

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Hi my name is kate I am the farmers daughter and I work all day everyday to help my family live.

Me And my family all work on the farm.
My house is small and has horses and other animals inside.
I do not like working and having to live in a small house.

One day while I was working I see Isabella, Jacob and Jane at
the well playing tag. I decide to go and walk over to them.

I ask them if I can play also. Isabella and Jacob laugh at me and push me to the ground, I run away and start to cry.

I tell my father that I hate where I live and that kids make fun of me because of it. My father tells me that we don't have enough money to move anywhere else.

I Can't sleep at night. I decided to go to the lake by our small farmhouse. I think to myself, “ Everyone hates me, I hate my life.”
I run back to my house before my dad finds out I was gone.

The next day I try to ask The kids one more time if I can play.
Isabella and Jacob say no and tell me to leave them alone.

All of a sudden, Jane says to them, "Stop being mean to Kate, she's
a human just like you. You may hang out with us whenever you'd like."
Says jane.

Finally, I am not being bullied anymore and me and Jane are best
friends.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Emma The Wallflower

Believe it or not I used to be popular
following around the popular girls
Alanna, Elise, and Clarisse, But I never said anything
to anyone. I decided one day to stop hanging out
with them entirely. Joining a way better group
of friends and became a Wallflower.

Alanna is sorta nice she tries to talk to me but,
that just leads to bullying. They make fun
of my clothes, I'm sorry that yellow is better than pink.
And that Lights is better than Arianna Grande. I'm not
saying Arianna is terrible but my obsession ended when
Victorious ended.

One day like any other day I was with Jocelyn, Clarisses
sister. When the girls approached, I've tried many times
to stick up for myself. But that's a
downside of being a Wallflower we cannot
stick up for ourselves ever.

Jocelyn tried to tell her twin and her group of mean girls
to go away. But that never helps, Clarisse is
too mean to listen
to anybody that she doesn't like. The
usual stuff happened them making fun of
my obsession with Gravity Falls, I don't care
that the show is over, it's good!
Making fun of my LUN shirt because

of her crop top but the Arianna Grande's shirts are way worse.
and of course making fun of my clothes that have absolutely nothing
to do with female
singers.

I somehow managed to find the courage
to say something that, without a doubt,
would make them run.
“you know maybe I always have followed you around
is because I have a big
Lesbian crush on you!”
they obviously ran away and fast.
thankfully.

Jocelyn looked at me in shock, then
laughed and said.”I can't wait
to see her when I get home”
I finally stood up for myself.

From then on they kept being mean
but were scared of me. The bullying
subject changed to “hi lesbian”
Almost like the weird sisters in Sabrina
but they don't want to kill me.

the good thing is that in saying what I did say
made no difference in who my friends are
Your friends should never abandon you
because you said the truth
If they do they were never your real friends.
I'm still a wallflower and that's okay
because I'm free to be me.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

The Big Lie

She is at school with her friend. She is getting her stuff ready at her desk. She gets told from her teacher that she has a test tomorrow. She goes home on the bus with her friend.

She goes home and eats dinner with her family. She goes to bed after dinner. She forgot to study. She was so tired that she forgot to study for her test.

It is morning at her house and she wakes up. She eats breakfast and then she brushes her teeth. She gets dressed and does her hair. Then she goes to school by bus so she goes to the bus stop.

She gets on the bus. She asked her friend if she studied and she said yes. So she asked her what she should do because she forgot to study. Her friend said that she didn't know. She gets to school and her first class was the class that she had the test. She takes the test and she gets her results on the test and she didn't do very well on the test.

She is on the bus to go home and she gets home. Her mom asks her how she did on her test. She tells her mom that she did a good job but she actually didn't. She goes to bed and she regrets telling the lie to her mom.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

The Road trip

I wasn't excited
because me and my family were going on a road trip
The idea of spending all that time with my family in the car was terrible

First
after a while in the car I realized that somebody put our dirty dog in the back seat
He jumped on my lap and started licking my face

Second
my little siblings started screaming
and wouldn't stop
When I didn't think it could get any worse the air conditioning went out making it feel like we were in an oven
The road twisted
and turned
to the point it made me sick

We finally arrived in Goblin Valley after like
5 hours
My little siblings wanted to play hide and seek around the rocks
I didn't want to but my parents made me
I was hiding and it seemed like hours passed by
until it was dark

I heard a howl near me and knew it was a coyote
I climbed on top of a rock and
looked for my family. I
I yelled, "Hey, where are you guys!"
But they were nowhere to be seen
I climbed down from the rock and climbed on a higher rock

When I reached the top
I could see the parking lot
Our car wasn't there

My family left me

I never want to go on a road trip again

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

James

My name is James I am at my house when I
Realised that it was my birthday to tomorrow
So I told my mom named Sally and she said “I know it's your birthday tomorrow.”
Then she gave me a bunch of invites to hand out to my friends.

My birthday party is at the public pool we are
going to have drinks and food to celebrate.
I went and handed out the invites one of my friends
could not go. I was sad my best friend named Ben cheered me up.

Me and Ben hang out the rest of the day in my room.
I was sad that my friend could not go since he was going on a road trip.
I still had a lot of friends coming to my birthday party.

The next day I woke up I went down stairs my family said
“surprise that made the best meal ti was pancakes bacon and
eggs but they had lots of special things like the pancakes spelt my name.

I was so happy about the meal but now it time for my
the birthday party. I was so excited I ran around everywhere.
I got in my mom's car to go to the birthday party.

I got to the public pool and I saw all the things set up for me.
I saw all of my friends talking on the birthday table.
I went over and I saw the presents on the table there were a lot.

Me and my friends talked for a while. We also swam and ate food.
Now it was time for me to open my present

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Corona

The germs spread
we go to school to no school
We get quarantined and cant see our friends
We have to do online school and have to talk to friends online
we don't get to see our teachers till next year
we have to stay home till may 1st
the germs spread

I made my own concrete poem by typing it into a diamond shape

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Wacky Hair!

When I woke up everything was normal.
I went down to eat breakfast.
Mom asked, "Mikey, are you going to do your hair?"
I freaked out and rushed to fix it.
I dunked water on my hair, it wouldn't go down.
I tried to comb it, it wouldn't go down.
When I realized I couldn't fix it, I had to think quickly.
I decided to fake sick, my plan was to start coughing.
Then I would talk in a raspy voice and say I have a stomach ache.
So when I got to school, I put my plan to action.
I faked sick and went to the nurse.
She advised I go home, so we called home.
Later I ate dinner in bed.
After dinner, I showered.
Then the craziest thing happened.
My hair went back down.
So I always remember to shower before school.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

It was a warm monday morning, and we were out on a walk. I was with Katie mom, dad, Joey, and Izzy. Izzy, my favorite of the lot, had my leash. We crossed the street and just then a big sheepadoodle bounded across the driveway of the nearest house coming straight toward me. I ran out to greet him, cautious but happy for the canine company. He was white with gray spots. I showed him my name tag which read BEAR, IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO 3424 GUNDERSON. He showed me his which just said BOE. We sniffed and looked and I thought we might be friends. He started making a horrible sound in the back of his throat and the fur rose along his back as he barked. I scampered between Katie's legs and she tried to pick me up, but the dog pounced and sank his teeth into my leg, the damage was done. Searing pain shot through my leg and my family looked horrified. The stupid dog bit me! The dog reeled around, bared his teeth one final time and ran away, the same way he had come. Mom rushed over and grabbed me, I'm a chiweenie, weighing 12 pounds, the perfect size for carrying. We rushed home, and hopped in the car, I would like to hang out the window, but then I would have to stand on my hind leg that was bitten and that would hurt really bad. I curled up on the seat and tried to determine what had provoked the dog to bite me. When we got to the vet, an old man looked at my leg. He poked and prodded and it really hurt. Then he went behind his desk and came back with a tube that had a sharp point on the end. He jabbed it into my leg and I started to feel really sleepy, I closed my eyes and woke up with a stupid cone around my head! There was now just a dull ache in my leg. Izzy carried me out to the car and I curled up on the seat like I did on the way to the vet. We got home and the next few days passed uneventfully. On saturday, we went back to the vet to get my stitches and cone off. I was so happy! We got home and I no longer felt

restricted with that stupid thing around my neck. Katie took me out to go to the bathroom as soon as we got back, and left me outside while she went to the bathroom inside. I finished doing my business and waited on the porch for someone to come open the door for me when I saw the nastiest squirrel I ever saw. It was chubby and mocking me. "This is my territory! get out!" I warned. I chased him and slid into the gate which broke open. I fully sprinted to catch him and by the time I lost sight of him, I was far from home. I tried to get back, but couldn't and got more lost. When it started to rain, I hid under a thick bush and waited, straining to hear a familiar voice calling my name. I sat there for what seemed like days. And then I heard it. "Bear!! Bear where are you? Bear!" I sprinted to the sound and found mom and Izzy calling for me. They were so happy to see me! I jumped in the car with them and we headed home. I leaned out the window as far as I could. We got home and everyone was really excited to see me. That night I slept at the foot of Izzy's bed like I usually do. In the morning mom took me out to go to the bathroom and then went back inside to grab something. The gate was open and a squirrel ran along the fence leading away from the yard. I ran to it and stopped at the gate. I had just been hiding from the rain under a bush for three hours after chasing a squirrel. I turned around and sat on the porch like any good dog would.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

The Weirdest week of my life

This all started when we were living just fine in our house when a big earthquake hit our city. A tree outside hit one of the windows of our upstairs. Nobody knows how or why but something started a fire and that's when it got awful. I got trapped but luckily I got out. I had to go to the hospital for one week but no mager damage to me. Which is so good. All of my family is safe but I am the most scared of them.

Before school

"Mia are you almost ready, don't keep Mark and your friends waiting."

"I'm slowly walking down the stairs and getting everything ready when I remember that I forgot to feed our dog. Oops, so I hurry and do that.

"Bye have a great day."

Walking to school

"Hi guys" I say.

We meet our friends by the closest stop sign to all of us.

"Did you hear that they might be doing a fire drill on the first day" says my borther Mark. He usually forgets my huge fears of fires and earthquakes.

"WEIRD" says Daniel and Jackson at the same time. "Pickle Jinx" says Jackson "haha."

At School the Crazy Annoucments

"Okay everyone first, I hope you guys have some great times in this classroom.

Second, Yes, there are going to be a fire drill, earthquake drill, and shelter in place drill. Why I don't know. If one happens today then here is what we are going to do..."

**One thing you should know about me is that yes indeed my anxiety is getting super bad and when that happens my leg starts to shake.
This time my leg is shaking my whole body.**

Fire drill or is it a drill

Loud annoying beeping sounds came on in our classroom.

"Okay everyone let's go out hurry hurry follow me."

Luckily since I'm a twin I get to stand by Mark but always talks to Jackson who is right in front of him.

We get outside into the field and the principle yells in his microphone

"Thank you all for being so good and doing this very well. You may now go in..."

Nevermind please stay out here for a minute."

What was going on? Nobody knew except the principle.

Life changing experiences

We get inside after like an hour and Mrs. Mcmillan says

"I would never expect all these fire drills."

"You said it" says Hannah, "Oh man it has" says Katie.

Well all of you did a very good job so thank you.

Eversince that week I haven't really been scared of the fire drills

because two of those were real and nobody knew, even me.

Everybody remembers the crazy week and life changing week for me.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

I was just trying to eat my chocolate pancakes when I saw a blast of red zoom across the window. I HAD to go see what it was! I just HAD to! I don't know why. I told my mom I wasn't hungry and left the table quickly. I was a bit upset though, this was my favorite breakfast.

I didn't even put on my shoes and ran outside as quickly as I could. I looked but I saw no sign of any speedy-fast-red object. I began to smell smoke. I followed the scent and it brought me right to a bush- on fire! I panicked and grabbed the first thing that came to my mind- the garden hose from the garage. I sprayed the fire and put it out. Phew! That was a close one. "That's no coincidence." I thought. "It has to be from that flying red object!".

Hold on- what's that? I saw a red ball curled up underneath the bush. It couldn't be- but it is! A dragon! "This can't be real!" I thought. I picked up the dragon and ran to my room. "Hello there!" I said to the dragon. It made a grunting noise as if it didn't like my voice and started flying around the room. It knocked everything off of my shelves and was making a big noise. "Sarah, what's going on up there?" I heard my mom shout. "Uh... nothing mom! Just looking for something!" I shouted back. She must have been taking care of my siblings because it seemed like she didn't really mind what I was doing, or more- what the dragon was doing.

"Shhh!" I said and snatched the dragon. It struggled, but it was so small there was nothing it could do to escape. I wished I could keep it as a pet, but I couldn't. It would be too hard to hide something like this from my family! I heard a knock at my door and a yell- "Sarah! We wanna play!" Shouted my sister. "Mommy said you had to!" My brother

chimed in. Without giving me time to answer, they barge into the room. They saw the dragon and began to scream. I cupped their mouths shut and told them to be quiet- or else. They sadly and quietly left my room. That was close.

I figured it was best to let the dragon go- after all, it was probably missing it's family. I had no idea how I was going to hide it from my mom, especially since my siblings had already seen it. I opened up my window- and as soon as I did, the dragon took off. I was still stunned- I had held a dragon in my hand! Oh wait- I should probably go clean up my breakfast...

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Mom says I have to go help Dad weed, I hate weeding all the dirt and bugs, but the worst part is those evil little plants. My mom said I had to though, so I headed outside with my shovel and my gloves.

I put on my gloves and reached towards the first weed. I have to say this was not a great start, this weed was pretty big and decided it did not want to come out. I got out my shovel but it was helpless there was no way I could get out that beast. So I moved on.

I guess my luck must've kicked in because this weed was big, but the roots were tiny. I took one yank at the guy and down he went.

I went on to the next one hoping my luck would last but it definitely didn't, this was the biggest weed I had ever seen. Not only was it big on the outside but it also had huge roots. I wasn't going to let that stop me though, so I went to the garage and got out the biggest shovel I could find and dug for hours. One, two, three hours went by then it was almost supper. I knew I wouldn't have been able to eat if I hadn't defeated this cereal killer first, so with the last bit of my might I ripped out the flower murderer. I haven't weeded sense.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Bike Ride

we start by leaving the driveway
we head up to the school
we ride up and down the hill
then she falls
she hurt herself bad
but she gets up

we leave the school
we ride in the neighborhood
our dads join

we all go ride at the church
some kids come into the lot
we start to leave
we head back to the house
we take a break

we leave again
we ride around the neighborhood
we have fun
we head back and rest

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

We don't care what you think!
Ugh! I'm telling!
What the heck!

That's what I have to listen to all day.
But i have to admit I do do some name calling myself,
but oh my gosh! They are annoying.

Whenever my friends are over we might be watching TV
or something and they will come crash it.
“We want to watch TV!” they always say.

“You can after us.” I say, then they go outside.
When we get bored of the TV we go outside to jump on the tramp.
But of course the girls are on it.

It tell them they can go use the TV because we are done.
They say “why?” “Because you wanted to use it.” I respond.
“And we want to use the tramp.”

“Well we don't want the TV anymore, we want to use the tramp now.”
they say
I roll my eyes and we go back inside.

One day my parents say they have something to announce.
“Mom is having twins!” my dad says

We all freak out. Then my sister yells “Nooooo! I want a dog!
Then we all laugh. They ask us what gender we want them
to be.

I say 2 boys 100%, the girls want 2 girls of course, and my brother
agrees with me.

Then a few weeks later we go to our grandparent’s house and announce
we have twins and everyone goes crazy.

Then my mom and dad say it’s time to announce the gender
of the twins.

This we don’t even know. There are 2 balloons.

If there is blue it's a boy, if it's pink then it's a girl.

The first balloon pops. Pink pieces of paper go
everywhere.

Second balloon pops. Pink. My heart stops.

Ughh! more sisters!

About 6 months later Kiyoo and Demi come home from the Nicu.

They are SO CUTE!!!

Then I realize sisters aren’t so bad after all.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

James was bullied a lot. Bullies stole his money and he was always hungry through school. He was from a poor family. He was always hungry and depressed, daydreaming through school, and every night he wishes he could have a friend. One day, the bullies were tired of stealing his lunch money and were afraid he would tell someone. so they decided to blackmail him. they told him that he couldn't tell anyone or they would make him pay. James was too scared to resist, so he had to deal with it. They also steal his lunch money so he is starving in school and hates the bullies. Then, the next day, he is about to be bullied when a group of kids told them to stop. He then sat with them every day. He played with them on the playground, reeses and at school. He was glad to have friends finally.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Trust is the best thing you can have.

Hi I am Camron, I am a student at Hogwarts High. I am a good kid. But the kid that bullies me is not. Jake. He is the meanest kid in school. Oh no! I am late!

I start to sprint as fast as possible to school. I get there and guess who is waiting for me in the hall. Jake. He walks up to me and says, "You are done at broomstick flying practice." And then walks away. What is up with that kid?

Oh look! It is Tyler! A.K.A my best friend. I walk up to him and he says, "What did Jake just say to you?" I say, "Oh he was just saying hi to me."

And there I go to spells. The class before broomstick flying.

So I get to broomstick flying and I am already in the air before we start because I am the best at broomstick flying. And while I am in the air, Jake flies behind me and sets a scorpion crab on my broomstick. So I am flying down and feel something bite me and it starts to hurt really bad. And I throw the beast off. And run into the school saying I need to go to the bathroom.

And there I was sitting on the stairs holding my left calf. Tyler comes along and says, "What's wrong?" I show him the bite. He sits down and he says, "Jake." I nod my head. He says, "Why didn't you tell me?" I say, "Because I was scared." And he helps me up and we talk about trusting friends. And here I am, 1 year later. Trusting my friends and telling them when I need help. If you are reading this. There are a lot of bullies out

there. Trust your friends. And have a good life. I am now best friends with Jake and Ty! Anything can happen in life. See you guys. Cam out!

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Hi, my name is van number two.
Left van. i never get used,
and no shoe really seems to like me,
even though no shoe actually really knows me.

Sometimes, when i meet new shoes,
they judge me, without even getting
to know me, those shoes can make me feel
really bad sometimes.

One of the shoes that's really rude,
is white converse, but on the other hand,
there are some shoes that are nice to me.
My friends, that actually got to know me.

We may get into fights sometimes,
but we always make up.
I love the for them,
and they love me for me.

We make each other happy.
Even though people can be mean to me,
or my friends, we will always be there for one another,
and have each other's backs.

We will help each other through everything,
no matter what. I left van, have learned to ignore the people that are
rude.

Remember, you are loved whether you know it or not,

and you are needed.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Experience or event that brings the theme to life:

James is bored when he is doing his homework.

Narrator: James

Setting: Home

Other characters: Sister1,2,3 Mom and Dad

James asks Sister 1 if she wants to hang out with him. She says no. James is sad. Sister 1 says, "I have homework." James will ask Sister 2 tomorrow.

The next day James asks Sister 2 if she wants to be homework buddies with him. She says "I have a lot of work to do though." James is very sad. He leaves and does his homework by himself. James asks Sister 3 if she wants to be with him while he does homework. She says "I have my own homework" James is super sad. He walks away to ask his Dad. James asks his Dad if he can be with him while he does his homework. His Dad says "Go ask Mom".

James' hopes are up. James walks away to ask his mom.

James asks his mom. She says "Tonight we will all play board games". James is ECSTATIC.

Later that night they did just that and had the most fun ever.z

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

My name is Olive and I don't like any sports except for tennis. I was new to the team and new to tennis one day but it was not my day. I finally got to the top of the big line and it was almost my turn. "You got this" said my friend Elli "Thanks: I said. I tried six times to hit the ball but I couldn't and all of the cool girls were whispering and I could hear the horridable things they were saying. I tried again but I still didn't hit the ball!! "No worries you can always try again." Said my other friend Ava. I walked to the back of the line while some people were telling me it was ok. I was watching everyone and I realised that some people had trouble too. I felt a little better after that. I was so nervous of people whispering about me again that the wait of the line was so short. "She can't do it" I heard one of the girls saying. My palms started to sweat and I was almost at the top of the line. I could tell everyone was waiting to watch me fail. There I was at the top of the line knowing I couldn't do it. I was trying to hide my red face from all of the cool kids, I was so nervous. The ball came and I swung the racket, I hit it but it didn't go over the net. I could feel all of the girls eyes on me... The ball came and I hit it but it didn't go over the net. I'm not surprised. I knew I couldn't hit the ball, I wanted to give up but I had to try. The ball came and I hit the ball as hard as I could. It went so far that it went over the fence. All of the girls were amazed and shocked because I did it and I did it again.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

The cup

I am the cup.

Normally I just sit in the back of the cupboard while everyone else gets used because everyone is solid colors and I'm all colors but today was different.

A little girl came over and after a while she looked in the cupboard and saw me, she grabbed me and said something to her mom, "Mommy look at this cup auntie randy can I keep it" she asked. "Of course you can".

Next thing I knew I was in a car leaving my home. When we got there she took me to her room and into her little kitchen and opened the cupboard. When she opened the cupboard you won't believe what I saw it was amazing.

There were so many cups like me, colorful in every way. It was like I belonged there after I calmed down we all talked for a long time. It was amazing living there I was always used and washed, the bathing machine was very nice.

One day she took me back to my old home and put me in the cupboard and we all visited with each other and then I went back home and was with my new friends again.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

I am red, the color of rage, because I am not being accepted.

I am orange, the color of the desert sand, I feel like I slip through your fingers.

I am yellow, the color of sunshine, always making people's days brighter.

I am green, the color of grass, the animals feast on my beauty.

I am blue, the color of salty ocean water, lapping up on the shore.

I am purple, the color of violets, a bruise on my soul.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Sean the jealous one

act 1

Karls birthday

1st grade

It's Sean's friend Karl's birthday so he hands invitations to his party. It's all good right, no Sean complains to Karl saying they are friends. Karl says he has a reason but won't say it.

Act 2

day of birthday party/loneliness for sean

saturday

Sean is mad but he has a plan, if he buys a gift for him he gets into the party. He does and still gets rejected by Karl.

Act 2.33

Seans birthday things are looking dicey

monday

Seans birthday is coming up so he hands out invitations to everyone except Karl. Sean hopes he got even with him but Karl is fine with it.

Act 2.33

some kids you've never met birthdays
friday

Kevin and Bob are having a party so they invite both Sean and Karl to it. Sean is mad but Karl is fine. Sean won't be near Karl so he is just rude at his friend's birthday

Act 3

Karl says he is sorry
monday

Karl goes and says he's sorry and explains that this is why he didn't invite him to his party. So Sean is still mad and they never talk again.

(fireworks) The End (fireworks)

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

So one day I was asked to be a bus driver. When they asked me, I said yes. So it was Monday. I got ready for the day. Then I went to main street to hill avenue. I had to go early because they are pretty far away. So I picked all of the kids up. It looked like they were all bored. Luckily, the bus had music. So I asked the kids what they wanted to listen to. They all wanted to listen to Imagine Dragons. So I put that on for them. Then after that, before they got off the bus, I gave them all a piece of candy. Then they all said thank you. And then they also said that I'm the best bus driver ever. And ever since that day, they always loved me. And when it was the end of the school year, they were all very sad. But I visited them.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Katie the gossip girl

Me and my best friends Emily, Mia, and Brooke were about to go into junior high! So we decided to go back to school shopping together. We went to the mall and we saw Sarah. Sarah is a girl in our grade who we don't like, so I started to say some really mean things about her, but Emily just stood there being really quiet and didn't say anything.

On the first day of school, we saw Sarah and I told the other girls that she looked really bad but then Emily said really loud that I was being really mean to Sarah and that I should go apologize! I was so mad that she embarrassed me like that and told her that I didn't want to be friends with her anymore. Then she went over to Sarah and started talking to her!

When I got home I started to think a lot about what had happened and I felt kinda bad about the things I had said about Sarah. I mean she never did anything to me. I decided that I needed to apologize to Sarah and Emily for being so rude. I called Mia and Brooke and told them about it.

The next day at school Mia, Brooke, and I went over to Sarah and Emily and told them how sorry we were and asked if they would forgive us. They said they would and I suggested that we all hangout and get to know Sarah. We agreed to meet up after school.

We are now really good friends with Sarah and she is really nice! I have learned to be a lot nicer to everyone and treat others the way I would want to be treated.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

My name is Auggie Jones. I just moved to St. Goerge with my family and I love to play baseball. I used to play in my old neighborhood. And I wanted to join a new baseball team because I just moved. We were looking for teams with my age group but they were all full. There was one team I could join but they were all too little. So I decided that I wanted to join the older kids team. It was my first day going to baseball practice and I was very nervous. I got there and saw my new team and turned to my mom and said, "I don't want to do this." I was so nervous. I introduced myself and the coach was very nice and so were the players. There was one kid named Wells and he asked to be my friend. Me and Wells became friends super fast. It turns out we had a lot in common. We started hanging out and played baseball a lot together. Until this really tall kid walked up to me at baseball practice, and Wells told me to run but I didn't listen. Wells whispered to me, "That's the coach's son, you don't want to mess with him." "His name is Preston. He isn't very nice." said Ollie. So I went up to him and talked to him, I said hi and he ignored me and walked off. I tried to tell him in the nicest way I could that we're a team, and we need to stick together. He started to laugh and walked away so I just stood there. Then a few days later we had our first baseball game, it was the last inning and I was up to bat. I hit the ball thinking I would miss but I hit it far and ran home. I looked at the other team's faces and they were in surprise, including Preston's. Our team lost by one point but Preston gave me a high five and was happy for me, and told me good job. I love my new baseball team and I'm excited to start off this season.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME

By Mark Petersen

It all started with dad saying “we’re going on a road trip” we all moaned “why”. “Because I said so, that’s why” dad said. Then we got in the car and we were on the road for about an hour and a half then we started to slow down and my sibling and I looked at each other “oh no” we said then dad said that “we are out of gas!” Next dad gets out and starts to walk to the nearest gas station. Mom tried to keep us entertained by playing games with us. I just turned on some Netflix. While I was watching Netflix dad got back with the gas. He put the gas in the car then said “we have to go to the gas station to top off” we got there filled up then went home. When we got home I got on the couch and watched some Netflix.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

My name is Emily and when i was 15 years old, I got bullied a lot and I have no friends. I walked to school one day and I tripped on a rock. I face planted into the ground and everyone started laughing except for Jessie. The most popular girl in Roxford high. “Here” She said as she gave me her hand and helped me up. “Thanks, My name is Emily.” I said as I got up. “Cool shoes” she said.

“Thanks, I like your hair.” Her hair was tied in a half-up half-down. We started to walk to the front doors when she asked me if I wanted to sit with her and her friends at lunch. “Sure!” I said, as I felt like it was a trick, but when it was lunch time, we found a table and sat down. Luke and Max sat down with us. Jessie and I were goofing around and were laughing when all of a sudden, some people walked over and started making fun of me. Jessie got up and defended me “Hey! Can you stop? Leave her alone!!”. We got up and left the cafeteria. At the end of the day, we walked home together.

“Do you want to hang out today?” I asked her. “Yea!” she said. After that we did everything together. We became best friends. We had sleepovers, we went on trips together, and spent all of the summer together. Jessie, Luke, Max, and I grew up together. We are seniors now, and we are all going to different colleges. I was so happy for Jessie when she found out she was valedictorian and at graduation she gave a speech.

“If you find a friend that will protect you, care for you, hug you when you cry, keep tight of that friend... because you probably found your new best friend. When I was 10, I got bullied a lot. People called me names and stole my stuff. They would laugh when I got hurt and made fun of my shoes. I had pink bow-topped slip ons. People hurt me so bad that they made me cry so much when I would get home from school. Nobody did anything to stop it. They just stood around and stared at me. I found myself standing up to them. They didn’t bother me

anymore. I found real friends” She looked at Luke and Max. “And when I saw the girl everyone made fun of fall at school 3 years ago, I knew right then and there I should help her, and that’s the thing nobody did for me. I made a best friend that day.” I looked at everyone in the crowd, bawling their eyes out. I was so lucky to have Jessie with me 3 years ago.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Hope and the realization

Me and my grandma are best friends.
As I got older our connection
Grew stronger.
We live in california so we would,
Go to the beach almost every weekend.

All my best life moments
Have been with her.
My best birthday was with her
And everything we did was as fun
As that.
I love her.

But one day my grandma
Got sick.
The sickness was contagious.
So I could never see her.
Everyone tried to comfort me,
But I didn't want anybody to
Comfort me.

I never get to spend time with
Her or even see her.
I cried for days and days

And never stopped.
I didn't want anybody to talk to me.

I got see her one last time
She died that passed week
I was only 17 years old and
One of my best friends (My grandma) died.
I loved her.
I acted like I was happy and like
Nothing ever happened, but
Really I was so sad.

And a couple weeks later after that
I finally had a breakdown
And this time I cried for hours and days
And maybe even weeks.
I finally got my emotions out.

I was still sad for a couple of years,
But then I finally realized that
That's just what happens
There are moments that you
Want to remember, but
Sometimes they just go away.

After that I was happier
And I made new friends,
I have moved on, but
I have still been very sad
But that's ok.

The End

By: Mya Placher

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

I knew I would regret going.

Zane insisted that I come.

“This is the field trip we have all been waiting for!” he said every day for the past month.

The bus ride was long and bumpy.

The smell of body odor hovered in the air.

The bus was full of kids chatting with excitement.

except for me.

I was not excited.

Terrified was more like it.

But I can't admit that.

It was just a ride.

How can it be scary?

I am afraid I was about to find out.

The bus came to a screeching halt.

Kids spilled out and raced to the entrance.

“Hurry up! Let's be the first in line for the Naildriver!” yelled joey.

I reluctantly followed him into the park.

My friends had grown impatient with me.

I had pulled every stalling tactic that I knew.
They were ready to ditch me.
It was then that I realized I need to face my fear.
I just needed to do it and go on the ride.

Once in line for the Naildriver, I could only think of my nerves.
“Why did I ever agree to do this?” I questioned myself.
I wanted to run away but it was too late.

We loaded the ride.
My heart was pounding like a boxing match.
The clatter of the track had me silently composing my last words.
“I can do this, I can do this” I muttered under my breath.
I feared my life was about to end.

I was petrified as the car twisted and turned.
The track plummeted downward and I remained frozen.
It wasn't until after the second loop that I finally took a breath.
Was that a smile on my face?
Was this actually fun?

The ride was over before I knew it.
I had survived and it really wasn't that bad.
I may have psyched myself out.
But who doesn't every now and then?
Note to self: next time, just close your eyes.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

one day the corona happened and school was canceled then later I was told to stay home then something happened we had to do school at home.

school was canceled, I was happy I thought it was going to be a great time. I would have a lot of free time. What would I even do?

I was told we had to stay home, I could not hang out with my friends, It would be very boring, I had nothing to do.

we had to do school at home, It was long, very long, it was hard, and confusing.

I got food from the school, my sister says it is the best day ever, it was the most interesting day ever, the food was great.

The whole family came to my house. I was excited, I remembered the last time when great grandma June came over she got Me, Madison, Kyler Hudson got the worst gifts and Abby got the best gift.

We all went to my room to discuss our plan. We would act like we loved the gifts and we would actually wear or use the things that she got us.

When we went downstairs and great grandma June said that "I got you a present" and we all looked at each other. She told our parents that the kids will open their presents after dinner.

As we went down to dinner There were cookies for dessert and we all decided that we would eat in my room and find a way to not get lectured.

As we ate we had to find a way not to wear those sweaters that she got us so we decided to hide the sweaters and when we needed to wear the sweaters we would pretend to not know where they are.

When we decided we would see what's going on downstairs Great Grandma June said "You guys can now open your presents".

We started to open the present and I got this ugly brown sweater and Maddison got this green sweater, Kyler got this very ugly hot pink sweater. I absolutely hated Hudson's It was rainbow.

We said thank you to great grandma June and we ran upstairs to hide the sweaters from the adults and Abby got 200\$ and the adults called us down to take a picture in our sweaters and we said that we forgot where we put the sweaters.

The adults were looking for the sweaters and they found them and they said that we would have to be lectured and we would have to wear the sweaters to school and we would have to wear the sweater.

We all got in trouble except Abby and everyone got a cookie except us and it wasn't fair. We didn't like the sweaters.

Then we went to the room and we got lectured by our parents that it was not fun. They said be grateful for everything you have.

My mom and aunts said that we would have to be grounded and we would have to wear the sweaters to school.

We went to school and I felt bad for Hudson because his sweater was bright pink.

When Hudson and Kyler came to school everybody laughed at them because their sweaters had such bright colors and they never wore colors like bright pink and rainbow.

We all learned that we should be thankful for everything we have and we were trying to be nice to Great Grandma June.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Can't Sleep

Dang it! Mom says it's time for bed, but I can't sleep.
I keep tossing and turning. Wait, mom forgot to take my phone tonight.
It's youtube time! I watch one video. Two videos. Three vid . . .
Busted!

“Give me the phone,” mom says.

“What phone?”

She's not buying it. I hand her the phone like I'm giving up my most prized possession.

“Now, quit messing around, Danny and Go. To. Sleep.”

Now what? I still can't sleep. I spot my computer.

Time for some Minecraft.

20 minutes later . . .

Oh Crap. Mom's coming. I rush to get back onto the top bunk. Too late.
Busted again!

“Danny. Do not get out of that bed again,” mom says.

“If you get on that computer again, you'll be banned from all screens.

Now, GO TO SLEEP!” she yells so loudly some of you may think it's another earthquake.

10 minutes later . . .

I still can not sleep. I'm hungry. I wish I had some chips.

That's it! I'll just make some chips.

I tiptoe into the kitchen. After peeling and cutting a potato very thin, I put the slices into some hot oil on the stove. I can't wait. This is going to be tasty.

Count puppies! Really? She always tells me to count puppies.
That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. I've never actually done it.
There's just no way that would ever work.
I go to my room and climb back into bed. I'm so tired.

30 minutes later . . .

I still can't sleep. What time is it?

2AM? Oh man. I've got to go to sleep.

I'll try anything.

Dear God, . . . one puppy . . . please help me to go to sleep . . . two
puppies. . . and not have any more bad dreams . . . three pup . . .

"Danny! Hurry and get up. You're going to be late," mom says, shaking
me. I pretend I don't hear her. She leaves the room.

5 seconds later . . .

"WHY DOES THE HOUSE SMELL LIKE BURNT OIL?"

My eyes pop open.

Busted!

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Flour, powder and dust. Eggs, liquid, and many other ingredients. I feel myself being formed, a dough coming to a rise.

I am done. My pan is grabbed as I enter colder air. I miss the heat, but otherwise I would burn. I am light and fluffy.

I am cut to pieces, thick slices. I am spread with warm butter, and I am gone. I become another slice, put into a small bag. I am sealed shut, and forgotten. I feel myself growing older and older. until I am stale. I am a rock.

People don't want me. I am an old piece of a forgotten mistake, I am bread.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Sliping, Sliding, Roller Skates

It's Christmas morning, "What did I get?"
I see a big box with a huge ribbon on top.

my sister, Caroline has one too. "What could it be?" We rip off the wrapping paper and look inside. It's... wait... we want to open them together, she can't get the box open, Mom has to help her. Finally, 1,2,3... open....it's.....

ROLLER SKATES!!!! Mine are purple and Caroline's are pink. I put them on and stand up S L I P ! Ouch!!

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| I Immediately fall. | This is harder than I |
| thought it would | be. Keeping balance, |
| slowly pushing | your feet. Push one, |
| second foot forward, | WOBBLE!! AHFFFH! |

"Should I go
downstairs
where the
carpet is?"

YES!!! This makes it much slower. I can go all the way down the hall without falling. Getting faster!!! Faster!!! FASTER!!!!

"Should I try it on the hardwood floor again?"

Oh, this is better. I try balancing on one foot.

YES! I can do it. Now I try a S Yes!

SUCCESS!! N P

I

I am getting this now. This is so much fun! "Do I try going outside?" It might be harder. There won't be any furniture to run into to stop my fall. The fall could hurt a lot more. On the other hand, I could go a lot faster. I could do A lot more tricks. It could be a lot of fun. "What should I do??"

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| I will go... I can't | stay inside forever. |
| I will spin, I will glide, | I will show my sister |
| what a true skater | can do. She will be |
| so jealous. I'm goin!!! | WHAT!! It's snowing!! |

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

One ordinary Friday in March I went to school, but little did I know this would be the last day I attended 6th grade. The next day I found out I would not be returning to 6th grade until April 1st. For a week or two, I continued my daily life free from school, then my family started to get sick of each other. And to make matters worse homeschool started!

At first home school was fun but things started getting worse and worse and worse. I'm always annoyed with my little sister, but my annoyance went to a whole new level. And to top it off I started to be annoyed with my brother too. I was so annoyed with them I was even excited to go back to school, if only we could end the coronavirus.

The recess was extended until May 1st; how could this happen?!?!? More time with my family only enhanced my annoyance. To escape them I watched some YouTube and some tv.

When I thought it could not get any worse, we found out we were not going back to school for the rest of the school year. Then on April Fools Day, my dad pranked me with something saying that we would repeat our current grade next year. On Easter we had a lot of fun (and chocolate). In my spare time I play Minecraft.

April 15 was my brother's 4th birthday. He opened presents and had fun playing with them. We went to a place called Cross E Ranch where we were able to see many baby animals on a drive through tour. When we got home we ate pizza and cake and had a fun time.

the end

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Tessa the runaway

One day, Tessa came home from grabbing some food from the market. She sees her parents lying on the floor, dead. Tessa knew they were sick, but didn't know they were this sick.

Two mean looking men rushed into the small house, grabbing the bodies of Tessa's parents. Tessa fell to the ground crying, she noticed a small bag on the floor. She placed some food in the bag, along with some clothes. She wipes her tears and runs out of the house. She could barely see because her eyes were fogged up by her tears. She felt a big smash. Her eyes closed. When they opened she saw a young girl standing in front of her. The girl was crying. "Are you alright?" Tessa asks. The girl said her name was Lilly. She also told her about how she ran away from the orphanage. Tessa told her about how her parents died, of a horrible sickness. The two girls became good friends. They earned food by begging on the streets. They begged, they acted, they even stole. Every day Tessa thought about her parents, she was sad, but was happy to have a friend. Tessa and Lily made enough money to buy food for themselves everyday. Tessa was very happy with Lilly. They became closer everyday.

Everyday the two girls did the same thing. Begged, acted, and even stole. Yet they were happy together. Eventually, when they got older, they had enough money to buy a very small house. They were still very happy together.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

The Difference

Hi im John, I was born in Denver Colorado
in 2004 with Autism.

I grew up being different than every other kid
kids would call me names,
and I didn't have any friends.

When I was 13 my parents decided to send me to middle school
when I got there everybody stared at me,
because of the Pokemon shirt I was wearing.
When I got to my class there was only one seat,
so I took it the kid next to me started calling me names, and making fun
of me.

I told my parents, and they talked to the school.
Jack got in a lot of trouble,
but at lunch the next day they threw food at me,
because I told on them.

After school they put me in the dumpster,
and I was to scared to tell my parents,
because I thought it would happen again.

The next week a new kid named Henry came to my school,
and he reached out to be my friend.

I finally had someone to sit at with lunch,
and my first friend in my whole life.

But the

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Quarantine

I'd never thought it would come to this,

Sitting on you computer doing school work all day,

before all of this, covid 19 seemed like a small issue that the world would fix,

I was wrong, I think this is the worst that could ever happen. STAYING AT HOME!

before all of this I was at school on a friday I left to go skiing (which I fully regret now.) The next day I heard we would not be going back to school for 2 weeks, "awesome" I thought to myself until of course I heard that we still had to do school at home. After a couple of days doing this I started wishing for more school. Not just to see other people than my siblings (who by the way have been really hard to cooperate with) but also to get back to all the fun activities that you get to do in 6th grade.

Last day of quarantine and I am ready to go back to school. I looked at my phone to see the news and then I saw this, "Governor Herbert extends quarantine to May 1st." I cried "Why me Why me!" So, I decided to go outside and jump on the tramp and play basketball. I was

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO” I yelled.

The end by Zack Jackson.

Type your final draft narrative monologue below OR if you are drawing a concrete poem, take a picture of it and email it to me at either: acriswell@graniteschools.org or acriswell@granitesd.org

Be you!

I started off like a normal day,
wake up, brush your hair, eat breakfast,
brush your teeth, get dressed, go to school.
There was just one thing that was different,
I got a new shirt, and I was so excited to show
my BFF Tanya!

I just got to school and there she was,
waiting for me. When I showed her my
shirt she said, “ That shirt looks horrible
with your complexion, never wear it again.”
For the rest of the day I felt very self-conscious
and I wore a jacket over my shirt so nobody would
see it.

The next day, I had just done a new hairstyle
that took me forever to do. I was so excited
to show Tayna, but when I got to school she
said, “ Your hair is so messy and it looks horrible,
Who did your hair, your little sister? You need to
take this out if you don’t want to look homeless.”.
So she took me to the bathroom and took out my hair.

After school, I came home bawling and locked myself
in my room, my mom came running to my room and said,
“Honey what is wrong, you don’t have to let me in, but
at least tell me.” I told her everything Tayna had said to me.

She said, “ Oh honey, that is horrible, but tomorrow I want you to go to school in your new shirt and your new hairdo you did this morning, and if she says anything tell her to stop making you feel bad about the way you look, and that true beauty is on the inside not the outside.”

I went to school in my new shirt and in my new hairdo with my head held high. When Tayna saw me she said I looked ugly and to change but I told her, “Stop making me feel bad about the way I look, true beauty is on the inside not the outside.” She stood there and said, “If you aren’t going to change we can’t be friends because I can’t be seen with someone who looks like that (she points at me and moves her finger up and down).” Later that day a group of people asked me if I wanted to hang out with them after school and I said, “yeah”. I finally have good friends, that I can be myself around!

