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

You and your friend are exploring a dark cave in the woods. All of a sudden you hear a strange sound. Write a story about what happens next.
NARRATIVE MODE  LEVEL I - Does not meet standard

1. Paper #7924907

Although this extremely brief Level I response attempts a narrative sequence (heard a weird sound…so we went…so we shot it), there is very little development. Because of this brevity, there is no evidence of an organizational plan. Therefore, the response shows little understanding of the narrative writing task.

2. Paper #7935509

Obvious errors in mechanics, grammar, usage, and sentence formation halt the flow of communication in this Level I response. Although the author attempts to address the prompt (me and my friend and a cave), these mistakes make it difficult to understand topic development and almost impossible to discern an organizational plan. This response indicates little understanding of the narrative writing task.

3. Paper #7906867

Using a purely hypothetical approach (if me and friends were in a cave), this response presents a very unclear sequence of events. Only slightly related details are haphazardly thrown into this mix (me and my friends just act goofy at times; other animals might be in a zoo), resulting in a disorganized narrative attempt. Obvious language errors also interrupt the flow of communication. Despite its lengthiness, the confusion in this response leads to limited relevant development, with little understanding of the writing task displayed.
Me and my best friend heard a weird sound coming from inside a cave. So we went to investigate. It was an angry bear, so we shot it with a blowgun. Then my best friend said we got something to eat.
Me and my friend, and a cave and can't get out of the cave and i seen a big but he come at me and my friend and i run away to get out but did my friend seen a big bear comes at him i said run run away to get out the cave and i seen a man with a dog and the dog didn't like me and my friend but the man got me and my friend out the end.

I am on the dark cave me and a friend plan and the cave some bite me and pull me away but i will guide my friend live to, a come back and stop plan wet me ok i come back on i got out the cave wet back get my friend and get out but i can't see to get back out.

My friend call me and talk about go back to the cave again ok we go back to the cave and i see bears bats came at me and my friend i said run run run so do not stop and to we get out of the cave go run my friend and do not like back run do not stop i see the sun run my friend run he like back i said no do not like back i said come on the door.
If me and my friends were in a cave and I heard a strange noise I would tell him lets go because you don't know what kind of creature lives inside of that cage. Because that animal probably can take us somewhere and eat us alive. And no one would never know where we went or where we are. And it probably could of been a instinctive animal that could kill us with one bite. But anyway my friend would of probably tried to discover the cave. Because he be cacten crazy some times. But if I was in my mode where I didn't care what I did I probably would of did it. Because sometimes me and my friends just act goofy at times. I just like to laugh at things and what people do. Any way yes I would of tried to catch it and see what it was. Because the only noises you hear now in a cage is bear noises because all of the other animals might be in a zoo somewhere.
1. Paper #7919867

This Level II response displays some evidence of an organizational strategy, using some simple transitions (all of a sudden, so) that result in a vague sequence of events. The response moves quickly through time, providing only minimal development with an overuse of basic-functional vocabulary (can’t find our way out of the woods; we played with the dogs a few minutes). There is more author involvement than author control or sense of purpose. Overall, the response indicates only some understanding of the narrative writing task.

2. Paper #7918089

This minimally developed Level II response achieves some semblance of organization by following a rough chronological format. However, gaps in the narrative sequence, coupled with a lack of effective transitions between some story segments, contribute to a less than fluent response. Although fairly clear, the writing employs mostly simple sentences and basic-functional vocabulary (we ran for a long time; the noise got louder). This results in a rather generic story only loosely anchored to any particular time or place, which indicates only some understanding of the narrative task.

3. Paper #7913876

This Level II response uses some rudimentary transitions (first, second, third, last) to show some organization. Its sequencing of events appears abrupt, however, and moves too quickly through time to achieve sufficient development. Rather than use dialogue or imagery to show what is happening, the audience is informed in a more summary fashion (we ran back home and told my mom everything that happened; after 5 minutes into the conversation). This tendency establishes only a vaguely defined time frame. In addition, some errors in sentence formation, grammar, usage, and mechanics detract from the flow of communication.

4. Paper #7921015

This Level II response begins to use word choice and dialogue characteristic of a higher score (“Ouch,” I yelled. “Something scratched me!” My leg dripping down with blood), but fails to sustain this specificity. As the narrative races through a series of events, it maintains a logical order, showing some sense of organization. However, this plan seems almost accidental and demonstrates more author involvement than author control. In balance, these elements indicate only some understanding of the writing task.
My friend and I were exploring a dark cave in the woods. All of a sudden we hear a strange sound. So we think we should leave the cave, it was getting late anyways. So we head for home but can't find our way out of the woods. So we decide to wait for the moon to come because the little dipper will help us find our way. All of a sudden it seemed as if the noise was coming our way. We didn't know what to do so we decided that maybe it was best if we didn't move but we saw the shadow getting closer what should we do? Was there anything that we could do? We couldn't move. The shadow got even more closer and all of a sudden it came and licked
us. It was our dogs playing around the whole time so we played with the dogs a few minutes then we decided we better head home.

So we got the dogs to guide us home, and Jerry since then we would always carry a flashlight just in case even during the day.
Have you ever seen a dark cave? Well, let me tell you the story of what happened that day.

Me and a friend were walking through the woods. We were having fun, and we started running through the woods. Then, we saw a big hole in the side of a hill. So, we decided to explore it.

We ran home and got a flashlight and ran back to the hole. It was very dark in the cave. There were lights hanging from the ceiling. There were little insects on the ground. There were little puddles, a quarter, and other things in them.

We walked into the cave and went further down. Then, we saw something beautiful stuck in the wall—it was a gem. We walked towards them. Then, we heard a loud noise. It was a growling noise. When we heard it, we took off running to the entrance.

We ran for a long time. The noise got louder. It was chasing us. Then, we saw light and we were out side. We heard it growling, and when it stopped out, it was only my dog. We laughed and went home.
On Saturday, my friend and I were walking through the woods. When we stumbled upon a cave. It was very dark, we couldn't see anything. When all of a sudden we hear a rapid noise coming from the cave. I heard like 300 bears getting scared.

First, we ran back home and told my mom everything that happened. After 5 minutes into the conversation, I said give me a flashlight. When my mom gave me a flashlight, we went looking inside. It smell like sour meet.

Second, we looked inside. We saw nothing but a big tunnel. We got closer and closer the thing started getting bigger and bigger. So I pointed the flashlight around a little and I saw a bear.

Third, the bear technically had one eye. It was trapped in a melted trap. When we saw that, we did nothing but run. We didn't look back at all.

Last, I told my mom everything. How the bear was scaring like a little girl. To when we saw that is her a pretend toy on her feet. My mom said that really happen. So we told her
we saw everything.
"Ouch," I yelled. Something scratched me. My leg dripping with blood. "I whispered, do you hear that?"

And then, I went exploring in a cave that had been in the woods for centuries. I heard a noise as we went deeper into the cave. It was mysterious. The walls appeared as a map of denouished creatures trapped in the cave. "Spree, did you hear that? No, I didn't.

All of a sudden, something fell past us. We flashed our lights. We stumbled over each other with fear. Attached myself to as an magnet. After 2 minutes and disappeared. We were going to die. No, we were not scared. Said to be a little bit of encouragement.

Finally, when we saw a light, we followed it. Soon after, we realized we made a grave mistake. We made outside the cave, we found inside the car listening to music and eating. That day taught me an lesson and that lesson was to
never trust one to protect us, lead us, or come with us to explore a cave again. Have you ever explored a cave?
NARRATIVE MODE

1. Paper #7922193

This sufficiently developed Level III response effectively uses dialogue to advance the narrative (“Why did we have to come in this cave; it’s so hot,” ____ complained). The writer follows a good organizational strategy that presents a clear sequence of events. An opening question that is answered in the conclusion (have you ever … explored a dangerous place? I learned…to never again go somewhere uncharted) provides further evidence of this plan and gives a sense of author control. The consistent use of meaningful, precise word choice enhances development (an ear splitting roar that answered his question; we were running, jumping and panting). Overall, the response displays a good understanding of the narrative writing task.

2. Paper #7920783

This Level III response utilizes meaningful, precise word choice to provide sufficient development within a clear and specific sequence of events. Effective transitions create a fluent and logical progression of ideas (then…we hear a terrifying, ear-busting screech that has us covering our ears; after it stopped we uncover our ears and follow the low scraping sound), indicating good organizational skills. Audience awareness also adds to the sense of author control (so remember, if you hear a high pitch sound never follow it). All of these elements show a good understanding of the narrative writing task.

3. Paper #7903277

Although this Level III response is somewhat uneven, overall it provides sufficient development within a clear and reasonable time frame. Showing some purpose and control, the author skillfully creates a feeling of panic (there was nothing but darkness everywhere; by then I was so scared I did not know what to do; it was like walking with a blind fold), but is less adept at explaining the prank played by the narrator’s friend. Appropriate transitional phrases (while we were walking, after we heard) help establish a chronology of events, which provides a good organizational structure.

4. Paper #7903249

This response about two friends in a cave shows a good understanding of the narrative task. Although word choice is sometimes heavy handed (screamed with anger; explained with rage), it is generally meaningful and precise, contributing to sufficient development and a chronological ordering of events. Transitions and dialogue help the narrative progress through time in a fairly fluent manner, showing some author control. The explanation about the real purpose of the journey (not going to a party/actually going to ____’s house) weakens the storyline at the end, but overall the response provides enough author control and involvement to reach Level III.
Have you ever felt so brave you explored a dangerous place within a dangerous place? I have, and it wasn't any best action. Now I'm going to tell you everything that happened on that very day.

"Why did we have to come in this cave, it's so hot," complained. I agreed with him. Not only was it hot inside the cave, it was one of the hottest days in June.

"It is hot, but it seems like something extremely cool to do," I replied. He nodded, then started to follow behind me. Soon we made it into the middle of the cave, which seems the hottest.

"Dude, now it's like ten times hotter in here," complained again. When he was done talking the room had a small earthquake making stumble to the ground.

"Can we get out of here now," asked. Then before I could answer him, we both heard an ear-splitting roar that answered his question. We were running, jumping, and panting, then we finally made it into the green beautiful woods.

"I'm not sure if that was a strange noise or a roar, but it was weird," I said.

"I don't care what it was, it was strong enough to run me out of that cave," shouted. When we started through the woods
to head back home, the entrance got covered with lava, a few minutes later it hardened and blocked the entrance. I thought the entrance got blocked where no one ever again could go disturb the thing that dwelled there, but I'm sure he's had his thoughts as well, but I'm sticking to my thought, I just know it's true. The lesson I learned that day, was to never again go somewhere uncharted on a map, hidden in the woods swarming with new species of animals.
Have you ever wanted to go in a deep, dark cave? Well, here is the story of my friend and I going to discover last secrets of the cave.

and I are the best of friends and we love exploring. One day while hiking in the rainforest we discover a dark cave and decided we should go in. We get out our flashlights, make sure we got everything and head in.

We don't know how long it has been since we entered, but it gets colder and colder the farther we go in. Then, all of a sudden we hear a terrifying ear-busting scream that has us covering our ears. After it stopped we uncover our ears and follow the the low, scraping sound.

Then all of a sudden we see a small, faint light up ahead.

and I, run for it and come to a large, round room with what looked like a stone table with a glowing orb on top covered by a glass vase. We approach the small, round table and finally notice that the room is filled with bones. Then all of a sudden we hear the screaming sound again so we cover our ears, look up and we see a giant monster that looked like it was a cross between a dragon, chimp, and an eagle.

We pull out our swords and prepare to fight the hungry looking beast. It attacks, but we are too quick, we lunge out of the way, get up, draw our swords, and run full speed at the beast from both sides. When we reach the beast it flies in the air and comes straight down at both of us. Since we probably wouldn't live through it we held each other's hands, pointed our swords up, and the beast landed with a scream and a thud. We relize that we won't dead.
So we helped each other out from under the dead beast, took the small glowing glob, and headed out.

We used the small orb as a light until we see another small faint light and we ran towards it again. Then we were outside in the wonderful warm rainforest again and we headed home for a bath and something to eat.

So remember if you hear a high-pitch sound never follow it, or you could become lunch to a hungry monster. Almost like ... and me. But make sure you bring weapons just in case.
My friend and I were walking in the woods one hot summer day when we came upon a huge pitch black cave. "Wow that is enormous," said. "Let's go in," I told. "Great idea," he said. We took our flashlights out of our back pack and started to walk in. While we were in we were looking and exploring the magnificent cave. While we were walking we heard a strange noise that sounded like fingernails scratching down a chalk board which made the hair stand up on my neck. "What was that?" I asked a little scared. "I have no possible idea," he said. Then we heard it again and again.

After we heard it a few times we decided to turn around and go back. When we tried to go back there was nothing but darkness everywhere. "We are lost," I told. "Terrified," After I said that he did not answer. He was know where, I called him and he did not answer. By then I was so scared I did not know what to do. I started to run trying to find him shouting in panic. "Where are you?" While I was...
running I heard that terrible
screaming noise and it was very loud.
When I thought everything was bad
my flash light went out, it was like
walking with a blind fold over my
eyes. I was panicking wanting to get out
of the cave and find

After shouting a while I sat down
to catch my breath from shouting and
walking. After regaining my strength
and energy I started walking again.
While I was walking I heard a noise
that sounded like _________. When I heard
it I took off like a lion getting prey

Towards the sound, when I got to it it
was _______. "What happen," I asked full
of happiness and joy. I do not know
we just got separated," said

Then in surprise I heard the sound
again and it was coming from
It was him. "You did the whole time," I asked. He said, "Yes, and I separated
from you knowing where you were the whole time.
"Let's get out of here," I said. So he
knew were to go out and we were finally. He
better be ready he cause I am getting him up
next time!"
"It's getting dark and starting to rain," I explained breathlessly. "We need to find a dry place to rest." "Look, a cave," exclaimed with enthusiasm. We walk into the cave, it's dry and the sand on the bottom of the cave is soft and warm. We had some blankets with us, so we got them and laid down on the warm sand. We let it touch our faces and bodies to warm us up. We were almost asleep when we heard this hissing noise and cracking leaves. We both jumped up and looked straight at each other. The noise stopped, so we laid back down. We thought the wind was playing tricks on us. Then the noise came again and again and again louder and louder each time. We jumped up and ran straight out of the cave door. We ran and ran and screamed the whole time. We stopped and listened closely. "I think we should go back." I said softly. "Are you out of your mind, you know, crazy." Screamed with anger. "If there was something in that cave, it would have chased us when we ran out of the cave screaming.
bloody murder." I explained with rage. "Fine, we can go back," said softly as she backed away. We walked back slowly, making frequent stops to listen for footsteps or the strange noise from the cave. We got to the cave entrance, we listened, no sound at all. We stepped in, went to get our stuff, and then the noise started again. We stood firm and out from the darkness came a little hissing kitten playing with a leaf. We relaxed and eased down to call it. It came to us and we layed down to rest till morning, so we could leave and go home." I guess the party isn't important," I said. "Even if it would have not gotten stuck out here, we weren't going to the party." explained. "Where were we going then?" I asked confused. "We were going to go to our house and hang out with her neighbors." she explained. "We got stuck here for nothing, we could have walked down the street to her house." I explained tensely.
NARRATIVE MODE

1. Paper #7952237

This creative Level IV response begins with a lengthy but highly effective set-up, providing background information on the relationship between two very different main characters (if it was up to me, our weekends would be spent at libraries … just my luck that this crazy girl’s mother is an attorney and the argumentative genes run in the family). Vivid and purposeful word choice enhances this convincing characterization and enriches the explicit sequence of events that follows. The skillfully executed plan, which leaves its audience ready for a new adventure, shows strong author control. In addition, the response is fluent and fully developed, clearly demonstrating a thorough understanding of the narrative writing task.

2. Paper #7940906

This successful and imaginative Level IV response uses vivid and precise word choice to lead the reader through a specific and detailed series of events. Beginning with a relevant summary of the characters’ situation up to the point of their cave entry, the author thoroughly develops the narrative sequence, leaving few unanswered questions. Although the strong and focused plan sets up almost unrealistic expectations (little did we know that sound would be the beginning of the adventure of a lifetime), author control is consistent throughout the story. Despite the fanciful topic (the discovery and classification of a chubacapbra), the vocabulary is so rich and descriptive that the reader is easily able to visualize events as they unfold.

3. Paper #7902503

This highly focused Level IV response begins right at the point of the prompt’s departure (a single circle of light bounces from rock to rock as I swivel the flashlight), a valid approach that immediately engages the reader. The narrative sequence is explicit and sustained, fluently moving from one action to the next. Strong author control includes the effective foreshadowing embedded in an essential piece of characterization (____ refused to change his several-sizes-too-large boots). The reappearance of these boots at the end of a suspenseful and thoroughly developed encounter with a rattlesnake gives a satisfactory conclusion to the adventure (no blood stained the large boot: only two fang holes where there weren’t any toes). The writer’s use of vivid, precise vocabulary and syntactical complexity demonstrates an exceptionally thorough understanding of narrative writing.
4. Paper #7911301

Despite a hurried wrap up (____ and I were safely taken out of the cave by our new friends, the Denali Coven of vegetarian vampires), this ambitious Level IV response maintains a strong and focused plan. Not only does the vivid and precise vocabulary contribute to the thorough development of a sustained narrative, it also enhances the tone of the story as well. Characters and dialogue evolve quite naturally, which shows strong author control. The writing is consistently polished and fluent, resulting in a successful demonstration of the narrative writing task.
was completely insane, if you ask me. For the nearly nine years I've known her, she's been this way. Totally mental. If it was up to me, our weekends would be spent at libraries, or the movies, maybe even the park. It's just my luck that this crazy girl's mother is an attorney, and the argumentative genes run in the family. There was no hope for me getting out of ANY of her wild plans for us.

Since kindergarten, we've covered basically every spot in town, from 'kidnapping' Bobby-Down-The-Street for a day to swiping ice cream sandwiches and cupcakes out of the sweets shop. From climbing the tallest tree in Citytown, to even convincing that tattoo artist to pierce belly button on her 14th Birthday last month.

All-in-all, I need to learn how to just. say. No.

For example? Last June = scariest day ever. I wasn't sure what was going to jump at us to swallow us whole.

It all started with the pair of us sitting on the living room couch one week after school had let out for summer. I was casually skimming through the TV channels when yelled my name from her laptop.

"Check this out!" She exclaimed, handing me the shiny silver macbook. It didn't shock me too much that she just HAPPENED to be Googling "Legends of Citytown" on our dullest day since she caught the flu in 6th grade.

"Says here that oakwoods, you know, that forest behind place? It's supposed to have a haunted cave!" She pulled her wild, black hair to peek with a
rubber band, smacking a fresh piece of gum between her striking white teeth. I knew that look.

"Good golly goshes... Please tell me we're not going to house..." I moaned, already knowing. She grinned, and next thing I know I'm being dragged out the back door, my waist in her death grip.

It didn't take us long to get to Oakwoods, and the search for this 'haunted cave' was shorter than we expected. I took a cautious step into the maw of the cave, hidden in bushes and trees. There were midnight blue stalagmites above us, and the floor sloped a little more with each step. I gasped.

"Did you hear that...?" she half-whispered from a few feet ahead. There it was again. A strange, squeaking, slashing noise. And again. I took a wary step closer to my friend. Something grabbed my foot, and before I could scream, I was dragged behind a boulder, and a hand slapped over my mouth. I looked up to see grinning down on me. I bit his hand, kicked him, and ran, grabbing an arm mid-sprint. The noise was... and his friends' tennis shoes.

"Come on..." I grumbled. "We're going HOME!" I could explain it all to her later. For now, I had had ENOUGH 'fun' for one day. Down-the-Street wasn't going to let this go easily..."
My friend and I were deep in the South American rain forest, in a little town no one has ever heard of. The name of the town is Dripwood.

Because of all of the rain, you may wonder what we were doing in such a place. Several famous archaeologists had discovered many hidden cities, buried treasures of an extinct civilization and the bones of people thought to be prisoners of war. Our business in Dripwood was that the government had hired us to search for some artifacts of an Aztec-like civilization which had been inhabited by a large city, since three thousand years ago. The artifacts would teach the priests more of their culture and bring some much-needed tourism to Dripwood.

The first place I decided to search were the caves since we had seen on the map that we had been sent. We arrived at a large, dark, deserted cave and I was looking for anything that showed signs of human life. At that moment, I heard a strange sound. In the darkness, I knew that sound would be the beginning of the adventure of a lifetime.

Since we had all of our equipment, we decided to explore the cave and return to our site later. I would begin an ascent upward and the western cave where we decided to keep our connection through walkie-talkies, we would meet upon this spot of light. Clocks showed for a quick break and discuss what we had found. It was twelve o'clock now so I headed straight to the entrance of the cave to search my side. After the first few minutes, all I saw were some dull paintings, then some type of language. That had to be impossible, the ancient cultures couldn't write, could they? The I came across a large room that contained bones and the room smelled like blood. I turned away and began to wonder, so as a logical person, I decided to pull out my book of the definition of bones. As it turns out they were good bones, then someone behind me, I heard that beastly sound with the hiss of a snake. A gust of wind blew off the ledge. You can imagine how my stomach felt. I called right away, she wasn't going to be
believe this!

I shined the light back toward the creature chained up in a cage and just about fainted had it not been for-- coming in that moment and exclaiming, "What in the--" and she
finished because she had to keep from falling. "Get
up," she sounded alarmed. "Don't worry, I'm back," I reassured her.
She shined her light on the beast again and just stared staring. "What is it?"
I asked and turned back to her. "You look like we've never seen animals
for mere minutes to me this." The creature seemed to have heard me
and made a, "Humph," sound like a grunting. "It's not that," she said,
"It's a chimpanzee, like from the storied Spanish nurse and the king."
"A what?" I said, "I've never heard of them and I've read every scientific
classification book for animals and I never heard of that," "That's
because, they're supposed to just be little Spanish monkey to keep
little children from being naughty."

We gave it some water and two of our sandwiches, then we took
close notes in our journals. I described it as small-looking but like, wrong-
Carnivorous teeth, a grayish coat, and a thumb-like must monkey.
Then I decided we should seach this thing. I put a very thick glove
and held out a finger, it took my finger, snatched and then saw what it could do
but it did not try to rack it. After that, we tried to open the cage and
picked the locks until it was free. We took it down to a spring and used
it, when it was clean we sent it to a whitecoat, and then we changed
our journals. Now, All we had to do was figure out a way to
explain all of this to the government which had funded us for
expedition of artifacts and instead we found a legendary folk
tale creature.
A single circle of light bounced from rock to rock as I swivelled the flashlight. Soon a second oval joined mine, glinting over a sparkling stream. A steady drumbeat of drip, drip echoes from the low ceiling reverberated from the river, reduced to the trickle beside me.

I grin at the second light's owner a boy no taller than me. He smiles back before adjusting his John Deere baseball cap and edging farther down the river, declaring the creek was safer and refused to change his several-size too large boots. Waving only non the first-aid kit and flashlights. 'Maybe these are unnecessary,' I admitted to my head trailing him.

We both froze as a rattle erupted in the cave, slowly shifted his gaze towards mine, muttering, 'What was that?' I stared, eyes wide as dinner plates, 'I have no idea.'

The whisper angered the noise-maker; the shaking rattle expanded until it was like a maelstrom in my ear. Attempting to locate the creator, I strained my ears until a source revealed itself: deep, deep!

A gasp of horror mingled with the tune of—shoo—shoo—shoo—shoo. When I peered down,

A rattlesnake, defensively perched upwards and with bloody murder teeth in its cold jaws, nestled itself deep against its innocent eggs. It's rattle vibrated not three inches from the tip of my hiking boot followed my eyes, and suddenly, a gasp and heavy
breathing contributed to our orchestra. He trembled like a leaf, and sweat glistened with what little light there was.

"Move... away... slowly..."

The snake glared as I attempted to follow my command. I pleaded with the snake mentally, "Don't bite him! Oh, please, no!" as it rattled slowed with apprehension. Courageously, I gathered what little bravery existed within him now, and a smooth, plastic sole lifted from the rocky ground. In those few seconds, the snake's eyes lit up with terror for her unborn young, and fury for trespassing.

My scream mingled with its strike.

"Oh, my god, run!" I bellowed, turning tail and darting toward sunlight. Wails of, "Oh, it bit me! I didn't even feel it!" trailed behind me as we burst back into sunlight and trees.

"No!" I cried, pivoting on my heel to look at him. However, he wasn't sobbing as I expected; in fact, he bore a cocky smirk. Disbelieving, I stared at his wounded foot, glistening blood.

No blood stained the large foot; only two small holes where there weren't any toes, since the shoe never fit anyway. Two things resulted from that day one and... I never splunked ever again.

Two, no matter how much his mother berated, and no matter how uncomfortable they fit... forever owned only shoes two sizes too big. Only one pair slouched his feet until even they shrank too much; a pair of boots with two clean, circular holes in the toe, kept for the sake of memory.
Drizzle, drizzle. The fresh rain fell onto the emerald green grass of Munich, Germany. My best friends and I were exploring the dark forests of our hometown. The thick silver mist that blanketed the sparsely forest was penetrating.

"Hey!" suddenly yelled. "Look!" she pointed out a mysterious object, barely seeable through the fog. As the three of us approached the object, it appeared to be a cave. I urged and I to look around the cave. "What? You aren't coming with us?" I asked, with one shaggy blue dogcoat covering my feet in the cave. "I'll look out for the bears," replied, and I shrugged, traveling into the cave.

"She's going to ditch us, you know," said, rolling her eyes. We had traveled at least twenty minutes, and yet nothing interesting happened. "Yes, well she's missing out," I reproached, referring to Rumble! Smash! Suddenly, the cave blew up with frightening sounds sending shivers down my spine.

"What was that?" asked shakily. I was too scared to answer, what if this was the end? What if a bear was going to eat us? I realized that and I had to keep going, so I dragged my friend down the dark tunnel ahead of us.

As we tiptoed down the tunnel, the fresh forest smell vanished, putting a terrible odor in its place. It smelled like an animal died. I sniffed and covered her nose. A family of black bats swooped down and flew between..."
and I making us fall to the muddy ground. Bumble! The ground fell out beneath us and we fell. I reached her arm out and I caught it. We looked at each other with the same look on our faces, blearified. We let out a blood curdling scream as we fell faster and faster. Splash! We flew into cold, murky water. I gasped for breath when I surfaced. Was nowhere to be found. "Help!!" I screamed, frantically reaching for my best friend. I climbed out of the water and the ground underneath me was smooth and cold like marble.

I found standing in front of me on the marble floor. Her mouth was hung open and her eyes were wide. I waved my hand in front of her face, trying to get her attention. Nothing happened. I stuck my index finger in my mouth and inflicted it into her mouth giving her a "wet willy". "Aah!!" she screamed, jumping up. I crooked up laughing and then noticed what I had been gaping at. People, thousands of people staring at us. Their skin was pale white, eyes were blood red. Vampires... and I were safely taken out of the cave by our new friends, the Goddess of Vegetarian Vampires. Did clutch us, and when we told her what we saw she said she'd come with us next time. Next time? There won't be a next time. I'm not falling through the ground again. Pish!