

36 weeks. SEM 1 18, SEM 2 18

1. (*Z minus*) The morning air was so hot and thick that I was unable to pull in a full breath for my body to use. I had been told that Wisconsin summers were muggy but I had not expected this. I hadn't wanted it either.

2. (*Rumor*) The rumor spread through the school like wildfire. Aside from being an overused simile that would make my freshmen English teacher cringe, it was indeed the truth. Well, sort of. Mostly. You see, here is what happened.

3. (*Gizmo*) I saw my turtle, Chip, slowly munching on a sprig of parsley in his cage. I got Chip as a birthday present when I was 13. That was three years ago and he has been with me through all the tough times. Life was not always tough, but it had gotten that way recently. The biggest change was moving to a new house. Well, not a house, but an apartment.

4. Imagery Hook (Slice of Story)

5. Action Hook (Slice of Story)

6. Dialogue Hook (Slice of Story)

7. (*Athletic Shoes*)

“Boy! These shoes will never do!” screamed coach Wilson as if his life depended on my shoe selection. “They are not acceptable for PE. You’ll hurt yer’self if you don’t get some laces in them.”

“But coach,” I timidly spoke, “I do not have shoelaces that will fit.”

“Sounds like YOU have a problem. Head back to the lockers and make it work.”

When I headed back to the lockers, I wondered what I could use as laces.

8. (*Danny* by Shirely Jackson) Danny started first grade like most—nervous, unsure, and looking for a familiar face in a sea of confusion. When we headed out the door, I took one last look at my “little boy” as he stepped out into the world wearing his newly purchased can-I-have-those-everyone-is-wearing-them faded, blue jeans and a backpack so big that brushed the ground as he sauntered to the car parked in the street.
9. (*Dog*) Other than a dog, no one likes to be told what to do. We enjoy options. Options are a choice and a choice is freedom. Speaking of choices, there are a lot of schools that seem to think uniforms are the way to go for its students.
10. (Choice Book) Write the first 7 lines from the start of your choice book down. Now continue the story in a NEW way. Deviate as much away from the original as possible.
11. (*Gravil*) *Today would be the same. Today would not be any different than the day that preceded it. Today would suck,* thought Joel. He barely made it through the first week at his new school, and *new* it was. The school was built last year to provide a solution to the overcrowded schools. It wasn't his school. His school was back home in Idaho. That's where he belonged, he thought. Home with his mother. His home. Friends.
12. (*Morning*) The sun stretched across the yard and was thrown back by cracked windows and bits of metal that lay on the ground. The sun gave strength to all of the creatures. They stirred in the sunlight and scampered about—dodging in and out of the shadows in search of food.
13. (*Old World*) Jason loathed everything about school mornings. He couldn't find one positive statement to make as he stepped out the door. Not one. It was a cold Monday morning. The kind of morning where icicles glisten in the rising sun and hang from the edges or gutters in an attempt not to fall. A few birds flew over head as he walked down

the long driveway to the country road. It is your average country road; a few accidents a year—nothing major. Mostly, it is just a cow blocking the evening drivers.

14. (*Prophecy*) Amanda looked at me, trying to see if I was serious. “All this over a book? I swear, Tiara. I don’t understand what you see in those things. It’s not like they are your friends and can hang out with you at the mall.” She paused and looked at my frustrated expression. “Oh, ok. So give me the story. I’m your best friend. That’s what best friends are supposed to do.”

15. (*Red Summer*) Every day, rain or shine, the house stood on the hill, looking down upon the neighborhood. Back in the early 1800s, the owner wanted his house to be away from everyone so each timber and plank, window and door, pipe and nail was dragged slowly by horse up that hill. The town has since stretched out to meet up with the base of the hill. It always seemed gloomy up there, even in mid-summer. Cold. Damp, the earthy smell of mold and age surrounded the house.

4/30 Take out a sheet of paper. Put heading on it. Title it *Kael*. Copy down the story start. Due on Friday. Two sides of writing, minimum. Please write for the next 15 minutes.

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17. (*Kael*) The candle flames danced in the window as the wind snuck through the door, uninvited.

what it was all about. I wanted to know what it felt like to sleep on the snow at a mountainous elevation. I wanted to go through the process so I could turn an unknown into a known. Now that I have climbed Mt. Rainier I have a much better understanding of mountaineering and what it truly involves. For example, not having a 60 pound pack.

19. Romeo and Juliet; Textspeare

20. Alphabet story: Take the first letter of your last name. Put that letter in a circle atop your paper. Your story will have 26 sentences. The first sentence will start with a word that starts with the first letter of your last name. The next sentence will start with the next letter in the alphabet. (For example, I could start my story with “William ran quickly to the store, hoping to find the last copy of the latest edition of Super Team comics, and he did find it, sitting alone on the shelf” because it starts with a word starting with [W]. I could then follow that sentence with “*X-ray eyes gathered the information*, William read after turning the first page of the comic” and then on to the next sentence which would need to start with [Y]. The goal is to take the challenge and make it so that the story does NOT sound like short sentences in alphabetical order.

21. Take out an item from your pockets or backpack. Describe the object. Tell the story behind the object: how did you get the object? Does the object symbolize something?

What is the meaning or importance behind the object?

22.