respond, but my dad got the idea that it would be explained in due time. He quickly ran and got something to put pressure on the wound, and then hurriedly snatched the first aid kit. I took the cloth off, looking at my foot for the first time since I first sliced it.

“Oh my Lord,” I gasped, staring blankly at my once-normal foot. It had gotten nothing but worse. The bleeding escalated, the wound dirtied. I felt my stomach drop, and I nearly lost all my breakfast right then and there. I swallowed my pride, and the vomit, and just watched and my dad clean the wound and wrap it up tightly. I was endlessly thankful that it was finally out of sight.

“Let’s go!” ordered my dad, helping me up with the aid of Dalton. We made our way slowly to the truck, where my mom had cleared out a spot for me. I agonizingly made my way up, adrenaline wore off by now, and settled into the back. It was but a 25 minute ride to the nearest hospital, but my thoughts were off before the truck even roared to life. I might have ruptured a tendon, and I would not be able to play sports ever again. My foot could have gotten infected and it might need to be amputated.

“Oh god,” I voiced aloud, and suddenly the string that was holding my pride inside me snapped. My 12 year old self gave in, and all the overwhelming situations that were playing through my head made me suddenly burst into small, silent sobs. No one except Dalton saw when he looked back, but he just gave me a nod, as if saying that everything will be fine, and I stopped shortly after.

I then fell into a light sleep until I was awoken by my dad, who proceeded to place me in a wheelchair and wheel me into this strange building that for the life of me I could not recollect.

“What? Where am I?” I muttered to myself, unable to form a coherent thought. The thoughts of the blissful clutches of sleep soon returned, however. Light-headed, dazed, and exhausted, I fell into a deeper, sounder sleep, not wanting to know what might have to happen when I awoke again (Conclusion type: quotation from another character).