

Grade 8 Unit 1 EA1 Writing a Hero's Journey Narrative

NB. These exemplars do not include the visuals required by the Embedded Assessment assignment and so are not scored on descriptors detailing the visual elements.

Score: Exemplary

It was a day like no other in Durham, North Carolina except better. I, John Waldin, was on my way to stardom. My dream was finally within my grasp. It was the happiest day of my life.

This morning when I woke up I felt as if I had won the lottery. I hopped in the shower gently grazing my head on the 6'0 foot threshold as I always did. I washed my floppy, dark, brown hair. The calming, warm water trickled down my hair on to my pale slim face and dropped straight down the drain. I grabbed a hot towel from the towel rack and walked out of the shower gracefully. I zipped into my black nike elite shorts, my Duke blue and black shooting jacket, my all white nike socks, my all white converse shoes, and I was out the door. I quickly jogged to my best friend's sleek, charcoal mustang, (Ryan Stry) slipped in, and we were off.

We arrived at Duke University with a bang. Ryan and I jumped out of the car and proceeded to our meeting with Coach K. Once we arrived in his office we greeted Coach and sat down. Coach K's face was stern. Ryan and I stared at him puzzle to find out what he called us to his office. Then Coach finally spoke.

"Well boys I got some big news for you," coach said with enthusiasm. "You two are going to the NBA draft because many coaches are looking to sign you to their roster."

"Really which teams," I exclaimed.

"Sorry John but I am going to make it a surprise."

"Okay coach. Is there anything else you need to tell us?" I asked.

“No, John except for the fact that you have to stay healthy, no injuries no stupid stuff. Okay boys?”

“Okay coach,” Ryan and I replied.

We then thanked coach for the great news and walked back to Ryan’s car now knowing that we had a chance to make the NBA. We got in Ryan’s car and sped off to the YMCA to train.

Once we got there, we grabbed our royal blue basketball bags and headed in. We then went straight to work. We bought one protein drink each, chugged them down, and retrieved basketballs from our bags. I started my workout: 300 shots at the hoop. Ryan worked on ball handling drills. We then alternated back and forth doing 2 reps of each which took us about an hour and thirty minutes. Then, Ryan and I headed for the weight room and we did pull ups, curls, and squats. You name it, we did it. We spent another one hour and thirty minutes in the weight room and it was time to go home. We packed up our bags and headed out into the soothing, North Carolina night sky. I hopped in the driver’s seat and Ryan hopped in the the passenger’s seat. Ironically, there was actually nothing soothing about tonight. I simply hadn’t figured that out yet. We drove out of the YMCA’s parking lot and took a right on to the open road and proceeded to the next light where everything in my life would become more difficult. I turned on my left turn signal and stopped at the red light. Once I saw the green light I leaned my foot on the gas slightly increasing the pressure so I didn’t start to abruptly. As I made the 90 degree turn I saw two white lights out of my peripheral vision and within seconds our car was spinning out of control with the whole right side smashed. We stopped and the world around me was silent, especially Ryan. I felt the trickle of blood run down the left side of my forehead. I then turned to see Ryan who was okay but his eyes were closed shut. I pushed him and yelled for him to wake up but he never did. My eyes then analyzed his body seeing nothing near his chest but when I looked down I saw one of my worst nightmares. I looked even closer at his door and I noticed the front bumper of the other man’s car had penetrated through the car door and into Ryan’s beefy quads. I laid there not able to move because of my leg being pinned down by the

interior metal of the car. This situation couldn't get worse until the air bag finally went off and left me unconscious with my best friend's leg bleeding to death.

When I awoke abruptly, I noticed that I was wearing a full on night gown with red spots on it and an IV in my arm. I then checked my surrounding and I found that I was in a hospital. A million thoughts ran through my mind. "Was I dying, would Coach be mad at me and Ryan, wait where was Ryan?" Then a nurse came in my room.

"Hello sleepy head," the nurse said in a tranquil voice.

"Where is Ryan," I exclaimed.

"Your friend is fine - he just has a huge puncture wound which the doctors are patching up right now. You were lucky. All you got was a concussion and a few scrapes and cuts on your face and your legs," the nurse explained. "You and your friend were hit by a drunk driver who ran a red and hit you guys during your left turn. You will be fine," she calmly told me. "Now don't be worried. I am now going to put a medicine in your IV which will knock you out for another few hours. Okay? Good."

She then switched out the transparent bags of water, one with the new medication and the empty bag. I then laid there and began to doze off. I was staring up at the ceiling and feeling sick to my stomach. I knew that I had driven the car that had crashed and pierced both my friend's leg and maybe my chances of us fulfilling our dream of playing in the NBA.

I jolted up right, gasping for air. I quickly felt my arm and noticed the IV was gone. I then noticed nurse stood in the room clearing everything out of the room. I was finally going home. I finally happily changed out of my red polka-dotted night gown and headed to Ryan's hospital room. Once I walked through the door and saw Ryan, my life plummeted to an all time low because there was one thing missing about him, and that was his leg. Ryan also had a small cut which covered a small part of his right eyebrow. I stood there shocked. I then leisurely walked to his bed side feeling dread.

I waited at his bed side for hours but he never woke. I then got up, feeling like I had killed my best friend, walked out of the hospital, called a cab, and went home. Once I arrived home I passed out.

I woke up knowing that today was draft day. I had only one goal: to play in the NBA, not just for me but also for my best friend, Ryan. I threw my plush, white blanket to the side and got on my black Nike compression shirt, my blue elite shorts, black Duke socks and sprinted for the garage door. I got in to my black land rover, opened my garage door, and zoomed on to the street. I then turned on the radio to the sports station and listened closely. What I heard surprised me. Ryan and I were the topic of the station. I heard the analysts say:

“ Well Mike what do you think about John Waldin’s chances in getting picked in the first 10 picks of the draft,” asked Tony Kornheiser.

“Well, Tony,” Michael Wilbon responded, “I think he has a slim chance of being drafted in the top 10 tonight because of his height.” Then heard people booing in the background. “Hey,” Mike answered, “many people agree with me. Many people are doubting his success in the NBA. And plus he got in a car accident which luckily wasn’t his fault but his buddy, Ryan can’t play in the NBA and he was up there with John.” I immediately turned off the radio and kept driving and I finally arrived at the YMCA. I did everything that I did with Ryan except for that Ryan wasn’t with me which gave me an even greater motivation.

Once I finished my workout I went home put on black slacks, nice black shoes, white socks, a white button down shirt, and a black jacket. I then got on my lucky white tie and buttoned two of my buttons on my black jacket over my button down shirt. I then brushed my hair up and to the side, sprayed on some cologne and left for the draft.

Once there, I raced into the room where the draft was being held and sat down right as the draft began.

The personalities on the radio were correct about me not going in the top 10 picks but they didn’t say anything about the top 11. I was called up to the stage with a Washington Wizards hat in my hand. I shook the commissioner of the NBA’s hand and triumphantly put the hat on and the crowd roared. I took the microphone and made a speech.

“I would like to thank my dearest friend, Ryan. He helped me through the good and bad, and now it is my turn to help him. Now I am not just doing this for my dream, but also for Ryan’s dream. Thank you.”

I took a picture with the commissioner and left. I then visited Ryan who was luckily awake and spoke to him about the draft and thanked him for everything that he had done for me. I said goodnight, went home and got a good night’s sleep.

As days and weeks and months went by I became better by showing up and training daily. I had to face the people that didn’t believe in me everyday, but I kept going and moving forward no matter how difficult. As the days got closer to regular season, I trained harder. Soon enough it was my showcase day. It was the day I would prove to all the people that they were wrong about me, but I would still be humble. It was the day that I would show my crippled best friend what I could do for the both of us. It was the beginning of the regular season.

The team took shots making at least 80% of the shots from inside the arch. Then the competitors came in, the Golden State Warriors. I looked over to the bench to make sure Ryan was nice and snug sitting on our bench. Time went by so fast and the game began. I arrived on the court in my navy blue jersey with the words Wizards on the front. Once the game began our lives would change forever. Immediately, out of the start, I scored 30 points in 3 of the 4 quarters. The score however, was very close.

As the final 15 minutes of the game started counting down, for once my life felt as if it were in slow motion. Slowly the clock wound down to within a minute left in the game. The final shots of the quarter were a battle; our team made a shot, the Warriors made a shot. It just kept going back and forth. As the game clock wound down to the final fifteen seconds, the Warriors hit a three point shot to go up by two. We needed a three pointer to win. We called a timeout and devised a plan. The plan was to get the ball swung around our half of the court until the final five seconds of the game. At that point, one of us would take a three point shot.

We broke out of the huddle with uncertainty. The ball was passed in and the clock wound down. My four teammates and I swung the ball around and at the five

second mark found and someone to shoot. It was our center at the three point line. He jumped up, shot, and was blocked. The ball then skid across the court to me with two seconds left. I scooped up the ball and shot it. The ball whizzed through the air flying toward the basket. Swoosh. As the buzzer rang, the game was over. We had won the game. Right as the ball cut through the net, I turned, ran to my best friend, and picked him up. The team carried Ryan to the locker room. We all congratulated each other, high-fiving one another and celebrated our first win of the season.

That night was an important night for me. Looking back, it wasn't winning the game that sticks out most in my memory. It was acknowledging something bigger than the game. It was about perseverance, hard work, and self-awareness. It was also about realizing what it takes to reach your goal in life and sharing the struggle with a good friend who meant more to me than a winning shot. Friendships are forever while moments of glory pass quickly.

Score: Exemplary

Annotation:

This exemplar does an excellent job of fulfilling the expectation for an Exemplary hero's journey narrative. The story presents an unusual situation and a complex, original protagonist who experiences dramatic setbacks and responds by taking on challenges and fighting for a cause larger than himself. The details and imagery are precise and vivid which can be seen in the description of the car accident, and later in the details included to show the action of the basketball game. The plot is not only engaging; it is carefully and skillfully sequenced to mirror several stages of the hero's journey archetype. The sequencing is supported by varied and purposeful transitional sentences and phrases such as, "Once I finished my workout..." and also those that anticipate the action of the narrative as in the following sentence: "It was the day that I would show my crippled best friend what I could do for the both of us." The resolution to the narrative is thoughtful and recognizes a larger purpose to the difficult journey of the protagonist. Once the game is won, the protagonist turns to his friend, picks him up and makes his friend a part of the celebration. The narrative not only demonstrates command of language conventions, it demonstrates a command of sentence structure that guides the pacing so the reader is swept up into the action.

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Score: Proficient

It is all a blur. How can a peaceful ride to the gym turn into this nightmare? Sure, I should have stopped at the stop sign, but I didn't see that red Corvette whizzing down the side street. It had to be speeding. The pain is tremendous, and I keep hearing "I'm calling 911, I'm calling 911!" I can't feel my leg, or anything for that matter. I'm feeling sleepy. So...sleepy.

I wake up in the emergency room, and look down to see a giant blue and white polka-dotted blanket on the lower half of my body. There is an IV in my left arm, along with a screen to my left that makes the beep sounds to indicate that I am alive. How useful. I can't help noticing that simply I can't feel my left leg. I uncover the comfy polka-dot blanket to look at it, but there is a problem. My left leg is gone. All that's left is a stub at the waist. I am blown away, and my first thought is that my life is ruined. I look up and to the left to see a muted college basketball game on. It just hit me, I am never going to be able to play basketball again. I see the nurse enter the room.

"How does your leg feel, Joseph?" the nurse asks.

"What leg?" I mumble with shame. "How am I ever going to play basketball again? Did 10 years of training really just go to waste?"

"There are options, don't worry. You can get a sports prosthetic leg, but it costs 30,000 dollars. Insurance will cover it though." Is she joking? My phone is on the table, so I anxiously grab it and call my mom.

"Mom, what insurance plan do you have for me?" I nervously ask.

"You don't have insurance. Why?" My heart sinks. I am silent for a good 20 seconds.

“I got into a car accident on the way to the gym. My left leg is gone, so I need a prosthetic one. It costs 30,000 dollars if I ever want to play basketball again.” More silence. My mother is dumbfounded; I must have given her a heart attack.

“I am so sorry, son. We do not have that kind of money.” Her voice is shaky, and she is on the verge of crying. “You will have to get two jobs if you want to make that kind of money in one year. I saw a ‘Now Hiring!’ sign on Walmart this morning and one on McDonalds when I got a burger on my way home from work.” I end the call. I am sobbing because my basketball career is devastated. My family has always had an issue with money. I graduated high school, and never went to college. I went to Malvern Prep just because their basketball team was amazing. We won nationals there, and I felt I was ready to be drafted into the NBA. It has been my dream to be drafted since I was eight years old, so I have trained at least four hours a day since then. For it all to go to waste, well, it would just be saddening. It won’t work. I’ll never get that prosthetic leg.

I stay in the emergency room for the next week, and it turns out that I have no permanent brain damage, just a missing leg. When I get home, my parents are sitting on the couch, staring at me. I tell them, “There is no hope, I am never going to get 30,000 dollars. You could put the money to better use; you need it more.”

“No, I don’t. You have been dreaming to go to the NBA since you were eight, and you are going to get that prosthetic leg. I checked the rulebook, there is nothing that says you have to have two legs to play. Sure, you have to work two jobs for a full year, but it will be worth it in the end. You can quit the day you earn 30,000 dollars, and I am not taking a dime of it. You can raise the money easy in just one year. That’s it. Think about it, when you get drafted into the NBA, you can make 30,000 dollars in one day. I am going to take you to Walmart right now, and get you your first job,” Mom thoroughly explains to me. The ride to Walmart is more pep talking from Mom, which I mostly just tune out. When we get there, we see the “Now Hiring!” sign is still on the window, so we walk in and ask for an application from the manager. As my mother and I fill it out, I am just dreading having to work two jobs. We turn the application in to the manager and he

says he will give us a call in one week. We do the same thing for the McDonald's application.

I am getting used to the crutches, and the week goes by before I know it. I am lying on the couch watching television with my mom and dad when we hear the phone ring. I answer it and put it on speaker. It is the Walmart manager telling me I have been hired, and my hours are 4:00 AM to 12:00 PM, Monday through Friday, the hours I requested. Just as I hang up, the phone rang again, this time from Mickey D's. I got the job, and my hours are 1:00 PM to 9:00 PM, Wednesday through Sunday. My mother and father are cheering around me, but I am insanely stressed and my parents can probably notice.

"You can do this, Joseph. It is only for one year, then it will all be worth it. Your mother and I have had to work for thirty years straight, so you should consider yourself lucky." my father tells me.

"Not really, Dad. I am working two jobs, and Wednesday through Friday I will only get like four hours of sleep. An 80 hour week. That's insane," I mention. My parents have no comment. I start work on Monday, so until about a year from now, I will work every day at either Walmart and McDonalds, and on Wednesday through Friday I will work at both. Today and tomorrow are my last two days of enjoyment, and boy, they are going by fast.

Monday morning I wake up to my alarm which I set to the soothing sound of the ocean waves and birds chirping. I head to Walmart, and start bagging groceries at four in the morning. It is so boring and easy that I just want to rip my hair out. As the hours go by, my legs grow stiff from the constant stand, which makes it complete misery.

I manage to make it through Monday and Tuesday somehow, but today I have to work for 16 hours, with an hour break in between. When I get home from Walmart I am already exhausted, so I relax, watch some television, and eat lunch. When I'm done with that, I leave the house to go to McDonald's and take customers' orders in misery for eight hours straight. When I arrive at one o'clock, my manager instructs,

“All you have to do is stand here at the register, take people’s orders, and put the money in the machine.”

“Sure,” I mumble.

“Try to sound like it isn’t the worst day of your life when you take their orders, please. Smile, maybe,” he tells me.

“Sure!” I say with a smile in mock happiness. Although this will likely be the longest and most boring eight hours of my life, I take my boss’s advice because the last thing I want is to get fired. It goes by fast, and I get used to the same repetitious movements and the never-ending smell of burgers and fries. Minute by minute, hour by hour, I get more and more tired until I can barely keep my eyelids open. I look over at the clock, which I’ve been doing about once every five minutes because it is the most fun thing to do around here, and I see the time is 9:02. “Freeeeeeedom!” I shout, maybe a little too loud. I walk to my car, desperate to go home and get some sleep. I park my car in the garage, and walk in the back door to see my mom and dad on the sofa.

“How was your 16 hour work day, Joseph?” my father calmly asks.

“As much as I’d love to give you the details, I am only going to get six hours of sleep tonight, so I would really love to get to bed.” Sure, that was a little rude, but I need to hit the hay. I hop in my bed that is comfier than ever, and immediately doze off. I guess I could get used to this, but it will be hard. The days start to go by faster and faster, with my parents supporting me the whole time. This has been tough, but I know it will all be worth it in the end. I sometimes envision the NBA draft announcer calling my name and me boiling over with excitement at work.

Six long, monotonous months have gone by since I started my job, so I check my bank account to see if I am on track. I have saved up \$15,621. I am right on track, just have to keep going.

The next five months go by in the blink of an eye, and I am on my final stretch. When I get home from work today, which is Wednesday, my mom says she wants to talk to me.

“What do you need, mom? Surprisingly, I am not as exhausted today as usual, so I am ready to talk,” I say, in a good mood.

“Well, I just want to tell you how proud I am that you have stood up for yourself for these long 11 months, working 80 hour weeks and all. You have been my role model lately, especially because you always come home in a good mood after working for 16 hours straight, while we’re watching TV on the couch. I also apologize, son, because I should have picked up another job so you would only work one. And I want to say-”

“It’s ok, Mom. The year is almost over anyway, and many teams have an eye on me. I have gotten calls from the Phoenix Suns, Milwaukee Bucks, and the Toronto Raptors. Wouldn’t it be awesome to live in Canada?” I try to calm her down and take her mind off the fact that she made me work 16 hour weeks because I can tell she is upset.

“I’m going to bed. Goodnight Mom. Remember I will always love you no matter what happens. I head to my room, and fall asleep after envisioning myself making the game winning buzzer beater of game seven of the NBA championship. It is weird, but it happens a lot.

This last month is a breeze, and I am sure my savings are close to 30 grand by now. I go online and check, and the website says \$30,982. I call Mom immediately and tell her to make an appointment to get my prosthetic leg. She says she will get right on that.

I go to Walmart and McDonald’s the very next day, and quit. I thank the managers for giving me my job and tell them they were great bosses. Right then, I get a call from Mom. She tells me to head straight to Dr. McHerlingermanworgerson’s office. I chuckle at the name, then hop in my car. I then realize that this is what I have been working toward for the past year, and I suddenly feel very proud of myself.

I meet Mom in the waiting room, and she tells me the surgery starts in five minutes. Sure, I am nervous, but I am sure nothing will go wrong. I start daydreaming about basketball right when the receptionist calls, “Joseph Shronberg, room 5.”

“Good luck, Joseph,” Mom shouts to me as I start to get up. I walk to room five, and Dr. McHerlingermanworgerson tells me to rest on the bed. He says I will be put to sleep, and when I wake I will have a prosthetic leg.

“Ready, Joseph?” the doctor asks, not really giving me a choice.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.” I say as he slowly moves towards my arm to give me the knockout shot. He injects me, and I fall asleep in a heartbeat.

“Joseph... Joseph? Your surgery was successful,” the doctor tells me. I spring out of bed without instruction.

“Thanks doc!” I almost forget to say as I zip out of the room. I see Mom and Dad sitting in the lobby. “No more crutches, Mom! It feels like I have my leg back!” I yell. “I’m going to go to the park to test this leg on the court.”

The NBA draft is in two weeks, so I plan on training six hours a day until then. Even if I don’t make it in the NBA, I will still be happy with my purchase. After a couple weeks, I realize how much I love basketball. It is such a blast organizing a pickup game at the YMCA or at the park, or just shooting around by myself.

After the two weeks of treacherous training, the draft is here. It airs on national television in 30 seconds. The first team is the Minnesota Timberwolves, and they choose a 19 year old center from Detroit. I chew my fingernails to nubs watching the screen in anxiousness. After a few minutes, the Toronto Raptors head coach walks up to the stand. This is the moment I’ve been waiting for.

“Joseph Shronberg,” he says, and then walks away. I am blown away. There is no turning back now. This is the moment I’ve been waiting for my entire life. Who cares about the leg now, I’m in the NBA. This is what I get for not giving up, not quitting halfway through the year like I thought about doing several times. The perseverance it took to get here has finally paid off. Only 200 young adults get drafted into the NBA each year, and I’m one of them. I dial Mom’s phone number, and she answers immediately. With less enthusiasm than she probably expected, I say, “Mom, pack your bags. We’re moving to Canada.”

Score: Proficient

Annotation:

This Proficient exemplar begins with an engaging opening that starts in the middle of things, and from then on establishes a clear point of view and conflict that moves through definable stages of the Hero's Journey, such as the "Road of Trials," as the ever-optimistic protagonist makes his way to triumphing over his challenges in the end. In the beginning, the narrator's response to his tragedy that "his basketball career is devastated," is clear as well as his later resolve to work hard to earn money for a prosthetic. The use of dialogue and narrative techniques such as detail and description are adequate to give a clear sense of the characters and action of the narrative. Clear transitions effectively guide the reader through the jumps in plot development to the inevitable, successful resolution. Use of language is characteristically proficient in that the narrative is free of major errors, and images such as, "my mother and father are cheering around me..." and "I just want to rip my hair out," or "me boiling over with excitement," all demonstrate a deliberate use of figurative and sensory language for effect. This narrative is a strong Proficient because it adequately and consistently addresses the descriptors of the scoring criteria.

Grade 8 Unit 1 EA 1: Writing a Hero's Journey Narrative

NB. These exemplars do not include the visuals required by the Embedded Assessment assignment and so are not scored on descriptors detailing the visual elements.

Score: Emerging

There once was a lady named Dawn Stream and three younger girls named Emily Otto, Felicia Gannon, and Grace Hosein. The three young girls and Dawn didn't know each other that well but little did they know that was going to change. Dawn Stream was a very muscular girl, but she was also very asocial. She didn't go outside very often, so she didn't know many people but whenever she looked outside she would see the three girls. One day she heard screaming outside her house from the girls, which was unusual because they were normally quiet. That day she heard the girls scream for help. Dawn ran to her window just to see a white van driving away. She immediately ran to the phone but stopped once she was there. She really wanted to pick up the phone, but she just couldn't for the fear of talking to the 911 operators. That wasn't the first time she'd seen that van, it was constantly driving through her neighborhood. After knowing there was no way she would've picked up the phone, she ran to her car and tried to catch up with the van. Once she had them in sight she followed it all the way to an old warehouse. For her own safety she parked on the opposite side of the warehouse from the van and once she did she sprinted to the other side to see what was going on. Dawn couldn't believe her eyes the back doors of the van were opened and out came Emily, Felicia, and Grace. Emily and Dawn made eye contact and Dawn held a finger up to her lips signaling Emily to not tell anyone that she was there. The three girls were rushed into the side door by a person with a black ski mask. When the signal was clear, Dawn ran to the door and tried to open it but it was locked. She then ran to all the sides of the warehouse and tried all the doors but they

were all locked, until she reached the side she parked on and she tried to open the last door and it worked!

Dawn quickly but silently tiptoed inside to hear this booming voice shouting “YOU GIRLS WILL NEVER GET OUT!”

Dawn immediately recognized this voice it was her new next door neighbor Jackie Williams. She knew this because when Jackie first moved in she knocked on Dawn’s door and gave her cookies and introduced herself. Dawn just didn’t understand Jackie was so sweet and kind hearted but she guessed that was just a mask that hid her true identity. Dawn of course didn’t say a word to her but she gladly took the cookies. So Dawn followed the sound of Jackie’s voice and snuck up behind her with a huge book she pulled off from one of the many shelves. And once Dawn was close enough she brought back the book and with all her might (which was a lot) hit Jackie Williams as hard as she could on the back of the head and Jackie fell to the ground unconscious. The three girls screeched with joy and were bombarding Dawn with wonderful compliments and many thank yous. Dawn hadn’t felt that kind of love in a very long time so Dawn knew what she did was right. After they called the cops and rejoiced Dawn drove Emily, Grace, and Felicia back home to their parents they all said their goodbyes and final thank yous. Dawn felt like a hero. She then drove past her house not wanting to go back to her lonely quiet life. But she knew she had to go back to collect some of her things that she couldn’t just leave behind. As she went to walk in she heard whispers of voices on the other side of the door. “Let’s get out before she gets back,” whispered one, and the doorknob started to turn. Dawn jumped to the side and waited for the people to come out. Once two people came out with stuffed trash bags in their hands, she screamed on the top of her lungs, and one person immediately collapsed on the ground and the other one quickly turned around and right at that moment Dawn punched him on the nose. By this time lots of close by neighbors have rushed out to see what had happened. The cops appeared immediately, and arrested the two people very quickly. Many neighbors came over and hugged Dawn as she

stepped out of her comfort zone to hug them back. She was so shaken up she couldn't think straight. She couldn't comprehend why both things happened to her. Why me?

Well it turns out that Jackie knew about Dawn's situation and knew she watched the little girls every day and knew by taking them she could get Dawn out of the house without calling the cops so then Jackie and her two assistants Brent and David could sneak in and rob her. But after all that blew over she went on to continue to be very good friends with her neighbors and talked to them all the time. She loved her new life and it all started when she stepped out of her comfort zone.

Score: Emerging

Annotation:

This Emerging exemplar of “Writing a Hero’s Journey Narrative” begins with an opening typical of emerging writing in that it presents an introduction that only minimally engages the reader and introduces the setting, protagonist and conflict of the narrative. The third person point of view limits reader identification and sets the stage for an under-developed protagonist. This weak point of view is further compromised by an inadequate development of setting and character with narrative techniques such as detail, dialogue and description. Though the sequencing is fairly clear, a dependence on repetitive sentence structure and verb use (ran is used six times in the first paragraph) as well as a reliance on basic transitions makes for a limited approach to plotting. An attempt is made to follow steps in the hero’s journey including a literal “Refusal of the Call” and a nod to “the Magic Flight” stage, but these elements are minimally developed. In addition, the overall structure, including the paragraphing, does an insufficient job of guiding the reader through the narrative sequence. The resolution is only marginally developed and ultimately seems perfunctory. Command of language is just on the verge of moving out of Emerging, but inconsistency in variety and precision in verb use (see the use of “ran” in paragraph one) and figurative and sensory language (choosing to say “screeched with joy” side by side with the nicely precise “whispers of voices” and “tiptoed”) indicates the need for guided revision and attention to language use.

Grade 8 Unit 1 EA 1 Writing a Hero's Journey Narrative

NB. These exemplars do not include the visuals required by the Embedded Assessment assignment and so are not scored on descriptors detailing the visual elements.

Score: Incomplete

My heroes name is Matthew, He is american, has light brown hair, also his height is 5'4. He lives in California, San Diego. Football is his favorite sport, He plays football for his school. The time period was in the 1997's. The strengths he has is being really strong and kind. His weaknesses was not being able to fly. Matthew goes through getting bullied because people thought he was a terrible football player and not as strong as others. Matthew doesn't know what to do with all this bullying. Matt decides to be a stronger person and work harder in football. He makes that choice, so he got better and stronger than the others. Matthew was not trying his hardest at football. He was not the strongest boy at school and football at that time. He gets bullied and bullied just because he is not strong like others. His best friend Alleyah helps him not get bullied. Matt wants to be a stronger person because because than he can help others, friends, and not get bullied. When he started to work out and trying harder, He was not bullied at all. Matt's parents want him to just move schools. At first matt wants to leave but then he realizes that he misses everyone, and wants to go back. Matthew struggles were being bullied, not being strong enough for others. He achieved at working out and actually trying at football.

Score: Incomplete

Annotation:

The lack of development of this narrative is the basis for its assignment to the Incomplete proficiency band. Without using any narrative techniques such as dialogue, or details and description, the exemplar never moves beyond a summary of a narrative. Nothing in the structure of the exemplar suggests a sequence of well-developed incidents, and the characters are not developed through actions, speech or appearance. The use of language is characterized by a repetitive over-reliance short subject-verb sentence structures and limited or non-existent use of figurative or sensory language. Although the errors in language use do not obscure meaning, command of language is not strong enough to elevate this narrative to an Emerging effort.