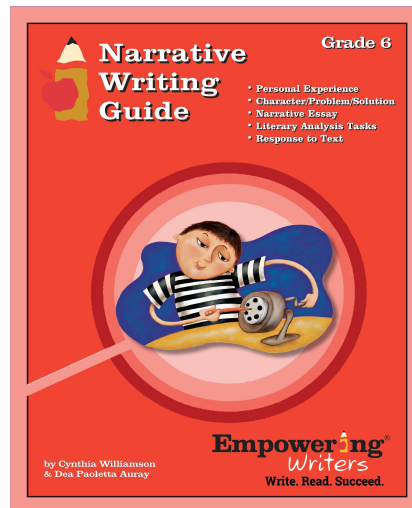




Grade 6 Narrative Writing Guide

Student Pages for Print or Projection

SECTION 7: Prompts and Process Writing



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1-866-285-3516

Name _____

As you get older, you are expected to take on more responsibilities. Write a personal experience story one responsibility you face at school or home.

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

Everybody wants someone in their lives who loves them. Think of someone who loves you. Write a story about something this person did that showed you how much they care for you.

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

Learning a new skill, sport, or musical activity can be exciting, but it can also be challenging. Write a story about a time when you overcame the challenge of some new activity or skill you were pursuing.

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

Some people love to shop and others hate it! Write a story about your last shopping trip. How did you feel about it?

As you prepare to write:

- 1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
- 2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

- 3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
- 4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

Think back for a minute. Write a personal experience story about something that made you feel proud of yourself when you were younger.

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

Imagine you could travel into the past. Write a story set in the past as a first-person narrative. Where would you go and what experience would you have there?

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

We are all unique combinations of gifts and areas of weakness. Write a story about what you're doing to develop your gifts and address your areas of weakness.

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

Name _____

We all get angry sometimes. Write a story about a time you got really, really angry. How did you express your anger? Do you think you could have communicated your feelings differently? What did you learn from this experience?

As you prepare to write:

1. Analyze the givens and variables in this prompt.
2. List at least two segments of elaborative detail you would include.

_____ .

3. Remember to showcase all of the writing skills you have learned.
4. Use the following framework to plan your story:

This is a story about _____ .
character - GIVEN

The adventure, experience, or problem is that _____ .
main event - GIVEN and VARIABLE

The adventure or experience concluded/problem solved when _____

_____ .

4 Point Narrative Writing Rubric

- 0 - Unscorable!** Wrote nothing, illegible or wrote about something different from the prompt.
- 1 - Still has a Way to Go!** Shopping list. Too short. Hard to understand. Not enough details and interesting words.
- 2 - Still needs Work!** It has a little bit of detail, but mostly general details like nice, good, red, blue, very, etc. It has an okay beginning, middle and end. Lacks a single entertaining MAIN EVENT! Does not include the main character's feelings or reactions. Needs more elaboration to make it interesting.
- 3 - Good!** Has a beginning, middle, end, organized. Has some specific elaborative details and remains focused on the important events. Needs more elaboration to make it interesting. Although there is a single main event, the piece lacks a balance of action, description, and dialogue for a significant, single, and entertaining main event. Does not include enough of the main character's feelings or reactions. Includes evidence of most parts of the writing diamond.
- 4 - Great! Fantastic!** Has a strong beginning, middle and end. It is interesting and entertaining. Stays focused on the important events. There is clear evidence of every section of the writing diamond and lots of great description. Author uses interesting words, vivid vocabulary and sentence variety. There is a mixture of action, description, feelings and dialogue. This story is smooth and easy to read.

SCORE POINT 2:

(Untitled)

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” I heard Aunt Chris’ laugh even before I saw her. She was standing in the kitchen with my mom and they were laughing. I rushed in and asked what she was doing here. Aunt Chris was taking me out for a “girls’ day.” We were going to get our nails done and have a nice lunch. I was happy about this. It was my birthday gift.

We went to the nail salon first. I picked out some bright green nail polish. Aunt Chris chose a light pink color for her nails. First my old nail polish came off. Then, my fingers were soaked in some oil. The woman doing my nails filed them down and rubbed some sweet-smelling lotion all over my hands. It felt good. Another person gave me a little neck massage. That felt good too. I asked for a smiley face on one nail and the person agreed. It was yellow with black eyes and a mouth. Cool! I thought! When we were done, we went to the restaurant. It was a Mexican restaurant. I got the tacos and Aunt Chris got a burrito bowl. Aunt Chris loves Mexican food and so do I. It was really yummy and the best part was the homemade chips and salsa on the table. Because it was my birthday, they put a huge sombrero on my head and sang “Happy Birthday” in Spanish. They gave me a fried ice cream ball with a little candle on it. It was so much fun!

When we got home I thanked Aunt Chris and thought about our fun day. It was great!

SCORE POINT 3:

The Skating Adventure

I sat down on the stump and put on my skates. Dad was sitting on the stump next to me putting on his skates, too. He was a hockey goalie in high school and was a really good skater. I was a bit clumsy on the ice and certainly could not play hockey. This year Dad built a skating rink right in our yard. He put up some wooden sides, laid down thick plastic on the bottom and then we used the hose to fill it up with water. We were going to have several days of cold weather so this was perfect. Dad was going to teach me how to play hockey.

I stood up and felt wobbly. My ankles were already sore. Dad told me to sit down again and he tightened up my laces so I wouldn't wobble so much. He took a step onto the ice and glided around in circles. I stepped onto the ice and SMASH! Fell right down. Laughing so hard I was almost crying, I crawled onto my hands and knees and then stood up again. Dad skated over and took my hands. While he skated backwards, I pushed forwards. It was easy when Dad was holding me up. We went around and around like this until finally Dad stopped and smiled. "You can do it now!" he said. My heart was racing and even though it was cold out, I was sweating a little. I pushed off and glided a few inches. Then I did it again. Soon enough I was moving around the rink without holding on. Dad handed me a hockey stick and showed me how to hold it. It was made of wood and had a blade on the end. He grabbed his stick and passed the puck to me. "Cradle the puck gently," he coached. I caught the puck with my stick and managed to pass it back to him. To my surprise, I realized I was still skating. Then some friends showed up to play and we passed the puck back and forth. Dad was the goalie and we shot the puck at him as he made save after save.

It was a fun day and Dad was a really good player! I hope we do this again tomorrow.

SCORE POINT 4:

My Grandpa

I quietly tiptoed past the open bedroom door and down the hall. I could hear the clatter of someone moving around in the garage. As I got closer I could see a shadow that looked familiar. A tall man who limped slightly was standing next to the counter top. He had on a bucket hat and some large wading pants. On his feet were waterproof boots and a raincoat hung on a nail close by. He was fiddling with something on the counter. I stood silent and watched. Suddenly he turned around and caught me staring. "Grandpa!" I whispered, "what are you doing?"

"Getting our tackle gear ready, sport!" he replied with a huge grin. I had been waiting to go fishing with grandpa for quite some time. Each of my brothers and even my sister had gone out with him and caught their first fish. They told tall tales of the "ones that got away." Every time they would reminisce about their fishing adventure, their eyes had this gleam. I was never quite sure whether they were telling the truth or just making things up. I was ready to find out for myself.

He tossed me a bucket hat, just like his! Mine was olive green with a large brim, to keep the sun off my face Grandpa said, and it had fishing lures attached all over. The lures were brightly colored and reminded me of feathers. Grandpa said the fish were attracted to them. He made them himself and they were the secret weapon. He handed me some waterproof waders, boots and a raincoat. I quickly put these on and we headed out the door to the truck. Fishing poles and a large red tackle box were already loaded into the bed of the truck.

The moon hung high in the sky and there were still a few stars peeking out. The lake was quiet this morning. We grabbed the gear and headed out towards the lake. Grandpa hiked up the hill and right to his special spot. Then, he handed me a fishing pole. I had a hard time trying to get the fishing lure onto the hook, but Grandpa showed me how. We walked into the water, about up to our knees. He took his pole and tossed it over his shoulder. With one quick flick of his wrist he cast it out into the water. I hope I can do that, I thought. I took the pole in my left hand, moved it over my shoulder the way I saw Grandpa do, and with a quick movement threw the line out into the water. Ugh! It plopped about a foot away from me. "Not bad!" Grandpa encouraged, "let's try again!" This time he held my arm and helped me to flick my wrist. The fishing line went sailing out into the water and landed silently quite a distance away. I grinned from ear to ear.

“What now?” I asked.

“Now we wait, son,” my Grandpa answered.

We settled down onto a nearby rock. Grandpa pulled out a thermos of hot chocolate and poured us each a cup. Then, he reached into the brown paper bag and pulled out some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. My favorite! We sat in companionable silence and then Grandpa started talking. Grandpa was a retired school teacher. He taught for 35 years. Talk about stories! He could certainly tell them. He told of the student’s antics and how he managed to turn some kids around. Too bad I never had him as a teacher! We laughed so hard about some of the things that they did in the old days! How kids had to clap out the erasers with all of the chalk at the end of the day and how they’d come back inside the classroom covered in yellow chalk dust. How they watched movies on special days and there was a real movie reel and projector. Sometimes the film would break and they couldn’t finish the movie. What a disappointment that must have been.

All at once, in the middle of a story, ZING! My fishing line whizzed. With Grandpa coaching me, I held tight to the pole and let the fish take the line out just a little. Just then, I gave a slight jerk backwards and felt the fish tug. I held on tighter and began to slowly, very slowly, reel the line in. Each time I turned the crank, the fish tugged harder. Click, click, click! The winder spun and the fish came closer and closer to us. Before I knew it, Grandpa had a net and scooped up the big guy! His eyes got big and wide! “WOW!” he said, “that’s a whopper!” I looked at it and thought, really? The fish was only about eight inches long and was covered in silvery scales. It fit right in the palm of my hand. As the little swimmer gasped for breath, I had a heavy feeling in my chest. “Can I throw it back?” I asked. Grandpa winked at me and shook his head. I gently released my catch back into the lake.

As we hiked back to the truck, Grandpa put his arm around my shoulder and said, “You know, your brothers and sister did the same thing with their fish! Looks like you have your own fish story to tell!” My eyes gleamed as I thought about the tall tale I would relate to my siblings. Grandpa sure knows how to keep a secret! I hope I can take my own grandkids fishing one day and tell them about their great-great grandpa!

Teaching Suggestions - Scoring Sheet

Student Name

Score

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Scorer _____

(Two score sheets, each photocopied on different color paper, should be included with each folder of student papers. The first scorer will mark their single score on the top sheet, and remove the sheet when the scoring is complete, passing along the papers and the second blank score sheet along to the second scorer. In this way the second scorer can be more objective, and not be influenced by the previous scorers opinion. After the second scorer is finished, the two score sheets are compared. Any paper in which the scores are more than one point discrepant needs to be read aloud and discussed. All other scores are then combined for the composite (doubled) score.)

Name _____

Miss McDougle of the Western Frontier

I'd lost track of the number of days we'd been traveling, but my brothers and I were sore all over from being jostled around as we rode the rickety stagecoach along the Santa Fe trail. The year was 1888, and the four of us were still mourning the loss of our dear father. After days on the hot, dusty trail, our bodies felt as bruised and broken as our spirits. I was ready to start this new chapter of my life.

"How much longer, Erin?" My little brother Bryan asked, wiping sweat from his brow. I didn't have an answer for him.

Bryan was only five. Even though I was really his sister, he thought of me as his mother, who'd died before he was old enough to remember her. I, on the other hand, had the sound of her gentle voice and the sight of her face etched into my memory forever. That hard-working woman with the sparkling green eyes who loved my brothers and me with all her heart, had died just after Theodore was born. How I missed her. My brothers Matthew and Shawn felt the same way.

Our fellow passenger Mr. Callaway slept upright in his seat behind us, snoring and holding his shotgun to his chest like a child with a teddy bear.

"Stagecoach travel is downright dangerous," he'd told us. "You've got to be prepared."

As it happened, the shotgun hadn't done Mr. Callaway much good when bandits attacked. It happened in the blink of an eye. They came aboard our stagecoach, pointing guns at us and demanding our valuables. All I had was Mother's gold wedding band and Matthew had a little pouch of money he'd saved. The bandits took both and cursed us for having so little. They also took Mr. Callaway's shotgun. The experience kept little Bryan awake with anxiety until late into the night. I held him on my lap and read to him until he fell asleep. I'd been bearing this responsibility for some years now and sometimes still staggered under the weight of such a burden. After all I was only 15 myself. But I couldn't complain; I knew that stepping into Mother's shoes had prepared me for what was to come next.

Two days later, we found a crowd waiting for us as our stagecoach arrived. Tucked into a valley surrounded by towering mountains, the bustling frontier town in the Colorado territory would be our new home.

“She’s here,” I heard a child shout as I stepped off the stagecoach and greeted my Aunt Sara and Uncle Billy. A boy about Shawn’s age darted out of the crowd and handed me a shiny apple. Peeking out from behind her mother’s skirts, a little girl with long blonde braids waved at me shyly as I walked by.

Exhausted from the journey, all I could manage was a polite wave at the welcoming crowd and I hoped it was enough.

After a day of rest, our new lives began. Just after dawn, Matthew went to work the fields with Uncle Billy while I headed off to the newly built schoolhouse with Bryan and Shawn, reminding myself along the way of how much I loved reading and working with numbers — and how I’d dreamed of sharing what I knew with others. This was my chance!

Standing in front of a brand-new blackboard, I looked out at the sweet, curious faces of my students and mustered my confidence.

“Good Morning, class,” I said. “I am Miss McDougle, your new teacher.”

I remembered how excited I’d been on my first day of school and how much I wanted the teacher to like me. I was sure I’d grow to love every one of these children and, for the first time, I felt truly grown-up. These children were my responsibility now and I wasn’t going to let them down.

Name _____

Dirty Dungeon Battles vs. Christopher Collins

Christopher! Christopher Collins! My science teacher's voice broke through my deep, dreamless sleep and jolted me awake. Oh no! It had happened again. I'd fallen asleep in class.

"Sorry," I mumbled, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes.

I heard a few of my classmates stifling giggles. When I saw them at recess, I'd pretend that I found it as funny as they did, but I'd be lying. Falling asleep in class was embarrassing.

I met up with my best friend Harry in the hall between classes. "Hey, I leveled up last night. Did you?"

"Almost," I said. I'd been up until after midnight trying to reach a higher level in the game of Dirty Dungeon Battles. Harry and I were just two of 16 million players around the world who were really into this irresistible online game.

"You'll make it tonight, Chris," Harry said, giving me an encouraging pat on the back. "Even if you have to stay up all night to do it, right?"

"Yeah," I said, with a sigh. "Even if I have to stay up all night to do it."

I couldn't help but wonder why Harry wasn't falling asleep in class too. The game kept him up even later than me on most nights. While I saw dark shadows under his eyes often, he always insisted that he "needed less sleep than other people."

I think he needed to study less than most people too. Ever since I discovered the game, my grades had been on a steep decline. It was starting to worry me. Tonight, I promised myself I'd log out by ten. I tried, but once I started playing, I couldn't seem to quit. Again, I was up until past midnight.

Both Harry and I slept through another soccer practice on Saturday morning, so we were cut from the team. Harry shrugged and said he'd rather play Dirty Dungeon Battles anyway, but it really bothered me. I was never the best soccer player on the field, but I'd been getting better and I even imagined making the high school team in a few years. I was starting to feel really sad, too sad to do anything but click away at the game. Dirty Dungeon Battles had become my best friend, always providing another level to aspire to, another challenge to meet.

On Monday morning, Mr. Ross, my science teacher, asked me to stay after class. "I know you're capable of much more than this," he said, handing me back a test upon which a big, ugly "D" was written in bright red marker.

I couldn't meet Mr. Ross' eyes. My favorite teacher, he always encouraged my interest in science.

"What's going on with you, Christopher?" He asked. "You're falling asleep in class and barely passing."

"I don't know," I said, although I did know. It was the all-consuming game. I had to quit.

"Please, tell me if something's wrong," Mr. Ross said. "Maybe I can help."

Finally, I blurted out the truth. "There's this online game. I rush through my homework and stay up really late playing it every night. I got kicked off the soccer team because of it and I can't stop."

Mr. Ross assured me that I could, indeed, stop and that it was my responsibility to do so. He helped me make a list of things I could do in the evenings instead of playing the game — things I really enjoyed like baking cookies and practicing the guitar. He also made me promise to spend time outdoors after school and to talk to the coach about getting back onto the team.

I took his suggestions and gave up the game entirely that very day. It was definitely the responsible thing to do. But it wasn't easy. At first, I missed it desperately, but after a few weeks, I couldn't understand what I'd once found so compelling about playing *Dirty Dungeon Battles*. As it asked little from players except endless clicking, it was actually boring. Without it, I started taking responsibility for keeping up with my schoolwork and getting to bed on time. I even got back on the soccer team and did Mr. Ross proud with my science project!

As for Harry, he's still hooked on the game. Someday, I hope he comes to understand that meeting the challenges of the real world is far more satisfying than hiding away in the fantasy universe of *Dirty Dungeon Battles*. It's a lesson I'm glad I learned.

ERIN MCDOUGLE:
Her experience on the westward frontier.

ERIN'S POV:

MATTHEW'S POV:

CHRISTOPHER COLLINS:
His feelings about the game, Dirty Dungeon Battles.

CHRISTOPHER'S POV:

HARRY'S POV:

**POV = point of view*



Name _____

LITERARY ANALYSIS TASK: NARRATOR'S POINT OF VIEW

Read the assignment below and think about how to organize your essay. Refer back to your organizing grid. Then, fill in the summarizing framework.

The stories Miss Erin McDougle of the Western Frontier and Dirty Dungeon Battles vs. Christopher Collins are both told in the voice of a first-person narrator. Citing specific passages from each story, write an essay describing how the stories might have been different and how they might have been the same if seen through the eyes of Erin's brother Matthew or Christopher's friend Harry.

Summarizing Framework:

TOPIC: _____

MAIN IDEA #1: _____

MAIN IDEA #2: _____

**SENTENCE STARTERS FOR A LITERARY ANALYSIS TASK -
EXPLORING POINT OF VIEW**

- Both Christopher and Erin face their responsibilities by _____
- From the narrator's point of view _____
- Finally, Christopher _____
- At the end, Erin _____
- Both texts focus on _____
- The narrator's impression of _____
- Christopher learns _____
- Erin hopes _____
- The author makes it clear _____
- As Christopher discovers _____
- As Erin learns _____
- This is clear when _____
- Erin's brothers might _____
- Christopher's friend Harry believes _____
- The author emphasizes _____
- Erin and her brothers _____
- Christopher and Harry _____
- As the story continues _____
- Both Christopher and Erin come to believe _____
- Christopher and Erin are _____
- We know this because _____

Name _____

Tourist from Another Planet

Zing Zong! That was the sound of a doorbell on the planet Zocold located in a far away universe.

Zorro ran to answer the door and greet his grandparents.

“We’ve got a big surprise for you” his grandmother said, stepping into the silver space station where Zorro lived with his mother and father.

“Zahoo!” Zorro exclaimed, jumping as high as his gravity boots would allow. He loved surprises.

“We’re going on a grand tour of the Planet Earth!” Grandma announced. “We’ll see the oceans, deserts and mountains that we’ve been hearing about for years!”

Zorro frowned. A grand tour of the Planet Earth sounded scary. He’d heard that many of the people of earth kept ferocious beasts with sharp fangs and shaggy fur called dogs in their homes. At school, he’d learned that the planet orbited a white-hot orb called the sun that beat down on the earthlings until sweat poured down their faces. The weather on Zocold hovered at a pleasant -45 degrees and it was always soothingly dim. Zorro worried that bright light would sting his big eyes and heat could surely burn his delicate blue skin. He didn’t want to disappoint his grandparents, but going to earth was just too dangerous. He had to think of some way to get out of it.

“Mom and Dad need my help around the space station” he said. “We can manage without you for a while, Zorro,” mom said. “This is a once in a lifetime zopportunity for you. You must take advantage of it.” Dad agreed and I’d known he would. He always stressed the educational value of intergalactic travel.

Of course, they both spoke the truth. Travel to earth was educational, but also expensive and time-consuming. Going there was a privilege enjoyed by very few Zocold natives. Zorro knew he should be over the zoon with happiness. Instead, he felt the weight of worry settle on his shoulders.

“But there are snaggle-toothed monsters swimming in the ocean,” Zorro said.

“They’re called fish,” his grandmother said. “People on earth eat them. I’d sure like to try a taste.”

“And creepy, crawly, buzzing, flying critters that’ll give you itchy bites.”

“Those are what’s known as bugs,” his grandmother said. “You’re right about the itchy bites, but I still want to see one.”

“There are mountains that explode and create sizzling-hot rivers of melted rocks,” Zorro said, shuddering at the very thought.

“Yes, there are volcanos on earth,” his grandmother agreed. “And if we’re very lucky we’ll get to climb one.”

Zorro ran out of excuses. He packed his bag.

Traveling at a speed of ten-zillion miles per hour, Zorro and his grandparents arrived on earth just two light years later.

Along with his grandparents, Zorro walked the bustling sidewalks of crowded cities, meeting dozens of friendly earthlings as well as unique beings from other planets. He felt the warmth of the sun for the first time and made a friend who lived on the icy crust of Saturn’s moon. A ruddy, wrinkled native of Venus invited him to dinner and he had his first taste of fish. He learned that the tallest volcano in the universe was on the planet Mars from a genuine Martian.

Zorro saw earthlings, one after the other, walking their dogs proudly and wondered how he’d ever confused these lovable animals with ferocious beasts. He pricked his finger on a cactus in the desert and saw fireflies light up the night at a campsite. He got bug bite too and it itched, but not for long.

Every single day, Zorro was treated to fascinating new sights, curious sounds and unexpected tastes. His adventure went by in the blink of an eye. As he rocketed back to Zocold, he remembered how wary he’d been about visiting earth and felt grateful that his family hadn’t allowed him to give into his anxieties. He remembered the feeling of the bright sun on his face and the friendly beings from all over the universe that he’d met. It had been the adventure of a lifetime! Fear of the unknown, he decided right then and there, would never prevent him from exploring the wide and wonderful universe beyond Zocold.

Name _____

Miss President

Mon. 3:14 PM

Hey, Julia We think u should run for class president.

Mon. 3:16 PM

Who's we?

Mon. 3:20 PM

Ben, Ronny, Nancy and me.

Mon. 3:24 PM

Why me?

Mon. 4:02 PM

Why not u? You'd win. Everybody likes u.

Mon. 4:05 PM

????????? Everybody likes me? Are u sure about that, Lily?

Mon. 4:08 PM

Well, maybe not everybody but most of the kids in our class and all the teachers. Mrs. Rogers says you have leadership potential, whatever that means.

Mon. 4:10 PM

Will think about it.

Tues. 7:10 PM

Lily, I've decided no way on the class president thing.

Tues. 7:21 PM

Why, Julia?

Tues. 7:34 PM

If u want to run, you've got to give a speech in front of the whole middle school. I can't do that.

Tues. 7:38 PM

Why not?

Tues. 7:45 PM

I've never given a speech in my whole life. Sounds scary.

Tues. 7:50 PM

Just because you've never done it before doesn't mean you can't. Don't worry. I'll help u write a great speech.

Tues. 8:00 PM

I don't think so.

Tues. 8:14 PM

Come on, Julia. Our class needs u.

Tues. 8:55 PM

Just got a text from Ben. He thinks I should run too.

Tues. 9:02 PM

See? I told u, we all think u should run.

Tues. 9:10 PM

Promise u will help me with the speech? We only have until Friday.

Tues. 9:15 PM

No prob. We'll work on it in study hall tomorrow.

Tues. 9:18 PM

O.K. Will try.

Fri. 7:14 AM

I am so nervous, Lily. How'd I let u talk me into this?

Fri. 7:21 AM

Relax, Julia. U will do fine.

Fri. 2:55 PM

That was awesome, Lily. I was so nervous at first, but once I started talking it wasn't scary at all.

Fri. 3:10 PM

Nobody could tell u were nervous.

Fri. 3:15 PM

Really? My knees were knocking.

Fri 3:18 PM

Really! It was a great speech. I think u will win.

Fri 3:21 PM

Whether I win or lose, I am glad I don't have to be afraid of giving a speech again.

Fri 3:26 PM

But I hope u win.

Fri 3:18 PM

So do I!

Monday 3:25 PM

Congratulations, Madame President.

Fri 3:31 PM

Thanks, Lily!

Name _____

**LITERARY ANALYSIS TASK:
COMPARING TWO NARRATIVE TEXTS**

You've read Tourist from Another Planet and Miss President. Compare and contrast the conflict, plot, and theme in the passage from the epistolary novel and the short story. Cite evidence from both texts.

Before writing, look at each question in the assignment, above. Fill in the summarizing framework for informational writing, below. Then, go back to the text to find and mark evidence to support the answers to each part of the question. Then, jot your ideas on the comparison grid. Your teacher will help.

TOPIC: _____
MAIN IDEA #1: _____
MAIN IDEA #2: _____
MAIN IDEA #3: _____

	ZORRO	JULIA
Plot		
Conflict		
Theme		

Sentence Starters for Response to Multiple Texts:

- In both the story and the passage_____.
- The conflict was that_____.
- In paragraph #_____.
- Through dialogue, we learn_____.
- Because of this_____.
- The plot setting_____.
- One similarity between the passage and the story is_____.
- Both Zorro and Julia _____.
(insert characters)
- As soon as _____.
- The author demonstrates this when_____.
- On the other hand_____.
- A difference between the two reading is_____.
- When this happens, we understand_____.
- Similarly, _____.
- I believe that_____.
- The evidence shows that_____.

Comparison Grid

List elements for comparison here.



	Source #1	Source #2