

**Four Structures**  
**for**  
**Creative Fiction**



by  
**J.B. Webster**  
**Blended Structure & Style**

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# Unit 3

## Narrative Stories



The Story Sequence Chart Diagrammatic Model

for

Narrative Stories (Unit 3)

**I. Who-When-Where**

Who is in the story?	Characters
What are they like?	and
When does it happen?	Setting
Where do they live or go?	

**II. What, Problem?**

What do they need or want?	Plot
What do they think?	and
What do they say or do?	Mood

**III. Climax, Resolution**

How is the problem/need resolved?	Climax
What happens after?	
What is learned?	

*Message*

*Moral*

*Epilogue*

<i>Final Clincher repeats title</i>	Title
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The Fox and the Crow (Flattery Works)

by  
Aesop

Summarized with liberties by J.B. Webster

<i>Style</i>		<i>Structure</i>
2	In early spring a <u>shiny, proud</u> crow squatted on the branch of a tree in	when? who?
1	the scrub brush of the foothills. It seemed a quiet place <u>where</u> she could	where?
5	survey the prairie to its limitless ends. While preening her feathers, the	
	crow obviously looked forward to <u>savouring and swallowing</u> the cheese	
4	<u>which</u> she held in her beak. Slinking by, a fox caught a whiff of brie and	who?
conv.	<u>eventually</u> spied the crow herself. "Time for a little fun with the old dame	
6	herself," he muttered to himself. He stopped and looked up. The <u>sly,</u>	
triple	<u>manipulative</u> fox sat back on his haunches, wagged his tail provocatively	
3	and spoke in a soft, friendly voice. Suspiciously, the crow glared down.	
4	Looking all shiny and sleek, the fox cleared his throat <u>while</u> a sparkle	look like?
3	shone from his <u>sly and cunning</u> eyes. "Truly, my dear," he spoke with a	
allit.	soft and silvery tongue, "the animals have been discussing how beautiful,	
triple	how youthful and how extraordinarily attractive you appear these days."	say?
5, 6	When it came to looks, the crow felt <u>boldly</u> confident. She ignored him.	
1	The fox, <u>who</u> possessed more than his own share of confidence, continued	do?
	to pour forth his syrupy flattery <u>because</u> the smell of the cheese <u>tickled</u>	
2	<u>and tormented</u> his nostrils. After a pause, however, he sensed failure and	problem?
	smartly changed tactics.	
4	Rolling over <u>provocatively</u> on his back with paws in the air, the fox <u>who</u>	
triple	appeared relaxed and innocent, even vulnerable, seemed like a small	
simile 2	puppy at rest. With childlike charm, the fox exclaimed: "How beautifully	sequence
3	you sing! Passionately I love the <u>joyous, clear</u> tones of your voice. Could	
5	you sing for me <u>because</u> I'm darkly depressed this morning?" When it	
	came to her voice, the crow had low self-esteem since, when she <u>began to</u>	
3sss	<u>sing</u> , all of the other birds took flight. She opened her mouth. Raucously	
	she sang. The brie dropped. The fox caught it <u>while</u> off into the bush he	climax
6	trotted. "Flattery works," he gleefully shouted.	title



Sibling Trickery: Imitating Aesop

with apologies both to the fox and the crow

by

J.B. Webster

1 Their home was pleasantly located in southwest Calgary in the “mid” where?  
community, which meant that all place names carried the prefix  
“mid,” such as Midnight Drive, Mid-Section Clinic and the Mid-Air  
3 Shop. Appropriately it was the mid-nineties and the siblings—the when?  
older girl, Syrah, and the younger boy, Jamaica—had recently learned who?  
irony the innovative and expressive word *like* which seemed scattered  
simile through oral fragments they used as sentences, like a rash of  
5 punctuation marks. While Jamaica shuffled and shifted around the  
6 house impatiently, Syrah sat glued to the computer. Not much moved. who?  
4 Except a finger. Fixated on a new video game, “Midbrain Midges,” she  
appeared oblivious to all about her except her pacing brother because  
2 she loved to taunt him. After all she had monopolized this new game  
for four hours and was determined to continue doing so although  
Syrah desperately needed a bathroom break. She suffered in order to look like?  
triple tire him, tease him and torment him—sibling trickery at its best. title  
triple 2 Over the past two hours he had, in turn, begged her, reasoned with what?  
6,4 her and shouted at her. Syrah remained silent. Turning to their  
mother, Jamaica pleaded: “She won’t-like-get off, and I have-like-an  
3 assignment which must be done-like-tomorrow.” Wisely the mother  
moved on, having learned from experience not to get involved or was it  
entangled in the lengthy and continuous battles which raged between  
met. them, a fifteen years’ war that had no causes, little purpose or few  
1 consequences. The homework argument was fallacious, as everyone do?  
knew, because there were five operating computers in the home. It  
5 was not Jamaica’s finest hour. Although Syrah was silently enjoying  
her power and control of the situation, the bathroom break had  
become—almost desperately—urgent, when events took a turn. problem?

3sss, 2	Jamaica was stymied. The phone rang. Once, twice, again. For Syrah	problem?
3	it must have taken willpower of extraordinary kind, to ignore that most <u>cherished and beloved</u> machine of all teenagers. Reluctantly	
1	Jamaica shuffled over, picked up then <u>slowly and mischievously</u>	sequence
conv.	beamed. “It’s – like – your friend, Melanesia,” he called out. “She wants – like– to talk to you – like – about three tickets to the rock concert of the Midwest Midgets <u>who</u> are playing – like – on the	solving problem
6	Midway in midtown after midnight.” Shouting out, “Like what?” Syrah	
simile, 4	<u>jumped up and dashed</u> to the phone. The line was dead. Swooping as a falcon does upon its prey, Jamaica landed—a three pointer—on the	climax
5	computer chair. Although unlike Aesop’s fox, he had no tail to wag, he did have his ironic cunning and shouted out, “Thank you!” <u>while</u> thinking that sibling trickery certainly prepared one for adulthood	title
	<u>because</u> it was – like – a big bad world out there.	

With thanks to the mother for the inspiration and apologies to the family for the thin disguise.

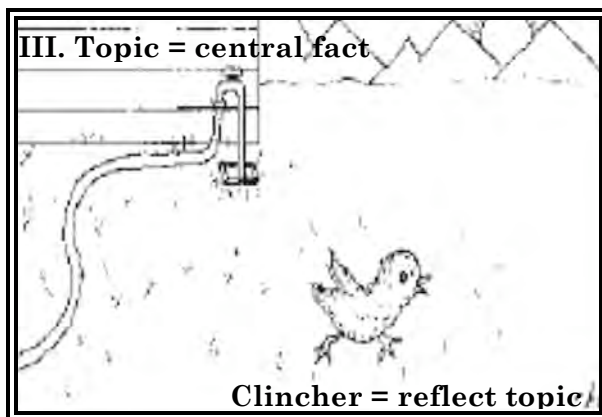
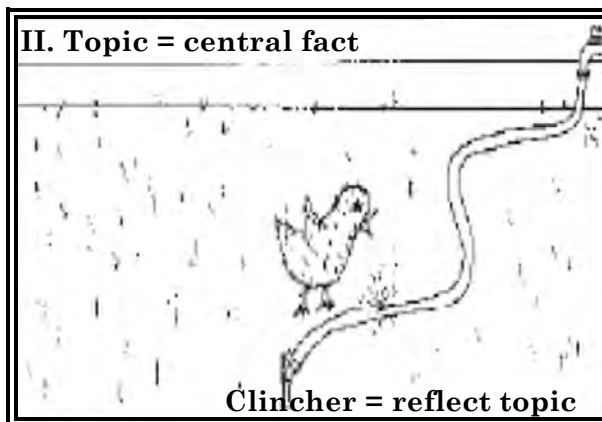
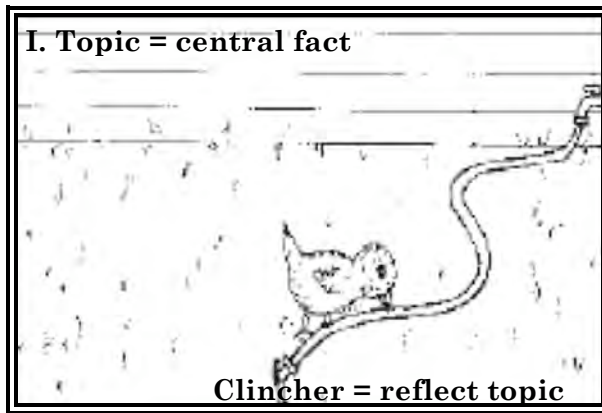


# Unit 5

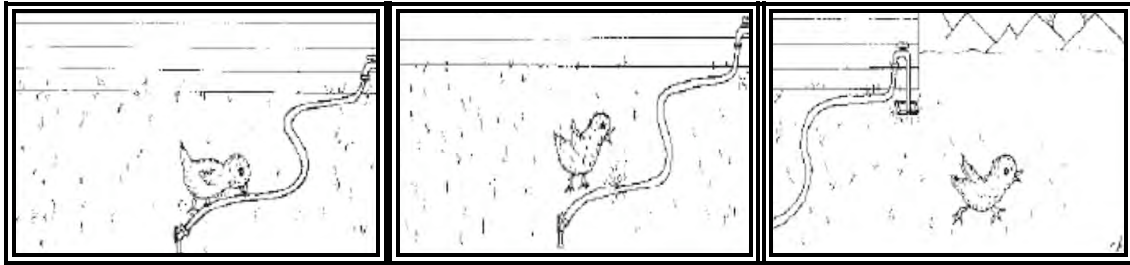
## Stories from Pictures



## The Diagrammatic Chick Model



## Hilda's Surprise or Ruffled Dignity



“This worm is very tough,” mused Miss Hilda as she worked at the old rubber hose. Early in the morning Miss Hilda always went for a walk. She was proud to be able to parade without her mother. She snatched a bug there. She pecked a seed here. Miss Hilda was a sophisticated spring chick. Some worms were bitter. Others were sour. This one was long and rubbery. It smelled funny. “Life is tough,” sighed Miss Hilda as she pecked with increasing frustration at the old hose.

Topic: tough

Clincher: tough

“My gracious,” shrieked Miss Hilda. She had completely lost her cool. She looked around quickly to see if anyone had noticed. She was embarrassed. Some worms worked very hard to protect themselves. Others turned slimy. But this one acted like a fountain. Miss Hilda shook her wet plumage. “How I hate water,” she muttered. “My gracious,” she shrieked, “I might get some dreadful disease such as chicken pox.”

Topic: My gracious

Clincher: My gracious

Miss Hilda began to flee in panic. She stopped and shook her feathers until her teeth rattled. She felt cold. Miss Hilda was paranoid about her health. She became feverish. Suddenly the king of the flock roared “cock-a-doodle-do.” “I must not be seen like this,” murmured Miss Hilda as she fled in panic. Miss Hilda had had enough surprises for one day. or: Miss Hilda composed her ruffled dignity following her panic.

Topic: panic

Clincher: panic & title

## Did It?

by  
Our Class



1 Hal, the Viking terrorist lay inert upon the icy sands of a chilly  
triple 2 Norseman's beach while dreaming of conquests yet to come. His  
4 feet were bare, his paunch rotund. But the hard-horned helmet  
5 remained his pride, his joy and crowning glory because it  
6 symbolized his Viking identity. Raiding and burning, pillaging and  
looting peaceful villages across the sea, he and his Viking brothers  
had fearlessly terrorized the Northern night. While exhausted  
from his bloody labours, the Viking terrorist stretched out, half-  
met. 3 dreaming, half-fantasizing about blonde and buxom Nordic  
4 Valkyries who peopled his Aryan paradise in the sky. Boldly he  
5 was the god of thunder. Upon the shore, he slept. He was mighty  
6 Thor.

central fact: lay

clincher: slept



1, 2 He snored. Like all hearty Vikings, his snores beat rhythmically,  
4 ringing out a tune from Odin's Norse Valhalla. Reaching a  
simile 5 climactic crescendo, his honking echoed off the rocks like Thor's  
6 thunder, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" or Wagner's *Tannhauser*. As he lay  
on the beach, the Viking terrorist dreamed of storming the beaches  
in some innocent, virgin world where a civilized man, such as he,  
irony 3 had never trod. Clearly Hal had become Thor, a Thor who slept  
triple 4 because this, his special day, was Thor's day. His snorts disturbed  
6 the gulls.

central fact: snores

clincher; snorts



2 With a mighty roar a gigantic wave struck the shore and sprayed central fact: wave  
 3 high in the crisp morning air. Wistfully calm and placid when Hal  
 triple fell asleep, the Norse wind had suddenly gusted, chopped up the  
 1 surface of the water and shot giant, glistening waves of water into  
 the Northern sky. A rogue wave which ripped the Thor's day calm  
 4 was poised to punish another rogue because of his looting, burning  
 and killing. Disembarking from black serpent boats, he and his  
 Viking brothers had pounced on villages where no one life had  
 5 been spared. As a few sprinkles fell upon the vastly vulnerable  
 allit. Viking, the enormous wave was poised to baptize him, engulf and  
 3sss drown him, carrying Hal to the Valhalla of his fantasies. Could it?  
 Would it? Did it?

clinch: wave

### The Viking Couple: Hal and Sal

There was a teen Viking called Hal,  
 With his Viking girlfriend, Sal.  
 Trading trinkets in old Baghdad,  
 Bargaining Arabs, thought them mad.

There was, a youthful Viking called Hal,  
 Married his Viking sweetheart, Sal.  
 Sailing the Volga to the Black Sea  
 Creating the kingdom of Muscovy.

There was a mature Viking called Hal,  
 Left with his Viking wife, named Sal.  
 On the Atlantic they became tanned,  
 Settling in volcanic Ice – land.

There was an old Viking called Hal.  
 Along with his ancient wife, Sal.  
 They drifted far, far off shore,  
 Landing in wintry Labrador.

There was no longer a Viking called Hal,  
 Neither his wife, the adventurous Sal.  
 Both fell to the arrows of Native “Cassala”  
 Finding rest in Viking Valhalla.



### Hal: the Five W's

*Who* was Hal, vain vicious Viking?  
Resting from his many chores,  
Dreaming as he loudly snores.  
Seeking leisure, ladies of his liking.

*When* did Hal thrive, strike and fight?  
Proudly in the medieval ages  
As recorded by the sages.  
A.D. 1000, pinnacle of his might.

*Where* was Hal, worshipper of Thor?  
Around the Norse and Baltic seas,  
Came ashore like swarms of bees.  
Pillaged Britons with mighty roar.

*What* did horned Hal achieve?  
Built ships with serpent heads,  
Surprised Russians in their beds.  
Reached Baghdad, Arab's can't believe.

*Why* did Hal leave hearth and home?  
The cooling North, shunned and escaped,  
Europe's history molded and shaped.  
Over all the Northern world to roam.

## One-Picture Stories and Accompanying Poetry

### My Weirdly Warped Neighbours

Along Nightmare Road in the sprawling village of Mosquitto Bite, my home was the middle one of three ageing three-story houses. There were no other houses around because there was a playground on one side and a long stretch of bush on the other. Consequently we three families lived in a world of our own, often called Roaders rather than Mosquitto Biters. Living in constant fear, I was thoroughly plagued and persecuted by my neighbours. Honestly—they terrified me. On one side lived the witches, Mrs. Witch and her two rotten sons, ten and twelve, who obviously hated little boys like me, while on the other were the Dudes who had birthed and nurtured a gaggle of unruly bingeing teenagers. While we owned an old car and the Dudes roared around in a sports model, the Witches had none—rode the bus by day and their brooms at night, most likely.



The Witches' kids were terrorists. There was no Mr. Witch. He was a wizard. Occasionally I called him Mr. Wizard to the filthy-mouthed gremlins he called his kids. If I were ever caught outside, the two little devils would literally seek to disable me as I fled in panic. I sure learned to sprint because my life depended upon evading those prepubescent boys who plotted my swinging, longed for my castration and dreamed of both being public spectacles. Once long ago they had danced for glee as they were burning off my eyebrows and singeing my hair. Singing, wailing and even moaning occasionally came from the windows in the garret, the only one among the three houses to have an attic. There, I imagined Mrs. Witch, who usually dressed in black, stored all their brooms, kept beautiful black bebies of bats and mixed her pots of passion potions and power poison pills. In truth, I despised and even hated the Witches' kids intensely and those terrorists hated me right back.

My neighbours intimidated me. The Dudes had spawned four hulking teenagers of indeterminate gender, whose trousers hung to their knees, whose long hair was coloured and spiked like aliens from outer space and whose nose rings were only exceeded in size by their navel rings. They partied a lot. Who would not be intimidated as such apparitions haunted you from dawn to dusk, then kept you sleepless by playing music all night? They posed a lot. Standing and slouching, chewing gum and swinging their hips were their most strenuous actions. Daily one Dude dandy paraded with his/her rat terrier. They were cool. While I could fight the Witches even at the risk of being seriously maimed, the Dudes, who looked at me as if I were cat dirt, left me in helpless, raging anger. What a life! Overall my twisted and weirdly warped neighbours destroyed my childhood because I was terrified to leave home, fearing physical abuse from the Witch family and mental abuse from the Dudes, being harried by verbal abuse all day and harassed by loud, lewd music all night.

## Neighbours: The Five Senses

### **Witches**

<i>Sound</i> like violins screeching, oaks groaning and the wind whistling.	triple “ings” onomatopoeia
<i>Look</i> like old rag dolls, shimmering, clinging bats blue-black crows.	triple double adjectives
<i>Feel</i> like hearts pounding, pulse racing palms sweating.	triple “ings”
<i>Taste</i> like fear, mounting curiosity and a dry mouth.	
<i>Smell</i> like musty cloth, moldy shoes, manure dust.	alliteration

### **Dudes**

<i>Sound</i> like rocking heavy metal, thumping grunge and pounding rap.	triple “ings”
<i>Look</i> like shaggy baggy pants, spiky spindly hair tatty torn shoes.	triple double adjectives
<i>Feel</i> like mind numbing, nerves jangling stomach turning.	triple “ings”
<i>Taste</i> like sour soup sickly sweet and old sweaty shoes.	alliteration
<i>Smell</i> like horse sweat, toilet spray and ripe compost.	

## Old Bob: Liberation or Destruction?

by J.B. Webster

6, 5 Bob grew up deprived. While his genetic inheritance seemed  
 1 unfortunate—part Rottweiler, part Pit Bull and part Doberman—his  
 2 puppyhood had been abusive. His mother had been a greedy, selfish  
 3 bitch who rapidly gulped down her own food and promptly drove Bob  
 4 away to wolf down his, as well. Naturally Bob became a thief  
 5 because he was perpetually hungry. Wandering in and out of Bob’s  
 life, his father usually hung out and fought with other strays around  
 the town dump. Bob’s human master, [who was] paunchy, even  
 obese, sat Buddha-like clicking the remote while totally oblivious to  
 the pup. No affection there. In dog society Bob grew up as canine  
 trash just one step from the pound.



6, 2 He aged rapidly. In no time he became a discard called “Old Bob.”  
 3 two Suddenly, mysteriously, even spookily, this ghostly and ghastly,  
 triples grotesque apparition appeared with x’s for eyes and an o where his  
 4 nose should have been. Sitting on the couch, the thing appeared to  
 have endeared itself to its master, who occasionally stroked or  
 1 leaned against it. Old Bob angrily barked, for which he suffered a  
 5 quick, sharp kick to the groin. While he slunk away, Old Bob  
 furiously resented this new Wal-Martian trash because it occupied a  
 spot on the chesterfield where he had never been permitted to lay  
 his world-weary and worn out bones. Calling it *Tippy*, humans were  
 allit. constantly saying, “Tippy this and Tippy that.” Old Bob wanted to  
 conv. puke.

1 The old human lamely hobbled in, just in time to catch Old Bob with  
 5 Tippy’s severed head in his mouth. When ten minutes earlier Old Bob  
 had sauntered into the living room, he had found only this wretched,  
 4 staring thing. Grabbing it in his mouth, he had shaken and thrown  
 conv. the thing against the far wall shouting, “How do you like that,  
 quest. Tippy? Want to return to mother Wal-Mart, Tippy?” While grabbing  
 the teddy bear again, he shook and shook it until letting it fly

2 against the opposite wall where it landed with a thud. In a flash he  
pounced on the doll, tearing at it furiously as he relieved the pent up  
6 emotion of years: rage against his selfish mother, rage against his  
shiftless father and rage against his indifferent human. The head  
severed. With sawdust, hay and wires protruding, Old Bob stood in  
3 the centre of the room proudly crushing the mangled head in his  
powerful jaws. Surely it was a moment of triumph because he had  
quest. never stood up for himself before. Would the white trash, his human  
who stood in the door staring in disbelief, recognize and admire his  
moment of liberation, or would Old Bob have the last ounce of self-  
3sss respect beaten out of him? Liberation or destruction? Which would it  
be? You decide.

Old Bob's Lament

**Style**

<u>Think</u>	I wish my tummy could be fed and filled	dual verbs
quickly	Like a pudgy pink piglet Continuously Impulsively and Briskly.	dual adj. simile allit.  triple "-lys"
	I wish my ears could be caressed and petted	the same stylistic
thoughtfully	As a soft, silvery Siamese Carefully Reassuringly and Dreamily.	elements in each stanza
	I wish my fur could be stroked and brushed	
slowly	Like a pampered Palomino pony Wearily, Patiently and Sleepily.	
	I wish I could nap and sleep	
thoughtlessly	Like a hibernating big black bear Mindlessly, Carelessly and Wistfully.	
	I wish I could leap and frolic	
happily	As a frisky, frightened fawn Playfully, Warmly and Cheerfully.	
	I wish I could be kissed and loved	
silently	Like a timid, tiny tot Lightly, Bashfully and Tenderly.	



# Unit 7

## Descriptive Stories





### “My Dog” Model with Power Paragraphs

*Unit 7 is the climax—the pinnacle—of creative writing. In the textbook, Blended Sound-Sight & Style in Composition, the creative writing model—primarily descriptive—was diagrammed. Nicknamed the “My Dog” Model, it provided for a five-paragraph composition.*

By this point in the syllabus and this time of year, students rarely have difficulty following the model and writing a story. Never in fifty years of teaching have I asked students to write on “My Dog” or “My Cat.” There would, however, be nothing wrong with it. I have, however, asked for compositions on “My School” and “My Best Friend,” “An Exciting (or Miserable) Day,” or “The Olympics.”

Normally I like to show young writers an example of a composition following the model. Surprisingly I never provided a model composition for this unit, possibly because I had not owned a dog since my childhood. Now retired and possibly entering my second childhood, I have acquired a dog who has inspired me to compose a model composition about her.

The composition follows the model exactly with all the stylistic elements mostly noted in the left-hand margin and notes on structure in the right. A few elements have been added which have so far not been discussed. These include the eyecatcher, descriptive and two variety paragraphs: opinion-reason and question-answer. These will be discussed in the next handout on power paragraphs. The assignment to which this composition responds was as follows:

- Write a five-paragraph descriptive story on the “My Dog” model with an introduction and a conclusion. The story should contain:
1. one descriptive and two variety paragraphs
  2. body paragraphs with matching topic/clincher sentences
  3. Each paragraph should include:
    - a) six dress-ups underlined
    - b) six different sentence openers; numerals in left margin
    - c) one decoration, one triple, noted in left margin
    - d) structural notes in the right-hand margin

**Style**

Foxy Lady: Super Dog of the Hood  
by J.B. Webster

**Structure**

Leaving Foxy in the car at a filling station, I walked toward the garage and asked the attendant to fill it up. He requested the keys and I replied, "Take them from the ignition." When I returned, he looked rather peevish. "Your dog," he whined, "won't let me have the keys." Apparently when he put his hand through the window, the matriarch had bared her teeth, snarled and snapped.

eyecatcher

**Introduction**

1 6 1 Some would argue, "A dog is a dog is a dog." Not so. There are mutts and there are super dogs. Unquestionably Foxy stands tall in the super category. Born on August 9, 1997, near Hope in British Columbia, Foxy Lady was so named because she is a fox terrier mixed with a touch of schnauzer, because people had to stop calling her *he*, and because in temperament she was undoubtedly a foxy lady. Upon even a short and superficial acquaintance, anyone can readily, even rapidly, see that she is female with a touch of vanity, a determination to be the lady of the household and an ability to manipulate and control people and events. She is no shrinking violet but rather a modern, liberated female because she knows her objectives and how to get them. Although timid on the street around other dogs and stranger humans, on the property she appears fierce and dangerous. As one Chinese neighbor rightly argued, "She's a lion behind the fence and a lamb outside of it." What is so unusual about this animal that she is referred to as a super dog? Possibly it is her appearance which most find attractive, possibly it her dogged loyalty to her family or even possibly it is Foxy Lady's ability to talk that sets her apart as the only super dog in the hood, although others are bigger, more purely bred and rather arrogant. Mostly they are males! Go figure!

time place  
historical  
background

topics:  
1. appearance  
2. loyalty  
3. talk  
title

**Descriptive**  
topic 1:  
appearance

conv.  
question  
triple

1 Foxy is absolutely and strikingly beautiful in appearance as she delights in being told over and over again. A honey blond with soft highlights, in her looks and body movements she resembles a fox although city officials recorded her as camel colour. However, no camel has ever boasted the sheen, softness or fluffiness of her long and unruly hair. From her schnauzer genes she inherits stubborn curls protruding over her eyes like giant eyebrows or antennae on a robotic dog. If anyone cuts or trims these exaggerated eyebrows, Lady will sulk all day. Refusing to eat, lying apart with sad, sorrowful eyes, Foxy lets her world know that it has gone too far because her eyebrows are the sticking point of her vanity.

simile

simile	<p>4 Shaved for the summer might be reluctantly acceptable, but cutting          3 the eyebrows reaches her limit of tolerance. Additionally the hair          grows long and thick around her paws so that when standing, she          gives the impression of wearing four-legged flared slacks <u>which</u> look          like bell-bottoms. Her appearance makes Foxy a standout on the          street, so much so that unlike other mutts in the hood, many          neighbours know her name.</p>	clinch: appearance
dramatic opener	<p>1 She is a restless guard. Since dogs are renowned for their          attachment to human families, Foxy may not be unique in the          loyalty and affection <u>which</u> she lavishes on hers. However, the way          2 she expresses her loyalty might sound unusual. With <u>strong</u>  <u>herding</u> instinct, Foxy Lady cannot settle down in the evenings          until everyone has gathered in one room, usually before the          television. Only then can she leisurely stretch out before the          fireplace and <u>partially, sometimes even fully</u> close her eyes.          3 Fundamentally she assumes the role of the matriarch who demands          her family gather in one place around the fire and under her          watchful eye. It reflects prehistoric behaviour. When relatives,          6 5 friends or strangers arrive at the door, she insists they must <u>enter</u>  <u>and shake</u> hands with her master, or she continues an urgent bark,          4 running back and forth between them, utterly distraught. Sleeping          at the foot of the bed, her eyes are forever facing the door. If anyone          knocks or enters, the hullabaloo has to be seen to be believed. She          acts <u>as if</u> the house is collapsing. Surprisingly she remains          3sss strangely and totally quiet if the ninety-two-year-old father enters          the room. He is different. She watches. Silently! Thus Lady's loyalty          and affection are expressed through multiple roles, as stern          6 triple matriarch of the clan, as insistent herder of the pack and as a          fiercely faking guard <u>because</u> she a restless super dog, no less.</p>	<b>Opinion</b> topic 2: loyalty
dram. open.	<p>5 How does she talk? When picked up at the pet shop, apart from          statistics of birth and breed, the only remark by the owner was,          conv. "She's a talker." The comment was ignored as one of those peculiar          2 fantasies of a dog person. As a <u>frightened, traumatized</u> puppy, Foxy          was unusually quiet when brought home, and for some weeks never          question made a sound beyond occasional pathetic whimpering. What had          the man been talking about? However, a quiet puppy became a          1 talkative adult. Surprising transformation! The older she gets, the          2 more talkative she becomes. At six dog years of age (equivalent          forty-two human years), she <u>seems to articulate</u> about twenty          4 different sounds. Whining interlaced with short barks says "relative          at the door," while low growling and frantic barking means          6 "danger—stranger." Whimpering-barking suggests household          member. Two short barks followed by frantic tail wagging and</p>	<b>Question</b> topic 3: talk

triple  
 3  
 5  
 dramatic close

more soft barks means, “Heh! I know you. Come over here and scratch my ears.” She has her own friends among the neighbours whom no one else in the family knows or worries about. One such is a man who slowly and confidently walks by, parrot proudly perched on a shoulder and rabbit wrapped in his arms. Another friend is a manageress who must scratch ears before opening shop in the morning and after closing at night. For these two friends Foxy has her own unique greeting. Obviously she knows the father is deaf. No use talking to him, so to get his attention as he sleeps in his chair, she lays her paw on his knee. Finally and notably is her long conversation. Sitting on a human’s lap and looking at him straight in the eyes, Foxy Lady opens the conversation with a cacophony of sounds, waits for a reply and repeats the sounds almost as if in imitation. This back and forth conversation can continue for some minutes. The aim of the exercise seems to be Foxy saying, “I want to talk to you like a human. What’s wrong with that?” Since nothing is wrong with it—except what the neighbours think—the conversation proceeds until one partner gets tired. Without question super dog talks and wishes she could talk more, becoming frustrated upon occasion because she cannot make herself understood. Does she talk? She sure does.

clinch: talk

1  
 5  
 allit.  
 2  
 5  
 6  
 3

The talking dog with the classy appearance maintains a dogged loyalty to her family and protects her small piece of geography which is only thirty by seventy feet in size. While the house guards the north and the garage blocks the south, dangers menacingly lurk to the west and east. Foxy selects a spot to sit where she enjoys a clear line of vision of the east and west property lines. To the east is the skunk run and to the west the street or man run. Activity on either can trigger warning shots from Foxy followed by a barrage of yelping-barking-howling, enough to alert police, firemen and ambulances throughout the city. As a border guard on the lookout for terrorists—man or beast—Foxy becomes an American dream but also a Canadian nuisance, especially when she misidentifies the doctor coming on a house call, for one of the danger-strangers. Then how silly she looks! Guarding is her life, her *raison d’être*. Obviously, herding and her appearance are genetic and no particular credit to her except as she guards against attempts to alter them. What makes her unique are her skills of communication, in body language and facial expression but most convincingly by her talk. She never talks asking for food or drink because for that she merely sits looking woebegone. Foxy talks as part of her guarding and herding duties. What would happen if she met a real danger—stranger?—but also for companionship as in her

**Conclusion**  
 appearance  
 loyalty

loyalty

appearance

talk: most n.b.

personal conversations with a few chosen and select humans.

- 4 Frustration sets in when her message is misunderstood. Accusing you with an icy stare, she sits marveling at the stupidity of mankind. Ever the optimist, inevitably and enthusiastically she tries again with a new body movement and a different whine-squeal to get her human properly oriented. It takes a lifetime to fully understand her, which is why Foxy Lady is so fascinating, so intriguing and so interesting as the talking super dog of our hood. One never totally comprehends.

triple

title

dramatic close

## Unit 7

# Anecdotal Compositions with Dialogue





## Descriptive Fictional Paragraphs

Out of the dozens of descriptive paragraphs in English literature, I recommend that you teach three: the five W's, the GPG (general-particulars-general) and the five senses. Note that the topic and clincher are the same for the three different descriptive paragraphs.

Topic: Speeding along to the clip, slip of the rails, the girls could observe the magical countryside of China from their windows.

### Five W's

Who?	Two friends, Joyce and Carol best friends since grade school
Where?	On a train, Dragon Valley in Southern China having flown in from overseas
When?	Their summer vacation late August with the harvest just beginning
What?	To visit relatives never seen before partly excited and partly apprehensive
Why?	Clan reunion in their parents' natal village relatives from all over the world

### Five Particulars

1. Dragon Valley, a ring of purple hills
2. wooden slopes, rocky summits
3. glistening glacier, nestled in the peaks
4. placid lake, softly lapping its shores
5. picturesque pagoda temple on an island

### Five Senses

See:	the river winding through Dragon Valley the gaggle of geese and goslings
Hear:	cattle on the hillside peasants calling to each other
Feel:	the pain of peasants, labouring in the paddies the heat of the scorching sun
Smell:	freshly cut hay, lilacs in bloom fresh oranges stacked in pyramids
Taste:	dust in the air, sand in teeth, the taste of China bittersweet taste of the pain of women bending under heavy loads

Clincher: Suddenly total darkness—as the train plunged into a tunnel—blotted out the spectacular view of rural China.



Rules of the Dialogue Set

- Structure
1. Three to five paragraphs is a dialogue set.
  2. new paragraph each speaker
  3. two to four sentences each paragraph
  4. two characters only

- Style
1. six dress-ups in set
  2. six openers, decoration, triple within set
  3. thoughts of main character
  4. minimum three split quotations in set

- Mechanics
1. Begin quotations with capitals.
  2. Learn complex punctuation.
  3. Use contractions.
  4. *Said* remains dead.

Flashback Paragraph Rules

1. topic sentence: character, location, feeling  
past tense: felt, included, *was*
2. Signal the flashback: She recalled many years when...  
*examples: For nearly a year...*  
*Six months before...*  
*His mind flashed back three years...*
3. body: flashback: past perfect *had*
4. clincher: Return to location and feelings of topic.  
Return to the past tense *was*.
5. dress-ups, openers, decoration, triple

The Assignment

Write an incident or anecdotal composition of your own creation □ approximately 3–5 paragraphs in length in the third person limited narrative. Within the story include at least one of each:

1. a descriptive paragraph
2. a flashback paragraph
3. a set of dialogue paragraphs, treated as one for the purpose of dress-ups and openers, decorations, and triples.

In the right-hand margin of your story, indicate these features by writing *descriptive*, *flashback*, or *dialogue*. Remember to underline dress-ups, number your openers, and include one decoration and one triple, noted in the left-hand margin in each paragraph.

In Dragon Valley

In Dragon Valley

You can,

See blues from purple to aquamarine links,  
Shadows from forest to lime green sinks,  
And brilliant shots of pastels and pinks.

*triple rhyme*

In Dragon Valley

You can,

Hear honking geese as the migrants plan,  
Chattering, shouting children along the lakeshore,  
And gonging and drumming from the temple door.

*triple -ings*

In Dragon Valley

You can,

Taste bitterness like peasants bending under their loads,  
Sourness like those along old swampy roads,  
And sweetness like newly-minted hay.

*triple similes*

In Dragon Valley

You can,

Smell sporadic swirls of sweet mountain breezes,  
Freshly picked, mandarin mini-mounds,  
And the dust and dung of the distant deserts.

*triple allit.*

In Dragon Valley

You can,

Feel pain in the loins like the poor paddy workers,  
Contentment of the cattle near the rusted rail tracks,  
And the scorch of the sun upon bent brown backs.

*simile*

*rhyme*

*alliteration*

## Consequences

by J.B. Webster

Third Person Limited

January 10, 2003

Style

Structure

### Descriptive

#### Intro.

setting,  
characters  
topic: general  
Five senses

1. hear
2. touch
3. smell
4. taste

5. see

topic:  
general

#### Dialogue Set thought

split quote  
new ¶ each  
speaker

split thoughts

minimum two  
sentences each  
paragraph

split

3 As the Toyota Camry sped down the freeway, Spike floored the  
1 accelerator, and the speedometer trembled to ninety, a hundred, then  
6, 5 finally 105. Apparently that was its limit. Sitting beside him and  
triple bouncing gently but anxiously on the seat, Sparky recalled their very  
1 successful heist of a bank at Fifth and Commercial. He believed they  
would never need to do it again. He could hear the police siren that  
6, 5 quickly grew in intensity. He grasped the dashboard. As the car  
triple twisted and swerved from one lane to another, he could feel his  
2 muscles tense, could smell the burning rubber of the tires, so acrid  
2 Sparky could taste it. For a fleeting moment he could distinguish the  
startled and angry faces of other drivers as the Toyota swerved to the  
1 far left, thereafter crossing three lanes to end upon the right. Cars  
simile scattered like chickens. Oh! the power of it, Sparky thought with glee.  
4 triple Looking at Spike, Sparky noted the grim determination on his face,  
metaphor watched his muscles strain as he gripped the wheel and felt his  
triple terrifying desperation. Sparky could taste fear as the sirens blared  
louder, harsher, more demanding. Racing flat out, the Camry seemed  
prepared for this freeway contest because it was a matter of a future  
good life.

1 “Look here, Spike, we can’t outrun them. Let’s hide.” Spike  
suddenly spoke, not quite sure what he meant but aware that  
something had to be done and quickly because the police cruiser  
seemed only one car back.

5 “Hide? Where can we hide,” Spike shouted back, “on this open  
freeway?” While his arms ached and he felt a growing desperation  
which showed on his face, he turned slightly to glance at his friend.

2 question With a sudden ray of hope, Sparky answered, “Why not take the  
East-West connector?” He hurriedly continued, “The turnoff is just  
ahead.” He had no idea of how they could turn at a speed over 100, but  
he held an inordinate and abiding faith in Spike’s ability.

6 foreshadowing “We’ll flip,” Spike muttered. He was again over in the far left  
lane when the first sign for the connector flashed by.

3 triple Directly behind, the powerful police cruiser’s siren was blaring  
so loudly, so raucously and so piercingly, they could hardly hear each  
other. “If you turn quickly and smartly,” Sparky shouted, “the cops will  
fly by. We could shake them and hide on one of the side streets.”

4 Surmising it was their only chance, Sparky screamed, “Do it!”

<p>2 Sparky had suggested and Spike decided quickly. With a suddenness  <u>which</u> threw Sparky violently against the door of the Toyota, Spike  4 <u>swerved and veered</u> across three lanes of traffic. Smashing into the  1 front of one <u>large blue</u> Chevy, it spun, crashing into a second car—and  <u>humiliatingly but surely</u> to a complete halt. The chase was over  5 <u>because</u> the hunters were stymied and the hunted out of control. While  3 the tires screeched and burned the road, the Camry entered the exit  curve on two wheels. Crisply careening off the curb, the Toyota  3 somersaulted. The first flip; over and upright again. Immediately the  3 sss second flip. Two noisy explosions. Third flip. As one ton of scrap metal  came to rest, it was wrapped around a steel power pole as neatly <u>as</u> a  6 curled cobra ready to strike. So the Camry died. Such were the tragic  6 consequences of Sparky’s advice and Spike’s decision to take it.</p>	<p>He felt numb, nothing. Opening his eyes, Sparky saw a dark red  6 rash [<u>which</u> was]* <u>slowly and steadily</u> spreading over what appeared  6 like a bulging bag of bones. Darkness descended. Suddenly a scene all  6 pink and yellow spread out before him <u>where</u> he was a small child  6 again. Nestled in his mother’s arms all warm and cozy, his father  4 bending over, Sparky felt <u>happy and joyous</u>. His father was saying  1 something about the child being rash, about being overly ambitious  6 and about always seeking and taking risks but never considering the  6 consequences. In a soothing gesture his mother gently <u>kissed and</u>  2 <u>caressed</u> his hair. Oh! how delicious it felt, Sparky thought, <u>because</u> he  3 was warm, secure and loved. Eventually the pinks and yellows faded  3 into a spreading dark red rash. Mangled bag. Red. Blood everywhere.  3 Blood. As if a blind was slowly being lowered, deepening darkness  6 descended until only a tiny speck of light glinted at the bottom of it.  6 Finally numbness, blackness, consequences.</p> <hr/> <p>*This is called the <i>invisible which</i>. It is a superior form, and better  students should be encouraged to use it. But because the <i>invisible</i>  <i>which</i> or <i>who</i> may be difficult to find by the teacher or editor, I ask students to  put it in brackets as shown here. Brackets are also convenient for writers since  they should count the underlinings to make sure they have the six dress-ups.</p>	<p><b>Descriptive</b>  topic: general</p> <p>particulars</p> <p>clinchers:  general</p> <p><b>Flashback</b>  topic: numb</p> <p>jumping back</p> <p>forward to  present</p> <p>clinchers:  numbness title</p>
<p>simile 6</p> <p>dramatic  opener  allit. 6</p> <p>triple  foreshadowing</p> <p>simile 5 allit.</p> <p>dramatic close</p>	<p>2</p> <p>4</p> <p>1</p> <p>5</p> <p>3</p> <p>3 sss</p> <p>6</p> <p>6</p> <p>4</p> <p>1</p> <p>6</p> <p>2</p> <p>3</p> <p>6</p> <p>6</p>	<p>clinchers:  general</p> <p><b>Flashback</b>  topic: numb</p> <p>jumping back</p> <p>forward to  present</p> <p>clinchers:  numbness title</p>

- Cattle [which were] quietly grazing in the field [which was] near the highway turned to stare.
- While seated on the prow, the boy [who was] watching for tuna became quite agitated.
- Sinking and reddening in the west, the sun, [which was] now beclouded, disappeared completely.

## Michelle

by Joyce Ting, grade 8

February 19, 2003

### *Dialogue Set*

“I’m not sure.” The ticket salesman had just asked Ann where in California she was going.

“Look, ma’am,” the clerk tried again, “I can only sell you the ticket if you know where your destination is going to be!”

3 “Actually, I’m looking for someone,” Ann explained, “but I really don’t know which city he lives in.”

1 The ticket man gave a small sigh, glanced through the day’s schedule, then asked, “When do you need to leave?”

“As soon as possible. Do you have many trains heading that direction ... today? I know it’s rather last-minute, but I was hoping you’d have a seat open for me.”

6 “I’ve just checked, and we actually have two more seats open for the noon train which is heading down to Los Angeles. The ticket is \$160.00. Would that suit you?”

5 “\$160.00? I hadn’t counted on so much! What am I going to do when I get down there if I don’t have any money to at least stay in a hotel for a couple of days? I still have no idea where he lives!” While the ticket salesman glanced about impatiently, Ann panicked for a moment.

4 Deciding unsurely and hesitantly, she found herself replying  
2 yes, because she had very few options anyway. With a tentative, uncertain shrug, she removed the money from her purse and placed the cash on the counter.

triple 2 Ann gave a sad, desperate sigh. Gazing out the window of the train, the picturesque fields began to blur. Events had happened so quickly; could the fire really have been only last week? She could still see that day so vividly in her mind. Around dinnertime, Ann had enjoyed a simple meal in her fourth floor apartment. The distant pounding of feet, distant shouting of voices, and distant crying of a baby had first aroused her curiosity. The smoke alarm would have sounded if her building had been more recently built. However, because the apartments had no smoke alarms, Ann  
4 herself had not understood and evacuated immediately. Linger-  
1 ing, she had called her friend on the floor below hers, attempting to understand the cause of the commotion. Her neighbor, who hardly ever went out, had not answered the phone. Worriedly racing down

**Flashback**  
*topic:*  
*desperate*

5 the stairs, she had found herself in a lounge full of smoke and  
 5 flames. She had passed out. When Ann had come to, she had found  
 herself in the burn ward of Evergreen State Hospital. Apparently,  
 firemen had discovered her. Not having suffered any serious  
 3 injuries, Ann was soon released from the hospital. Suddenly and  
 6 unexpectedly, reality had struck. She had nowhere to go. She had  
 no home. With hardly any options, Ann had decided to find her  
 brother. Her only clue was that he lived somewhere in Southern  
 California. Sighing again, Ann felt just as desperate after recalling  
 her story.

*clincher:*  
*desperate*

5 As the train eased into the station in Los Angeles, Ann woke  
 up from her brief, restless nap, worried about what she would do  
 next. Climbing off the train, she observed many other passengers  
 reuniting with certain individuals at the station. She glanced  
 around, wishing someone from the crowd would come to meet her.  
 Thoroughly preoccupied with her situation, she nearly missed  
 4 feeling and hearing the gentle nudge and kind “Excuse me,” of a  
 lady nearby. Whirling to face the speaker, Ann beheld a blonde,  
 beautiful woman smiling at her. Ann smiled cautiously in return,  
 wondering what this stranger could want. “Can I help you?” This  
 question startled Ann. Hardly anyone knew of her situation.

**Descriptive**  
*topic: worried*

question 6

3 However, for some curious reason, she felt a liking for this lady, as  
 3 if she knew her and believed she could be trusted. Hesitantly at  
 first but gaining more confidence as she went along, Ann related  
 2 her story. With an understanding nod, the stranger calmly and  
 1 mysteriously whispered, “I know.” She then motioned for Ann to  
 follow her, as she began disappearing in the crowd. Ann, who still  
 stood rooted to her original spot, felt even more puzzled. How could  
 she possibly know? Who was this lady? Was she lying? Although  
 she felt worried, Ann decided to follow, because she had no other  
 place to go.

*particulars*

triple

*clincher:*  
*worried*

1 The lady paused in front of a diner, held the door, and led a  
 baffled Ann towards a small table. Ann scanned the room, surprised  
 at seeing nearly all the tables full. Each one seemed to generate its  
 own share of noisy chatter. The lady ordered coffee for both of them,  
 3 while Ann sleepily closed her eyes and smelled the sweet,  
 cinnamon-y rolls from the table nearby. She suddenly noticed her  
 hunger, as well as her urge to sleep. How could the lady have  
 3 known she was hungry and brought her to a diner? Curiously, she  
 2 tried to learn a few things about her companion. After a few tries,  
 she discovered the stranger’s name, Michelle, and that no personal  
 5 questions were completely or satisfactorily answered. When their

**Five Senses**

1. see
2. hear
3. smell

6 order came, the black, bitter coffee tasted delicious to Ann. She held  
the mug in both hands, enjoying the warmth it radiated. She felt  
better immediately. Suddenly, she decided to ask Michelle for help  
in finding her brother, because she seemed like a kind, helpful  
person. She did not have enough money to initiate or perform a  
wide search. Just as she was about to open her mouth and ask, the  
*triple* lady reached into her pocket, removed a small scrap of golden  
*triple* paper, and slid it across the table. Shocked, bewildered, and  
confused, Ann read the paper, which had her brother's name neatly  
penciled across the top. Beneath that was written an address  
4 located near Los Angeles. Shaking her head in mystification and  
disbelief, she was about to thank Michelle when she noticed—  
Michelle had disappeared.

4. *taste*

5. *feel*

*title*

## The Misfortune

by Jimmy Chen, grade 12

May 23, 2003

### **Five Senses**

<p><i>triple</i></p> <p>6</p> <p><i>triple</i></p> <p>2</p> <p>3</p> <p>4</p> <p>1</p> <p>3sss</p>	<p>Shaking, crying, and sweating, his hands <u>slowly</u> opened up the envelope. It was the evening after the year 2000 World Cup closing ceremony. Under the dim moonlight, he <u>unfolded and spread</u> the paper, so there was enough brightness for him to read the twisted, barely legible writing from his uncle. Ernest cried out. He threw the fax on the ground, leaned upon the wall, and lowered his head. Unexpectedly, his grandfather had died <u>because</u> of cancer. In the <u>narrow, gloomy</u> hallway, there stood this six foot five man with full-grown beard. Quietly yet clearly, heavy breathing filled the space surrounding him. Rolling down from his eyes, the tears, pulled down by gravity, infiltrated into his mouth <u>when</u> he breathed deeply. The salty liquid augmented the sorrow, and it tasted even more grievously. Trembling non-stop, his body seemed as if shocked by electricity. For the moment there was something in his nose <u>which</u> stopped him from sniffing. The envelope was torn. Everything was mournful. Ernest was crying.</p>	<p><i>topic: envelope</i></p> <p>1. see</p> <p>2. hear</p> <p>3. taste</p> <p>4. feel</p> <p>5. smell</p> <p><i>clincher:</i></p> <p><i>envelope</i></p>
<p><i>allit.</i></p> <p>1</p> <p>2</p> <p>6</p> <p>3sss</p>	<p>“Why?” he yelled in the middle of the hugely hollow hallway, “Why so soon?” Ernest loved his grandfather more than anyone <u>since</u> they had first become best friends. After Ernest’s parents had died in a <u>major and tragic</u> car accident fifteen years ago, he had since lived with his grandfather.</p> <p>“I still have lots of things,” he raised his head and roared, “to say to you. I did it. I finally did it.” During the last year, Ernest had been working very hard, trying to win the world cross-country skiing championship. It had been a dream. It had been a goal. It had been a possibility.</p>	<p><b>Dialogue Set</b></p> <p><i>split</i></p> <p><i>split</i></p>
<p>5</p> <p>3</p> <p>4</p>	<p>“How could this have happened,” he asked out loud, “when modern doctors seem so smart?” When his grandfather had been young and strong, he had won the gold medal twice. Consequently, there had been a family history of participating in this sport. Years ago, Ernest’s father had also been an <u>exceptionally</u> excellent athlete. Influenced by the persons whom Ernest <u>respected and looked up to</u> the most, he had been determined to win the championship.</p>	<p><i>split</i></p>
<p>“I never stopped training <u>because</u> I wanted you to see my success, <u>which</u> you would be very proud of. How could you leave me so early? I’ve just gotten the gold medal five hours ago. I didn’t even have a chance to share my joy with you. How could you?”</p>		



1 Ernest sat down on the bench, his shirt soaked with tears.  
6 He felt desperate. Tightening his fists, this new world champion  
2 could not handle it anymore because the image of grandfather kept  
forming in his mind. His mind flashed back. In the middle of a  
winter which had been snowy and cold, a young lad had followed  
his grandfather's footsteps, walking up the hill. Time after time,  
triple they had glided down the mountains and had enjoyed the speed, the  
5 wind, and the excitement. When they had finished ten hours of  
exercise, these two experts had sat and visited at the coffee shop  
4 near the bottom of the mountain for a leisurely dinner. Living in a  
country-style life, Ernest had gradually grown up. How joyful and  
simile wonderful had been the time when his grandfather had been  
3 around. Ernest stopped letting the tears pour down his cheeks, like  
a waterfall suddenly dried up. Immediately, he stood up and moved  
toward the end of the hallway. As soon as possible, with moistened  
eyes he reluctantly prepared to go to the hospital. He could only  
think of his misfortune.

**Flashback**  
topic: tears

past perfect  
tense

clincher:  
tears

## Sample Checksheet for 3-Paragraph Narrative Stories (Unit 3)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Composition \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

### Presentation

- correct format [2]  
title, name, date, spacing, margins
- correct indicators [2] [4] \_\_\_\_\_
- I**  structure: setting, characters, mood [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- mechanics [4] [20] \_\_\_\_\_
- II**  structure, conflict, problem, plot [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- mechanics [4] [22] \_\_\_\_\_
- III**  structure, surprise, resolution, moral [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- structure: final clincher repeats title [2]
- mechanics [4] [22] \_\_\_\_\_

### Language

- basics: sentences, capitals, end punctuation, indentation
- Avoid *said*.
- correct spelling
- Avoid *because, and, but,* and *also* as openers.
- Avoid contractions except in conversation.
- Never repeat a major word in a sentence. [9] \_\_\_\_\_

### Creativity

- consistency, logic
- believability
- holds reader's interest
- quality of description
- novel style
- satisfactory ending [25] \_\_\_\_\_

### Maximums

summary of narrative	75
summary with substantial creative element	100
fully creative 3-paragraph story	100

**Total Points** \_\_\_\_\_ %



## Sample Checksheet – 3-Paragraph Stories from Pictures (Unit 5)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Composition \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

### Presentation

- correct format [2]  
title, name, date, spacing, margins
- correct indicators [2] [4] \_\_\_\_\_
  
- I**  central fact: topic sentence and last sentence [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- mechanics [4] [20] \_\_\_\_\_
  
- II**  central fact: topic sentence and last sentence [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- mechanics [4] [20] \_\_\_\_\_
  
- III**  central fact: topic sentence and last sentence [2]
- style: dress-ups [6]  
sentence openers [6]  
decoration/triple [2]
- structure: final clincher repeats title [2]
- mechanics [4] [22] \_\_\_\_\_

### Creativity

- consistency, logic       believability
- holds reader's interest    quality of description
- novel style                     satisfactory ending [25] \_\_\_\_\_

### Language

- basics: sentences, capitals, end punctuation, indentation, spelling
- Avoid *said*.
- Avoid *because, and, but, and also* as openers.
- Avoid contractions except in conversation.
- Never repeat a major word in a sentence.
- Normally, use past tense (-ed) verbs.
- For flashback, use past perfect verbs, i.e., *had broken*. [19] \_\_\_\_\_

### Maximums

3-picture, 3-paragraph narrative	85
3-paragraph narrative with substantial creativity	110
one picture, 3-paragraph narrative with creativity	70

**Total Points** \_\_\_\_\_ %



## Sample Checksheet – Descriptive Compositions (Unit 7)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Composition \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

### Presentation

- correct format [3]  
title, name, date, double spacing, margins
- correct indicators [2] [5] \_\_\_\_\_

### Introduction

- time, place, background [3]
- themes [3]
- general sentence structure [3]
- dress-ups [6]       sentence openers [6]
- decoration [2]       triple [2] [25] \_\_\_\_\_

### Body Paragraphs

- |   | II    | III   | IV         |
|---|-------|-------|------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> dress-ups [6]          | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> sentence openers [6]   | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> decorations [2]        | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> triple [2]             | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> sentence structure [2] | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> topic/clincher [2]     | _____ | _____ | _____      |
| total [20] per paragraph                        | _____ | _____ | _____      |
|   |       |       | [60] _____ |

### Advanced: Specialty Paragraphs (maximum three)

- choose two: descriptive \_\_\_ flashback \_\_\_ five senses \_\_\_ [10] \_\_\_\_\_
- optional one dialogue set \_\_\_ [15] \_\_\_\_\_

### Conclusion

- three themes [3]     most N.B. [1]     Why? [4]
- sentence structure [2]
- dress-ups [6]       sentence openers [6]
- decoration [2]       triple [2]
- end with title [2]     paragraphs approx. same length [2] [30] \_\_\_\_\_

### Language

- basics: sentences, capitals, end punctuation, indentation, spelling
- Avoid *said*.
- Avoid *because, and, but, and also* as openers.
- Avoid contractions except in conversation.
- Never repeat a major word in a sentence.
- Normally, use past tense (-ed) verbs.
- For flashback, use past perfect verbs, i.e., *had broken*.
- numerals: Use a style manual, e.g., MLA, *Chicago Manual...* [20] \_\_\_\_\_

(over)

**Sample Checksheet – Descriptive Compositions (Unit 7) cont.**

**Creativity**

- consistency, logic
- believability
- holds reader's interest
- quality of description
- novel style
- satisfactory ending

[25] \_\_\_\_\_

**Maximums**

5-paragraph descriptive composition	165
including one or two specialty paragraphs	170–175
including one dialogue set	180–190

**Your Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Total Points** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_%

## Sample Checksheet – Anecdotal Compositions with Dialogue (Unit 7)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Composition \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

- Check form used**
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> first person         | <input type="checkbox"/> third person omniscient |
| <input type="checkbox"/> third person limited | <input type="checkbox"/> dramatic                |

### Presentation

- format: title, name, date, margins
- double spacing, paragraphs clear
- indicators: dress-ups underlined, openers numbered, decorations & triples noted in left margin. Paragraph structure in right margin. [5] \_\_\_\_\_

### Descriptive Paragraphs

	first	second	
<input type="checkbox"/> five senses or GPG [6]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> dress-ups [6]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> sentence openers [6]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> decoration [2]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> triple [2]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> sentence structure [4]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> topic/clincher [4]	_____	_____	
total [30] per paragraph	_____	_____	[60] _____

### Dialogue Set (3–5 ¶s treated in style as 1 ¶)

	first	second	
<input type="checkbox"/> feelings & thoughts [4]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> split quotations [4]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> <i>said</i> is dead [2]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> dress-ups [6]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> sentence openers [6]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> decoration [2]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> triple [2]	_____	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> sentence structure [4]	_____	_____	
total [30] per paragraph	_____	_____	[60] _____

### Dialogue Set Mechanics

- minimum two sentences per paragraph
  - Use contractions in quotations.
  - Begin quotations with capitals.
  - Lower case after a 1-sentence split.
  - Commas and periods always go inside quotation marks. Exclamation and question marks go inside when they are part of the quoted expression; otherwise they go outside.
- [10] \_\_\_\_\_

(over)



**Sample Checksheet – Anecdotal Compositions with Dialogue (Unit 7) cont.**

**Flashback Paragraph**

- topic, location, feelings or thoughts [4] \_\_\_\_\_
- jump back in time clear [2] \_\_\_\_\_
- dress-ups [6] \_\_\_\_\_
- sentence openers [6] \_\_\_\_\_
- decoration [2] \_\_\_\_\_
- triple [2] \_\_\_\_\_
- clincher reflects topic and title [4] \_\_\_\_\_
- sentence structure [4] \_\_\_\_\_

[30] \_\_\_\_\_

**Language**

- basics: sentences, capitals, end punctuation, indentation, spelling
- Avoid *because*, *and*, *but*, and *also* as openers.
- Avoid contractions except in conversation.
- Never repeat a major word in a sentence.
- Normally, use past tense (-ed) verbs.
- For flashback, use past perfect verbs, i.e., *had broken*.
- numerals: Use a style manual, e.g., MLA, *Chicago Manual...* [10] \_\_\_\_\_

**Creativity**

- consistency, logic
- believability
- holds reader’s interest
- quality of description
- novel style
- satisfactory ending [15] \_\_\_\_\_

**Eyecatcher (quotation or fictional incident)**

- single space; indent 1 in. from both margins
- If quoting, parenthetically cite your source.
- catches the eye?
- general sentence structure [10] \_\_\_\_\_

**Maximums**

three paragraphs: descriptive, dialogue, flashback 130  
four paragraphs (if two dialogue sets 170) 160–170  
five paragraphs (if two dialogue sets 200) 190–200  
eyecatcher: Add ten points to totals.

**Your Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Total Points** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ %