

Scoring Model for Narration: Autobiographical Writing

Score 4

This writer presents an autobiographical narrative with a logical sequence of events in a well-elaborated, engaging style.

Strong Points:

1. Engaging introduction
2. Clear and consistent narration
3. Sophisticated use of sensory imagery
4. Provides insight into character
5. Effective dialogue
6. Variety in sentence length and structure
7. No errors in grammar, punctuation, or spelling

Buela

I remember the day very clearly. My eighth-grade sister was two years older than I. We had just walked home from the bus stop. We were hot, tired, and sweaty from the Texas sun beating down on us. As usual, the answering machine beeped annoyingly.

“Let’s just wait until Mom gets home,” my sister Yolanda said.

“No, you know how tired she is when she gets home. We better just play it now.”

When we listened to the calls, the first two had hung up. When the third one came, my aunt’s voice was on the phone.

“I just wanted to let you know that Grandma passed away. The funeral has not been set, but we will call you when we get the details.”

My sister picked up the phone and called my father. We knew this would hurt him terribly. While Yolanda called my mother, I walked into the living room and turned on the television. I thought in my head, Buela’s dead. I didn’t know how to react so I just focused on the television.

The next day we went to L— (a little town south of here) to meet my father’s family. I didn’t realize that I would never see Buela again. Since my aunt lived at her apartment with her, she greeted us at the door. As I walked into Buela’s room, my eyes filled with tears. I saw pictures of her with all of her twenty-one grandchildren. On her bed were her glasses. On the counter her many rosaries shined brightly in the sun. My mother guided me to the couch, and I cried in her shoulder until my eyes were heavy and puffy.

The next day was Buela’s funeral. She had a beautiful white casket trimmed with brass and the corners had a picture of the Virgin Mary. We met up with our cousins whom we hadn’t seen in two years. I met people who I didn’t even know held the Mendez name. I entered the small place and walked slowly toward my abuela. The air felt cold and smelled stale. They played soft classical music in the background. Each step I took seemed heavier than the first. Her hair was nicely done and her lips were painted a rosy red. Her skin was a combination of pale and dark. I slowly bent down to touch her. Her arm was cold and hard. The funeral was beautifully done in Spanish.

Sometimes when I think of Buela, I want to cry, but then I realize that she is now at peace. She always talked about God and angels, and now she is with them.

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Score 3

This writer presents an engaging autobiographical narrative with clear organization and vivid description.

Strong Points:

1. Engaging introduction
2. Clear sequence of events
3. Consistent narrative point of view
4. Effective word choices and vivid descriptive details that develop plot

Problem Points:

1. Little variety in sentence structure
2. Sparse dialogue
3. Some errors of punctuation
4. Abrupt conclusion

A Close Call

Wet, scared, and excited, that's how I feel when I ride a four wheeler behind someone who holds your life in his hands. Four wheeling is a real adventure.

There's nothing I like better than to go riding with my dad and my brother Tyler. One day we were slicing through the snow like nothing else when a deer ran by right in front of us. My dad tried dodging and almost flipped the four wheeler. That's what can happen sometimes.

On one ride my dad and I were approaching a huge field, and when my dad was turning he almost flipped again. My brother was doing 360s and he asked my dad if he could do the same. My dad said "Of course! I created the 360!" We raced gaining speed every minute, then we hit a patch of slick ice like a bullet out of a gun. My dad started turning the machine but we started spinning round and round. We went faster and faster then we hit a grass patch and flipped. I flew headfirst over my dad, spinning and flipping.

I don't remember hitting the ground. Everything went black for a few seconds. I looked up just in time to see the four wheeler land on my dad. I couldn't believe what I saw. My heart jumped in my throat. I got up and ran over to him and tried lifting it. I struggled but couldn't budge that huge monster. I yelled to Tyler but he couldn't hear me so I told my dad that I was somehow going to hold it up enough for him to get out. I strained and strained with all my strength and finally lifted the four wheeler just enough. My dad jumped out. I dropped it, ran over to him and talked to him for a minute.

My uncle saw what happened and zoomed over to help. We picked up the four wheeler and then helped my dad over to sit down on it. My dad had a big cut on his leg and nothing more. What a relief! All that happened to me was a scratch on my helmet.

I had to drive home because of my dad's leg.

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Score 2

While this writer presents a clear sequence of events, the narrative's weaknesses outweigh its strengths.

Strong Points:

1. Clear sequence of events
2. Includes some dialogue

Problem Points:

1. Uninspiring opening and conclusion
2. Little plot and character development
3. Insufficient dialogue
4. Limited variety in sentence structure
5. Lackluster details and word choices
6. Errors of punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage

Flying

My father and me arrived at the pilot's house for a trip in a small plane. The pilot came over to us and let us in the plane after he had finished untying it from its bay, he started the engines and set a course for the end of the lake. He turned the plane around to face the other side, and increased throttle.

At speeds approaching 60 miles an hour the pilot brought the altitude control backwards therefore bringing the plane into an ascent. As soon as we were in the air he asked us where we wanted to go, my father answered and then the pilot changed course. He flew us over the middle school, and our property. Then he set a course for a few interesting places he wanted to fly, he landed in those places and in one of them we refueled. He explained, "That area is a good area for flight training.

Then he took the plane into a climb again, then we followed another plane, the pilot talked to the other plane on his communication radio. He said "Fly towards that lake. He periodically said more specific parts of the lake. He said, "Congratulations!" and I wondered if he would let me put the plane into a roll or loop. In the small plane we flew for another few hours. When we landed we said, Thanks. to the pilot, and then we went home.

Scoring Model for Narration: Autobiographical Writing

Score 1

This writer's attempts to write an autobiographical narrative are unsuccessful.

Problem Points:

1. Unclear narrative purpose
2. No particular organizing principle
3. Sparse details
4. Insufficient dialogue and elaboration
5. Uninteresting word choices
6. No conclusion
7. Many mechanical errors

Stiches

It all started when my frend Eddie came over for super we went out to the play room then we got on the skatebord and I went around the play room a cuple times. Eddie and me were runing and playing hard when my mother yelled out stop runing before you get hert then it hapened right into the arm of the chair I ran and spilt my hed wide opin. My aunt Carla called Rescu. When they came they checked my sins and put me on the strecher, then they put me in the back of the rescue unit, off to the emergcy room we went to put stiches in my forhed. While I was in the unit a man was teling me stories about kids getting hurt, then he pulled out this blue bear from a cuboards and said, this bear would like to be your friend. I still have that bear to this day that man was right, it did make me feel better. The man had to try and keep me awake so I would not go unconcus, they also put an oxigin mask on my face that was realy weird. I did not like that at all so if you ever get hurt don't be afraid because these people are real nice and they treat you realy well. To help this keep hapening you can donate your stufed animals that you don't want to the police stasion or rescu they both do this to keep children not to be afraid when some thing hapens to them.