DEFINITION OF NARRATIVE WRITING

NARRATIVE WRITING relates a clear sequence of events that occurs over time. Both what happens and the order in which the events occur are communicated to the reader. Effective narration requires a writer to give a clear sequence of events (fictional or non-fictional) and to provide elaboration.

NARRATIVE PROMPT

One day you are digging in the yard and find an old box. Write a story about what happens next.
NARRATIVE MODE LEVEL I – Does not meet standard

1. Paper # 5956587

In this higher Level I, the author presents a narrative with little topic development (hid box under the bed, takes three tests, his dad’s time capsule). The response indicates little understanding of the writing task as only the story’s highlights are given within a vaguely defined and brief time frame. In addition, the author’s writing displays little or no sense of audience and purpose. Obvious errors in sentence formation, usage, and mechanics interrupt the flow of communication.

2. Paper # 5957356

This Level I response indicates little understanding of the narrative writing task because the author’s purpose (mode) is unclear. Instead of a narrative, the author’s response is a combination of both expository (I will tell) and descriptive modes (what it looks like, what it feels like, what is inside it). Exposition and description can be effectively interwoven within a story line, but that is not present in this response. Since it is off mode, there is no sequence of events, which results in an unsuccessful organizational strategy.

3. Paper # 5932524

Although the writer understands how to create an organizational plan and develop information through the use of the five senses (I look, hear, smell, taste, and I feel), this consistently descriptive strategy does not lend itself to the narrative mode. Therefore, the details that are given indicate little understanding of the writing task. In rare instances, there are some glimpses of a story (before I opened it I knew it was something that I would love to keep for the rest of my life), but most details are irrelevant (it feels like little pieces of coins. I just love gold) due to their tenuous connection to the writing task.

4. Paper # 5912393

This brief response indicates little understanding of the writing task. Limited details (Playstation 2, you can keep it, all this stuff) indicate little or no attention to topic development. Too few ideas prevent the author from establishing a narrative sequence. There is little or no sense of audience and purpose in word choice.
One day I'm digging in yard and I find an box. I slowly open the lid of the box. My day decided not to open the box. He hid the box under the box. Go to school from the test. Math test science test. Social studies test he came back from school he open the box it with his dad. Time caps he put it that box back under the box. If you have a time caps and what would you do with it?
The Box

Have you ever found a box? I have! Let me tell you about it. The story is baloney. Now let me tell you about it. First, I will tell you what it looks like. Second, I will tell you what it feels like. Third, I will tell you what is inside it.

First, I will tell you what it looks like. It has elegant pink, blue, and red colors on it. The pretty perfect pink is on the top and bottom. The ruby red is on the front and back. The bluish sky color is on the sides. It also has remarkably yellow flowers on them.

Second, I will tell you what it feels like. The pretty pink has silk on it. The ruby red has plastic on it. The bluish sky color has fuzz on it. The yellow flowers have real pull on them.

Third, I will tell you what is inside it. I have found old nicknacks. One of them is a fossil from prehistoric time. Another one is a sprayer egg. The last one was a magnificent pen. It was the same color as the box. I thank it was made the same.

In conclusion you have found out what it looks like, what it feels like, and what is inside it. I could play with my new box every day. That is the most magnificent box I have ever seen.
Have you ever thought about digging something up? Well I have. I used my five senses; I look, hear, smell, taste, and I feel.

I saw many interesting things. I may see gold that no one has noticed. I see treasure that looks like something else.

It sounds like a furry toy. It sounds as if something was clinging. Before I opened it, I knew it was something that I would not want to keep for the rest of my life. I loved what I had dug up.

It smells like it always smells like some food that you leave just come out the oven, that's how good it smells to me. I just couldn't stop smelling it. I liked the way it smell.

Also, I like the way it feels. It feels like you just don't want to let go. It feels like little pieces of coins. I just love gold.

The gold was just really shiny but you just couldn't see it. I didn't really feel like a pirate. Do you want to see my gold?
one day you are digging in the yard and
you find an old box. you slowly open it.

Puzzle 1: Yes, I can play game. No
Puzzle 2: It sure you can keep it.

Why all these stuff? Can buy some

Puzzle 3: Yes, there no matter.

The end
NARRATIVE MODE

1. Paper #5925951

The writer of this minimally developed Level II response shows some understanding of the narrative task by recounting the events that lead to understanding the grandfather’s love of baseball (secret collection of all baseball cards in recorded history). There is a vaguely defined time frame (later, afterwards) and some loosely organized ideas in the last half of the response. The abrupt ending (the box was also filled with memories) indicates weak author control and sense of audience. Errors in mechanics and some awkward sentence formations interrupt the flow of communication at times.

2. Paper #5900196

This Level II response indicates some understanding of the writing task with minimally developed ideas (don’t dig in the grass, a patch of dirt, a hole in the bottom of the box) within a vaguely defined time frame. Events move quickly through time exhibiting weak author control and only some sense of audience. The vocabulary is only basic-functional (box, shovel, grass, dig). Obvious errors in sentence formation and mechanics do not interfere with the flow of communication.

3. Paper #5948371

In this Level II response, the writer introduces the topic and develops it minimally. Dialogue and a few specifics (bright, early sunny morning; dad’s shovel; nice, beloved yard) enhance the narrative. However, the repetition of information (my sister’s old pogo stick, enormous box) weakens the development and the organization, although the sequencing of events is clear. The response displays some sense of audience and purpose.

4. Paper #5926099

This higher Level II response indicates some understanding of the writing task. The writer introduces the topic and develops it minimally with some specifics (playing hide and seek, pulled the object out of the ground and dusted it off, whole bunch of money…$9,000,000,000). The narrative lapses into generality towards the end, so a more developed story line with consistent specificity would help this response achieve a higher score.
This box in which I had scenes was filled with baseball cards that had once belonged to my grandfather. I asked mom where the people on the baseball cards were, I want to see my grandparents. My grandparents told me how the men on the baseball cards were. Afterward, we went to the park. My grandparents told me a secret he’d never told anyone. It was the best secret ever told. He has all the baseball cards in recorded history. He told me we were a young boy he love baseball. He also transformed me. We went to every baseball game. He also said I should become the family collection. He also said, we would pass the collection on to you. I expected what he offered and enjoyed it. He told me that I should show my children and grandchildren. The box was also filled with memories.
one day, I was playing in the back yard, and decided to start digging. So I went inside to ask my mom if I could start digging. She said, "Okay, you can just don't dig in the grass." "Oh, I went!" I yelled as I ran out the door with the shovel, and started digging in a patch of dirt. I started to see something white, like a box or something so I dug deeper and found out it was a box so I slowly opened the lid of the box and found... a hole in the bottom of the box. I looked in my hole and saw a smaller hole within it, the same size as the hole in the box. So I dug deeper until I found what or who made that hole in there. So I kept digging and digging until I couldn't dig any more. I never found what made that hole, or did I??
One bright early sunny morning my brother comes into my room and quietly says "wake up sleepy head, you have to start digging, now and dad have to work," I get up and get dressed and get shovels. I go outside and start digging. While I am digging I see something.

Later on that afternoon while I am in the yard digging I so happen to find a box. I begin to slowly open it. In that box I find my sisters old pogo stick that she use to love to play with. My brother comes in the backyard and says "is that sisters old pogo stick," I replied "yes, I found it in an enormous box."

Finally, mom and dad enter our room, and dad and say "what is in that enormous box you have," I replied "it is sisters old pogo stick. The one she used to always love to play with. Do you know what can be found"
It was Saturday afternoon and my friend and I were playing hide and seek. We were bored so we decided to dig in the dirt. So we dug and then I hit something. He pulled the object out of the ground and dusted it off. It was a box. Inside the box was a whole bunch of money. We ran in to tell mamma and she was excited. There was money from top to bottom! We were rich! We counted all of the money and we ended up with $9,000,000. We split the money with everyone in the family even. We learned to keep digging in the backyard unless your mom tells you not to and in this case my mom wasn’t here. She went to the store and while she was gone we dug.
1. Paper #5953058

This Level III response shows a good understanding of the narrative task by presenting a clear sequence of events with minimal wandering from the main idea. The use of dialogue and specific details (silky, black hair that gleamed in the sun; said in a sweet voice; looked old and covered with dust) add to development. The vocabulary is meaningful and precise (drawings of stick people, photobook cover, stories of her childhood), which also shows good author control and a clear sense of purpose and audience. Variety in sentence structure helps present ideas with clarity and smooth flow.

2. Paper #5924014

In this clever Level III response, the author weaves an imaginative account of the discovery of an ancient scroll. Vocabulary is meaningful and precise (glanced down at my throbbing, scarlet thumb, put the lid on and dashed to my room, revealed a secret, light transported me). Effective use of transitions establishes a clear sequence of events (this was the third time this week, hesitantly, and when I did). Furthermore, varied sentence structure enhances development. Internal and external dialogue help strengthen a good sense of audience and purpose. Overall, this response indicates a good understanding of the writing task.

3. Paper #5965605

This Level III response shows a good understanding of the narrative task by using dialogue to help present a clear sequence of events. Meaningful and precise vocabulary (hit something metal, rumors were spreading, as if a hurricane hit his house) enhances the sufficient development. The writing displays a good sense of author control and audience with a clear flow of ideas and events in a suspenseful, yet orderly, fashion. In addition, sentence structure variety strengthens the narrative movement.

4. Paper #5910505

In this wordy but sufficiently developed response, the writer uses one controlling idea (discovery of a map) with only minimal wandering. Meaningful and precise vocabulary (wonderful adventures, curiosity about finding some real treasure in my backyard, started to dig with my bare hands, nearby voice, mistakes can happen) enhances development. There is a clear sequence of events within an established time frame. Occasional errors in mechanics and sentence formation do not interrupt the flow of communication. Overall, the response indicates a good understanding of the writing task.
"Mom look what I found outdoors!" I said. Mom came out from the living room. She had silky-black hair that gleamed in the sun. "What do you want?" She said in a sweet voice. I showed her a tormundous box. It was damp and covered in dirt.

Mom looked confused. She took it from my hands. Then she cut the box open. It was filled with century toys. Dolls, dresses, and marbles. Drawings of stick people filled a book. While the other were filled with black and white photos.

They looked old and covered with dust. They also looked a bit of gray. On the photo book cover there was some writing. It said "The Happy Times of ..." I was in shock. .......

was my grandmother's name.

I went to dad to ask. He said it might could be grandma's. So, I went to grandma and she said yes. She told me stories of her childhood. She told me why she buried it in the ground. She said "I did that for the future." I wanted to ask her more questions, but it was time for me to go to bed.

As I went into bed I thought. "Tomorrow I'm going to do the same thing." Mom came in to say goodnight. I wonder what will happen in the future. Well for right now, I have to go to sleep. My day will come true, maybe. "Good night too."
“Ow! I hate bees!” I said. I glanced down at my throbbing, scarlet thumb. 

“Ding,” This was the third time this week that I got stung by an insect of some sort. “Dad! Do we have anymore band-aids?” I called to him. “Yeah, they’re in the medicine cabinet! Right next to the Mucinex!” he yelled back. I got up and was just about to walk inside from digging in the garden when I saw a black box. I forgot about my sore thumb instantly. I picked up the box and slid the lid off slowly and carefully. I gasped when I saw what was inside... ...

It was an ancient scroll! I looked at the box. It was pretty old. Probably about as old as a 100-year-old house. I put the lid back on and dashed to my room. I locked the door when I got there. Trying to calm down before my dad thought something was fishy, I walked to my bed. An urge encouraged me to open the box. Hesitantly, I opened it again. But this time, I took the scroll out. Wrinkle, wrinkle, wrinkle. Was the sound when I opened it. And when I did, I revealed a secret no
Scientist would ever discover. It was a riddle—that was written in English—of how to fly! It said, "To fly, just go to a tall place, and say these words: Make me fly, fly so high, until darkness touches the sky." And when I said it out loud, light transported me to the highest place in ______. I didn't know where I was then, but my mouth just kept spitting the riddle. And then, before I even knew what was happening, I was flying. Soaring through the sky, wind tumbled through my hair and the sun touched my cheeks. I never wanted this moment to end—until I woke up. It was just a dream? I asked myself. But it felt so real! Stupid alarm clock. I grumbled as I got ready for school.
"What's this?" I say. Me and my friend were digging just for fun, and we hit something metal. It's a box! I open it slowly, it's full of gold! Once we went home we hid the gold in my attic.

The day before we had planned to dig for buried treasure, but decided to dig for fun. Some recent rumors were spreading that there had been gold. We went to my house after school and found it was as if a hurricane hit my house. My house had flipped couches, torn chairs, and my video game was missing. "Oh no!" said They probably wanted the gold, I thought. "Let's check my house," said them again.

His top also looked as if a hurricane hit his house. "They want that gold really bad," I said. "What if there's a curse that everyone wants our gold if we dig that gold up?" I yelled. "We have to get the gold back!"

We found a place next to a tree that was stuck by lightning years ago. "This looks good," I said. We dug a hole and put the box in. "Let's plant a tree on top of the box so not one person can get that gold," I said. We made a man and after we walked away the tree turned gold! We knew the tree was poison, because it acted like poison to everyone's mind. We never dug for anything ever again. "People can be very greedy," I said. "Let's play some video games," I said. "Sure," said excited. Then we dug poison the tree. I'm happy we planted that tree," I said. It's very pretty.

The End

5965605
Have you ever felt like if you were a pirate on the search for treasure? Well, if you haven’t, I’m going to tell you a story about me and the wonderful adventures in my life. It was on a sunny early morning that I woke up and went outside. I was playing outside when I had a curiosity about finding some real treasure in my backyard.

First of all, I went back into my house and took out a shovel. I went to my backyard and I started to dig. I was not for long that I hit something with the shovel. I wondered what it could be. “Treasure,” I thought. I through the shovel and started to dig with my own bare hands. I saw it. It was a black, dirty big box. I took it out and looked inside their were just paper. But I looked at it again, "It’s a map."

After school, my parents told me that we were going to a trip in the seas. I was surprised because I remembered the map. I didn’t really get to read it but I was pretty sure it was a treasure map. We were ready to climb on board. “Perrrrp” went the big loud ship. The trip felt fast because the night was here. My parents were asleep but I wasn’t. I was too excited to sleep.
All of a sudden I heard a crush. My parents woke up and we had to walk to land. We noticed that we were on a land but it was more likely like a pirate land. I kept the box nearby. I looked up and didn't see my parents. I was lost in the forest. I heard bushes shivering. "What do you got in there?" asked a nearby voice. I turned around. "Pirates," I shuttered. He ran towards me and took my box. "No!" I screamed. He had stolen my map. My house map.

"What is this," the pirate said. "It's a map to my parents house." I replied. "I thought it was a treasure map," he said. I was fooled. "I didn't know this was a map to your house." "It's ok mistakes can happen," I replied in relief. "I'm really, truly, sorry." The pirate cried. Like I said sometimes mistakes can happen. I found my parents with the Pirates help. We went home and we all lived happily ever after. The map was actually a map to my house. So I was actually fooled too.
1. Paper #5930769

This creative and successful Level IV response organizes and develops an explicitly detailed narrative sequence. The highly effective use of vivid and precise vocabulary (a pretend parrot on our shoulder, an old rusty tin box, almost rusted shut, with an artificial voice) enhances the thorough development. The adept use of description (I was Captain Greybeard, _______ was Calico Jack, a girl werewolf) shows both strong author control and a good sense of audience. A great variety in sentence structures lends a further sense of completeness to the storyline. Finally, the author’s creative conclusion brings the story full circle.

2. Paper #5966058

This concisely written Level IV response indicates a thorough understanding of the narrative task. There is a strong sense of audience in the writer’s carefully controlled description interwoven with narration (the box was filled to the top with gold, shining as bright as the morning sun; as soon as I saw the gold, I started to plan what to buy). The development is thorough, and a logical progression of ideas provides clarity and coherence. The vocabulary is vivid and precise (a beautiful mansion, a car with a hot rod paint job, or an island lush and green like a tropical jungle). This response displays a successful narrative strategy with an overall sense of completeness.

3. Paper #5976943

This high Level IV response indicates a thorough understanding of the writing task. The writer successfully addresses and controls the writing task with a strong sense of audience and purpose. Development is thorough with an effective use of dialogue. Precise as well as vivid vocabulary (slowly opened the lid and peered inside, large journal and a small locket, tenderly set the journal on the tray, well enough to translate) enhances elaboration. The sequencing of events is clear and provides a definite time frame. Ideas flow smoothly from one to the next with clarity, demonstrating a strong sense of author control. Finally, a strong command of varied sentence structure adds to the overall development and sense of completeness.

4. Paper #5964245

This successful Level IV response shows a clear and explicitly detailed narrative sequence (one hot, July afternoon, after digging for 15 minutes, after the third wish, dated back in 1734, that day). Specific details, effective dialogue, and precise word choice (a brown box with gold edging and a giant red ruby right on top, a diamond the size of my fist) characterize the thorough development. There is an overall sense of control and completeness throughout the response.
The Mysterious Boy

One day my little brother and I were bored. Then my little brother said, "Do you want to play pirates?" I said, "Sure I guess so." We went outside and began to play. I was Captain Grey Beard and Tommy was Calico Jack. We where playing and put a play parrot on his shoulder. I then running around with a pretend pirate on our shoulders. And I tripped over something, a box an old rusty tin box. I told Tommy to get the shovel and we started digging.

We dug the box up and opened it, it was almost rusted shut. We went to get a butter knife to pry it open. Cirquechikk! The box flung open. There was a cool hi-tech circle type sphere. It had all sorts of buttons and flashing lights. I said, "Stand back! As I picked up the sphere and set it on the ground, it grew legs. The top of it lifted up and said with an artificial voice, "Take off in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." Then it rocketed in the air. Then a flash of bright light and we appear in this new land.

We were so scared, there were weird looking plants. The people there looked weird too. Then we saw a sign, it said, "Welcome to Wernania!" The people there looked like humans but also like dogs. They walk like us."

All of a sudden someone's hand appeared on my shoulder. "Aahaaahhh!" I screamed. He looks at me. I swiftly turn around and I see a were wolf. It said to me, "Come quietly or come dead. I chose quietly and we followed. We arrived at a cave. It said, "Come in." Then I saw a baby and a girl were wolf.
and I were scared but we did not panic.
The w reminder said "Hello and whom are you?" I stewarded
And the little one, she said, "Well your.
just in time for dinner." My eyes bulged out to feel if they
had fallen out. "We are having chicken soup," she said. I
seemed to have exhaled all the air out of my body.
What a relief! I mumbled under my breath. They then
introduced themselves. The mother was the baby
and the dad was. They said they are the
only ones who have ever seen or talked to a human.
They said if any one hears us they will kill us.
We asked the werewolf family if there was any way
out and they said the portal of within. The only
way to get there is through our back yard. "Oh, that
sounds easy," I said. "No its not we have a gardener's
out there he will tear you to shreds," they said.

So as we talked it over they said that
will feed the gardener. After that the gardener killer
will go to sleep for 10 minutes. The called killer
in to feed him. Killer had bulging muscles and huge
teeth. They fed him and as they said he went
to sleep. We went outside and they turned on the
portal swoosh and a bright light came in. I had time to
say is "Thank you." Then I think we are home. Know
that was weird," said.

And that's why you never play with
mysterious boxes...
As I slowly opened the box, a light started to flash. It was coming from the box. "Wow!" I exclaimed. The box was filled to the top with gold, shining as bright as the morning sun. As soon as I saw the gold, I started to plan what to buy. Maybe a beautiful mansion, a car with a hot rod paint job, or an island lush and green like a tropical jungle. Then I saw another bright light in my neighbor's yard. It was a spaceship! I could hardly believe it when two little green men stepped out. They pointed their ray guns at me and said, "We know you have our gold! Give it back." I shrieked, "Never!" to them. "Then you must die," exclaimed the martians, their voices as low as a bear growling. They shot their ray guns at me, barely missing, and turning a tree into smoldering ash. I screamed and ran into my own yard. The aliens had me cornered, like dogs do to cats. "I'll never tell you where the gold is!" I said. "What gold?" asked my mom. Then I realized I was in my bed. "I think you've been dreaming again." I sat up and rubbed my eyes. "I guess so," I said. My mom exclaimed, "My look at the time! You need to get
up or you'll miss school." Later, after school I decided to dig around in the yard. And I almost cried when I dug a hole and inside, was an old greasy box.
"Strange Box"

It was a warm day and my friend and I had just finished lunch. We were in a small part of the yard and digging. I thrust my spade down into the hole I had dug and heard a dull 'Thud!'

"I pulled up my spade and looked to see what it was. It was an old wooden box. I slowly opened the lid and peered inside.

"What's in it?" asked curatoriously.

"There's a large journal and a small locket," I replied, ruffling. "Also a note just. The locket was "We are ingrained in it but the journal is too dusty to make out and I'm afraid to blow on it because this paper is about to fall apart."

"Fantastic!" I replied sarcastically.

I suddenly had an idea. My dad had gotten a paper cleaner for his birthday. I picked up the box and hightailed it back to the house. I tenderly set the journal on the tray, closed the lid, and hit the START button.

"What language is that?" asked as it started to clear.

"French," I solemnly.

"If I can't find out what this journal says, I am going to die of curiosity!"

I asked everyone in my house hold if they knew French well enough to translate. Every answer was no. I spent about 30 minutes searching our shelves for a French/English dictionary, but still no luck. Soon I was sitting there with a Spanish dictionary and wondering into my head. Just then, a spark flashed
"Either this book has made me crazy or I have an idea," I exclaimed and sprinted off to my room. Pretty soon I came back lugging my French text book. About an hour later I showed my translation of the first 3 pages. It was a journal from a French commander during the French and Indian War.

"This is amazing! I can't believe it!" I continued to jabber about how wonderful it was to have found it. I was glad she was happy, but I was amazed. The love note belonged to his daughter, who had died of some disease back in France. When we got to that part, she got quiet. But it wasn't all bad. Some of the facts were quite interesting. I looked into her blue green eyes and my heart all but said, "let's go dig some more. We both love and walked outside with our shovels and dug until night fell along with some rain. We only found one thing that day, but I'm sure that there is much more to discover."

5976943-b
One hot July afternoon, my friend and I were digging holes in her backyard.

"Let’s dig one over there by the shrubs," she said. So we walked across her yard over where the shrubs are, and started to dig. After digging for 15 minutes, we hit something. We pulled it out and it was a brown box with gold edging and a giant red ruby right on top. There was a key taped to handle. We untaped the key and unlocked it. Inside was a diamond the size of my fist! But there was also a note, dated back in 1784, it said.

"This diamond is magic. You can make 3 wishes come true with this diamond. After the third wish the diamond will vanish. Put your wishes to a good cause." And I go to her bedroom quietly so nobody could hear us.

"What should we wish for?" she questioned.

"I don’t know, the note said to put it to a good cause," I replied.

"We could give our dads better paying jobs."

"True, let's do it," I said. I went first.

"Magic diamond, I wish my dad was a carpenter; they make lots of money." Then I went my turn.

"Magic diamond, I wish my dad was a farmer so he could sell his crop food. He’s always wanted to be a farmer." So after we made our two wishes we only had one left.

"What should we wish our last wish for?"

"What about bigger houses?" she asked.
"It's that would be the perfect wish!" I said.

So together we said

"Magic diamond, I wish our families had bigger
houses." Then suddenly, the diamond that changed
our life faded away and the magic started happening.
Our dads both got magic phone calls giving them
there dream jobs. When we left the house
we all got home and our house was big and
beautiful.

"Who's house is this?" my mom asked curiously.

"This is your new home." a banker said "congrats!"
That day me and really made our lives
better, and we're very proud of it too.

5964245-b