

California Common Core Standards

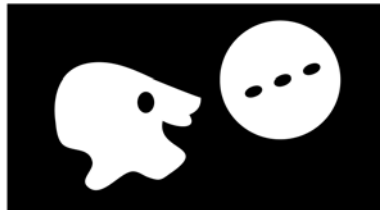


California Department of Education

Anchor Papers for

Narrative Writing

Narrative



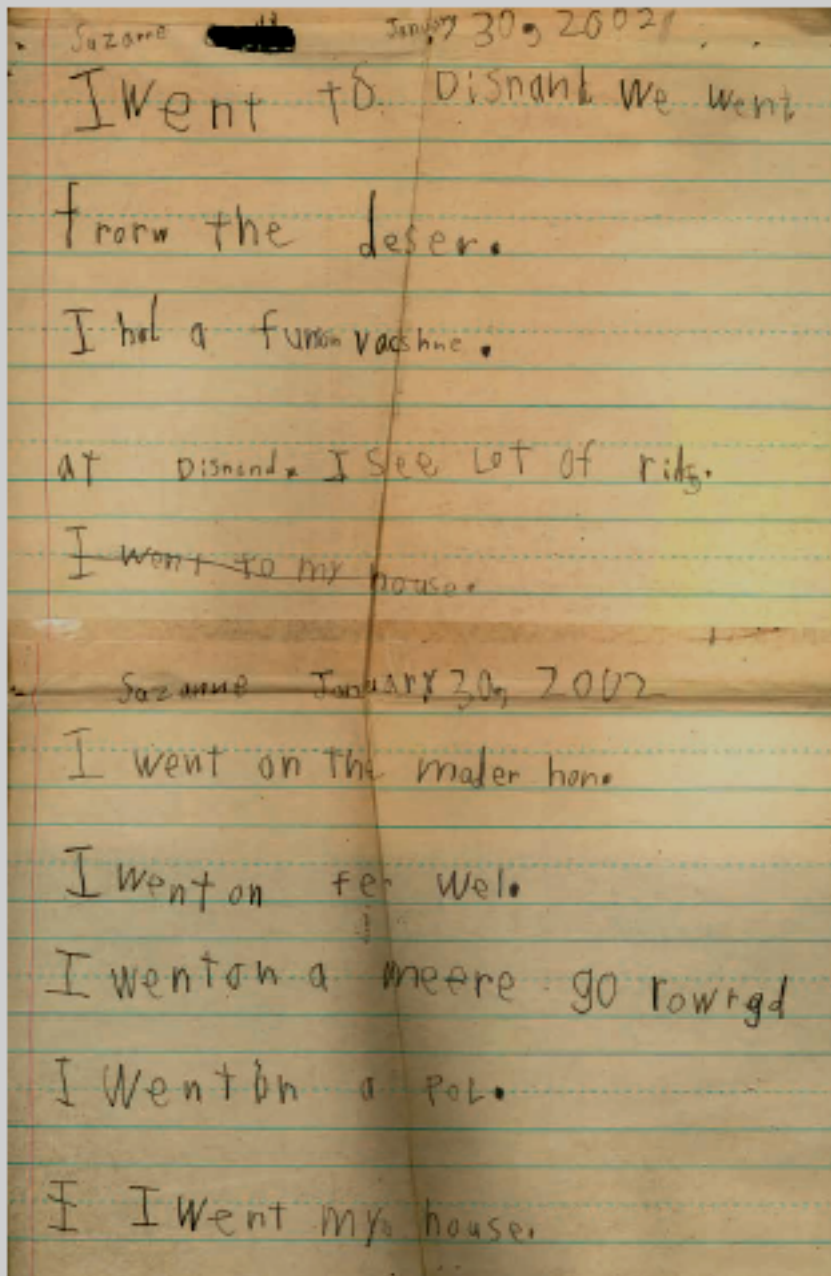
Grades K-5

Compiled from California Department of Education website at www.cde.ca.gov

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade K

Student Sample: K, Narrative

This narrative is a process piece that was produced in class.



Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 1

Student Sample: Grade 1, Narrative

This narrative is a process piece that was produced in class.



I went to buy a hamster
I was so excited I wated to run
All the waye there but I didn't
wont to get run over I got a
Very nerves hamster but we
bot her then at nite when my

Dad came home he sedi was is that
Nays it is my hamster I sedi my
mom sedi probly the pop to bot
this hamster was poble men to
her I didn't want to risten her
because she was so soft and cuddly
She felt like a little cotton ball

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 2

Student Sample: Grade 2, narrative

This narrative was produced in class, and the writer likely received support from the teacher.

My first tooth is gone

I recall one winter night. I was four. My sister and I were running down the hall and something happend.

It was my sister and I had run right into each other. Boy! did we cry. But not only did I cry, my tooth was bleeding. Then it felt funny. Then plop! There it was lying in my hand. So that night I put it under my pillow and in the morning I found something. It was not my tooth it was two dollars. So I ran down the hall, like I wasen't supposed to, and showed my mom and dad. They were suprised because when they lost teeth the only thing they got is 50¢.

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 3

Student Sample: Grade 3, Narrative

This narrative was produced in class, and the writer likely received support from the teacher.

When my Puppies Ran away
ONE night when the air was warm, my puppies were sleeping on the back porch. Me and my sisters were getting ready for bed. When I was in bed, I read a chapter from my Nancy Drew book. When I finished the chapter I turned out my lamp. I wouldn't go to sleep.
I went into the living room. I saw my mom getting ready to walk out the door. I asked "where are you going?" "Just for a drive" she replied. She had a worried expression on her face.
I knew something was wrong. I thought maybe if I went outside and played with my puppies, I would forget about mom's worried expression and go to sleep.
When I opened the back door I expected my puppies Maggie and Tucker to jump up on me. They didn't come at all. I called, they still didn't come.
Now I knew something was wrong. I went and woke up my dad, he said mom's got it under control. I thought mom had taken them to the vet because something was really wrong. Dad wouldn't tell me anything else. I went to my room and cried. That's all I remember about that.

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 3

night because I fell asleep.
The next day I still worried.
I worried all through school.
When I got home from me
and my mom made a snack for
sisters.
I asked my mom, "So were are
the puppies?" Her eyes started to
fill with tears as she answered
my question with 3 words, "I don't
know," she burst into tears. So did I.
She hugged me. "If we never find
them I am sure they will have
a good home."
I went outside and sat in mom's
rocking chair. I cried some more.
Mom came out I got up. She
sat down and motioned me by waving
her hand to come and sit on her lap.
I went over and cried on her
shoulder.
After dinner that night we went
looking for them, we couldn't find them
at all.
My dad after work each day went
to the pound to see if they had
picked them up. They didn't at all.
I've got over them leaving because
mom says we can get 2 new puppies
very soon.

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 4

Student Sample: Grade 4, narrative

This narrative was produced for an on-demand assessment. Students were asked to respond to the following prompt: "One morning you wake up and find a strange pair of shoes next to your bed. The shoes are glowing. In several paragraphs, write a story telling what happens."

Glowing Shoes

One quiet, Tuesday morning, I woke up to a pair of bright, dazzling shoes, lying right in front of my bedroom door. The shoes were a nice shade of violet and smelled like catnip. I found that out because my cats, Tigger and Max, were rubbing on my legs, which tickled.

When I started out the door, I noticed that Tigger and Max were following me to school. Other cats joined in as well. They didn't even stop when we reached Main Street!

"Don't you guys have somewhere to be?" I quizzed the cats.

"Meeeeeeooooow!" the crowd of cats replied.

As I walked on, I observed many more cats joining the stalking crowd. I moved more swiftly. The crowd of cats' walk turned into a prance. I sped up. I felt like a rollercoaster zooming past the crowded line that was waiting for their turn as I darted down the sidewalk with dashing cats on my tail.

When I reached the school building . . . SLAM! WHACK! "Meeyow!" The door closed and every single cat flew and hit the door.

Whew! Glad that's over! I thought. I walked upstairs and took my seat in the classroom.

"Mrs. Miller! Something smells like catnip! Could you open the windows so the smell will go away? Pleeeeease?" Zane whined.

"Oh, sure! We could all use some fresh air right now during class!" Mrs. Miller thoughtfully responded.

"Nooooooo!" I screamed.

When the teacher opened the windows, the cats pounced into the building.

"It's a cat attack!" Meisha screamed

Everyone scrambled on top of their desks. Well, everyone except Cade, who was absolutely obsessed with cats.

"Awww! Look at all the fuzzy kitties! They're sooo cute! Mrs. Miller, can I pet them?" Cade asked, adorably.

"Why not! Pet whichever one you want!" she answered.

"Thanks! Okay, kitties, which one of you wants to be petted by Cade Dahlin?" he asked the cats.

None of them answered. They were all staring at me.

"Uh, hi?" I stammered.

Rrrriiiiiing! The recess bell rang. Everyone, including Mrs. Miller, darted out the door.

Out at recess, Lissa and I played on the swings.

"Hey! Look over there!" Lissa shouted. Formed as an ocean wave, the cats ran toward me.

Luckily, Zane's cat, Buddy, was prancing along with the aroma of catnip surrounding his fur. He ran up to me and rubbed on my legs. The shoes fell off. Why didn't I think of this before? I notioned.

"Hey Cade! Catch!"

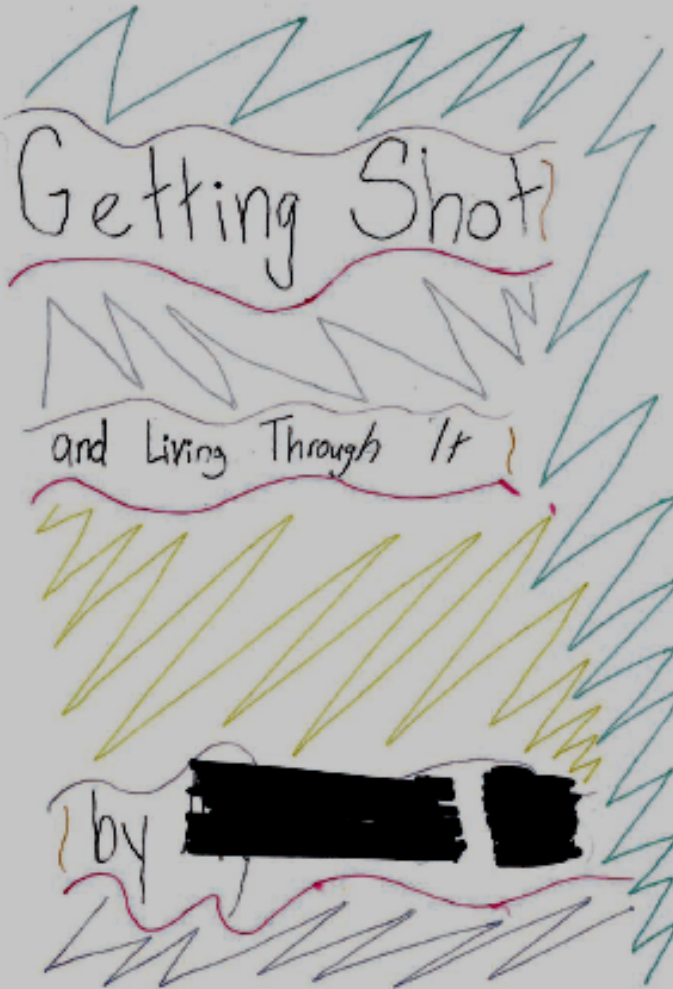
Cade grabbed the shoes and slipped them on. The cats changed directions and headed for Cade.

"I'm in heaven!" he shrieked.

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 5

Student Sample: Grade 5, Narrative

This narrative was produced in class, and the writer likely received feedback from her teacher and peers.



Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 5

We were in the darkness filled, mountain-top cold, waiting room. We were preparing for the shots of our lives. Getting shots for malaria and more.

There were many benches all shoved to the right. It was hard to see the color in the murky dark but it seemed to be some sort of faded brown. The room was big, no, huge which gave it all the more reason to be terror bringing. Who knew what would be lurking in the corner: rats, monsters, anything! There were also doors. Three doors, which were also brown and also faded. One was the way in. Not the way out unfortunately. Another was the way to the other evil places. With the evil hallway and the evil of fear. The last door was the most evil, The Shot Room.

The rest of the room was filled with families. Including my family of five. My five year old self,

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 5

my three year old brother, and my one year old sister. Then there was my mom and dad. Some of the other children were screaming or crying or not knowing what would happen to them. So they would just be playing. I was in the middle of Bern. I was playing with fear, playing, knowing what would happen, knowing that the worst moment of my life was coming ever closer. It was like knowing you would be put to sleep, sent to the dementors, waiting to take a ride in the Electric Chair.

I had had shots before. They were not your best friend. After a long while a nurse said, "Alyssa, Trevor, and Taylor, your turn." It was our turn. I got half dragged and I half walked. The door creaked open. It was the room of no return. The door slammed shut. There was no way out. Grow-ups guarding every outway, making sure we couldn't escape. Seeing there was no way out we gave up and went for it.

Anchor Paper for Narrative Writing Grade 5

Trevor went first. Before the shot was even touching him he was already howling. When it did hit him he was yelling loud enough to deafen you. He was done. It was my turn. He was still crying so a nurse tried to calm him down.

I was paralyzed with fear, I was death-defyed, I was scared. My mom and dad told me to "just be brave." "Just be brave?!" How could I "just be brave?!" But I had no time to think. It was coming. Just waiting to pounce, just waiting to penetrate my skin! I saw why Trevor had screamed so loud. I couldn't hear anything, I could just see it coming, closer, closer!

It touched, entered my flesh, and fulfilled its job. I started with a whimper then, ~~Bullshit~~ I started crying.

When Taryn had her turn she

didn't even notice! Ugh! She was supposed to cry the most! Worse than Trevor!

But then I remembered it was over. We opened the door and the scorching sun blinded our eyes. It was over. All over. Finally.