

3rd Quarter Graded Assignment – Intermediate English B

Composition Unit 8

Fictional Narrative

DUE: Friday, March 18th

Complete & submit in Sapphire

A **fictional narrative** tells a story. It is a fiction piece, which means it is a made-up story rather than writing based on facts. A good fictional narrative will spark the imagination and feel real. They often draw on elements of reality--how people really act, how places really look--to pull people in and help them identify with the action.

Fictional Narrative Elements:

Plot-What happens in a story; the sequence of events

Character- A person or animal in a story

Setting- Where and when a story takes place

Theme- The main message an author wants to communicate to the reader

Dialogue – The conversation between characters

You also **MUST** include:

- A Title
- A beginning, middle, and end
- A clear problem and solution
- The five elements listed above
- Correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation

How will I submit?

Log in to Sapphire and click on LITERATURE B. Look for the DROPBOX, and once in the dropbox, find FICTIONAL NARRATIVE assignment. You can either paste your story into the white box, or attach your Word document to the assignment.

How will I be graded?

See the rubric located in kmail and the English website.

Here are some helpful ways to start your story...

Start with a character:

- Write about a character who pretends to be _____, but is actually _____.
- Write about a character who is obsessed with _____.
- Write about a character who secretly _____

Start with one of these and see where your imagination takes you:

- He wasn't at all what I was expecting...
- How would we ever get rid of...
- She was a wonderful liar...
- He hurled the phone against the wall...
- I crouched behind the sofa...
- I should never have come here...

Start with one of these elements:

- A hitchhiker, an allergy, and a mistake in a map.
- A cemetery, a missing dog, and a joke that goes too far.
- A Halloween costume, a stapler, and a complaint between neighbors.
- A stolen phone, a love song, and a bet

Start with one of these story ideas:

- At a Chinese restaurant, your character opens his fortune cookie and reads the following message:
"Your life is in danger. Say nothing to anyone. You must leave the city immediately and never return.
Repeat: say nothing."...
- A man elbows your character in a crowd. After he is gone, she discovers her cell phone is too. She calls her own number, and the man answers. She explains that the cell phone has personal information on it and asks the man to send it back to her. He hangs up. Instead of going to the police, your character decides to take matters into her own hands...
- Your character's dream is to be a professional dancer. At a party, she mentions this dream to a stranger, who says that he has contacts in the dance world and gets her an audition for a prestigious dance troupe. One problem: your character doesn't know how to dance. Your character decides to accept the audition anyway and look for a solution....

Example Fictional Narrative:

Hook

The Nightmare Creator

Title

It was a blazing summer's day. My surroundings were slowly starting to melt: the trees, the houses, the sky and the pathway to my garage. It seemed that I was about to dissipate as well, becoming a puddle of glue-like substance left on the ground.

Setting

I was walking at crawling speed. My head felt huge and heavy, and each muscle in my body felt sore. My arms and legs were responding to the signals that my brain was sending to them at a slower speed than I thought was possible. It felt like a slow-motion horror movie, only it was happening live. I finally reached the front door and touched the handle with a loose grip. The path that took only a second for my eyes to see took about twenty minutes for my body to cover. But, I was finally at my goal.

I slowly squeezed the handle of the door in a downwards motion, only to realize it had barely moved. I gathered the last reserves of my strength that I had left in my body and pressed the handle again. No success. I pivoted around, leaned against the door, and slowly slid down to the ground. I felt faint. I was so thirsty that I could barely think about anything else. I had to get inside; had to pull myself together and open the door. Otherwise, I would faint there, near the front entrance to my own house.

I pushed myself up from the ground and faced the door again. I closed my eyes for a second, took a deep breath, opened them, and pulled the door knob down as hard as I could. It gave way grudgingly. If it wasn't for the helpless shadow of a man that I was at that moment, I would definitely have screamed in happiness for finally winning over this stubborn door knob. But I could only settle on a weak smile and a deep sigh.

I went inside and had to wait for a minute before I could make out my environment. It was too dark, still boiling hot and, somehow, lonely inside. By the time my eyes adapted to the darkness inside, I could tell that no one was around. What time was it? And where was everyone? The house was completely and scarily quiet. The silence was unnatural. There was no sound coming from the working fridge, or ticking clock; nothing. I went to the kitchen to get some water, opened the tap and put an empty glass under it. But no water poured, not even a drop. The glass remained empty. This seemed like a complete nightmare. I thought that I must have been dreaming – my small world had become ravished by emptiness, and somehow, I was forgotten here all alone, left to pass away into the realms of thirst and heat.

I was having a panic attack. Yet with the panic, I was enabled by strength to run from one room to another, looking for anyone besides myself. Mom, Josh, dad, Charlie – no one was to be seen. The dogs were gone too. What is wrong with my home? Again, for the third or fourth time, I caught myself thinking this was just a bad dream. But my body still vividly felt the pains of soreness. Having no clue of what else, except the pain, that could help me distinguish between dreaming and reality, I had to accept the fact that I was living in this nightmare for real.

Suddenly, I heard a sound from downstairs. It was a faint sound that repeated in a second, only louder. I jolted downstairs, feeling cautious and, at the same time, hoping that it was someone, or something, that could explain to me what was going on.

The living room was empty. The source of the sound seemed to be from the back porch outside, and it was increasing in volume with every new cycle. It reminded me of when dad and I went rowing, and every time dad turned over the oars, they made the same whistling sound, clearing the air. I ran outside the back door and was almost brought down to the ground by the force of the wind. It was a helicopter, right above me, maneuvering so that it would land on me. I laid on the ground, screaming, but I couldn't hear my voice through the noise of the implacable blades getting closer, and freezing me to the ground...

... "Jason, honey, wake up! It's just a dream. You look so pale. Are you okay?"

Dialogue

My mom was standing next to my bed like a guardian statue. She tried to appease me as I was still screaming and flapping my arms. When I calmed down to a relative level of normalcy, I stared at the fan above my head, spinning and whistling like a nightmare creator.



Rough Draft

Important Parts of a Narrative

Rough Draft

BEGINNING- What happened first????? Who are your characters??????? What or where is the setting????? Now is a good time to set the stage for your story.

MIDDLE- What happened next?????? What can you tell your reader that will help them picture your story????? What happened that was especially interesting?????? (include descriptive adjectives and sensory word images)

MIDDLE-What happened next that can bring a climax or a point of conflict to make your story interesting and keep your reader guessing as to where the story is going?????

CONCLUSION-As you bring your narrative to a conclusion, try to tie together something from your introduction.
