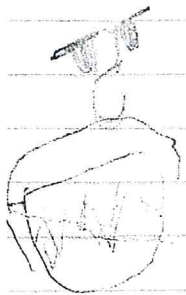


Grade: 6 Genre: P. Narrative

Score: 1

Notes:

What Suprised me Was my trip  
to Disneyland. I was  
going with my mom my Dad and  
my brother. We went by car the  
car was a Honda. When we  
got there it was night so we all  
went to a restaurant and went to  
a hotel room. the next day  
we spent at the hotel swimming



We were playing video games and I forgot how this argument started but one of us said the name of the first place person on the score board and then we quit that game and I contacted him but he strongly believed that he said right if your wondering how I'm arguing with its my dad we argued for at least 5 min and then I got tired and let him win the argument. But I was sure I was right but what can I do its my dad and I have to treat my dad with respect even if your dad's wrong.



2

Superstition

Grade: 6 Genre: P. Narrative  
Score: 2  
Notes:

## The first time I got superstition.

Tonight was the night when the A's played the Royal's. My dad used to tell me when I turned on the T.V to watch baseball he said "Turn it off!" I questioned "Why?" He answered "Well son, every time I watch baseball the team I am rooting for is winning and always the other team start to win."

I still thought about what he said. I started to believe what he said. So I decided not to watch the game tonight. So instead of watching the baseball game I watched a movie.

After the movie my dad checked his Facebook and he saw that the A's and Royal's were tied in the 12<sup>th</sup> inning. I ran in my room turned on the T.V. and watched it for minute and all of a sudden I saw there was a man on third base on the Royal's and only one out. All of a sudden.

The A's pitcher pitch it and the Royal batter...  
**HIT IT!** The batter on third ran home and that mean the Royal won because they were the home team. That's why I am superstition over baseball games now.

# The Big Fight

Grade: 5 Genre: P. Narrative  
Score: 2  
Notes: (2 pages)

It started as a normal day. Woke up, took shower, got dressed and all the other stuff. When I got to school my friends were waiting for me. We all went to the playground and started to talk to each other.

I noticed that Jack was talking rude to me. I didn't do anything at first. The bell rang and everyone went to class. Me and Jack were in the same class. "Hey me and Bob had so much fun last weekend without you", Jack said. When we got in class everyone sat down.

When it was time we walked out to recess. I told him that I didn't like the way he was talking to me. He said that he wasn't talking bad. I was hearing things he said. Then he shoved me. I shoved



him back. Dude stop it, I yelled,  
He said, make me, I walked away  
before I got in trouble. On my  
way to tell the teacher the bell rang. I told  
my teacher. She said to talk it  
out next recess. Next recess I  
said sorry and he said, you should  
be and then throw a punch. I caught  
the punch before it was too late. I  
said dude I said sorry and then  
walked away to tell my teacher.

The teacher made him apologize.  
She said "don't do it again" to  
Jack. He stopped and then he said sorry.  
I said sorry back.

We got to go to recess and  
he said I won't do it again.

I learned that I should have  
told the teacher first and not  
have shoved back. Next time I  
will just walk away and not fight  
back like that. So remember when you get  
into a fight with a friend just walk  
away.

# Utopia

"Goodnight Alex!" his mother said  
"Goodnight mom" he replied. Alex was a normal kid with a normal life and had never had any adventures. He hated not having anything exciting happen to him, and wished he could have an adventure. He started to doze off, but then he heard a swoosh. He stood up. He walked to his closet and heard the strange noise again. Swoosh! He was scared, but he quickly opened it. Then his adventure began.

Alex saw a blue portal. He touched it with his finger tip. It again made the strange noise. Swoosh! It felt like water, he felt like it was calling him. "Alex, Alex, Alex." he heard strange voices whisper. Then he stuck his hand in, then his other one. It tickled, and he giggled, but then with a great swoosh it pulled him in! He fell with a thump. He saw his room, but neater and some of his things were missing. He walked to his door and opened it. It was his house. Again things were neater and missing. Alex was confused, "Why would the portal bring me here?" he asked himself. "Alex?" he heard his mother say. "Mom?" he replied. "Why are you still up? It's almost twelve in the morning." she asked. "Mom what happened, where are all of our things?" he asked. "Don't be silly. She scolded, "Now go to bed you know how I have to work and you have school." She said.



He was silent and went to bed,

The next morning he awoke and thought it was a dream. He went to get breakfast as usual, but nobody was there. Then he remembered he had school and went outside to get his bike, but the second he got outside he froze. Everything was different. His friend's house wasn't there anymore, but was replaced by a healthy patch of grass. He thought about that on his way to school and decided to ignore it. He got to school and went to class. Again things had changed. His name was Mr. M and Alex was his star student. Mr. M and Alex was his teacher and they were having fun games and no homework. For lunch they had pizza and ice-cream. Then they went outside for break and played for the rest of the afternoon. He was surprised he didn't have any class, but he said nothing and went home.

His mother was in the kitchen baking a pie, and she had already made a chocolate cake. "Alex are you home?" his mother asked. "Yeah I'm home," he replied. She cut him a big slice of chocolate cake. "Thanks, what are we having for dinner?" he asked. "We're going to have brownies, and pie, topped with cake. For dessert we're having cupcakes and ice-cream." she said. "Wow, is it dessert day? I'm going



to get fat," he said. "What do you mean? We like the rest of the community." She said, "Oh..." said Alex. He went to his room and played video games until dinner.

They ate and then went outside to play baseball together. He could see a family playing soccer on the healthy patch of grass his friends house use to be on. Then Alex's family went inside. Alex played video games until ten o'clock when his mother told him to go to bed. Then he thought about his day. No work at school, no homework, dessert for dinner, playing baseball, playing video games, and last, but not least, went to bed at ten o'clock. He then went to sleep.

mother, "You're late, get up." she yelled. He quickly got up and couldn't wait for all the dessert but he was going to eat. He went to the kitchen but his mother gave him a banana and told him to get into the car. He was confused, but he went to his car anyways. Once he got outside he saw that everything was back to normal. No big patches of grass and his friend's house was back. Was it all a dream? Was everything he'd ever wished for gone? Then he heard a strange familiar sound. He heard a swoosh.



Grade: 6 Genre: Argument  
Score: 3  
Notes: (3 pages)

Makeup?

Did you know that some girls are peer pressured into wearing makeup? In this century, girls are receiving the idea that their natural looks aren't socially acceptable without excessive layers of thick makeup. Young girls don't need to wear makeup, and for many reasons: cosmetics can cause allergic reactions, makeup can clog open skin pores, and girls are spending more time on their appearance than on their grades and how they could academically excel.

Young girls could receive allergic reactions and inflammation due to harsh chemicals in each makeup product. Harsh chemicals, including kohl, are ingredients in most eye makeup including eye shadow, eye liner, and mascara. Girls that consistently wear makeup are taking a risk and could eventually be included in the "awful lot of women who have eczema or inflammation on their eyelids and nowhere else" ("The opposite of beauty's the chemical make-up ingredients that raise risk of skin damage"). Girls can also

receive reactions from products containing a fragrance. Preservative filled makeup products are good at drying out the skin. Makeup use is also not the best when you suffer from acne.

Makeup can clog open skin pores just like other noncleansing products. Clogged skin pores are known to create acne.

"Oil prone areas as the forehead, nose, and chin" are some of the most common areas where women apply makeup, and have acne ("Does makeup worsen acne?").

Covering acne produces even more unwanted inflammation and acne. Besides, makeup application and removal adds one more thing to do everyday.

The time girls are using to apply makeup, could be used on improving their grade. Putting makeup on has become a daily habit and "necessity" to look good for most young teens. This is commonly caused by peer group pressure or self consciousness. Applying makeup is a waste of time when you could be working



25  
on those procrastinated or incomplete projects and/or assignments. However, I can understand why others would disagree.

Most makeup artist believe that makeup is used to enhance the faces' natural beauty. Light makeup can be used to make your best facial features stand out and increase your self confidence. However, girls that aren't taught properly can end up with heavy, dark, and cakey makeup. Some girls use makeup to copy the newest trends and celebrities, when they look perfectly fine without it.

In conclusion, girls shouldn't wear makeup at such a young age, just because of peer conformity, or pressure. There is no need to feel self conscious, without makeup, just because your friends think you need it. Some makeup can cause health risks which is not something girls should ever be exposed to.

## Bad Misunderstandings

Marissa and Hannah stared at each other, both of their faces red with anger. Marissa had tears streaming down her face, running into her blond hair. I thought the argument had gone too far. Arguing over a little thing like not being able to go over to help with homework shouldn't go on this long.

Hannah had just asked if one of us could come over to help her with homework. "I wish I could," I replied. "But I have soccer practice." Marissa said that she couldn't go over either.

"Why don't you ever come over anymore?" Hannah asked Marissa, her voice rising. "You never come over, and I know you aren't as busy as you say you are!"

They were yelling now. I tried to stop them, saying that Marissa might just be more busy than she used to be. "No!" said Hannah, turning onto me now. "You just don't want to come over to help me because



"I'm so stupid. Well, it's not my fault!"

"You could pay better attention in class," Marissa said rudely. "It is partly your fault."

I couldn't believe that a simple question could turn into such an argument. "Guys!" I said. "Cool down! She just asked if you could come over to help with homework, this shouldn't be the result!" They both paused, as if thinking about what I said, then turned back to each other.

"Well, I'm going to be late getting back home," Marissa said.

"Okay, I'll see you tomorrow."

I learned the next day that they had worked it out on the phone, and that the reason Marissa had stopped going over was that she was afraid of her new dog. They worked out their friendship in the end, and I realized that sometimes friends need to get in fights, and that it can even make

your friendship stronger. I know that someday,  
I will be the one getting mad at my  
friends, and that if she is a really good  
friend, we will be able to work it out.



## Who will win?

Grade: 6 Genre: P. Narrative  
Score: 4  
Notes: (2 pages)

"It's so unfair!" screamed my brother Dylan.

"It's unfair for me!" I hollered back.

"I deserve it" my brother responded.

At the time I was a very small and weak boy but what I lack in strength, I make it up with smarts and determination.

However my very annoying yet playful brother was the exact opposite of me. He was the bigger one and I was the smaller one, I was the brains and he was the glory. But despite our differences, we still got along until now.

The argument started in the middle of a sunny afternoon, but what looked like a peaceful day turned into a house full of anger. I was just about to turn on the TV and play my favorite game on Earth, Borderlands but before I could even insert the disc, I was interrupted by Dylan sprinting into the room like a headless chicken. He then asked me "What are you doing?" So I responded saying "I'm

playing on the Xbox." And before you know it, we were already screaming and calling each other names.

After screaming our heads off things got ugly. It started with pushing but quickly turned into punching and kicking. I punched him right in the chest to deliver the final blow but what came after that made me think twice. He started to cry! I felt really bad for him and quickly regretted my actions.

He said "I just wanted to play!" and ran away crying. At that moment, I could feel guilt building up inside of me and I wanted to apologize immediately. So I said sorry and made him a deal. I said we could play together whenever we wanted as long as I was home and done with my homework.

After all the fighting, my brother and I both learned a lesson, fighting won't solve anything.