

Narrative Example

<p>An Embarrassing Moment</p> <p>My face turned bright red, and I could feel the heat radiating off of my skin! Last week, my friend and I did the most embarrassing thing in art class. It taught me that it can be okay to laugh at myself.</p> <p>For a month, our class practiced using watercolor paints. On Thursday, Mrs. Levine told us all to finish our final project, paintings of flowers in grass. My friend Jamal and I finished first, so we offered to help clean brushes.</p> <p>When Mrs. Levine sent us to get the buckets for the brushes, we filled them half full of water just like we were told. Jamal reminded me to walk slowly as I carried my bucket to the brush table. I lifted the handle and held the bucket with both hands.</p> <p>Just as I started walking, I saw a spider crawl up the side of the bucket. I don't like spiders at all! I wanted to scream, but instead I pretended like nothing was wrong. I just walked faster and tried to get the brush to the table.</p> <p>Then, just as I thought I was going to make it, the spider jumped! I jumped too, and the water in my bucket went straight up. At the same time, Jamal bumped into me with his bucket of water. I didn't know it, but he was following right behind me. His bucket of water spilled all over me and our other friends who were sitting at Table 4.</p> <p>Our friends all laughed, but Jamal and I just looked at Mrs. Levine. We also looked at the projects on Table 4. The watercolor flowers had turned into large ponds of different colors.</p> <p>Luckily, Mrs. Levine did not get upset. She helped us with the mess. She told everyone at Table 4 that they now had some very special paintings!</p> <p>Even though it all turned out okay, I was embarrassed about what happened and how we destroyed our friends' projects. But Mrs. Levine showed us that it doesn't do any good to be upset. Accidents happen. She actually liked the "new" paintings and I learned to laugh at myself.</p>	<p>Title</p> <p>Introduction</p> <p>Beginning of Story</p> <p>Middle</p> <p>End of Story</p> <p>Conclusion (with message)</p>
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Transitions in text are boldfaced. Notice how they help to move the story along.

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<p style="text-align: center;">Mashed Potato Pizza</p> <p>My grandpa always tells me that people who laugh at their own mistakes will get everyone else to laugh along with them. Yesterday, I learned that he is right!</p> <p>“Stay in line,” Mrs. Martin said. I knew right away that my friend Amber wouldn’t be able to cut in line. I looked at Amber and frowned. Soon, the line began to move faster, and I followed along hoping that there would still be pizza.</p> <p>When I reached the counter, I looked at the choices. I could only see chicken and mashed potatoes, macaroni and cheese, and fish. I could hear the rumbling of my very disappointed stomach.</p> <p>Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw one last piece of pepperoni pizza. I was so excited!</p> <p>“Pepperoni pizza,” I said politely.</p> <p>The cook graciously handed me the slice of pizza. Unfortunately for me, I took the paper plate so quickly that the pizza slid off the plate. I tried to save it, but the pizza landed in the pan of hot, buttery mashed potatoes.</p> <p>I could feel my face turning redder and redder. All I could hear was laughter from the kids in line behind me.</p> <p>Just as I looked at the upside-down pizza, I heard Mrs. Martin’s voice. “Maria, would you like a side of mashed potatoes with your pizza?”</p> <p>I looked up and saw Amber. She was laughing too. With a nervous smile, I said, “Of course.”</p> <p>Mrs. Martin smiled and scooped the mashed potato pizza on my plate. I looked around at my friends, and we all laughed again.</p> <p>I never really believed my grandpa until I saw my friends laughing with me. The laughing made me feel good instead of just clumsy. Next time I make a mistake, I’ll remember to laugh at myself and know that everything will be okay!</p>	<p>Title</p> <p>Introduction</p> <p>Beginning of Story</p> <p>Middle</p> <p>End of Story</p> <p>Conclusion (with message)</p>
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(Write Source p. 99)

<p>Getting to Know Joe</p> <p>I live in an old two-story home in Newark. My neighbors are mostly retired people with perfect front yards. One of the retirees, Joe Perez, lives on the corner. Because of our time together last summer, he and I have built a special relationship.</p> <p>At the start of the summer, Joe and I didn't hit it off too well. He was very picky about his yard. Every morning he was doing something to make the lawn look better. If we goofed around and stepped on his grass, Joe would yell at us from his front porch.</p> <p>Through mid-July his yard was perfect, but then I noticed some changes. I didn't see Joe outside as much. His grass was getting brown and shaggy, and some weeds were growing in his flower beds. It wasn't like Joe to let things go. I didn't dwell on it, but when I walked by his place, I wondered why he wasn't taking care of his yard.</p> <p>One day I was sitting on the curb waiting for one of my buddies to show up, when Joe came out on the porch. I expected him to yell at me for sitting on his grass. Instead, he swayed back and forth. Then he fell down! I ran to my house and dialed 911.</p> <p>"My neighbor, Mr. Perez, just passed out! He lives on the corner of Garden and Mills," I blurted. Then I hurried back to the porch to see what I could do. Joe was awake, but he was white as a ghost. He stared blankly at me.</p> <p>"W-what happened to me?" he mumbled.</p> <p>"You passed out, Mr. Perez," I said, trying to catch my breath. "But help is on its way."</p> <p>The paramedics came and took Joe to the emergency room. It turned out that Joe had been forgetting to take his blood pressure medicine. He was going to be all right, and I was glad about that. He could be a grump at times, but I guess I cared about Joe more than I realized. I couldn't imagine my neighborhood without him.</p> <p>Joe thanked me for helping. Then I asked him, "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Perez?" Little did I know that one question would change everything.</p> <p>Joe found lots of things I could do. Soon I was cutting his grass, weeding his flowers, trimming his bushes, and edging the grass along his sidewalk. Before long, I was planting things like a pro and telling kids to stay off the grass. Instead of yelling at me from his porch, Joe now waved and smiled.</p> <p>A whole year has passed, and each week I help Joe. I realize that I can make a difference, so I also help some of the other older neighbors. Joe taught me that helping people is what life is all about.</p>	<p>Title</p> <p>Introduction</p> <p>Beginning of Story</p> <p>Middle</p> <p>End of Story</p> <p>Conclusion (with message)</p>
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