

Student Name: Akyla W  
Student ID: 1012666  
Date:

Homeroom Teacher: schnader  
Building: Leola Grade 6

Domain

Domain:	Focus	Content	Organization	Style	Conventions Score
1st Scorer					
2nd Scorer					
SUM					

Narrative District Writing  
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My mother's water broke! my step father tried to rush her to the hospital as quickly as he could. The worst part is, me and my brother had to stay at the house till my aunt came and picked us up. My step sister went back home with her mom for the weekend. I was so anxious because we had to wait till Sunday to see our little brother but, of course that's not what happened on that Sunday night.

It was an average day, I was sleeping peacefully till my step sister jumped on me to wake up. She was jumping up and down on my bed shouting, "The babies coming! the babies coming!" At that moment I jumped up with her. I went to go see my mom but they had already ran out the door to the hospital. We all waited and watched movies till we got picked up. First, my step sister left with her mom. Then, my aunt came for me and my older brother, Darion. When we went to my aunt's house we played in the open field in the back of my aunt's condo.

The next day was Sunday, we couldn't wait till that night. We went to church that morning, with my aunt. After church my aunt was telling everyone something about what happened at the hospital. We hoped it wasn't any bad news until everyone gasped out of disbelief. Now we were nervous but after a while we didn't think anything of it. I asked my aunt "What did you say to everyone at church," her reply was chilling "Your mom will explain everything when you get home." I got the worst feeling after that.

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At about 7:30 my aunt took us home. I came into the living room quietly expecting to see a little baby in my mom's arms but, all I saw was my mom looking at pictures of the baby. Tears started to roll down her red cheeks, I was confused. The only thing my mom said was "Sometimes God likes to take the little things with him instead of leaving them on earth." The only thing I could do was cry and run so I raced upstairs and locked my room door. I cried myself to sleep but, I had to go to school the next day. I woke up got dressed and walked to the bus stop, I didn't talk to anyone that day my friend asked me what was wrong, tears started to roll down my cheeks.

I told her everything that happened and while I was in the middle of the story she gave me the biggest hug in the world. In fact everyone gave me a hug that day because the story was in the newspaper. That day forward was the saddest day of my life and we still visit his grave on his birthday. I still cry sometimes when telling this story but and then I stop to think, he is in a better place now. Even my mom gets a little teary but and then I remind her of a little critter he would be if he did survive.