

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- Message (1)
- No originality, predictable, plot not developed, step by step, basic language, lacks voice, logical sequence, no figurative language
- Pragmatic (1), Textual (2), Syntactical (1), Semantical (1)

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Narrative: My Dad and I go Fishing

One day, my dad and I decide to go ice fishing. The next morning we got up early to pack everything up. Once everything was packed up, we left for Buffalo Pound.

Now we're driving out to the lake when we saw some deer. I thought that was cool! After that, my dad asks me if I brought the mealworms. So we went back and grabbed the mealworms. Then we were off to Buffalo Pound.

When we got here, my dad told me to take my seat belt off while driving on ice. I ask him "Why do we take our seat belts off when driving on ice?" He says "It is safer because we can get out quicker if the ice breaks!" Soon we found a fishing spot and set up our ice fishing shack.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- Context: Limited narrative text. Tells – doesn't "show".
- Message: Establishes a setting, but plot is weak as is beginning and ending.
- Strategies: Little supporting details. Limited development of ideas. Ending is abrupt and disconnected.
- Pragmatic Cues: Tone and voice not evident. Confusing as language is "bare bones" and reader must guess at meaning.
- Textual Cues: Good use of paragraphs. Changes speakers/paragraphs.
- Syntactic: Good use of capitalization and possessive (apostrophe). Punctuation within quotation marks needs a review.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Basic words – awkward use. Little to no descriptive imagery.

Snow Plow

One snowy day Trey and his case tractor were trying to plow snow so Steve Trey's son could slide down it. But Trey's tractor got stuck. Madly Trey called his friend Deva and asked?

"Can you pull me out?" asked Trey?

"Yes I can pull you out." replied Deva.

"When Deva saw the snow in Trey's yard he said?"

He scratches!

When Deva got Trey out. Deva plowed snow into a pile. When Steve saw the pile of snow he got his sled and went down it.

"Happily Deva exclaimed see you".

Fiercely Trey responded see you

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- Context: Adequate, generally coherent, multi-paragraph.
- Message: Simplistic but confusing details. Undeveloped plot and character. Some originality to story.
- Strategies: Information not always connected. Needs to proof/edit for punc. and spelling.
- Pragmatic Cues: Language basic. At times reader is aware of tone and voice but not often.
- Textual Cues: Basic use of text forms including paragraphs. Sentences/ideas are sequenced but some jumping around. Run-on sentences.
- Syntactic: Limited use of clear sentence structure. Limited use of punctuation – uses apostrophes, conjunctions – but not always correct punctuation.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Inconsistently uses words figuratively.

New Magician

It all started yesterday
afternoon. A magician came to my
school he was doing a bunch of
magic tricks like pulling rabbits
out of hats. He did one trick that
I thought I could do that was
lifting a pop can with your mind.
So I tried to do the trick but
couldn't I tried and tried but couldn't
do it. So I said "I wish I had powers."

Tingle tingle it was coming from my fingers. I hit the table with my fingers and nothing happened so I waited to see if it would stop.

After a while it didn't stop so I went to school at school somebody whispered say abra kadabra so I did and I was in class. I got my powers. I have powers. After school I went to the magician to see if he was better than me, he was. But he did one trick that was getting out of a middle tank full of water but drowned. So we needed a new magician who was it going to be could it be a teacher or a student.

Bam! it hit me I could be the new magician. I asked the principal and he said yes so now I'm the new magician. So now I have to do ten shows a day it got exciting. I did a trick and teleported to Hawarden. I was in Hawarden when I was supposed to be in school doing a show.

When I got to school I started talking to god about the powers. I said "why did you give me these powers".

God said "because you need friends to have a happy life."

I said "thank you for getting me friends but I don't like having powers".

God said "oh I will take them away".

God took them away. I was happy I didn't have my powers anymore. I am a normal kid now I have a normal life. I don't have to do anymore shows or sign pictures. I hope the next person who gets powers chooses not to have them. Now I have friends is fun and they help you with your problems. So make friends.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- Context: 2 paragraphs. Limited use of language. Basic.
- Message: Somewhat confusing plot. Details basic and plot/characters not well developed.
- Strategies: Little supporting details/development of ideas. Little evidence of revision/editing.
- Pragmatic Cues: Language is appropriate. Tone and voice sometimes evident.
- Textual Cues: Limited use of paragraphs. Doesn't start a new paragraph when new speaker is introduced. Basic use of logical sequence of ideas.
- Syntactic: Does not consistently capitalize names – random capitals appear in sentence.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Inconsistent use of words to create imagery. Some spelling issues.

Magic Mercade

It was a glorious day when I was walking to school, but then I saw some^{clouds} well it was going to rain today "I said. I have brown hair, brown eyes, I wear a black shirt and skirt like shorts." ~~damn~~ "this will ruin everything" kaylin said. Crash! The lightning hit me as kaylin ran in to the brown school doors, "ow that lightning struck me hard" I said rubbing my head in pain. Well you should have come inside" said kaylin, "I couldn't you put tar on my shoes" I said very mad, "sorry" kaylin said with tears running down her face. "I wish I had super strong fists" I said punching her in the arm, oh no! I made her have a seizure. I started running and then I wasn't running any more, I was flying!! I flew down grabbing kaylin by the stomach, I couldn't make it, the bandits were shooting her. She's dead. ~~she had been my buddy, my best friend, my sister we were united in a way none can understand~~ and now, she's gone all because of me. Well it has been one hour and she hasn't

got up wow, I did kill her. I feel so selfish. "Saleen" said a weak voice in the woods, I go flying up to see sister in a bush, alive. I try to heal her and, it, it, it... WORKS!!! I can't believe it, she's alive we are alive. I am so happy. She's here with me, "this time we are running" said kaylin. Bang! Bang! "we must run" I said scared. I can't I am too weak" kaylin said "it's okay I will carry you" I said.

"Okay" I said out of breath, "we can stay in this old hotel." zzzz" kaylin sneezed. "Hi" said Coby a new girl in our trio cooking. kaylin up "hi" kaylin said "still half asleep, "come on let's go hunting for those stinky bandits" Coby said "sure" I said & right kaylin said Bang! we killed them all and now our town and anything are safe and so are my powers, gone, locked away.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- Context (2); Message (2), inconsistent descriptors, inconsistently includes sensory details, suspense could have been developed further; Strategies, foreshadows; Pragmatic (3); Textual (3), basic logical sequence, chronological; Syntactical (2), inconsistent use of quotes and tenses; Semantical/Lexical (2), __ and metaphor, "raining blood"; Morphological (3)

When I Got My Stitches

It was January of 2001 and I was just getting up for school, I was in kindergarten. When I got out to the living room I went and laid on the couch so I could watch T.V. I usually watched T.V for about 30 minutes. When I was done watching T.V I went and got my favourite shirt on and my favourite pants on. On the shirt it had a teddy bear with a red hat on and the pants were just blue.

Finally it was time to leave my house and go to the bus stop with my mom, my dog, my sister, and I. My mom had to walk the dog because my dog was as strong as the hulk. My mom wouldn't even let me try to walk the dog because I wasn't strong enough yet.

As we were walking my mom was telling me never to walk with my hands in my coat sleeves. She always told me that because she thought that I would slip and fall. I didn't say anything I just kept on walking. She said that I might be mad for not listening later on if something happens. But like always I said I won't fall.

Then about 3 minutes later I was walking on the edge of the sidewalk where there was very slick ice and I slipped on it. My scream was as loud as a lions roar. My head was raining blood. The crack looked like a black hole, it was so deep. My mom looked very sad and scared when she looked at me and then at my head.

So my mom, my dog, and I had to dash back to my house. It was hard for my mom because she was carrying me and walking my dog. She told me that it would be a lot easier and a lot quicker if I walked back but I said "I can't walk, I can barely see". She was kind of mad that she had to carry me but it wasn't that bad. I don't think.

The dog wasn't very old so he didn't really know how to walk with a leash. The whole way back to our house the dog was tangled around my moms legs and she was almost tripping. She was trying her hardest to get

back to our house as fast as she could but the dog issue didn't help one little bit.

Finally we got back to our house and we were all panicking because none of us knew what to do about my head. Then I shouted, "call Kate". She works at the hospital. So we called Kate to see if she could come over to look at my head.

When she got over. She said in a quiet sad voice she said he needs to go and get stitches.

My mom decided to call her best friend to see if she could come with us to the hospital because my mom didn't really want to see me get stitches alone. When we called her she said that she would come.

When we got to the hospital they told us what was wrong. Then my mom said, "he was walking on ice with his hands inside his coat sleeves and he slipped". So they said to go straight ahead into that room and put on this freezing so when we put the stitches in it won't hurt him.

They asked me what it felt like I said it feels creamy and then laughed. Finally they were ready to put the stitches in. I was scared but they told me that it wouldn't hurt because it is frozen. But I was still a little panicky.

When they were done putting the stitches in they gave me a very tasty Popsicle it was the pink kind. I was getting bored of sitting in the hospital but we were going to leave in about 7 minutes. When we left we went to Block Buster and my mom got me a big Popsicle and a Mickey Mouse movie.

If only I would've listened to my mom

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- Overall (2)
- Context (2), message not quite developed, sentences are limited; Message (2), basic narrative less than 300 words x character x sensory details x change of devices, limited sensory detail – little plot or character development; Pragmatic (3), basic use of language; Textual (2), basic use, logical sequence of events though limited information; Syntactical (3), varied beginnings, punctuation, inconsistent use of sentence beginnings; Semantical/Lexical (3), inconsistent word use, limited use of words “best ever” “the best”; Morphological (3)

Wedding in Hinton

My idea for a story is the best ever. Let me tell you about it. My trip to Hinton was the best!! With the beautiful trees and mountains and the comfy hotel and the pool so warm and cozy. What I liked the most was when I saw my cousins and aunties and uncles. They are so cool to hang out with and talk too. We usually talk about what's going on in their lives and mine. I find it very interesting considering that I only see them once a year (maybe).

My cousin Amy was getting married that weekend so we went to her wedding. It was fabulous and amazing with lilies on the tables and clear Christmas lights on the head table and the ceiling .We had so much fun dancing and visiting all night my voice and feet were throbbing!!!!

My other cousin Brandy was pregnant (she almost didn't fit into her bridesmaid dress, yikes!!!) but she was happy to be with Amy, as her maid of honour, being her closest friend and cousin.

We had the longest drive home- 11 hours!!! I was so tired I couldn't keep my eyes open.(I thought about putting toothpicks on my eyes but my mom wouldn't let me.) I slept most of the way home but it was worth it to have the best weekend of my life. It rocked my socks!!!!!!!!!!

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- Overall (2), forced sensory details, basic attempt to create suspense, tone and voice sometimes evident, introduction does not fit
- Message (2), Pragmatic (2), Textual (2), Syntactical (3), Semantical/Lexical (1), Morphological (3)

Power Outage

Fear. Like a silent scream inside of your head, a spinning, dizzying sensation in your mind as it reels, a thousand frightening thoughts blooming like the petals of a flower. Your stomach muscles seize, and wild panic is bitter and visible on your tongue; sensitive teeth against ice cream. A scream rips through you, but it's absolutely soundless. Panic closes in, enveloping you. The only thing that could calm your fear would be the comfort of light.

It was dark outside, the sky as black as a marker and tinted faintly gray against the shine of polished stars. Piles of powdery white snow sealed off most of the backyards' stray possessions, like the wooden picnic table, the smaller branches of the climbing trees spread out at the back of the yard, the broken boards of the fence that had been destroyed by weathering. It was late enough to be dark like this, but not late enough for sleep. My parents and my sister were out, disappearing briefly to get some food. I had all the lights around me turned on, their soft glow flecking the walls with pale yellow dapples of light. I had the television on, playing a dramatic movie I had absolutely no interest in. I was also talking on the phone, sitting in the

corner of my couch, wrapped up in a thin, colorful blanket. The phone started, getting fuzzy and dipping in and out of focus. I spoke uncertainly into it, and it almost instantly went dead. Wildly, I sprang up, the blanket falling to the cushions. The lights and television crackled, violently blinking light. I screamed loudly, clutching at the phone. The lights died out, pitching me into complete darkness. I dove anxiously back for the velvet sofa, my pulse racing. My arms scrabbled wildly for my blanket, which I considered protection. The crown of my head connected solidly with the black wooden coffee table beside the couch. Eyes streaming hotly, I blinked, not knowing which way was up or which way was down. I didn't know my position and was unaware of where my hands were. My head felt like it had been split in two. The lights flickered, but did not turn on. I was alone in the dark.

After many painful, confused moments, my head cleared and I blinked the clouds of darkness from my eyes. Fear and worry seized me when I realized the power was still out. My heart pounded, a fist punching my ribs. My ears rang with the silence; almost like a secret I had not been let in on. Fear ate away all my logic as I curled defensively underneath the blanket. Suddenly, the lights flickered, and I lifted my head to observe the darkness being pulled away like a sheet. I was exposed into warm, yellow light.

The first thing I noticed was a blinding glimmer; light finding my sensitive eyes. The room opened up, and I pressed a hand to my head, which still ached and throbbed violently. The alien whirring of machinery broke the silence; the fridge going like cold again, the digital clocks blinking green digits that read out midnight, though it couldn't be more than nine o' clock. I pressed both hands to my head, feeling more content. They say there's safety in numbers...but now I believe there's safety in light.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- Context: Basic content and ideas. Some details added. Too much conversation and not enough details.
- Message: Plot and setting is established. Some original expressions and details.
- Strategies: Some attention to detail. Straightforward development of ideas. Needs editing.
- Pragmatic Cues: Language is suited to topic. Tone and voice sometimes evident.
- Textual Cues: Use of paragraphing is refined. Ideas are introduced with little or no build up.
- Syntactic: Basic sentence structure. Some variety of sentence beginnings.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Uses similes for imagery. Uses words appropriate for audience.

My crazy ninth birthday

You are a Grade 6 student. You have just discovered that you have magic powers. Write a multi-paragraph story for your teacher about this "crazy day". Tell about the good and bad events that happened because of these powers. Did having magical powers turn out to be a good thing or not?

It all started on my ninth birthday. I woke up happy and cheerful. I got out of bed and did the same stuff I did every day. I had a shower, brushed my hair. When I went to brush my teeth I looked in the mirror and screamed. I was as green as shrek! I stomped down the stairs to think my brother was there to take a picture after putting something in the body wash. When I got down the stairs there was my family. All the sudden I felt dizzy and sick, then I fainted.

I woke up about five minutes later, I was still green. My head ached with pain like I fell off the Eiffel tower. I sat up and looked around. Everyone was dressed like dressed like they were from the 1800's. "Where am I?" I asked hoping for a reply. Then a young man walked up in a knight costume. "Well you are here," said the young man.

"Where is here," I said so quietly you could hear a mouse.

"Here is Nottingham," said a young lady.

"What! Lies, Nottingham is a town in a movie. The movie

Robin Hood," I screamed louder than I wanted to. "What are you talking about," said the dog. Then I realized I was in a dream, what was I thinking a talking dog, men in armor, Ladies in old dresses. I am in a crazy dream.

I sat there for about five minutes. Then I thought, well I could try to wake up. I pinched my self ten times, it did not work. I counted to ten and open my eyes did not work. I was stuck in my dream. Well I thought to myself if I am stuck I might as well venture around for a little while.

"Hello I am Diggs, Diggs the dog."

"Hi I am Jane, Jane the person."

"Cool, I know you are stuck here Jane the person, but I do know how you can get out of this dream. I can also make you not green any more."

"Really! Thank you so much Diggs!"

"All you have to do Jane the person is find the troll and tell him you have to go home, Jane the person," said Diggs.

"Diggs you know my name is just Jane, not Jane the person."

"Oh I did not know that Jane. Well let's

go find the troll know," said Diggs excitedly.
"Troll & troll come out, come out where ever you are,"
said Diggs.
"What do you want... you mutt?"
"I want you troll & and he is not a mutt
he is a chocolate colored lab," I said.
"Oh who are you?"
"Jane that is who!"
"What do you want Jane?"
"I want to go back home to the twenty
second century."
"Oh I see future girl well if you find
my name then I will let you back," said the troll.
"OK, let's see I will start with T's, Tod."
"No."
"Timmy."
"No."
"Trever."
"No."
"Tom."
"No, what yes how to you know?" said the
troll.
"Lucky guess now let me go back now!" I
screamed.
"Fine, stand up on the rock and you
will go home," said the troll madly.
"OK thank you! Bye Diggs bye Tom!" I
screamed with excitement.

Bang! I woke up in my house.
"Happy birthday," my family screamed.
"Wait were was I?" I said wondering.
"You were in the bathroom stupid," said my little
brother.
"Oh I must have fell asleep," I looked
around I was not green and everyone was
normal. I guess it was just a dream. That is
how my crazy ninth birthday went!

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Overall (3)
- Context (3), competent organization, competent to complex language use; Message (4), engaging/insightful, about 600 words x sensory details, character not developed, no dialogue; Pragmatic (4), tone/voice imaginative; Textual (4), thoughtful/logical sequence, basic text forms; Syntactical (3), some grammatical error, clear sentences; Semantical/Lexical (3), appropriate words for purpose/content

An Unfortunate Fall

Mother knows best, especially in my case.....

"Adri go to bed!" my mom said firmly. As I slowly plodded out of the room I decided to play Tarzan up the stairs. You see our banisters were spaced out flawlessly for a petite 4 year old. I was wearing one of my favourite pairs of pyjamas, and they were pink with feet on them and were cozy and warm. I weaved in out, in, out. I was about five stairs up when I fell. Wait this isn't supposed to happen, Tarzan never fell, why should I? Fortunately I caught myself; unfortunately it was by my chin. I shrieked in pain. My parents came rushing, my mom grabbed a cloth to soak up the blood and my dad grabbed my shoes and coat.

The ride to the hospital was not enjoyable, the whole way there I was crying and my dad was trying to comfort me while he drove.

When we finally got to the hospital my dad carried me into the emergency room. He quickly explained the situation to the person on duty. I was rushed in to get stitches. As we walked through the hallway I continued whimpering. The corridor was cold and brightly lighted. By that time the cloth was soaked clean through. When we arrived in the room, I learned that I would have to get a needle to numb my chin. Let me explain something to you I Loathe needles! So getting one didn't exactly go over well with me. Dad said to take some deep breaths and to be a big girl. I finally allowed them to do the needle. Next came the hard part, the stitches. Dad and I sat on the cot covered in

paper and let them do it. After the whole ordeal was over I had about 8 stitches in my chin. And my dad had a very groggy little girl on his hands.

We drove home almost peacefully. My steady chatter, asking questions about the stitches, how long they'd be in and if I could get them wet my dad's calm answers. When we got home I proudly showed my stitches to my mom and sleepily went up the stairs. The next day I told the tale many times each time stretching the truth a little more and enjoyed the attention I received. In your lifetime you learn a lot of lessons, but I think this is number one, Mother knows best.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Overall (3), well-developed plot and character, includes sensory detail, voice is evident, multi-paragraph, logical sequence, well-developed sentences/word choice
- Message (3), Pragmatic (3), Textual (3), Syntactical (3), Semantical/Lexical/Morph (3)

Visit to the Orthodontist

March 1st, 2011

"Ding," the sound of the elevator awakens me as the glossy metal doors open. I gradually exit the elevator into a long, narrow hallway. I look around and see beige colored walls with wooden doors leading to numerous dentists and orthodontists. I saunter to one of the doors and touch the shiny polished door handle. My stomach drops, and I stare down at the pale gray carpet. Then finally, I open the door.

The scent of mint, masked by air freshener, washes over me as I walk in. I walk up to the high desk, and faintly say my name. The receptionist looks up, and smiles a shimmering white grin, as if she has been expecting me for awhile. She gestures for me to sit down in the waiting area. I smile sheepishly, and sit down in one of the many rigid chairs. I look around and see magazines and children's books clustered on the scratched wooden tables. I look up and see a charming painted picture of kids smiling brightly and dressed in colorful clothes. I hear the tapping on the tables of nervous and anxious patients waiting for their turn. I hear the sound of the clock ticking away. Occasionally, I hear names being called out by the receptionist. I look outside the window and see the bright blue sky shining upon me. I grab the magazine closest to me and start reading. As I read, I hear yells of pain and agony from patients in the dental surgeon room. It sends chills up my back, and I shiver with anticipation.

The receptionist calls out a name that frightens me. It is my name. I get up out of my chair, and drag my feet to one of the dental chairs. As I enter the room, I immediately smell bubble gum. I sit down, and she turns on a light. It shines deeply and I squint my eyes to adjust. She tells me to open my mouth. She inspects for a little while and then turns out the light. Finally, she leaves the tiny room. I gaze out the extended windows, and see the building towering over me. I rest back down into the chair, and glance at the TV. A cartoon is playing on it, and I pay to attention to it. I hear voices out in the waiting area being muffled out by the blare of the TV. I stare off into space until I hear an unusual sound.

I hear footsteps behind me, and my head shoots up. I see a tall dark lean man in an ivory white coat. After I stare at him, I finally recognize him as my orthodontist. He looks up from his paperwork, and smiles a massive gleaming grin. He walks over to me, turns on the light, gets out some tools and works on my mouth. I feel one of the small tools gliding all over my mouth. I occasionally hear him grunt, or him humming a soft little tone. I close my eyes and imagine I'm in beautiful peaceful place, with Justin Bieber. I flash back to reality, and I open my eyes. I see the orthodontist scribbling on his gigantic stack of papers, and then thankfully he allows me to leave the room.

As I scurry quickly out of the room to the front desk, the receptionist looks at me with an alarmed and confused look, but then walks over to a wood shelf with thousands of paperwork. She grabs a stack of paper. She writes something down on it with a navy blue ball point pen, and then gives me some documents to sign. She slowly motions for me to write my name. I smile a fake smile, and sign

my name messily. I slam the paper down on the faded grey marble counter, and I head for the door. As I leave this fearsome, agonizing place I smile a devil like smile and thank myself that it is finally over.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Context: Developed ideas. Good organization. Effective style.
- Message: Appropriate use of paragraphs (except for dialogue). Well-developed plot. Uses some imagery. Some use of dialogue.
- Strategies: Consideration of purpose and audience.
- Pragmatic Cues: Appropriate language and tone.
- Textual Cues: Multi-paragraph.
- Syntactic: Varied sentences – length, beginnings.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Some spelling errors.

Unexpected Surprise

You are a Grade 6 student. You have just discovered that you have magic powers. Write a multi-paragraph story for your teacher about this "crazy day". Tell about the good and bad events that happened because of these powers. Did having magical powers turn out to be a good thing or not?

"Can I have a volunteer to come up on stage" announced the magician "I will" I answered back with excitement. My name is Karen and it's always been my life's dream to be a marvelous magic magician. I walked up the stairs with an enormous grin on my face. I had to stand in a box for the magician. She tapped twice on the box and I "disappeared". She then tapped three times and I reappeared. It was pretty simple but everyone in the crowd believed it. When the magician did not need me as a volunteer anymore, she said "thank you and have fun" It didn't make sense for her to say have fun. It was that noon hour that I finally understood what she meant.

It was the second recess of the day and everything was starting out okay, but five minutes into

recess everything went wrong. "hey you come here" said Kiley the recess bully pointing to my friend Rose. Rose walked up slowly and quietly to Kiley. "No stop Kiley" I demanded and he did he not only stopped but froze literally! I didn't know at the time that I did that. All the kids cleared the area. Rose and I went to the jungle gym when we noticed a kid from 2nd grade needed help getting his skipping rope down from the roof. Rose reached up to get the rope off the roof. She could not reach it. I tried because I was a bit taller. As soon as I reached up for it, it felt as if I was getting taller and taller. When I looked down I was maybe eight feet tall!! I grabbed the rope and shrunk down to my normal size. Kids gathered around me asking how I did that and if they could be my friends. I had sooo much attention now. This is what the magician meant by have fun. Or so I thought.

I learned I had five magical

powers. My powers were: Freezing people, stretch, lazer eyes, fire, and water. They all came in handy. After four days of having powers everything went out of control like a roller coaster off of its tracks. I was always helping my home town, Hailsville. Pretty soon I was helping the whole province British Columbia. I had no time for homework (thats okay) or friends. One or two meals a day if I was lucky. I became sick because I had so much work to do. There was only one way I could get out of this, find the magician, and get rid of my powers, forever.

I called my friend Rose right away. We met at her old tree fort. There I told her my plan to get rid of my powers forever. Rose and I walked to Buckley school. That was the magician's next stop after our school. The principal told us that the magician left to Hails school then to Carny school. We decided to get supplies to head over to Carny school tonight. We told our mom that I had someone

to go and save and Rose was going to help. Technically I had someone to save me. We hid and slept backstage in the school. In the morning when the show was going on all we could do is wait. When the magician came backstage she saw me and Rose and bolted to the door.

Rose and I ran like lightning after the magician. We eventually caught her but I can't say it was easy. I told her my problem. She said she would help if I didn't tell anyone about her. It was a deal. My powers were taken away and I was a normal kid again. I did not get all the attention anymore like I used to. I was fine with that though because it's not me a Rose show. No magical powers to ruin my life.

Weird or What?

You are a Grade 6 student. You have just discovered that you have magic powers. Write a multi-paragraph story for your teacher about this "crazy day". Tell about the good and bad events that happened because of these powers. Did having magical powers turn out to be a good thing or not?

Mrs. Lilly have you ever had that weird feeling where you get a shiver go up your spine and you feel dazed after? Well I sure have. Last Wednesday I was walking to my bus stop and out of the blue a semi came zooming by. Splat! Toxic smelling gas whipped me in the face. It caused me to wipe my face in dispare. The bus stopped and I walked on, and I got that weird feeling. Then I took my seat at the front of the bus. "umm where did Sara go?" My bus driver Joey said out of curiosity. "Well I guess she isn't on." "Hello? I am right here!" I cried. But no answer. He must be as deaf as a 105 year old man.

The bus came to a stop at the school and I hopped off the bus. At the corner of my eye I saw my best friend Grace. I started skipping off towards her with my backpack flinging around my body. "Hey bestie"

Grace screamed as loud as she could. "You mean you can see me?" I asked. "Yeah why couldn't I see you silly?" "No reason," I say shyly. The bell broke the awkward silence.

I slide into my desk waiting for my grade six homeroom teacher, Miss Chollop to come in. Miss Chollop walked in with books in her left and a overflowing coffee cup in her right. "Good morning class time to take attendents!" She said in her almost annoying voice. Then all of a sudden I got that stupid weird feeling again. "Class wasn't Sara right there a second ago?" Miss Chollop asked puzzled.

"Yes I just saw her." Grace yelled.

"Well if she doesn't stop playing this trick she is going to get detention!" screamed Miss Chollop like she had smoke coming out of ears. I couldn't figure out what was happening. Until I raced to the bathroom and looked in the mirror and I wasn't there.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Context: Well developed story. Competent organization. Proficient style for story.
- Message: Setting and plot established. Lots of sensory detail. Characters developed. Very original.
- Pragmatic Cues: Imaginative and engaging.
- Textual Cues: Logical sequence of events.
- Syntactic: Inconsistent sentence structure/capitalization/punctuation.

The last bell of the day rang. I didn't bother going on the bus I was determined to figure out what was wrong. I knew of a sidekick place downtown. When I opened the door, chimes rang and an old run down lady popped up from behind her desk. "Hello how may I help you?" she asked. So I told her all about my wacky day and she said I came to the right place. The old lady took me to the back behind a curtain. She sat me down on a squeaky chair across from her. Separating us was an old wood table. In the middle of the table there was a crystal ball. The lady put her hands on it then what looked like to be a bar of soap appeared on the ball. "This is what you'll need sweetie." She pulls the bar from underneath the table. She gave me strict instructions to have a bath with it and be sure to use the whole bar.

As soon as I got home jumped in the tub being sure to use the whole bar. When I woke up the next morning not once I got that weird feeling. It's hard to believe I got disappearing powers! I wouldn't mind if they came back for just one more day.

Sincerely, Sara

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Context: Story starts strong, but has weaker ending.
- Message: Well developed plot (beginning of story). Strong beginning/ending weak.
- Pragmatic Cues: Appropriate language. Effective voice.
- Textual Cues: Multi-paragraphed. Logical sequence.
- Syntactic: Good sentence structure. Varied sentences. Appropriate punctuation/caps.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Great word choice. Use of imagery.

Mystic Misery

"Shablamo!! Kaboo!! Superdey-bleeh!!!"
My head was overflowing with magical words that I thought the magician Stan Paga would say. On my way to school I was jittering and fluttering like a moth because Boron Junior High had raised enough money to get the greatest magician of all time to come and perform a magic show. Stan Paga is going to be so amazing, or so I thought.

My day started out the same as every other day did for the last thirteen years. I would wake up to my moms loud screechy voice saying ^(no new paragraph) "Lizzy Morten get out of bed this instant," then I would go downstairs and make my lunch and then off to school, but there was something special about this day because we had the magician Stan Paga coming to our school. As I walked to school with my best friend Tiffany I noticed how her pace had quickened. I knew she was excited about the show even though she says she "Does not believe in magic."

When we got to the gym the lights blacked out and loud music pounded in my head. As we sat down a bright spotlight crawled up the wall and onto the stage. The audience fell silent, but it did not last long because the next thing I knew everyone was screaming at the top of their lungs, everyone that is, except for me. I was really not amazed with "The Great Stan Paga" because he didn't do any real magic. The tricks that he did were only cheap two cent gags, like the old "You have money behind your ear" or "I can make this shell sound like the ocean." All cheap and stupid tricks, I didn't get it.

"He is so amazing" shouted Tiffany as we got to her front porch "Now I absolutely believe in magic."

"Tiffany just shut up," I exclaimed in frustration "That is not real magic, he is just a lame person from off the street who is doing a silly show for a couple of bucks!! I thought that would shut her up completely, but no, she kept going."

"No I ~~can't~~ can't shut up because did you see how?"

"Zipit" I waited, and just like this fight started, it stopped. Tiffany was silent as if nothing had happened, but she stared at me in disbelief. At first I thought she was just being silly, but when she tried to talk, nothing came! What have I done?

After what felt like hours I figured it out! "Speak" I said, and just like milking a cow, stuff came right out.

"What-how, but I-You Just!" Tiffany was lost for words.

"I don't know, but will you touch your toes." She did it! She listened to me. I thought to myself "This is sooo

amazing. I can tell anyone or anything what to do!" On the rest of the way home I told people what to do and it was hilarious. First I told Tom Florby to give Jan Milky a wet-willy and a big smooch on the cheek. Then I ran back to the school and told the principal and teachers to give us free recess and no work, EVER! Finally when I got home my mom said "Lizzy will you please go upstairs and be quiet because I have a gigantic headache!" but did I, oh no the fun was just beginning! In excitement I smooched downstairs and found a dog pot, some old soup cans, spoons and a long piece of string. When I finished my "noisemaker" I tied it to our cat Pogo and told him to run like the wind and don't let mom catch ~~him~~ him. I knew this would keep my mom busy for hours! I thought this was the best power of all, but now, things are way different

I woke up the next morning to see my mom with her arms crossed and "the look" on her face, but I had nothing to worry about. "Lizzy Morken are you ever in trouble," my mom was raging with anger. "I asked you -"

"Be quiet" I screamed hoping she would listen "Be quiet, and don't talk to me." She looked stunned for a couple of seconds and I thought it did the trick

"Lizzy, what's wrong" What's wrong, what's wrong, what's wrong, what's wrong. The words echoed in my head, my powers were gone! Gone, that couldn't be possible, but it was really true.

~~School~~ "School" I whimpered "What have I done?"

I got to school and everything was wrong. Innocent kids were being bullied and all because of me. Pogo is so wild now, nobody can even touch him. I knew I was ~~guilted~~ grounded for sure and no one ~~could~~ could ever forgive me. NO ONE. Shortly after we moved away because my mom didn't ~~want~~ want me getting bullied, but the weight of the world was left on my shoulders, and guilt flooded over me. Poor Tiffing was all alone, then she started hanging out with 'a bad bunch!' Now her life is ruined and all because of me. Magical powers aren't ~~always~~ always great. I had to learn this the hard way.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- Context: Great story but basic, choppy organization.
- Message: Sensory detail, character developed, original.
- Pragmatic Cues: Imaginative and engaging tone and voice. Appropriate for other parts of category.
- Textual Cues: Logical sequence but basic use of text.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Thoughtful word choices.

The Day The Kids On The Bus Got Magic Powers

I got up at seven o'clock this morning and done my usual to get ready for school. My sister and I got on the bus and picked up Darcy, Kaitlyn T, Morgan, and Aaron. On the way to pick up Brooklyn, the bus went through a black hole, it scared everybody on the bus. It took for ever to get through the other side. The bus driver immediately stopped the bus. All of a sudden I could see through the seats on the bus. The bus driver wanted ahead count but Morgan was missing.

Then out of no where Morgan showed up standing by the bus doors, there was a huge relief. Darcy went crazy with his mind. Then Kaitlyn Y was in a different outfit in the matter of two seconds. Once we got back on the

bus, Kaitlyn T sat down and was finished her twenty page essay faster than the speed of light. So we were a bout to pick up Brooklyn and then Aaron got an evil look in his eyes and the bus driver started to drive away. I told Aaron to cut that out, then the bus driver turned around and picked up Brooklyn.

We discussed that we could use no powers unless no one is around, we also made a name the "Super Seven." Every thing was going fine when the "Super Seven" have to come down to the office. We all thought we were in trouble. Instead Kaitlyn T called us down to the office. We all talked about a way to deal with our powers or a way to get rid of them.

Kaitlyn T suggested that we all go back through the black hole, on the bus, and in the same seats. We all liked the idea, but some of wanted to keep our powers for a bit. Once the bell rang at the end of the day we got on the bus, and in the same seats. Everyone on the bus was talking about changing back. Brooklyn got dropped off at her house and the bus crested the hill and there it was, the black hole.

Every body was ok about going through the hole, but just before the bus entered the black hole Darcy jumped out the back door. Darcy ran as fast as he could and as far as he could. People said that he looked like a gorilla when he ran. In fact Darcy turned into a gorilla that terrorized Saskatoon for about twenty years when he entered the black hole. Now every ten years we have a reunion reminding us of April 19th 2012.

GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 4

- Overall (4), thoughtfully develops plot and character, thoughtful sensory details, voice is engaging, clear thoughtful variety of sentences, punctuation including quotations
- Message (4), Pragmatic (4), Textual (4), Syntactical (4), Semantical/Lexical/Morph (4)

Narrative Incident

The Fear Factor

My hand moved forward and held onto the ladder. I was shaking and a bit dizzy.

It was at my 2009 Girlguide trip to Blue Mountain near North Battleford. I was about to climb the Fear Factor. Heights were my biggest fear and climbing a 30 foot pole while the thought of plummeting to my death was running through my mind did not help.

I looked back to see my sister, hoping for some encouragement, but instead she was laughing. My body turned, I took a deep breath and started to climb. When I got to the top, I looked up to see how far I had to climb. 30 feet above me was where I needed to go. I had to reach a small, wobbly, wooden platform.

My right hand went up first then my left and by slowly doing that I started to climb. Although my hands were bleeding from the wood and I felt nauseous from being so high up I kept on going.

After a while I made it to the top. Using all my strength I pulled myself onto the platform. I looked straight up at the sky. The cool air filled my lungs as I breathed deeply in. It made me feel happy and it made me think like I have just finished the hard part. The platform moved with the wind causing a disconcerting feeling. I looked down and the feeling was gone.

Then I heard a faint voice coming from the ground. It was the instructor. He told me to jump off and try to grab the trapeze. Tears ran down my face. Everyone could tell that I was really scared.

But then I heard my sister yell, "you can do it," followed by the voices of my friends.

I closed my eyes took a deep breath and jumped. I fell and fell then I was caught by the rope. I heard cheers and laughter. The instructor pulled me to the ground.

I turned around and said in a loud happy voice, "I am so doing that again!"

My fear of heights was gone.

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GRADE SIX

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 4

- Context: Well developed. Complex use of language. Well-developed form.
- Message: Engaging and insightful at the start. Strong sensory detail. Original. Used narrative devices well at start, proficient at end.
- Pragmatic Cues: Imaginative and engaging. Thoughtful language usage.
- Textual Cues: Proficient paragraph use. Sequence goes from logical to basic.
- Syntactic: Starts strong/ends weaker.
- Semantic/Lexical/Morphological/Graphophonical: Starts strong/ends weaker.

"Now, I will make Mr. McKinly disappear!"
The magician's words echoed in my head.
"How cool would it be to make someone disappear?" My friend Dallas asked me as we walked into school. At the front doors my teacher, Mr. Carmello, was waiting for me. He stuck out his hand to thank me for helping set up for the magician. I shook his hand. He jumped as if a jolt of electricity had ran through his body! Soon he collapsed into a heap on the floor and I heard the ambulance's sirens. Scared by what just happened I ran to the washroom. As I looked in the mirror a thousand questions ran through my head. I didn't think about them for long because all of a sudden a strange woman was looking at me in the mirror!

I stood there for a while, not sure what to do. Who was she and what was she doing in the mirror? Then she spoke!
"I am here, Hayden, to inform you that you have magic powers. You can't tell anyone or your powers will be gone forever!" She told

that I had shocked Mr. Carmello, that was one of my powers. Suddenly things looked alot more exciting!

I left the washroom feeling exhilarated, like I could do anything. As I walked into my classroom a boy let a wind up car go and a girl came running in after me. She hadn't seen the car and tripped! Everyone crowded around, the girl held her knee and started to cry. She must have broke it! I helplessly knelt beside the girl. Maybe I could do what they do on TV. I nodded my head and was back in the hallway, approaching my room's door! The boy let the car go, but this time instead of moving out of the girls way I yelled, "Hey!" and she stopped. We talked for a minute then continued into our classroom. No one got hurt and I smiled at that! Later on at recess, Dallas talked and talked and talked some more. In my head I thought, do you have a mute button and then she was quiet! I mean her lips moved but no sound came out. We played our game at recess, her lips moving, me smiling and nodding. Things were going good!

Then as the day went on I played a few more jokes. Maybe I took them a little to far... ok... maybe WAY to far! I had gone

to the future and played a prank on some aliens who were coming back to get me! I used my X-ray vision to look through my principal's wall into his office, I saw him dancing and told everyone! The students teased him and he got extremely mad, he demanded who saw him. Everyone pointed to me. Now I was expelled from school and would be in a lot of trouble! As I walked out of my school I heard a "Bang" and saw a disc shaped aircraft in the ditch. I wondered what it was but soon realized it was... the aliens! I ran back into the school, aliens in hot pursuit. They started to pull on posters and wreck almost everything in sight. Soon my principal ran out of his classroom and started to shout, "I told you to get out of my school and never come back!" Then an alien leaped onto his back, everyone started to scream and the aliens continued terrorizing the school! I ran to Dallas and started to explain everything! From the woman in the mirror, to the attack of the aliens. Before she could say anything, she was gobbled up by an alien!

"Now I will make Mr. McCinly disappear!" The magician's words echoed in my head. "How cool would it be to make someone disappear?" My friend Dallas asked me. Wait a second, I remember this, this already happened! Next Mr. Carmello will shake my hand and collapse to the floor.

When I shook his hand he didn't fall, he simply smiled and walked away. It never happened! No one remembers, I don't have my powers, I wasn't expelled and I was OK! So was Dallas! When I told her what I had done, just like the woman said, I lost my powers and the day was reset! I maybe the only one who will ever remember this day, but hey, I'll make for a great story someday!