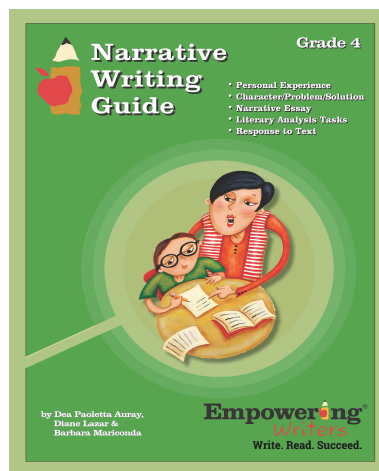




Grade 4 Narrative Writing Guide

Student Pages for Print or Projection

SECTION 7: Prompts and Process Writing



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Name _____

Think of a special time you spent with family. It might be a holiday get-together, or a birthday celebration. Write a story that highlights the most entertaining part of this special family time.

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 enjoy having a special pet. Write a story about a memorable experience you had with a pet of your own, or someone else's pet.

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 _____

Exploring an unknown place is always an adventure. You could explore an attic, the beach, a cave or any other place. Write a story about what you experienced.

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 _____

Everyone has a hobby or sport that they like to do after school or on the weekends. Think about a hobby or sport you like to do and write a story about a memorable time you had doing your hobby or sport.

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 about a time when you felt a deep emotion. Maybe you felt proud or embarrassed by something. You could have been really happy or excited. Write a story about an experience when you felt a deep emotion and include what happened to make you feel that way.

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 _____

Weather is unpredictable. Think about a time when the weather changed your day for the better or created some trouble for you. Write a story about a weather-related 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 _____

_____ .

_____ .

Name _____

Sometimes it can be hard to learn something new. It takes a lot of patience and hard work. Think about a time when you had to learn something new and write a story about your experience. Be sure to include how you grew or changed during the 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 _____

_____ .

Name _____

Getting a new pet is an exciting time. Think about how the pet feels when it is adopted by a new home. Write a story from the Point of View of the pet as it is adopted by a family.

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)

Woosh! went the winter wind. It was a snow day and there was no school. I decided to go outside and play in the snow. It was really cold out there and there was lots of snow and ice everywhere. I called my friends Brendan, Paul, Jack and Sam. We would do fun stuff in the storm. We were all dressed warm with our hats and scarves and boots.

First we got our sleds and tubes and went down the Academy Hill. "Faster!" I yelled. We wiped out a few times but kept going. Then we made a fort against Sam's garage and had a big snowball fight. We ambushed a bunch of girls from the other school and they were screaming like crazy. Ha! We tried to make a snowman but the snow was too soft. Oh well. The snow angels didn't last either cause the snow just blew around too much.

By then we were all wet and freezing cold. We went in and dried off and ate lunch. My mother put our clothes in the dryer and they came out nice and warm. When we warmed up we got dressed and went out and did it all again. It was weird that the pond wasn't frozen cause we wanted to go skating. But it was still a really fun day.

I still remember all the fun we had! Because there was no school and it was snowing! I hope it snows again tomorrow. And the next day, too!

SCORE POINT 3:

The Hike

“Okay, is everyone ready?” asked our hike leader.

“Yes!” the thirteen of us replied. I was at a 2 week sleep away camp with my friend Jake. The camp was on Lake George so there were plenty of mountains and paths to hike up and down. Everyone had heavy backpacks carrying supplies you’d need - food, water, clothes, tents, and much more.

Soon enough we started heading into the woods. We could barely see the trail through the thick woods. Small waves were breaking on the lake on our left and trees surrounded us on our right. When we reached our first resting point we stopped and looked around. It was early, about 8:30 in the morning and the lake reflected the little sunlight coming over the distant mountains. It was an amazing sight, but nothing compared to what we would see later.

We lugged our 25 pound packs up the hill. We struggled and dragged our feet trying to get to our destination - a huge boulder in a big clearing. From that boulder you could see everything for miles around. I couldn’t wait to see it!

Eventually we came over the final hill. “We made it!” I screamed. I ran the final steps of the way as fast as I could, huffing and puffing. Every step felt like my last. My legs could give way any second. The big gray boulder was in full view! The last steps seemed like they took forever. I finally got there, dropped my backpack and collapsed on the ground. My heart was pounding. I was all sweaty.

When I had the strength to get up on the boulder (it was pretty hard) I looked out over the lake. My mouth dropped open and my eyes could hardly take it all in. It was great, trees and water as far as anyone could see, the islands on the far left, mountains past the islands, and of course motor and sailing boats going across the water. It was about noon and the sun was directly above us which made the lake look even better. All I could really think of saying was, “Wow!” It was one of the coolest things I had ever seen. Camp was already worth it!

The weird part was, this was just the first few hours of our hike! Imagine what the rest of the hiking trip was like!

SCORE POINT 4:

The Contest

I felt like I was in an oven as I ran across the cold, wet sand to the water. It was summer and me and my cousins were at Hingham Harbor having a blast at the beach. Seagulls circled in the clear blue sky. The sky blue water was crystal clear and cold. Small pools of water in the wet sand held crabs, clams and shells. Seaweed squished under my feet and barnacles brushed my ankles. We dived like dolphins into the water again and again until we were tuckered out and had to take a rest. When we were warm and dry my cousin said, "Let's have a sandcastle building contest". It would be the boys against the girls. There were more girls, but the boys had their older cousin who was a pro at making sandcastles.

The girls' team ran to the house for a collection of buckets and pails. We raided the kitchen for round, square and rectangle-shaped tupperware bowls. These would be the molds for our castle! We took along some shovels and spoons, scoped out a great spot where the sand was damp and got to work.

We could see the boys on the other end of the beach, but we didn't pay any attention to them - at least not much. Starting with the biggest buckets, we made the main castle buildings. The smaller bowls made the fancy roof and side rooms.

"Okay," I called, "It's time to decorate!" We found pretty shells with rough edges. Others were smooth and white as silk. They looked beautiful in a pattern around the castle walls, glistening in the sunshine. Whoosh, went the sound of the waves, and that gave us the idea to build a moat around it. "Everybody dig!" I shouted. Soon the moat surrounded the castle grounds. In the back we carved out a swimming pool. We had to keep filling it up so it wouldn't go dry. This was hard work. I felt sweat trickle down my back. Every so often we'd splash ourselves in the water to cool down so we could continue the work. I felt some seaweed squish under my feet in the water. That gave me an idea! Landscaping! I pulled the slippery stuff out of the water and we pulled it apart into make-believe bushes. We "planted" them all around the moat. The finishing touch was a starfish that we stuck on the top of the highest tower. My heart beat fast as I gazed on our masterpiece! A smile crept across my face.

When we couldn't take the heat anymore we called our parents. The judging would begin! We took one last dip and then wrapped ourselves in fuzzy towels and quietly watched.

They walked slowly around each castle, observing carefully. They whispered to each other and I clasped my hands together - I could hardly wait. Uncle Mark finally clapped his hands. He had a decision. "We can't decide," he said. "Both castles are unique. So everyone gets a prize!"

Aunt Kathy came out with a tray of ice cream sandwiches. We all grabbed one and bit in. "Ummmm..." was all you could hear as we wiped the sweet cold ice cream from our mouths. The contest was over. It was getting late. The water was creeping up the shore and would soon wash our masterpiece away. Still, I'd never forget our amazing creation. And, even though the aunts and uncles wanted to be fair, we all know who really won the contest! It was the girls, hands down!

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 _____

The Court Jester

“First, I juggle. Then I’ll tell a few jokes and hope that his majesty finds them amusing. After a few magic tricks, I’ll end the evening’s amusements with a lively jig.”

Monty practiced his routine over and over again. As the court jester in a grim kingdom far, far away and long, long ago, he was the lowliest of servants to the crown. Here, laughter was not valued.

This time, I’ll get a little smile out of the grouchy king and the crabby queen,” Monty vowed.

He shuddered to think what might happen if he didn’t. Would the king shout “off with his head?” It was possible. At the very least, he’d be banished from the castle. He loved to make people laugh and wished he had the courage to take on the life of a roaming jester, traveling from town to town and amusing people in exchange for a meal or a place to sleep.

Far beneath the grand castle with its glittering lights and polished floors, Monty lived in a dungeon. With crumbling stone walls and a dirt floor, it was cold and musty. But it was the only home he had. His cozy bed, made from goose feathers he’d gathered himself, stood in one corner and a pile of his few belongings in the other. The cooks made him bowls of watery porridge every day and gifted him with a bruised apple every once in a while. Neither the porridge or the fruit was tasty, but it kept his stomach from growling. “Things could be worse,” he told himself with a heavy sigh.

Without a second to spare, Monty put on his tall, pointed jester’s hat and laced up his red boots that curled at the toe. He gathered his brightly colored wooden juggling balls and headed to the king’s court. It was showtime.

(continued)

Moments later, he was standing in front of his audience of one frowning king and one the cheerless queen. Monty felt doomed until he noticed the princess sitting on her own tiny throne between them.

In the blink of an eye, he'd given them all deep bow and then, somersaulted high into the air! As he landed, he heard a small, sweet giggle. His heart swelled as he realized he'd actually made the princess laugh.

Energized by hope, the young and acrobatic jester launched into his act. He threw six balls into the air and juggled them expertly. Taking a big chance, he tossed one to the king, who caught it with one hand and almost smiled. When he dropped a ball, he contorted his face into a mask of exaggerated anguish. The princess laughed out loud.

He told a knock-knock joke about a sassy dragon that almost got a snicker out of her majesty and recited a rhyme that made all three of them chuckle. Monty laughed along, feeling as if he were just as regal as his powerful audience. Images of his beautiful mother and his beloved father flashed in his mind and he wished they were here to see his triumphant performance. Just thinking about how proud they'd be bolstered his confidence.

The little princess' eyes were wide with wonder when he pulled a fluffy bunny out of his jester's hat and handed it to her. She stroked the animal's soft fur gently and Monty reached over to pull a coin from behind her ear. She threw her head back and laughed in delight. The king and queen looked pleased and Monty started dreaming of a day when he had a place at the round table where the knights feasted. He might even get a room of his own in the actual castle like the queen's luckiest ladies in waiting.

(continued)



When his magic show was completed, Monty turned two cartwheels and began dancing a bouncy jig. The princess got up and mimed his movements until sweat beaded up on her forehead. Monty danced on and on, even though his legs were numb with exhaustion.

“Enough, fool,” proclaimed the King, rising from his throne. “You’ve earned your keep and may remain in the kingdom for now. With that, he rose and left the courtyard. The queen and princess followed without bidding Monty a good night or saying one word of thanks.

Fool? Monty flushed with anger. After all of his efforts, he was still just a fool in the eyes of the royal family. As he walked down into his dungeon he felt the deepest of sorrow and he knew what he had to do.

Mustering his courage, Monty packed his few possessions and left the castle. With only the light of the moon to guide him, he crossed the moat and started his journey down the path that lead into the unknown. Monty didn’t know where he was going, but he was sure he would someday find a place where he belonged — a place where laughter was valued and jesters were admired.

Name _____

The Catch

Ho-hum. I was in trouble again, but it was definitely worth it. I'd made every one of my classmates laugh when my paper airplane soared right over my teacher's head at the exact moment she announced that it was time to collect last night's homework. I'd finished the assignment, but forgot it at home. I told her my goldfish ate it and got another laugh.

So here I was, ambling down to the principal's office. Again, ho-hum. I'd scolded for being disrespectful and get stuck in lunchtime detention for another week. My big secret was that I didn't mind going to detention, which took place in the library during lunchtime and the short recess period afterwards. I had nobody to sit with in the cafeteria, nobody to play with during recess, so what was the big deal about detention?

As I walked down the empty corridor, I felt a pang of longing for my old school, which was much smaller and full of familiar faces. There was Judy, the red-headed lunch-lady who knew how much I liked pizza and Mrs. Stevens, the friendly school nurse. She never forgot that I was allergic to pollen. Rafael, my bus driver who'd been picking me up since I was five years old always seemed happy to see me, even on the dreariest mornings. I missed them all so much it made my stomach ache. I also missed the cool breezes and sunlight that came through the open windows of my old school.

Here, the windows were sooty and closed. It was hard to believe that I'd been at this big, crowded school, with its dismal gray walls and dim, flickering lights for four months now. I had no idea where the nurse's office was and still worried about getting on the wrong bus after school. Nobody was actually mean to me, but I hadn't made a single real friend. In fact, the only time I didn't feel invisible here was when I was playing the class clown.

(continued)

“Again, Will?” That’s how Miss Garrison, the principal, greeted me as I walked into her office. “What’s going on with you?”

I shrugged. I felt Miss Garrison’s eyes on me as I stared at the floor. Tense moments passed. Finally, she said, “Well, since detention doesn’t seem to be working for you, I’ve got another idea.”

Ultimate Frisbee? That was her idea. What kind of a school was this that punished me by making me join an Ultimate Frisbee team and go to practice every day after school? Of course, I didn’t know exactly what Ultimate Frisbee was, but it sounded pretty awesome. There had to be a catch, something I wasn’t quite understanding. That night, I layed awake worrying about what that catch might be.

The next day after school, I got lost as I tried to find the gym where Ultimate Frisbee practice took place. I was ten minutes late and when I arrived a game was already in progress. There were goal nets set up on both sides of the gym and, as I watched the game I soon realized that Ultimate Frisbee was just like soccer. But, instead of kicking a ball, you flung a frisbee!

I played until my legs were exhausted from running and my arm ached from hurling the frisbee, but I’d never had more fun! The coach told me that I was “a natural” and that our team might have a shot at the championship that was coming up in a few months.

Suddenly, there was something to like about my new school. The dim lighting and closed windows didn’t bother me quite as much. I made my first friend, a guy named Daniel who lived just down the block from me and was an great goalie. We started sitting together on the bus and at lunch every day. I’d been playing for almost two weeks when Miss Garrison stopped me in the hall and asked to speak with me. My heart sank. Here it was: the catch.

(continued)



“Are you enjoying Ultimate Frisbee?” she asked.

“Yes!” I said.

“Good,” she said. “Enjoy yourself. But remember, no more disruptive behavior in class or no more Ultimate Frisbee. Understand?”

I felt a huge smile come across my face. “I understand,” I said, and then I ran to meet Daniel and my other teammates at the gym for another exciting Ultimate Frisbee practice.

I don’t remember ever saying “thank you” to Mrs. Garrison, but I think she knows how grateful I am to her. There’s no doubt in my mind she understood all along that playing the class clown was just my way of trying to figure out where I belonged in an unfamiliar place. I’d been confused and lonely, but now I’d found my place as the Captain of the Ultimate Frisbee team. Someday, I hope I’ll be able to help another kid do the same.

Name _____

	SETTING	HOW SETTING REFLECTS POINT OF VIEW
Monty, <u>The Court</u> <u>Jester</u>		
Will, <u>The</u> <u>Catch</u>		

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 titled, Court Jester and The Catch both include events in which the narrators found themselves in settings where they didn't want to be. Write an essay describing how each main character's point of view influenced how these settings are described. Be sure to use details from both stories.

Summarizing Framework:

TOPIC: _____

MAIN IDEA #1: _____

MAIN IDEA #2: _____

**SENTENCE STARTERS FOR A LITERARY ANALYSIS TASK:
EXPLORING POINT OF VIEW AND SETTING**

- The narrator's point of view was that _____.
- Both texts illustrate how _____.
- For example, _____.
- This is evidenced by _____.
- Another example of this is _____.
- The narrator makes a connection between _____.
- The narrator's feelings are illustrated through _____.
- In paragraph # _____.
- The author uses the following phrase _____ to show _____.
- In paragraph # the narrator describes _____.
- The description mirrors _____.
- It's clear that _____.
- It is interesting to note that _____.
- This is clear when _____.
- (Monty's) POV is reflected by _____.
- We know how (Will) feels when _____.
- The narrator points out that _____.
- In contrast, _____.
- The author effectively describes _____.
- The details suggest that _____.
- The words, _____, show that _____.
- (Will's) POV changes when _____.
- The reader can conclude that _____.

Name _____

The Audition

“Tyler, that’s not right!” I yelled at the open window. The sound of the trumpet blasted through the screen. I shook my head and rolled my eyes. I’d had to listen to this all summer long. All City Orchestra try-outs were tomorrow. Tyler wasn’t the best player, but he had definitely improved over the summer. From the narrow yard between our houses I heard Tyler mutter and begin the scale again. “See you at try-outs,” I yelled, laughing. “Good luck with that!” I added. In response my friend blared a sour note at me. If sticking out your tongue had a sound that would have been it.

Back at home I took my black leather case off the shelf and opened it. The familiar dark blue velvet lining inside the case seemed to make the silver of the flute glisten. Opening the case always felt a little bit like lifting the lid of a treasure chest. Tyler was my oldest friend, but my flute felt like my best friend. From the moment I first held it I was fascinated with the sleek, slender shape and the maze of holes and small round pads connected by tiny hinges. Unlike others who had been in beginner band with me, I was able to make a beautiful hollow sound the minute I put the instrument to my lips. “You’re a natural, Emily,” Mr. Ruggiero, my band director, said. He was right. While others huffed and hooted I made beautiful music. It was easy. I often teased Tyler, opening my band book to a new song and playing it almost perfectly the very first time. He’d sigh and stumble through the new song, go back and do it again and again. He definitely wasn’t a quitter, that’s for sure.

The next day Tyler’s mom drove us to the high school auditorium where auditions were taking place. Kids from all over town were there with their instruments. The conductor welcomed us and divided us up by instrument. I knew from last year that they’d send each instrument group to its own room where we’d play together and then alone. “Flutes, room 3B,” the conductor called, pointing to the hallway. Surprisingly, a whole bunch of kids stood up and began walking toward the door. There must have been twenty-five of us and a lot of kids I didn’t know. An unusual sensation began in my gut – a small fluttery feeling. Only six flutes would be chosen. Last time just ten of us tried out. But that was silly, I thought. Of course I’d make it. Last year I’d played all the solo parts. Still, as I walked into room 3B my hands began to sweat. This was a brand new feeling, and not a very good one.

(continued)

We played together as a group. Ms. Sanders tipped her head as she walked between us, nodding. “Lovely,” she said. “What a group we have this year! I can see that choosing just six of you will be a challenge.” I looked around. Was anyone else feeling nervous? I thought through the piece I was going to play, over and over again, until it began to become muddled in my brain. “Emily Kelly,” Ms. Sanders called, motioning me into the small practice room. “First,” Ms. Sanders said, “Would you play your prepared piece?” I nodded, lifted my flute and took a deep breath. The first note came out wispy and thin. I tried to control my breathing, but my racing heart made it impossible. I got through the piece, but I could feel my face flush. I’d never played this poorly. “Thank you, Emily,” Ms. Sanders said, expressionless. “I usually play much better than this,” I replied, desperately trying to hold back tears. “Auditions are like that sometimes,” Ms. Sanders said, putting her arm around my shoulders and giving a squeeze.

Back in the auditorium we waited for our names to be called. First the violins, then the brass. I was surprised when Tyler’s name was called, and that boosted my confidence. If he made it, surely I would make it too. Then woodwinds. The conductor read the names of those playing flute, and I counted as each name was read... “1...2...3...4...5...”

This was it. “Emily Kelly,” he said. I wasn’t sure I heard him right. Maybe I’d just imagined it. But there was Tyler giving me a high five. I closed my eyes for a second. I’d made it. But by the skin of my teeth.

Back at school Mr. Ruggiero congratulated us. At the end of class he took me aside. “I heard your audition wasn’t your best,” he said. I shook my head. “No, it wasn’t.” He nodded. “You know Emily, natural talent will only take you so far. You’re in a more competitive group now. It will take real work to shine there.” He thought for a second. “It might have been better if you hadn’t made it.” I looked at him, shocked. He continued, “We musicians are only as good as we are on our worst day. And when we fail we begin to realize the value of hard work.”

I’d never forget that painful, disappointing audition. I thought of Tyler practicing day in and day out. Mr. Ruggiero was right. That night I took out my flute and really practiced, perhaps for the first time. I wouldn’t take anything for granted anymore. What I accomplished as a musician, I would earn.

Name _____

Dolores and Harry

“Hey! Look at this funny rock!” exclaimed Harry, thumping his big back feet on top of a peculiar roundish rock by the side of the forest pond. Harry’s tall rabbit ears flicked back and forth and his nose quivered in excitement. “Nicest rock I’ve ever seen,” he continued to no one in particular. “The perfect place to take a nap!” Harry curled his puffy white tail beneath him and stretched out on the large rock for a little snooze.

In no time, Harry was snoring loudly and dreaming deeply. In his dream the rock beneath him began to move. Galumph...galumph...galumph went the rock. In fact, all of this galumphing was interrupting Harry’s nap. He tossed and turned, and turned and tossed, and plop! He woke up sputtering in the pond, the rock floating in the water beside him. “What in the world?” exclaimed Harry, thrashing in the water trying to get back to shore. “That’s what you get!” said the rock. Actually, it wasn’t the rock talking. The voice was coming from a round wrinkled head poking out from under the rock. “What’s up with that?” yelled Harry, dripping wet on the shore. “A talking rock with a wrinkled head?” Now the rock was crawling out of the water on four, short, curved, legs with sharp looking claws on the ends.

The talking swimming rock laughed. “I’m a turtle!” she exclaimed. “Haven’t you ever heard of a turtle?”

Harry waved his rabbit’s foot. “Turtle Schmurtle,” he said. “All I wanted was a nice nap! The top of your rock was cozy and warm in the sun and it made the perfect place to curl up and sleep! Why did you dump me in the water?”

“First of all, the name’s not Schmurtle,” the turtle replied. “It’s Dolores! I was just cooling off! And it’s not a rock! It’s my shell! And who told you it was okay to nap on my shell?”

Harry watched Dolores closely. She moved ever so slowly on those short curved legs. He wondered if her brain was as pokey as her legs. Always one

(continued)

to try to make a deal, Harry had a brainstorm. “Listen Schmurtle, or Dolores, or whatever your name is, how about this? Let’s you and I have a race all the way around the pond. If I win, I get to nap on your rock, I mean shell, whenever I want.” Dolores eyed him, slowly blinking her eyes. “And if I win?” she asked.

“If you win,” Harry replied, “I’ll never bother you again!” Harry hid a smirk. How could she possibly win? She was slow as molasses. Maybe she didn’t know how fast a rabbit could sprint.

Dolores tipped her wrinkled head this way and that, considering. Harry looked down so she wouldn’t see him smiling. Even thinking seemed to be slow for her. Finally she said, “You’ve got a deal.”

Harry grinned. “Okay, from this log, all the way around the pond. First one back to this log is the winner! On your mark! Get set! Go!” Harry bounded forward as if being chased by a coyote. His long back legs extended and he sprang ahead and he was gone in a flash. Dolores galumphed along, lifting one leg, then the other in a slow steady rhythm. She didn’t look to the right or to the left, but stayed focused on the path before her.

Meanwhile, Harry found himself halfway around the pond. Off to the right he spied a thicket of wild raspberries. Good to boost my energy, he thought, and hopped over to the low hanging fruit. He plucked and nibbled and slurped and gobbled every berry he could reach. His paws and face were covered in bright red juice. “Oooh,” he groaned. “I’m stuffed.” His tummy was bloated. He burped and belched. I think I need to rest for a minute or two, Harry thought. He snuggled under the thorns of the thicket and in a moment was asleep. As the sun rose higher and higher in the sky Dolores continued her steady march around the pond. She passed many delicious insects sunning themselves around the edge of the water, but Dolores never even blinked. Her mind was set on only one thing – making her way to the finish line. She never noticed the white cottontail in the thicket.

The minutes turned to hours and when Harry woke up the sun was much lower in the sky. It had been directly overhead when he'd headed into the thicket. "It must be late afternoon by now," he moaned, stretching his legs. He started off, leaping and bounding at top speed around the pond. As he sped past a group of frogs sitting on lily pads, a bullfrog croaked, "ribbit... impressive!" Harry kept going. The further along he went, the better he felt. Schmurtle must be way behind, he thought. So he slowed his pace to a regular hippity-hop.

As Harry rounded the final curve he smiled and jumped onto a good-sized rock right where he'd started. "I'll wait for her here," he chortled, "so she can see me when she rounds the bend."

Suddenly the rock Harry was perched on began to move. Out popped the wrinkled head and four stumpy legs. "Didn't I tell you it's not okay to rest on my shell?" Dolores demanded. "And don't look so shocked," she continued. "I won fair and square." The forest creatures clapped and the songbirds whistled and flapped their wings. "Slow and steady wins the race!" Dolores exclaimed.

Harry slunk down his hole and disappeared into his burrow. When he thought about how certain he was that he was going to win he blushed with embarrassment. The thought of a turtle winning a race with a rabbit! He'd never hear the end of it. After awhile he crawled back and peeked out of his hole. The forest creatures were all still there. Harry cleared his throat. "Ummm...listen," he said. Bullfrog croaked, "Quiet everyone and listen to Slow-poke Bunny!" Their laughter filled the forest. Harry stood his ground. "It's true, I lost the race! But I learned my lesson, that's for sure!" He thought about how he might have done things differently. And he hoped that next time he made a bet he wouldn't be so overly confident!

Name _____

LITERARY ANALYSIS TASK: COMPARING TWO STORIES

You've read The Audition and Dolores and Harry. How was Harry's learning experience different than Emily's? Compare the conflict, plot, and the theme in each 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: _____

	EMILY	HARRY
Conflict		
Plot		
Theme		

Sentence Starters for Response to Multiple Texts:

- In these stories_____.
- The conflict was that_____.
- In paragraph #_____.
- In the same paragraph_____.
- Because of this_____.
- The plot_____.
- One similarity is that_____.
- Both Emily and Harry _____. (insert characters)
- As soon as _____.
- The author shows this when_____.
- On the other hand_____.
- Another difference is that_____.
- Similarly, _____.
- I believe that_____.
- The evidence shows that_____.

Comparison Grid

List elements for comparison here.



	Source #1	Source #2