

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- who is the audience?
- illogical order
- characters do not stay true to the story
- mechanical errors
- sentence development is weak
- inconsistent tense agreement

Kath and mouse #2

Short story By

The next day everything changed for Helen, Helen became a whole lot different than the day of the talent show try additions. The day after the talent show additions, Kath came up to Helen and said good job to Helen on the talent show additions", you did really good Kath then said to Helen that she was never going to be mean or bully her ever again. After the talent show day nobody ever did call her mouse again. The next day Helen, Kevin, and Kath all went to the bus stop together, as soon as Helen had walked into the school everyone was running up to her telling Helen how well she had done and wished that they could sing as well as she could. Then they would hangout after school and do stuff like go to the movies. They also have sleepovers a lot to. After school Helen went home and said mom can you make me something to eat she said sure dear will make you something to eat you have had a long week so I will make you something. Kevin and Kath go pick up Helen to go to the bus stop every day. They also sit together on the bus. Also sometimes they get sick of each other. Here come the next year for school. They where having a different kind of talent show it was a themed talent show. The they where to dress up Hollywood style for the next talent show and there was some really good dressing up for the show. But there was this new girl and it was only your thirld day at the school and she had the best dress and also won the show she was really good this year. Kath and Helen did not win that's to bad they did not win. One day the new girl came up and said my name is Sarah what are your guy's names? Are names are Kevin, Helen and Kath. Then Sarah started to hangout with Kevin more then Helen and Kath. Then Kevin started going out with Sarah. Then these boys started talking to Kath and them hangout and his name is Shiloh and they started going out. Then on Helens birthday a boy name Austin came in to her life and they dated for along time. They all lived a good life they all dated for along time and they were all happy together. Then a few years later they have baby's its so cute how they are growing up in life. They have had two kids each one boy and girl and they are twins. All of them had Baby's they where all a moth apart. Sarah and Kevin had there two baby's first and the girl name was Alex and the boys name was bob. Then Kath had hers and there names where Luke and Dakota. Then Helen had hers and there names where Lisa and duke. They got married and lived happily and old together.

This is the end of my story

I hope you enjoy this story and I also hope this is better then the first one.

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 1

- mechanical and structural errors
- incomplete development of ideas

Sep. 8/10

Mystery of mysteries

Writing Assignment

Grade 9 - #11

When I was working at Sobays one night, I was almost done work my bob was in the store talking to my co-workers. ever thing was fine till Kandee & Shyla came walking over to me and said that a customer was stilling a ham. I thought they were kidding till I seen a man going out the in doors and was carry a ~~bag~~ with a ham in it. My sister Kandee told me to run after him. then Cortney seized that I was going after him she sent tyler to help me. when I got to the customer just outside the doors I asked to see his recite, he said he just had it but he could not find it. So he just gave me the ham and walk away and tyler got the liceance plate number from the car and

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- develops a basic narrative
- no systematic development of narrative, jumps back and forth
- ideas are realistic and believable
- because writing conventions are weak, the impact is compromised

Don't Improve!

may 12, 2011

Parents, well parents can be a lot of things. Parents can be smart, old and crazy. Then the main thing they can be is embarrassing, parents can say the most embarrassing things without even noticing it.

My parents can be so embarrassing at the worst time, I am pretty sure they make an effort to embarrass me. Like if I have friends over my mom always try's to be funny, it never really works though.

One weekend my girlfriend came over for supper. So supper went good, only had to go through a few of embarrassing moments. Then once supper was over my girlfriend and I were sitting at the table talking to my dad, when my mom decides to go get the baby pictures and bring up toddler life story. I don't think I've ever been more embarrassed, so after a few minutes of humiliating pictures I asked if my girlfriend and I could go quading, surprisingly it worked!

My dad is usually pretty good, he never really gets embarrassing. He will usually be really nice and throw in the odd joke, sometimes he will tell some blonde jokes or something like that, which I really don't mind.

I think my mom is most defiantly more embarrassing then my dad, but what can you do, they are my parents, I will most likely do that to my kids if I ever have any.

I just wish my parents would improve a bit or a lot whatever their comfortable with. Maybe if they could just not be embarrassing at all, that would be just fine with me. Its clearly a fact that parents don't improve.

Parents will always be embarrassing, until the end of the world, they just love to embarrass their kids, and I truly don't know why its so entertaining for them to bug their children.

I remember one time when Logan came over, it was late at night and Logan and I decided to go make some Kraft Dinner. So were upstairs cooking Kraft Dinner at about ten thirty at night, we figured everybody would be asleep by now, so we tried to be quite. Then randomly my mom comes out of her bedroom, slowly walking down the dark hallway, as she smiles, looks wide awake then out of know where she burps so loud the dog woke up, then she had a huge grin on her face and quietly says goodnight.

If that's not embarrassing I don't know what is. I really hope in the future maybe parents will improve at least a little bit, like what kind of teenager boy or girl want to go through that.

Like after my mom showed us how loud she can burp, I looked at Logan and he was trying so hard not to laugh I felt so embarrassed I could have just died. Logan looked a bit scared for awhile, then I could see him just trying his hardest not to laugh, I thought he was going to burst, but somehow he managed to hold it in.

I don't think parents no how their kids feel when there parents embarrass them in front of their friends. Cause if they knew I honestly don't know why they would do it.

I used to be in Air Cadets a long time ago, in North Battleford. So this one weekend there was a survival weekend that I was going to in cadets, just as I was getting ready to get on the bus with my stuff and leave with all my friends, my mom comes and gives me a great big kiss on the cheek, I was so embarrassed, I could just hear my friends laughing at me. I felt like grabbing my bag and going home right that second, lucky for me when we got on the bus there was a movie

playing so my embarrassment wore off pretty fast, I thought I was going to hear about that all weekend.

I sometimes wish I could do the same thing to my parents, and embarrass them in front of their friends, see how they feel after that. I bet their faces would be a red as an apple too. I could do this to them, I just don't bother wasting my time, I guess you could say its cause I have a life, unlike parents, they just tag along with their kids to embarrass them.

My final conclusion is that no matter what you think, parents DO NOT improve, I don't think they ever will either, its just something us kids will have to live with for the rest of our lives. I really hope that when I'm a Dad I don't embarrass my children like my parents embarrass me, cause I don't think any kid or just anyone should have to be embarrassed in front of their friends or more important their boy or girlfriend that's even worse.

The End

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 2

- develops a basic narrative
- some narrative and descriptive devices
- approaching proficiency but lacks a strong conclusion

MY UNPREDICTABLE PARENTS

The average parent is not easy to understand and it is not easy to anticipate their next move. Like weather, one moment it can be clear skies, the next it would be storming. It would be so much easier if parents would stay the same all the time. My parents are like the average parent, I have no idea what they are going to do next.

Sometimes I think my parents will be ok with the things I do, but once I actually do them they are not all right with it. On February sixteenth it was a warm day and I got a call from _____ asking if I wanted to play hockey at Shell Lake. Shell Lake has an outdoor rink with tall boards all around it and a cage fence behind the goal net that is so tall you have to look to the stars to see. "Sure," I said and I got my hockey gloves, stick and skates ready to go. William, my next door neighbor, came and got me to go to Shell Lake. Once I got there I put my skates on and glided onto the ice. It was so clear I could see my reflection on the ice. Hockey was a really good workout and I was pouring sweat. It was getting late so we left and stopped at Esso to get drinks. It was pretty late by the time we got home and I thought to myself, oh, my parents will not mind if I am a little late. It was a different story once I got home, I went inside and my dad said in a firm voice, "Why are you so late?" We went on and on for what seemed like for half an hour but it was only five minutes. "The next time you want to play hockey you have to be back by six o'clock," exclaimed my dad. I thought my parents wouldn't mind if I was home so late, but they sure did.

On about mid-June, I decided to go quadding to the far side of our property. To the twisting, rough edged creek where the water flows as swiftly as a fox chasing a rabbit. I jumped out of my chair and hurried over to the greenhouse where my mom was. I asked her if I could go quadding behind the house and she did not seem to mind.

I hopped on the quad and raced out of the driveway into the field. With the wind in my face and the sun on my back, I was off to the creek. I stayed there for an hour then I saw a vehicle in the far off distance. It was our suburban coming in the distance through the tall grass. I wondered why it was out in the field. It turned out to be my Mom and she looked fairly upset. She told me that I did not ask to go that far out into the field and that the creek was too dangerous. Again I had done something I thought was ok and my parents did not see eye to eye with me.

My Dad uses big words and old timer quotes to teach me a lesson or give advice, but I never understand him. One day my Dad asked me if I wanted some advice. "Sure," I said. "A wise man keeps his own council," said Dad. I was so confused and did not get it until he explained it to me. It took him about five minutes to explain it to me. That is just one of the many times my Dad has confused me with words or quotes.

My parents are very hard to predict. One day at the beginning of July, I was playing soccer with my siblings. It was so hot out it felt like the grass was on fire. It was me against my three siblings. My brothers were fighting like all good siblings do. I tried breaking it up, but I accidentally ended up hurting one of them. I had absolutely no idea how my parents would react. When my brother went inside and my mom saw what happened to my brother, she did not get upset and understood the situation. This almost surprised me because in a lot of different situations the reaction with my parents would be a lot different. It just goes to show you that parents are very hard to predict.

Most parents are very confusing and hard to understand most of the time they give lectures. My parents are no exception to this statement especially when they try to give me advice. When they just leave me be on my own and let me do my own thing I am usually good.

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- straightforward narrative
- some errors in cues and conventions
- lacking flow
- ideas could be developed more

Drug's

On a sunny Monday morning, it was Ashley's first day at a new school.

She was very shy and scared no one would like her. She was having a very bad first day. She couldn't find her locker or her way around. Ultimately, she classes, she felt let out, she also felt like she wasn't wanted. She felt like quitting school. When the first day of school ended, she went to go babysit her little brothers and do some homework.

On Ashley's second day at the school, she ran into some girls. They asked what her name was, Ashley answered back shyly "My name's Ashley." Ashley was trying not to be shy because she really liked those girls. At their break, she went up to them and became friends with them. They took her outside into the grass. Ashley was scared they were going to jump her. Instead they pulled out smokes and marijuanas. She asked "what are you doing?" They responded "getting high, why? Want some?" They peer pressured her to have a cigarette. Once she had one, she became rebellious against her mom. She told her mom, she wanted a whole new wardrobe. Ashley's mom was shocked. She didn't know what to say to her own daughter. Ashley went to go shopping for new clothes. When she got home from shopping that evening, her mom wanted to have a talk with her. Ashley's mom was worried about her sweet Ashley.

Later on that night, she got a message saying "Hey Ashley, I'm throwing a little party. Come check it out." So Ashley went and got ready and climbed out her window. She was really scared her mom would find out about her sneaking out her window. Her friends started pouring drinks for her, she didn't know to drink them, and so Ashley took

a couple shots. She was really scared her mom would find out about this. So she left the party early because she was scared and it was on a school night.

Once she got home, she went straight to bed. When she woke up that morning, she was thinking "whoo, I want to my first party!" She was happy she had friends that have fun.

At school, Ashley's friends were laying in the grass, she decided to go see them. Once she got there, she saw that they were getting "ripped." She was worried; What if they made her do it? Sure enough they asked. She said "No thanks." They all got up and replied, "if your want to be one of us, you have to have some." So Ashley grabbed the hoot and took a hit. They kept urging "inhale!" she blew it out and asked "how do you inhale?" They showed her how to inhale. Ashley was frightened, and scared. Most of all she was scared she might get busted going to class high.

After school, Ashley's friends took her somewhere; Ashley phoned home and told her mom she was going to the library for awhile. Instead of the library, Ashley went to the store near the school with her friends. Once Ashley got inside she saw the sign that read "BODY PIERCING". She was really scared, at the same time one of her friends were asking the man for a tongue piercing, Ashley was talking to the other girls. She was remarking how she wasn't ready to get a piercing. When it was her turn, the man took her in the room, once he put the needle in her tongue, she screamed so loud it sounded like a wounded lion. Hence, he hurried up and put the bar in. When Ashley left the room, she was in pain. When she got home she went to the kitchen, grabbed some ice, went to her room and sucked on the ice to make her swelling go down. Ashley's mom called her, Ashley was scared. She told her mom she was busy doing homework and that she'd talk later. She hated lying to her mom.

Ashley went to school the next day, she felt really bad. That she had been ignoring her mom. She was thinking about telling her mom. However, she knew if she did, she'd be in lots of trouble. When Ashley got home that day, she wanted to have a talk with her mom. Ashley wasn't going to tell her mom about her piercing. Ashley was in lots of trouble, Ashley kept getting yelled at. She was mad, so she started to yell back. Ashley went to her room. The next day Ashley got pulled out of school. Ashley's mom put her in a all girl school. Ashley hated the new school. She didn't want to leave her old friend's, she really loved the old school. Now that her mom moved her, Ashley's mom thinks she'll meet better people. Ashley's mom is going to check in her school every week. Ashley learnt her lesson. From now on Ashley wasn't doing any drugs or hiding anything from her mom. Ashley's mom was happy she was being honest to her now.

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- straight forward narrative
- some evidence of voice
- errors in cues and conventions
- punctuation errors
- not much use of transitions
- not extensive use of vocabulary

The Hardest Thing

As Lucy and I sat and talked about what was new, she couldn't contain herself from saying everything at once because she was so happy. Her glowing teal eyes lit up with excitement. She flipped her long, wavy auburn hair over her shoulders. "I just can't believe how much I love my life!" she said. "I might not have a job in the best place, but it's just for extra money anyways."

Lucy works at McDonalds, I think she got the job because of her good looks. However, she does a good job at working at the till.

The conversation started to get boring, so I asked, "So how are things going with Ryan?" She was daydreaming. Right when I mentioned his name her head shot up. Ryan is her boyfriend. He's a nice guy, which is not an easy thing to find nowadays. "We just celebrated our three month anniversary!" she blurted out with a grin. "What did you guys do for that?" I questioned once again. She glanced down at her drink on the table.

"Well..." she explained, "he took me to his house and ordered a pizza. Then he took me in his room and put a movie on..." "Go on..." I replied anxiously. "Well just to put it this way, we didn't really watch the movie." I said sarcastically, "So all you did was sit there and make out for three hours? Sounds pretty boring to me." She shook her head. "Maybe we did for about ten minutes, but then he started to take his clothes off and-" I interrupted, "Okay, I think I know the rest, but I can't believe you would do that! Please tell me he was at least protected?" She answered quietly, "I don't think so..." I almost screamed, "Then why would you let him do that?! You're both too young! This could be something serious to think about!" "Well I think he put some alcohol into our pop. It tasted kind of funny. That could have changed our attitudes a bit. I tried to push him away, but he's way too strong, and it would feel awkward." I explained, "Well, personally I think feeling awkward is better than getting knocked up at fifteen years old. Seriously, I thought you were smarter than that. Everyone looks up to you. Now here's another thing, what if you have to quit school? You're the smartest girl in the class!" She tried to calm me down by saying, "Don't worry I'll get a pregnancy test today after work. You'll come over." One of the people working called her to come back from her break. She said, "Come over at 5!"

I walked up to the house, knocked on the door and listened for a while. All I heard was Lucy and her dad yelling. I just walked in, because I knew no one would open it. I went straight up to her room. They yelled for about five more minutes.

Lucy and her dad don't get along very well. She loves being at her house, because her dad is always gone. He always needs to travel for his job, so he's never home. Her mom is just a stay at home mom, so her dad brings in all of the money. He has a really good paying job. They have a huge house and everything.

They finally stopped arguing, and she came running up the stairs. She walked into her room and wiped her eyes. I asked, "Is everything okay?" She whispered, "Not really. He got fired from his job. He said we'll probably have leave this house." I got up and gave her a great big bear hug. She cried, "My life is getting ruined now!" I replied, "Don't say that. Keep your head up and believe in yourself. You can come spend the night at my house if you want." So she did.

When we got to my house, she opened her bag and fished out something. She threw it on my bed. I looked closer and it was a pregnancy test. I picked it up and handed it to her. She went into the bathroom, and called me about a minute later. I walked in, and sat on the bathtub ledge with her. The test was on the sink. We sat in silence for 5 minutes. She got up, and took a deep breath. She turned it over. Tears immediately came to her eyes. She stood in shock for about a minute before I took it from her hand. I looked, and it was a little plus sign. Her face fell into her hands, and I threw it into the garbage and hugged her. I said reassuringly, "These tests are the cheap ones anyways. We can go to the hospital and get a better one there." She took her face out of her hands and dug it into my shoulder and hugged me back.

She took a long shower, and we walked to the hospital. The nurse called her name. We both stood up. I gave her a hug, and she took a deep breath and walked into the room. She didn't come out for another fifteen minutes. However, it felt like hours to me. The doors opened. Her face looked pale as she walked towards me. Her eyes had no emotion-just blank. I asked, "Is everything okay?" She just shook her head side to side. I put my hand on her shoulder and I told her, "We'll figure something out."

We sat on my bed and didn't say a word. I finally started a conversation, "So are you going to tell your mom? She wouldn't get too mad. Maybe just disappointed, but she'll know what to do. She replied quietly, "I don't think I want to tell her today. Maybe tomorrow. I'll have to sleep on it." I nodded in agreement.

The next morning, I made sure I woke up before her. I made her favourite breakfast; bacon, eggs and pancakes. I heard her walking out of my room, she must have been following the smell. She came around the corner. She was on the phone. She was calling in sick for work. She hung up and started dialling again. "I'm calling my mom. I'll ask her to take us out for lunch and we'll talk there." "Good idea." I replied.

We heard her mom honk the horn. We put on our jackets and went outside. I didn't realize how cold it was getting. The leaves were starting to change colour. We jumped in her mom's car and drove to Smittys. We drove up to the restaurant. It wasn't busy, so we got a booth right away. We ordered drinks. Her mom tried to start a conversation. "So why are you never at home anymore? We need some help packing and moving the boxes." "I need to tell you something. And you can't tell dad or he'll kill me." Her mom asked softly, "What is it?" Lucy hesitated, "Well, about 2 weeks ago, Ryan and I had our 3 month anniversary." "Yes, and...?" Her mom asked again. "I went to his house, and we ordered some pizza and rented a movie. We watched the movie in his room. No one was home and..." "Ooooooh. I think I might know what happened." "What do you think it is then?" Lucy asked. Her mom replied cautiously, "Did he at least use protection?" Lucy's eyes sparkled with a tear. She shook her head side to side, "We went to the hospital yesterday and I got a test. Mom, I think I'm pregnant." She grabbed the Kleenex and her mom and I both put our hands on top of hers. "My baby girl. I would never be disappointed. I'm glad you told me early enough so you have some options." "What do I do with the baby though? Do I get an abortion? Or do I keep it? What about adoption?" Her mom said calmly, "We'll figure it out. Maybe you should just stay at Mae's house for a while, until we make a good decision." The waiter finally came with our drinks and took our orders. Even though I sat in silence the whole time, I still had a lot to think about.

Lucy's mom dropped us off at my house. We went in and she layed down on the couch. I knew we weren't going to eat any of the food I made for breakfast, so I saved it to make something out of it for supper. Since she was staying for awhile, I needed to make a better bed for her. I got an air mattress from the basement and a bunch of cozy blankets and fluffy pillows. By the time I was done, I looked more comfortable than my bed. I called her to come lay down. She layed down and ended up falling asleep. That was a good thing, because I was falling behind in my school work and I needed to catch up.

Around two hours later, Lucy woke up screaming. I threw all of my work on the floor and ran into my room. Tears were coming to her eyes and she had the most worried look on her face. "What happened?" I asked. "Nothing, it was just a dream." "Well are you okay?" I asked again. She wiped her eyes. "Yes." She layed back down and went back to sleep. I was getting hungry, so I got the stuff that I made for breakfast out of the fridge. I looked at it, and decided I'd make an omelette. She must have smelled the food, because she came into the kitchen right when I started to cook. She had a big grin on her face. I asked, "What's up with you?" "I just phoned Ryan and told him." "I can't believe you didn't tell him yet!" I exclaimed. "He didn't sound angry or anything, he just sounded nervous. He's coming here A.S.A.P." she explained. "Do you want me to go in another room while you guys talk?" I asked. She replied, "Yeah, I think that would be best."

We heard a car drive up. She had a worried look on her face. "Everything's going to be alright." I told her. I grabbed my food and went to my room for a while. When I came out he was just getting ready to leave. He grabbed his jacket and keys, kissed Lucy on the cheek, said bye and walked out the door. Lucy looked a lot more relieved than before he came. I sat beside her and gave her a big hug. "There's so many decisions to make. None of this is going to be easy, but at least you have caring people around you to help you out, right?" She gave me a big smile and a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you. So much. For everything."

1 YEAR LATER

I walked into Lucy's house and said "Hi" to her dad. He walked over to me with a big grin and gave me a hug. He said, "She's upstairs in her room." I hauled the big gift bag up the stairs and peeked into her room. There was Lucy holding her 3 month old baby girl. She named her Jorden. Jorden had her moms beautiful teal eyes, and her dads dark blonde hair. I sat the bag down beside them and said, "I love you both. With all my heart. Thank you for the journey I've had. I've learned so many things from you this year."

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 3

- straightforward personal narrative
- logical development
- voice is apparent
- excellent use of sentence combinations

Unchangeable For Life

It is useless to try to change most parents. No matter how old I get or they get, some things just do not seem to change. It is even worse with a younger sibling because I just do not think my parents see how unfair they can be. It seems the older I get the harder it is for my parents to make a decision. If only parents would actually change a little.

Whenever I ask for something, I try comparing how good of a child I have been compared to my lazy younger sister. She comes home from school and will grab her iced tea and maybe some chips for a snack, go downstairs, and watch TV. While she does this I will see the dishwasher needs to be unloaded so I will usually unload it. There may also be some dishes need putting away, or the garbage may be full. I take up these chores most of the time. When my sister is done sitting downstairs, of course the dishes she used are left sitting on the arm of the couch. My mom may notice when she gets home and say thank you, but Ashley still does not have to do anything. One night I cleaned the bathroom, my room, and fed the cat. The cat had also thrown up a few nights before and needed his litter box cleaned. Mom told me to go take care of it, but I argued that Ashley had not done anything to help out yet that day. Still though, with her smirk on her face she said "Good for you but you can still do it."

I have kept my grades up as long as I have been in school. I cannot remember the last time I had lower than an 89%, when Ashley usually brings home 70's or 80's. I have never been rewarded for having good grades and I feel I should since I have been through the same schooling as my sister. Since I have always been a high achiever, it has become more of an expectation for me to do well. I get punished if I get a low grade, rather than rewarded for high grades. They are still very proud of me and buy me things, but why can I not do more things I want to, since it does not affect my school work anyway when I do go out? I have never had to be scolded for not having my homework done either.

No matter how many times I clean the bathroom, kitchen, or my room without being told, it does not always seem to make a difference. My parents just say "Well that's good you are suppose to do that, its chores, part of being a kid is chores so thanks for helping out." Ugh!

I do not care; I am trying to prove that Ashley does not do that! She gets yelled at all the time for not having a clean room, yet it is still a mess. The same thing goes for the basement. Ashley spends most of her time down there. I only watch TV and play my Wii. Plus, I pick up my Wii stuff afterwards. Even when I came home from Europe, I walked downstairs and the basement was rearranged, but it was a huge mess. I always promise my parents I will never clean the basement again, so it will eventually just turn into a horrible mess until they make Ashley have to clean it up. I cannot wait to see if they change when I move out and make my sister have to pitch in so that the house does not turn into a big nasty mess all the time.

When I was younger it was always my dad who yes and mom not so often. Now that I am older and wanting to do more teenager things, it is my mom who gives in easier than my dad. Sometimes I feel like they think I am the only teenager asking to do things. All my friends are relatively in the same situation! What is the difference between them doing it and me? I do not see what the big deal is. I think the reason they are the way they are is they are just scared for me to get hurt in any way. I always wonder that things will be like when I get my license. Am I going to have more freedom? Will they just finally give in to let me do what I want because I can drive myself? I suppose that will be the true test to see whether or not my parents will change.

Usually I find myself asking the same question over and over again. "Can I go?" When do I usually get the answer? Well, the day of wherever I am going of course. The timing when to ask is everything though. If you ask too far ahead in advance, then I usually just get the "I am not deciding that right now." The other thing to watch for is the mood. Asking when parents are grumpy is a big mistake. I usually wait to see if mom comes home from work stressed and grumpy, then I know to wait to ask for something. The thing I hate the most though is when all I get is the long sigh. I do not know if that is a yes or a no? I So, I guess I will just ask everyday until I get an answer. They could just make everything easier and just say yes. Simple as that.

One thing I do not really understand is when they say no and do not give a reason. How can you tell me no when you cannot even give me a good reason to say no, especially when the reason is "because I said so." Lamest reason ever! Another thing I expected my mom to understand especially is me and having a younger sister. My mom has a younger sister too, so she should know what it is like for me. Unfortunately, the younger one is still spoiled rotten.

Although I have learned that parents change about as fast as an oak tree takes to fully grow I still keep on trying. I like to be stubborn and think I can change them. It may not work all the time, but I think sometimes they break through. I feel it is all worth the try. I know parents are just being parents, but I am a kid, I cannot help feel like things are unfair most of the time. Someday I will learn what it is like and continue the unchanging parent's cycle.

GRADE NINE

NARRATIVE - LEVEL 4

- skillfully introduces the characters, establishes the setting
- identifies and develops main characters in a skillful, interesting way
- skillfully uses dialogue to establish characters & move plot

"Got the lifejacket's Marie?" Chad called from the front deck. He had two backpacks strapped on to his back, two sleeping bags under his right arm, a cooler in his left, and his car keys, dangling from the tip of his pinky finger.

"Are you sure you got everything?" Marie teased as she pushed open the screen door and stepped onto the front porch, lifejackets in one hand, purse in the other.

"Actually," Chad started, obviously missing the sarcasm in Marie's remark, "we might want some extra blankets and a few more layers for the night. It can get pretty cold up there. Oh and..."

Marie just laughed, gracefully sweeping by him and taking the car keys. Chad followed her as she unlocked the trunk, and threw the lifejackets in it. He took all the gear off his shoulders and carefully placed it on top of the lifejackets and blankets that were already sitting there.

"I'm going to call Anthony and Charlotte before we leave, just to make sure they know the way to Sorcerer Heights," Chad said, getting out his cell phone as he opened the car door and slid into the driver's seat.

Chad had been planning a trip for Marie, him and four other friends to go whitewater rafting at Sorcerer Heights, a rocky mountainous region with plenty of fast flowing rivers, for about two months. He loved planning trips to go on with friends, and enjoyed getting everything ready and set to go. What he loved most though was after, knowing he had planned everything and made everything happen, and his friends thanking him and looking up to him as a leader.

"You're a born leader," Marie would always tell him, with a smile and kiss on his cheek.

- provides an effective ending that logically "winds up" events
- uses a compelling style and voice appropriate to audience and purpose
- few mechanical errors

Now, Chad said a quick goodbye on the phone and hung up.

"Let's roll."

He pulled the car away from the curb and they were off. Sorcerer's Heights was a distance of about four hours from Kimney, the city they lived in. So after four long hours of loud music, junk food and very off-key singing, they arrived at the park entrance.

Chad paid the fifty dollar weekend pass and they proceeded onto the campground. Their spot was in a more secluded area, surrounded by trees on three sides, with a picnic table, and an open area, perfect for two tents. So the two of them unloaded the tent and started setting up. They were just about finished when Anthony and Charlotte arrived. The four friends greeting each other with hugs and slaps on the back.

"We arrived at the same time as John and Chris," Anthony told them, "they have a site on just about the other side of the campground, they'll meet us here tonight for supper."

The four of them set up the other tent then while Anthony, Char and Marie collected wood for a fire, Chad made a schedule for the next day. He told everyone the plans that evening as they all sat around the fire, roasting hot dogs and smokies.

"So we'll have to get up pretty early tomorrow morning, cause there's a bit of a hike up to the river we want to raft on. It's called Rocky Rapids, and it looks like the best one to me. What do you guys think?"

They all agreed that that would be the best one, even if it meant getting up at five in the morning. So they said their goodnights a little earlier than usual, climbed into the tents, and tried to get to sleep as quick as possible.

The next morning everyone was tired, but excited. They were ready to go in an hour, so they started their long trek to almost the top of Magician's Mountain around six o'clock that morning.

They reached the starting point of the river for rafters around eight and were all geared up and ready to go by nine.

"Alright," said their guide, "We're going to try not to go too close to the sides, but stay in the middle. It gets too rocky nearer the sides, and we don't want anyone getting hurt. So here we go."

As they pushed away from the edge, their boat immediately lurched into action, the waves tossing it about. The guide started to yell out instructions to everyone, and soon they had it more or less under control. The river twisted and turned around unexpected bends and corners, and as frightening as it seemed, the whole group was having fun.

Marie and Char were soaking (they had both fallen in twice) but grinning from ear to ear. The four guys were using their oars like experts, guiding the raft along the river. Suddenly they felt something beneath them, like the boat had bumped into an object.

The guide looked around nervously.

"We're getting a bit too close to the side," he said, "let's just turn her to the left a bit and—" The boat lurched again, and this time more powerfully.

"It seems we've hit a rock," the instructor called above the sound of the rushing water. His voice held no fear, but his face did. It had turned rather white.

"Ok," said Chad, calmly, "So what do we do then?"

"What do we do? Oh, well we. Well you see we..." The guide seemed flustered, as though he wasn't quite sure what to do, "We'll just AHHHHHHHHH!"

The raft was hit hard by an oncoming wave and the guide, who had been standing, trying to figure out what to do, was thrown out of the boat, hitting the rocky edge of the mountain to the right of them. He sank down into the water, his head covered in blood. The only thing holding him up was his lifejacket.

Marie and Char screamed while the guys tried to move the raft closer to the side to pick the guide up.

"Everyone calm down," Chad's voice held no fear, "We need someone to go in the water and hold him up, and make sure he doesn't get pushed too far away." The other three guys looked away. "Ok, I'll do that, but you guys have to bring the raft as close to us as you can." The others nodded, and Chad started to lower himself out of the boat. Marie grabbed onto his arm. He looked up into her scared face.

"It's ok," he said soothingly, "I'll be fine."

"I know," she whispered, "I believe in you." With a short squeeze to his shoulder she let go, and he sank into the water.

The guide had been pushed down current quite a ways, but thankfully he was still close to the side. So Chad started to swim to him. With his strong powerful strokes, and the water pushing him along (rather roughly), he reached the man in good time. Chad put his arm underneath the man's armpits and started to sidestroke back to the raft. Going against the current was much harder, and required more work, but though Chad's heart was beating out of his chest, and he was scared out of his mind, he continued to fight the current. The raft was coming nearer to him at a faster pace, and he saw his three friends

steering it towards him as best he could, fear etched in every line of their faces. When Chad reached the boat he hoisted the instructor as far up as he could, and Anthony and Chris grabbed his arms and pulled him the rest of the way, before helping Chad out of the water too.

As soon as he was in the raft Marie covered him with thick wool blankets and wrapped her arms around him.

After they had gotten back to land, and the guide had gotten first aid help, they walked back to their campsite. Marie caught up with Chad and put her hand in his.

“That was amazing Chad.” she said to him, tears leaking out of her eyes, “you saved him. You weren’t even scared to go out there and risk your life for someone you don’t even know. I think we would have all panicked and been lost without you. You were the only one that kept a cool head through the whole thing. That’s what I call a born leader.”

Chad bent down and kissed her lips, “Thanks Marie. That means a lot.”