An Introduction into the Genre Study Process:  
Short Story: A Ninth Grade Genre Study

“Freedom involves the ability to imagine that things could be otherwise. Fiction writing, when we pursue it as inquiry, gives us an opportunity to exercise that ability.”  
- Randy Bomer

**Genre**

What is genre?

In its most basic form, genre can be defined as a type of text. It is the way in which texts are categorized and differentiated. Readers depend on genre to indicate the form and function of a text. In “What We Know about Genres, and How It Can Help Us Assign and Evaluate Writing,” Charles R. Cooper defines genre as, “types of writing produced everyday in our culture, types of writing that make possible certain kinds of learning and social interaction” (25). As educators, we must come to the realization that genre is a key component of writing instruction. Rather than thinking of genre as a constraint or rigid structure to follow, we must acknowledge the fact that genre allows us to think, learn, and communicate more effectively.

**Characteristics of genre:**

*Social*: Genres emerge from social interactions and the need to communicate. Members of a society recognize its genres, benefit from them, and value them. Knowledge of genres is essential to reading and writing, making reading comprehensible and writing possible.

*Communal*: Genres may be locally or narrowly communal, making possible specialized communication within various communities or groups.

*Situational*: Genres develop in recurring, concrete social situations where people must communicate with one another in writing.

*Functional*: Genres serve a particular purpose, filling a recurring social need.

*Structured*: Genre cannot be reduced to a reproducible formula, yet its main features can be described.

*Stable*: Genres emerge, merge, evolve, and disappear but very slowly, if at all, over many decades or even centuries, even as experimental writers continually push the constraints and boundaries of genres. (Cooper 25)
Why is genre important?

Contrary to more traditional forms of subject-based and/or text-based writing instruction, genre study puts genre at the center of the lesson. According to Randy Bomer’s *Time for Meaning: Crafting Literate Lives in Middle & High School*, “The most basic tool for a literate imagination, the fundamental shaping force, is genre” (116). The genre study method is far more engaging for students. It allows them to explore an entire category of texts. This allows students to discover texts they enjoy and write about topics of their choosing. The only imperative is that they stay within the bounds of the genre.

Unbeknownst to many readers, genre is the first thing they notice about a text. According to Bomer, it is indicative of what the reader does and does not expect from whatever he or she is reading:

When as readers we come across a text, one of the first things we do (automatically, unconsciously) is assess its genre and create a stance for ourselves as readers based on its kind…so even before we look at it, we have oriented ourselves to ways of reading that genre and will read it only with those questions in mind…Every piece of writing, every text we read, comes to us as both a text – the piece it is – and a kind of text – an instance of genre. And what kind of thing it is puts some limits on what we expect to find their. Genre, an oft-overlooked cuing system in reading, constrains our prediction, lays down a track for our reading. (117)

Genre provides students with a basic outline of the text they will be reading and eventually constructing. Bomer sums up the methodology quite nicely when he says, “I bring the form, and they bring the content” (120). By teaching an entire category of writing instead of teaching how to write about a single subject or text, educators are ensuring that students can read, think, collaborate, and compose. Educators are thus equipped to tackle a multitude of complex concepts through a single approach. Genre study is applicable to any genre, as the approach stays more or less the same. Genre instruction teaches a learning process. It is life instruction in the classroom.

Why short story?

When selecting a genre, it is best to choose one that students find both accessible and enjoyable. It is equally important to keep the genre study broad. The idea is to let students explore. A narrow subgenre will limit the writing territory of the student. Fortunately, short story is a broad genre that typically calls for a sense of realism. Realism is important when attempting a genre study. It allows students to draw from what they know. As Bomer explains, a sense of realism is essential when trying to construct a short story for the first time:

In a fiction genre study, as in the rest of my work, I try to keep students focused on the ordinary desires needs, and conflicts they know from their own lives, from the lives of friends, and from the realistic fiction we read
together. Their characters need to be trying to do something, they need to be agents, and writers can depend on life as they know it to give them obstacles as well as victories. (142)

Bomer makes an excellent point. As students attempt to write short story for the first time, they will need a deep well to draw from. It is important to encourage students to write with passion and their lives provide a concrete and ever present source of information.

Genre study is indicative of the shift away from subject and text based writing instruction. The method exposes students to an entire genre, rather than a single subject or text within a genre. Given the fact that students are being exposed to a wealth of information, the best types of texts for genre study are short. Both novel and novella are impractical because there is no conceivable way a student could read and comprehend multiple examples or write a polished draft in the time available. Short story is perfect because it conforms to time constraints and features many of the same elements present in novel and novella.

NYS ELA Standards the genre study addresses:

**Standard 1**: Students will read, write, listen, and speak for information and understanding.

As listeners and readers, students will collect data, facts, and ideas; discover relationships, concepts, and generalizations; and use knowledge generated from oral, written, and electronically produced texts. As speakers and writers, they will use oral and written language to acquire, interpret, apply, and transmit information.

**Standard 2**: Students will read, write, listen, and speak for literary response and expression.

Students will read and listen to oral, written, and electronically produced texts and performances, relate texts and performances to their own lives, and develop an understanding of the diverse social, historical, and cultural dimensions the texts and performances represent. As speakers and writers, students will use oral and written language for self-expression and artistic creation.

**Standard 3**: Students will read, write, listen, and speak for critical analysis and evaluation.

As listeners and readers, students will analyze experiences, ideas, information, and issues presented by others using a variety of established criteria. As speakers and writers, they will present, in oral and written language and from a variety of perspectives, their opinions and judgments on experiences, ideas, information and issues.

**Standard 4**: Students will read, write, listen, and speak for social interaction.
Students will use oral and written language for effective social communication with a wide variety of people. As readers and listeners, they will use the social communications of others to enrich their understanding of people and their views.

**The Genre Study Process**

1. Introducing Short Story

   Short story should be introduced through models. In her book, *In the Middle: New Understandings about Writing, Reading, and Learning*, Nancy Atwell refers to exemplary models as touchstone texts. Sherman Alexie’s “Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at Woodstock” (Appendix A) is a consummate example of a short story written by an accomplished author. It is perfect for a ninth grade classroom because it is compelling and the story is told through the eyes of a young adult. The short story is also accessible and can be read in less than one forty minute class period.

   Atwell stresses the importance of the writer’s notebook throughout *In the Middle: New Understandings about Writing, Reading, and Learning*. Writers’ notebooks allow students to document and keep track of their writing territories. Atwell defines writing territories as, “the latest version of the running list I keep of my territories as a writer. These include subjects I’ve written about or might like to, genres I’ve written in or would like to try, and audiences for whom I write or would like to. The list of territories represents my self-portrait as a writer. Because I use it as a model for kids to learn from, I try to make it personal, specific, diverse, and unpretentious: ideas of mine that might generate ideas of theirs” (120). The teacher should model the behaviors of a writer. Thus, the teacher and each student should acquire and make diligent use of a writer’s notebook.

   The teacher begins the short story genre study by reading “Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at Woodstock.” The teacher should emphasize tone, inflection, and intonation while reading the touchstone text aloud. It should result in an engaging experience for the students who are expected to follow along in their copies of the story. By modeling an appropriate and engaging way to read a short story, the teacher is demonstrating what kind of performance will be expected of students when they read their short stories to the class. Genre study demands student involvement, students will be more engaged if the teacher shows a passionate interest in the touchstone texts as well as the genre itself. The teacher should choose useful touchstone texts that he or she believes the students will enjoy. Passion is a must!

**Importance of providing models:**

Students need models! This cannot be emphasized enough. Touchstone texts, writer’s notebooks, and a collective classroom atmosphere will allow students to interpret the genre for themselves.

It is perfectly acceptable for students to use their own metalanguage to accomplish this task. It is essential that students gain a fundamental understanding of short story through
the touchstone texts. Within “What We Know about Genres, and How It Can Help Us Assign and Evaluate Writing,” Cooper outlines the best method of introducing touchstone texts:

Students begin by discussing brief, accessible published examples of texts...Three to five carefully chosen examples open up most of the possibilities of the genre. An exemplary student essay or two can be added into the mix. Students can learn about a written genre only if they read it-and reread and talk about it. (47)

Modeling is not only an excellent way to introduce a genre, but it sets the standard for sample texts that the students will procure on their own. Without an introduction to the types of short stories the teacher expects, the students will conduct an exhaustive blind search. Touchstone texts for short story are as follows:

“Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at Woodstock” by Sherman Alexie (Appendix A)

“The Lottery” by Shirley Jackson (Appendix B)

“The Door That Never Should Have Been Opened” by Olivia L. (Appendix C)


When Jealous Girlfriends Attack by nachos_loving_dork (Appendix E)

These short stories are representative of unique aspects of short story. They each exhibit a sense of realism, yet each has unique traits that a broad student body will find fascinating.

**Reading professionally written short stories:**

As the teacher reads each of the first two professionally written short stories, students follow along in their own individual copies. After following along, they are to spend five to ten minutes describing the elements of a short story in their writer’s notebooks. Then, as a whole, the class will contribute the elements of a short story in their own language as the teacher lists them on the board. Each student is expected to contribute and it is sufficient for students to use their own metalanguage because it will ensure that they internalize the basic elements of the short story genre. The teacher should fill in the gaps only after the students have already compiled and exhausted their own list on the board. A list of possible teacher contributions is chronicled in Appendix F. Before leaving class, students will be expected to write a few brief responses to the short stories in their writer’s notebooks using the following prompts:
My favorite character is…; I related most to…; My least favorite character was…; I could not entirely relate to…; If I were ______ I would have…; If I were _____ I would not have; etc.

This exercise should last approximately two forty minute class periods, one per professionally written short story. From this point forward, students will be expected to use their writer’s notebooks as a guide to the literary elements of short story.

**Reading student written short stories:**

Each student will receive a short story written by a high school student (See Appendix C-E). The class will then spend ten to fifteen minutes reading silently. Each student will then spend approximately five to ten minutes responding to the following prompts in their writer’s notebook:

Please provide one example of how the author:

develops the main character?
provides details on character and setting?
shows rather than tells?
informs the reader of the past?
makes reference to the senses?
maintains a certain point of view?
portrays conflict?
makes use of dialogue?

Are there any other tools the writer uses that are not stated above that the author uses? If so, please elaborate in your own words…

The teacher must display a list of definitions on the smart board or chalkboard during this activity. Students are not expected to know or memorize each of these literary terms. The prompts are only intended to familiarization students with the type of language associated with literary analysis.

Students are then divided into small groups of no more than five based on the title of their story. Each group will be assigned a designated “note taker” and “time keeper” to help the group stay on task. The group is then expected to compare their notes and discuss the writing based on the prompts given to them. The group is to come to a consensus on whether or not they liked the short story and why. Each group will present their findings to the class the following day. The in-class presentations are intended to build interest in the short story genre while stimulating students to read and share each other’s short stories. This exercise should take approximately two forty minute class periods.

**2. Have Students Gather Sample Short Stories**
The true value of a genre study is that it fosters student discovery. After introducing short story via the touchstone texts, the teacher must dutifully encourage students to seek out examples of short story themselves. By embarking on a genre study, the teacher is intentionally attempting to construct a classroom community, one in which student input is highly valued. Therefore, it is crucial that students participate in the social classroom environment. The teacher will assign students the task of discovering and carefully selecting one “beyond awesome short story” that they will present to their peers. The teacher should allocate a computer lab and one forty minute class period for this activity. Students can then be directed to websites like teenink.com as well as past class anthologies. If actively pursued, genre study can develop into a cyclical class resource. The teacher should consider a website containing anthologies of past classes.

After discovering their “BASS”, students will be expected to write a one page write-up in their writer’s notebook that illustrates why they selected their “BASS.” One paragraph of synopsis and one paragraph of opinion are quite sufficient. This informal write-up will serve as the basis for their small group work. After being assigned to small groups, the students will meet and deliver a brief summation of their short story and why they chose it. The group will then be expected to evaluate whether or not the short story meets the qualifications of the genre as well as whether or not it can be considered a “BASS.” The teacher should encourage a class debate to develop as groups openly share their opinions of what short story should and should not be. This activity should take one forty minute class period.

3. Elements of Short Story

It is impractical to supply students with an entire list of literary elements with the expectation that they will memorize and/or utilize them. Students must discover literary elements, or writer’s tools, for themselves through their reading. The best way to begin a discussion of literary elements is to ask students to provide examples they have written down in their writer’s notebooks. At this point in the genre study, students will have observed a number of tools writers use via the touchstone texts. The teacher can only provide a comprehensive list of short story elements after students have already synthesized their own meanings and found pertinent examples in the touchstone texts. Then, after providing such a handout, the teacher should take the time to show the students examples of the literary elements via at least one touchstone text. For a list of literary elements of short story, see Appendix F.

4. Lessons/Planning

When it comes to composing short story, planning is the most integral part of the process. Students must learn to rely on their writer’s notebooks, as they will serve as the cornerstone of their writing. In their notebooks, students should spend a significant amount of time on character and setting. Characters and the setting are the two largest obstacles to tackle when attempting a short story. Being that they are the two most basic elements of a short story, they also provide ninth grade students with a perfect place to begin the planning process. Other elements can be taught later as opportunities arise. Although they were fun to observe as a class in the touchstone texts, the teacher refrain
from jumping ahead. The teacher should wait until individual conferences to propose ideas like dialogue, flashback, foreshadowing, metaphor, narration, personification, point-of-view, etc. These more complex elements should be introduced later through minilessons, teachable moments, and individual conferences.

Lesson 1: Character

A lesson on character is the best place to initiate the planning process. First, the teacher should reference the touchstone texts and ask for student input on what makes an exceptional character. The teacher should provide prompts like:

- What character was most memorable?
- What character did you like?
- What character did you hate?
- Were any characters unnecessary?
- What character made the story for you?

After the students provide specific examples from the touchstone texts, the teacher will develop a character with the students. The teacher must model his or her own writing process for the students. The teacher should briefly model the way her or she develops a character for the students. First the teacher gives the character a name by asking the students for contributions. A student shouts out “Richard!” After writing the name on the board, the teacher should ask for “realistic” attributes. Key the students in by asking things like, “What things about Richard make him a real person? What things make him just like you folks?” One student shouts, “He’s a football star,” the next shouts, “He’s insecure,” and the next “Yea, he’s a dork!” Here is where the teacher must stop discussion.

When designing a character, the teacher has to emphasize that the “design team” has to reserve assigning judgments. Students have to get to know the character before they can judge them. The teacher should emphasize getting the basics down first. This should emphasize that the character needs to be real and concrete in his or her fictional world. The teacher should also emphasize that characters be age appropriate. Students should build a relationship with their characters. This is precisely why the touchstone texts for the genre study in short story should depict the young adult perspective.

As the class collaborates and the list on the board grows, the teacher must ask the students questions. It is imperative that they delve deep into their characters, even the secondary ones. Therefore, the teacher should ask questions about Richard:

- Why is he a basketball star?
- Does he have any other talents?
- What position does he play?
- Why is he insecure if he is so talented?
- Is he honest, intelligent, social, and/or trustworthy?
- What is his family life like?
- Is he someone you’d want to be friends with?
These are all the types of questions students will have to answer about the characters they are constructing. They should get to know their characters inside and out. The teacher must motivate students to continuously revise and develop their characters in their writer’s notebook. Students should also be provided with a plethora of graphic organizers to help them through this process (See Appendix G). This exercise should last at least one to two class periods.

By conducting these activities, students will begin to have an idea of what they are moving towards. For the beginner, character should be the driving force in a short story. The plot will develop based upon his or her actions within the setting. According to Randy Bommer, students should also address issues like, “‘loves,’ ‘fears,’ ‘needs,’ ‘places he feels safe,’ ‘places that are dangerous,’ ‘important objects,’ ‘important people in his life,’” and so on” (141). It is critical that students recognize the importance of each character. Even though some are better defined than others, they are all equally important. Sherman Alexies “My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ at Woodstock” is the perfect example to demonstrate the issues that Bommer mentions. The teacher should spend at least one class period analyzing the characters in the two professionally written touchstone texts by having students list the attributes of each character in their writer’s notebooks. In a student’s writer’s notebook, the analysis should look something like this:

**Victor:** Loves = Mother and Father
Fears = Father’s alcoholism
Needs = to feel safe
Places he feels safe = in Mother or Father’s arms
Places that are dangerous = with Father when he’s drunk
Important objects = the picture of Father holding the rifle, Father’s Jimi Hendrix tape, Father’s motorcycle, Father himself
Important people in his life: Mother and Father

**Father:** Loves= Alcohol, Jimi Hendrix, Victor, and Mother (in that order)
Fears= Himself
Needs= Alcohol
Places he feels safe= listening to Jimi Hendrix and riding motorcycle
Places that are dangerous= any time he is drunk
Important objects= photo, Jimi Hendrix tape, and motorcycle
Important people in his life= Jimi, Victor, Mother

After students have collaborated with the teacher on the board, they should begin to write down some ideas for their own character. The teacher should urge students to stick to a maximum of three characters at first, as is illustrated in Sherman Alexie’s short story. As students begin this stage of the lesson, they will start to obsess over plot. Unfortunately, once plot develops in a young student’s mind, it becomes a preoccupation that takes hold over the entire story. It is imperative that students do not develop a linear sense of plot until they have a comprehensive understanding of their character and the fictional world in which the character(s) reside. Writer’s notebooks are crucial in this regard. The
teacher should encourage students by allowing them to scribble down plot ideas they want to develop later. The act of getting the ideas off their brain will allow them to stay on task, and the task is character development without a sense of setting or plot yet.

Once students have at least two to three pages of character information down in their notebooks, the teacher must provide ways for them to organize it. The teacher should enlist graphic organizers for this task. The students should be allowed the option of picking and choosing what ones they would like to use. It is also perfectly acceptable for them to develop their own. Some of the students will exhibit discontent when they realize that the graphic organizers are not graded. However, they are a great addition to the writer’s portfolio because they illustrate the planning process. This activity will take at least two class periods.

**Lesson 2: Character Timeline**

After students develop and organize their character’s attributes, it is important for students to develop an understanding of why and how their character has become who they are. Instructing students to construct a timeline of each character’s life is a creative way of building a connection between the character and the setting and plot that are to follow. It will allow students to begin building the backdrop for their short story. According to Bomer, a timeline of the character’s life will inform the setting and plot to come:

> I suggest creating a time line of the character’s life, where they can make up the major events that even if not told in the story, still inform the actions of the character. As we get nearer to the draft, the concrete timeline or outline of the character’s life will in fact help the writers to limit their attention to a single point on the time line, rather than trying to tell everything. (141)

This activity can be conducted in class or as a fun homework assignment. The teacher should encourage students to be as creative as possible. The teacher should envision the walls of his or her classroom filled with colorful timeline posters depicting the fictional lives devised in the students’ minds.

**Lesson 3: Setting and Plot**

Setting can be defined as the place and time that a story occurs. As illustrated in “Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ at Woodstock,” character’s spend much of their time reacting to setting. Therefore it drives the plot. Using Freytag’s Pyramid and Sherman Alexie’s short story, students will develop and understanding of how this occurs.

The teacher should begin class by allotting at least five to ten minutes for each student to chronicle the events of both professionally written touchstone texts in order of time from beginning to end. After rereading “Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ at Woodstock” the class will chart the defining moments of the short story on Freytag’s Pyramid (See
Appendix H). This is to be done as a class, either on the board or using a projector. Initially, students will not understand the definitions of terms like exposition, conflict, rising action, climax, and falling action, but seeing the terms in action will give them a rudimentary understanding of them. One class period is sufficient for this exercise.

To begin the following class, the teacher will give each student a student written touchstone text that they have not read yet. Students will then read the short story silently in their seats. After doing so, they will form small groups based on what text they read. As a group, the students are expected to chart the plot of their student written touchstone text. Each group will illustrate their findings on the board and present them to the class. As students present, they will be encouraged to explain how setting influenced the character’s actions as well as the plot as whole. Students will be expected to explain how time, location, geography, season, historical period, etc. influence their story. This will be done through informal teacher prompts. This is not a graded activity and it is perfectly acceptable for students to feel uncomfortable and/or stumble. The teacher should help the students work through the answers collaboratively as a group. This exercise should take place over approximately two class periods.

5. Inventing and Revision:

As students begin writing their short stories, the teacher must introduce elements that will improve their writing. The best methods for pushing students past their comfort zone are minilessons that address the class and teachable moments through individualized instruction. Through minilessons and individualized instruction, students will learn to develop writing techniques that they are not particularly used to or comfortable using. However, genre study is a method of inquiry. The main idea behind it is that the teacher must push students to explore and discover the elements of the genre. There is no doubt that each student in the class will progress at a different rate. The teacher must set time aside to address the needs of each individual student. There are many aspects of short story that are better taught after students have already begun writing. Initially, it is best for them to focus on character, setting, and plot. It is perfectly acceptable for everything else to come later.

6. Assignment and Steps for Revision

Week 1: On Monday, students Receive Assignment Sheet (See Appendix I) and a copy of Freytag’s Pyramid (See Appendix H). Students are informed that their completed copy of Freytag’s Pyramid is due by the end of the week. Students are informed that their first draft is due next Friday. Students also receive a rubric that is specific to short story. (See Appendix J)

Week 2: On Friday, students bring their first draft to class for multiple peer review. Students are expected to exchange drafts with at least two peers over the forty minute class period. Ideally, each student should have their draft read by 2-3 fellow classmates. Each peer reviewer is expected to fill out a peer review checklist (See Appendix K) and provide commentary on how their classmate can improve his or her short story. The
emphasis is content not grammar and mechanics. Students are informed that their second draft is due the following Monday.

**Week 3:** After collecting the second draft on Monday, the teacher should return them with brief comments on Wednesday. After the teacher returns the draft, he or she should provide minilessons that are applicable to the class as a whole. The teacher cannot predict exactly what minilesson will be beneficial until he or she reads the students’ drafts. However, sample ideas for minilessons are as follows:

- Leads (See Appendix L)
- Character Development
- Conflict
- Descriptive Language

After providing minilesson(s) that are beneficial to the class as a whole, the teacher should make time for individual conferences with students. The students will no doubt have questions about the comments left on their papers. Thursday and Friday should consist of in-class work time as well as individual conference time. It is perfectly acceptable for conference time to run into the following week. It is crucial for students to receive feedback and the process should not be rushed. The teacher should address grammar and mechanical issues at this point in the process so that students have time to make corrections.

**Week 4:** At the beginning of the week, students should be informed that their final draft is due at the end of Week 5. During Week 4, the teacher should continue to address the common mistakes found in students’ short stories and provide ample time for students to continue writing. The teacher should emphasize the correction of common concerns like:

- Teaching students to show, rather than tell the story.
- Using a touchstone text, show students how an overall theme can be developed using character, setting, and plot.
- Showing students how character relationships can be developed through dialogue.
- Teaching students how to allude to their character(s) past.
- Teaching students how to foreshadow or apply suspense to their stories.
- Teaching students how to establish alternate points-of-view.

Given the concerns above, it is worthwhile for the teacher to provide time for one more brief/informal peer review. The teacher should list the above concerns on the board and ask peers to review at least 1-2 of their classmate’s short stories. This extra step is optional, but it would only take one to two forty minute class periods.

**Week 5:** The teacher collects the students’ final draft. The teacher uses the short story rubric (See Appendix J) to grade the final drafts. After grading the drafts, the teacher publishes the students’ short stories in a class anthology.
**Week 6:** Using the recently published class anthology, students read their short story aloud to the class. As they listen, students should each record positive feedback on a slip of paper. On one side of the paper, they are to write their overall interpretation/personal response to the short story. On the other side of the paper, they are to write feedback on the writing itself. (For exact procedure see number 8: Publishing)

7. **The Portfolio**

At the end of the genre study, each student will have compiled a writing portfolio that charts their journey from start to finished product. It works as a justification for the genre study. Students will look back at it and be amazed at how far they have come. The portfolio should ultimately include the students’ writer’s notebook, touchstone texts, drafts, peer review sheets, and final drafts. The portfolio demonstrates how authentic the students’ writing really is. It is a resource that students can hang onto and reference during future academic endeavors.

8. **Publishing**

Like the portfolio, the act of publishing establishes the students’ work as authentic. Publishing can take place in many forms. The students’ contribution to the class anthology is a requirement of the short story genre study. The genre study process demands that each student contribute and be accountable for his or her own work. The fact that publishing is a requirement of the genre study also demands that class time be devoted to acknowledging this accomplishment. The procedure is as follows:

1. Student reads his or her short story aloud to the class.
2. The listening students writer their responses to the piece.
3. The teacher chooses a few volunteers to read their suggestions.
4. Responses are passed to the author.

It is beneficial to keep a copy of the short story anthologies in the classroom as well as the school library. There is nothing wrong with showing off student work, especially when they have spent so much time churning out a final product. Nancy Atwell outlines a number of ways students can go public with their writing. The teacher should provide each and every student with the option of submitting their work for further publication. A number of suggestions from *In the Middle: New Understandings about Writing, Reading, and Learning* as are follows:

- Individual bound books of memoirs, short stories, content area research, poetry, lyrics, etc.
- Individual pieces handwritten or typed then printed or photocopied and shared with friends and families.
Individual pieces of writing intended as gifts for people who writers care about: poems, stories memoirs, letters, and opinions to be presented to someone special.

Submissions to class magazines: collaborations and collections about one theme or exploring one genre.

Submissions to a school literary magazine.

Submissions to magazines that publish student writing.

Submissions to writing contests- local, regional, state, and national.

Intercom or assembly announcements: notices, poems, songs, and stories written by students and shared with the school community.

Displays at public events (e.g., projects featuring writing presented at local fairs and festivals and at the school’s open house).

Writing read aloud to students in other classes.

Writing read aloud to classmates in conferences and during group meetings. (489-491)

Teacher support is critical when students elect to pursue publication. The internet has made literary magazines and writing contests accessible for high school students. Both are excellent ways for student writing to gain exposure and/or the chance to earn money or academic scholarships.

9. Reflecting on the Genre Study

After successfully completing the realistic fiction assignment, students will be asked to reflect on the process of writing realistic fiction. In a one page in-class response, students will be required to answer the following questions:

What is your favorite example of realistic fiction?
How was your notebook beneficial in inventing your piece of fiction?
What was the hardest aspect of writing fiction?
What is something you discovered while writing fiction?
What did you learn about the revision process?
Would you continue to work on your piece of fiction if you had more time?

To conclude the reflection process, students will then be asked to compose a Critical Analysis either comparing or contrasting two short stories they have read through the course of the genre study. (See Appendix N)
I hope educators find this genre study useful in their classroom. After concluding the genre study, students should be encouraged to continue writing independently as well as socially. Writing should be a fun process and students should be encouraged to view it as such!
10. Additional Sources for Educators


(See Appendix M for an additional list of short stories and short story collections)
Works Cited


Appendix A

“Because My Father Always Said He Was the Only Indian Who Saw Jimi Hendrix Play ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ at Woodstock

By Sherman Alexie

BECAUSE MY FATHER ALWAYS SAID HE WAS THE ONLY INDIAN WHO SAW JIMI HENDRIX PLAY “THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER” AT WOODSTOCK

During the sixties, my father was the perfect hippie, since all the hippies were trying to be Indians. Because of that, how could anyone recognize that my father was trying to make a social statement?

But there is evidence, a photograph of my father demonstrating in Spokane, Washington, during the Vietnam war. The photograph made it onto the wire service and was reprinted in newspapers throughout the country. In fact, it was on the cover of Time.

In the photograph, my father is dressed in bell-bottoms and a flowered shirt, his hair in braids, with red peace symbols splashed across his face like war paint. In his hands my father holds a rifle above his head, captured in that moment just before he proceeded to beat the shit out of the National Guard private lying prone on the ground. A fellow demonstrator holds a sign that is just barely visible over my father’s left shoulder. It reads MAKE LOVE NOT WAR.

The photographer won a Pulitzer Prize, and editors across the country had a lot of fun creating captions and headlines. I’ve read many of them collected in my father’s scrapbook, and my favorite was run in the Seattle Times. The caption under the photograph read DEMONSTRATOR GOES TO WAR FOR PEACE. The editors capitalized on my father’s Native American identity with other headlines like ONE WARRIOR AGAINST WAR and PEACEFUL GATHERING TURNS INTO NATIVE UPRISING.

Anyway, my father was arrested, charged with attempted murder, which was reduced to assault with a deadly weapon. It was a high-profile case so my father was used as an example. Convicted and sentenced quickly, he spent two years in Walla Walla State Penitentiary. Although his prison sentence effectively kept him out of the war, my father went through a different kind of war behind bars.

“There was Indian gangs and white gangs and black gangs and Mexican gangs,” he told me once. “And there was somebody new killed every day. We’d hear about somebody getting it in the shower or wherever and the word would go down the line. Just one word. Just the color of his skin. Red, white, black, or brown. Then we’d chalk it up on the mental scoreboard and wait for the next broadcast.”

My father made it through all that, never got into any
serious trouble, somehow avoided rape, and got out of prison just in time to hitchhike to Woodstock to watch Jimi Hendrix play “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

“After all the shit I’d been through,” my father said, “I figured Jimi must have known I was there in the crowd to play something like that. It was exactly how I felt.”

Twenty years later, my father played his Jimi Hendrix tape until it wore down. Over and over, the house filled with the rockets’ red glare and the bombs bursting in air. He’d sit by the stereo with a cooler of beer beside him and cry, laugh, call me over and hold me tight in his arms, his bad breath and body odor covering me like a blanket.

Jimi Hendrix and my father became drinking buddies. Jimi Hendrix waited for my father to come home after a long night of drinking. Here’s how the ceremony worked:

1. I would lie awake all night and listen for the sounds of my father’s pickup.
2. When I heard my father’s pickup, I would run upstairs and throw Jimi’s tape into the stereo.
3. Jimi would bend his guitar into the first note of “The Star-Spangled Banner” just as my father walked inside.
4. My father would weep, attempt to hum along with Jimi, and then pass out with his head on the kitchen table.
5. I would fall asleep under the table with my head near my father’s feet.
6. We’d dream together until the sun came up.

The days after, my father would feel so guilty that he would tell me stories as a means of apology.

“I met your mother at a party in Spokane,” my father told me once. “We were the only two Indians at the party. Maybe the only two Indians in the whole town. I thought she was so beautiful. I figured she was the kind of woman who could make buffalo walk on up to her and give up their lives. She wouldn’t have needed to hunt. Every time we went walking, birds would follow us around. Hell, tumbleweeds would follow us around.”

Somehow my father’s memories of my mother grew more beautiful as their relationship became more hostile. By the time the divorce was final, my mother was quite possibly the most beautiful woman who ever lived.

“Your father was always half crazy,” my mother told me more than once. “And the other half was on medication.”

But she loved him, too, with a ferocity that eventually forced her to leave him. They fought each other with the kind of graceful anger that only love can create. Still, their love was passionate, unpredictable, and selfish. My mother and father would get drunk and leave parties abruptly to go home and make love.

“Don’t tell your father I told you this,” my mother said. “But there must have been a hundred times he passed out on top of me. We’d be right in the middle of it, he’d say I love you, his eyes would roll backwards, and then out went his lights. It sounds strange, I know, but those were good times.”

I was conceived during one of those drunken nights, half of me formed by my father’s whiskey sperm, the other half formed by my mother’s vodka egg. I was born a goofy reservation mixed drink, and my father needed me just as much as he needed every other kind of drink.
One night my father and I were driving home in a near-blizzard after a basketball game, listening to the radio. We didn’t talk much. One, because my father didn’t talk much when he was sober; and two, because Indians don’t need to talk to communicate.

“Hello out there, folks, this is Big Bill Baggins, with the late-night classics show on KROC, 97.2 on your FM dial. We have a request from Betty in Tekoa. She wants to hear Jimi Hendrix’s version of ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ recorded live at Woodstock.”

My father smiled, turned the volume up, and we rode down the highway while Jimi led the way like a snowplow. Until that night, I’d always been neutral about Jimi Hendrix. But, in that near-blizzard with my father at the wheel, with the nervous silence caused by the dangerous roads and Jimi’s guitar, there seemed to be more to all that music. The reverberation came to mean something, took form and function.

That song made me want to learn to play guitar, not because I wanted to be Jimi Hendrix and not because I thought I’d ever play for anyone. I just wanted to touch the strings, to hold the guitar tight against my body, invent a chord, and come closer to what Jimi knew, to what my father knew.

“You know,” I said to my father after the song was over, “my generation of Indian boys ain’t ever had no real war to fight. The first Indians had Custer to fight. My great-grandfather had World War I, my grandfather had World War II, you had Vietnam. All I have is video games.”

My father laughed for a long time, nearly drove off the road into the snowy fields.

“Shit,” he said. “I don’t know why you’re feeling sorry for yourself because you ain’t had to fight a war. You’re lucky. Shit, all you had was that damn Desert Storm. Should have called it Dessert Storm because it just made the fat cats get fatter. It was all sugar and whipped cream with a cherry on top. And besides that, you didn’t even have to fight it. All you lost during that war was sleep because you stayed up all night watching CNN.”

We kept driving through the snow, talked about war and peace.

“That’s all there is,” my father said. “War and peace with nothing in between. It’s always one or the other.”

“You sound like a book,” I said.

“Yeah, well, that’s how it is. Just because it’s in a book doesn’t make it not true. And besides, why the hell would you want to fight a war for this country? It’s been trying to kill Indians since the very beginning. Indians are pretty much born soldiers anyway. Don’t need a uniform to prove it.”

Those were the kinds of conversations that Jimi Hendrix forced us to have. I guess every song has a special meaning for someone somewhere. Elvis Presley is still showing up in 7-11 stores across the country, even though he’s been dead for years, so I figure music just might be the most important thing there is. Music turned my father into a reservation philosopher. Music had powerful medicine.

“I remember the first time your mother and I danced,” my father told me once. “We were in this cowboy bar. We were the only real cowboys there despite the fact that we’re Indians. We danced to a Hank Williams song. Danced to that real sad
one, you know. 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry.' Except your mother and I weren't lonesome or crying. We just shuffled along and fell right goddamn down into love."

"Hank Williams and Jimi Hendrix don't have much in common," I said.

"Hell, yes, they do. They knew all about broken hearts," my father said.

"You sound like a bad movie."

"Yeah, well, that's how it is. You kids today don't know shit about romance. Don't know shit about music either. Especially you Indian kids. You all have been spoiled by those drums. Been hearing them beat so long, you think that's all you need. Hell, son, even an Indian needs a piano or guitar or saxophone now and again."

My father played in a band in high school. He was the drummer. I guess he'd burned out on those. Now, he was like the universal defender of the guitar.

"I remember when your father would haul that old guitar out and play me songs," my mother said. "He couldn't play all that well but he tried. You could see him thinking about what chord he was going to play next. His eyes got all squeezed up and his face turned all red. He kind of looked that way when he kissed me, too. But don't tell him I said that."

Some nights I lay awake and listened to my parents' lovemaking. I know white people keep it quiet, pretend they don't ever make love. My white friends tell me they can't even imagine their own parents getting it on. I know exactly what it sounds like when my parents are touching each other. It makes up for knowing exactly what they sound like when they're fight-

ing. Plus and minus. Add and subtract. It comes out just about even.

Some nights I would fall asleep to the sounds of my parents' lovemaking. I would dream Jimi Hendrix. I could see my father standing in the front row in the dark at Woodstock as Jimi Hendrix played "The Star-Spangled Banner." My mother was at home with me, both of us waiting for my father to find his way back home to the reservation. It's amazing to realize I was alive, breathing and wetting my bed, when Jimi was alive and breaking guitars.

I dreamed my father dancing with all these skinny hippie women, smoking a few joints, dropping acid, laughing when the rain fell. And it did rain there. I've seen actual news footage. I've seen the documentaries. It rained. People had to share food. People got sick. People got married. People cried all kinds of tears.

But as much as I dream about it, I don't have any clue about what it meant for my father to be the only Indian who saw Jimi Hendrix play at Woodstock. And maybe he wasn't the only Indian there. Most likely there were hundreds but my father thought he was the only one. He told me that a million times when he was drunk and a couple hundred times when he was sober.

"I was there," he said. "You got to remember this was near the end and there weren't as many people as before. Not nearly as many. But I waited it out. I waited for Jimi."

A few years back, my father packed up the family and the three of us drove to Seattle to visit Jimi Hendrix's grave. We had our photograph taken lying down next to the grave. There isn't a gravestone there. Just one of those flat markers.
Jimi was twenty-eight when he died. That's younger than Jesus Christ when he died. Younger than my father as we stood over the grave.

"Only the good die young," my father said.

"No," my mother said. "Only the crazy people choke to death on their own vomit."

"Why you talking about my hero that way?" my father asked.

"Shit," my mother said. "Old Jesse WildShoe choked to death on his own vomit and he ain't anybody's hero."

I stood back and watched my parents argue. I was used to these battles. When an Indian marriage starts to fall apart, it's even more destructive and painful than usual. A hundred years ago, an Indian marriage was broken easily. The woman or man just packed up all their possessions and left the tipi. There were no arguments, no discussions. Now, Indians fight their way to the end, holding onto the last good thing, because our whole lives have to do with survival.

After a while, after too much fighting and too many angry words had been exchanged, my father went out and bought a motorcycle. A big bike. He left the house often to ride that thing for hours, sometimes for days. He even strapped an old cassette player to the gas tank so he could listen to music. With that bike, he learned something new about running away. He stopped talking as much, stopped drinking as much. He didn't do much of anything except ride that bike and listen to music.

Then one night my father wrecked his bike on Devil's Gap Road and ended up in the hospital for two months. He broke both his legs, cracked his ribs, and punctured a lung. He also lacerated his kidney. The doctors said he could have died easily. In fact, they were surprised he made it through surgery, let alone survived those first few hours when he lay on the road, bleeding. But I wasn't surprised. That's how my father was.

And even though my mother didn't want to be married to him anymore and his wreck didn't change her mind about that, she still came to see him every day. She sang Indian tunes under her breath, in time with the hum of the machines hooked into my father. Although my father could barely move, he tapped his finger in rhythm.

When he had the strength to finally sit up and talk, hold conversations, and tell stories, he called for me.

"Victor," he said. "Stick with four wheels."

After he began to recover, my mother stopped visiting as often. She helped him through the worst, though. When he didn't need her anymore, she went back to the life she had created. She traveled to powwows, started to dance again. She was a champion traditional dancer when she was younger.

"I remember your mother when she was the best traditional dancer in the world," my father said. "Everyone wanted to call her sweetheart. But she only danced for me. That's how it was. She told me that every other step was just for me."

"But that's only half of the dance," I said.

"Yeah," my father said. "She was keeping the rest for herself. Nobody can give everything away. It ain't healthy."

"You know," I said, "sometimes you sound like you ain't even real."

"What's real? I ain't interested in what's real. I'm interested in how things should be."

My father's mind always worked that way. If you don't
like the things you remember, then all you have to do is change the memories. Instead of remembering the bad things, remember what happened immediately before. That's what I learned from my father. For me, I remember how good the first drink of that Diet Pepsi tasted instead of how my mouth felt when I swallowed a wasp with the second drink.

Because of all that, my father always remembered the second before my mother left him for good and took me with her. No, I remembered the second before my father left my mother and me. No. My mother remembered the second before my father left her to finish raising me all by herself.

But however memory actually worked, it was my father who climbed on his motorcycle, waved to me as I stood in the window, and rode away. He lived in Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, before he finally ended up in Phoenix. For a while, I got postcards nearly every week. Then it was once a month. Then it was on Christmas and my birthday.

On a reservation, Indian men who abandon their children are treated worse than white fathers who do the same thing. It's because white men have been doing that forever and Indian men have just learned how. That's how assimilation can work.

My mother did her best to explain it all to me, although I understood most of what happened.

"Was it because of Jimi Hendrix?" I asked her.

"Part of it, yeah," she said. "This might be the only marriage broken up by a dead guitar player."

"There's a first time for everything, ennit?"

"I guess. Your father just likes being alone more than he likes being with other people. Even me and you."

Sometimes I caught my mother digging through old photo albums or staring at the wall or out the window. She'd get that look on her face that I knew meant she missed my father. Not enough to want him back. She missed him just enough for it to hurt.

On those nights I missed him most I listened to music. Not always Jimi Hendrix. Usually I listened to the blues. Robert Johnson mostly. The first time I heard Robert Johnson sing I knew he understood what it meant to be Indian on the edge of the twenty-first century, even if he was black at the beginning of the twentieth. That must have been how my father felt when he heard Jimi Hendrix. When he stood there in the rain at Woodstock.

Then on the night I missed my father most, when I lay in bed and cried, with that photograph of him beating that National Guard private in my hands, I imagined his motorcycle pulling up outside. I knew I was dreaming it all but I let it be real for a moment.

"Victor," my father yelled. "Let's go for a ride."

"I'll be right down. I need to get my coat on."

I rushed around the house, pulled my shoes and socks on, struggled into my coat, and ran outside to find an empty driveway. It was so quiet, a reservation kind of quiet, where you can hear somebody drinking whiskey on the rocks three miles away. I stood on the porch and waited until my mother came outside.

"Come on back inside," she said. "It's cold."

"No," I said. "I know he's coming back tonight."
My mother didn't say anything. She just wrapped me in
her favorite quilt and went back to sleep. I stood on the porch all night long and imagined I heard motorcycles and guitars, until the sun rose so bright that I knew it was time to go back inside to my mother. She made breakfast for both of us and we ate until we were full.

CRAZY HORSE DREAMS

She tried to stand close to Victor at the fry bread stand, but he moved from open space to open space, between the other Indians eating and drinking, while he hoped the Blackfoot waitress would finally take his order. When he grew tired of the chase, he turned to leave and she was standing there.

"They don't pay you any mind because your hair is too short," she said.

She's too short to be this honest, he thought. Her braids reach down to her waist, but on a tall woman they would be
Appendix B

“The Lottery”
By Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o’clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. But in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o’clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. And their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy”—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. Surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their men folk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother’s grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers. Who had time and energy to devote to civic activities? He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. “Little late today, folks.” The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. And when Mr. Summers said, “Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?” there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and
his oldest son, Baxter came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything’s being done. The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued. Had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers’ coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Grave’s barn and another year underfoot in the post office. And sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families. Heads of households in each family. Members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory. Tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans. With one hand resting carelessly on the black box. He seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.
Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. “Clean forgot what day it was,” she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. “Thought my old man was out back stacking wood,” Mrs. Hutchinson went on. “And then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running.” She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, “You’re in time, though. They’re still talking away up there.”

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said. In voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, “Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson,” and “Bill, she made it after all.” Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, “Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie.” Mrs. Hutchinson said. Grinning, “Wouldn’t have me leave m’ dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?” and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson’s arrival.

“Well, now.” Mr. Summers said soberly, “guess we better get started, get this over with, so’s we can go back to work. Anybody ain’t here?”


Mr. Summers consulted his list. “Clyde Dunbar.” He said. “That’s right. He’s broke his leg, hasn’t he? Who’s drawing for him?”

“Me. I guess,” a woman said. And Mr. Summers turned to look at her. “Wife draws for her husband.” Mr. Summers said. “Don’t you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?” Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

“Horace’s not but sixteen yet.” Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. “Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year.”

“Right.” Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, “Watson boy drawing this year?”

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. “Here,” he said. “I m drawing for my mother and me.” He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said thin#s like “Good fellow, lack.” And “Glad to see your mother’s got a man to do it.”

“Well,” Mr. Summers said, “guess that’s everyone. Old Man Warner make it?”
“Here,” a voice said. And Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. “All ready?” he called. “Now, I’ll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?”

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet. Wetting their lips. Not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, “Adams.” A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. “Hi. Steve.” Mr. Summers said. And Mr. Adams said. “Hi. Joe.” They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd. Where he stood a little apart from his family. Not looking down at his hand.

“Allen.” Mr. Summers said. “Anderson.... Bentham.”

“ Seems like there’s no time at all between lotteries any more.” Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

“Seems like we got through with the last one only last week.”

“Time sure goes fast.—Mrs. Graves said.

“Clark.... Delacroix”

“There goes my old man.” Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

“Dunbar,” Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. “Go on. Janey,” and another said, “There she goes.”

“We’re next.” Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand. Turning them over and over nervously Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

“Harburt.... Hutchinson.”

“Get up there, Bill,” Mrs. Hutchinson said. And the people near her laughed.

“Jones.”
“They do say,” Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, “that over in the north village they’re talking of giving up the lottery.”

Old Man Warner snorted. “Pack of crazy fools,” he said. “Listening to the young folks, nothing’s good enough for them. Next thing you know, they’ll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live hat way for a while. Used to be a saying about ‘Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.’ First thing you know, we’d all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There’s always been a lottery,” he added petulantly. “Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody.”

“Some places have already quit lotteries.” Mrs. Adams said.

“Nothing but trouble in that,” Old Man Warner said stoutly. “Pack of young fools.”

“Martin.” And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. “Overdyke.... Percy.”

“I wish they’d hurry,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. “I wish they’d hurry.”

“They’re almost through,” her son said.

“You get ready to run tell Dad,” Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, “Warner.”

“Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery,” Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. “Seventy-seventh time.”

“Watson” The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, “Don’t be nervous, Jack,” and Mr. Summers said, “Take your time, son.”

“Zanini.”

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers. Holding his slip of paper in the air, said, “All right, fellows.” For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saving. “Who is it?,” “Who’s got it?,” “Is it the Dunbars?,” “Is it the Watsons?” Then the voices began to say, “It’s Hutchinson. It’s Bill,” “Bill Hutchinson’s got it.”

“Go tell your father,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly. Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. “You didn’t give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn’t fair!”
“Be a good sport, Tessie.” Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, “All of us took the same chance.”

“Shut up, Tessie,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“Well, everyone,” Mr. Summers said, “that was done pretty fast, and now we’ve got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time.” He consulted his next list. “Bill,” he said, “you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?”

“There’s Don and Eva,” Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. “Make them take their chance!”

“Daughters draw with their husbands’ families, Tessie,” Mr. Summers said gently. “You know that as well as anyone else.”

“It wasn’t fair,” Tessie said.

“I guess not, Joe.” Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. “My daughter draws with her husband’s family; that’s only fair. And I’ve got no other family except the kids.”

“Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it’s you,” Mr. Summers said in explanation, “and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that’s you, too. Right?”

“Right,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“How many kids, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked formally.

“Three,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“There’s Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me.”

“All right, then,” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you got their tickets back?”

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. “Put them in the box, then,” Mr. Summers directed. “Take Bill’s and put it in.”

“I think we ought to start over,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. “I tell you it wasn’t fair. You didn’t give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that.”

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. And he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. Where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

“Listen, everybody,” Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

“Ready, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked. And Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. Nodded.
“Remember,” Mr. Summers said. “take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave.” Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. “Take a paper out of the box, Davy.” Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. “Take just one paper.” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you hold it for him.” Mr. Graves took the child’s hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

“Nancy next,” Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box “Bill, Jr.,” Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. “Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. And then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

“Bill,” Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, “I hope it’s not Nancy,” and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

“It’s not the way it used to be.” Old Man Warner said clearly. “People ain’t the way they used to be.”

“All right,” Mr. Summers said. “Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave’s.”

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr. opened theirs at the same time. And both beamed and laughed. Turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

“Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

“It’s Tessie,” Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. “Show us her paper. Bill.”

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

“All right, folks.” Mr. Summers said. “Let’s finish quickly.”

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box
Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. “Come on,” she said. “Hurry up.”

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said. Gasping for breath. “I can’t run at all. You’ll have to go ahead and I’ll catch up with you.”

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. “It isn’t fair,” she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, “Come on, come on, everyone.” Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

“It isn’t fair, it isn’t right,” Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.
This all started with a typical day. Just another weekend away with my two best friends. We pushed ourselves into the car and had just started driving when Gina and Lexi told me to pull over. I was already approaching the shoulder of the road when I saw what they were thinking.

Not too far ahead, a man in tattered clothing was walking alongside the road. I couldn’t help but be slightly resentful. “Um…” I tried to say something, but Gina and Lexi were already getting out of the car and retrieving the man. He smelled of beer and some kind of smokey sweet substance. I gave Lexi an unsure glance. “Thanks for the ride,” the man mumbled. There was little to no gratitude in his voice. I forced myself to smile in response.

After a while of driving I realized I had no idea where I was dropping this man off. I hesitantly asked him where he was headed. “Lakeview Hotel,” he replied his deep gravely voice. I almost went into shock. I gripped the steering wheel tightly. We were staying at the Lakeview Hotel. Something was off with this man.

Although I had just wanted to drive in silence I pushed myself to talk to him. “Oh really? Business or pleasure?” I asked with faked pleasantness. “Business,” he grumbled. I nodded. “Who do you work for?” I asked. He chuckled. “For anyone who will pay me.” I didn’t like that answer, but I didn’t want him to think I was afraid of him. We pulled up to the Lakeview Hotel and he shot out of the car with barely a whisper goodbye or a thank you. I glared after this stranger who had been in my car, who my friends had invited to ride with us. A shiver snaked down my spine.

I turned off the engine and turned toward my friends. “What were ya’ll thinking?” I worked hard not to raise my voice. They both looked guilty. A mere shrug was all they offered. I shook my head. “Whatever,” I replied weakly. “Let’s just grab our bags and check in.”

Despite the issue at hand we enjoyed stretching our legs after the drive. Lexi, Gina and I smiled. All was forgiven…for now. The man was in the past, it was time to get our weekend of fun started.

We carried our bags to reception where a young man greeted us. “Good evening, Ladies. Welcome to the Lakeview Hotel. How may I assist you?” He asked. I smiled. “Hi. We have to check-in. The room is under the last name Burrows,” I said casually. The man typed something into his computer and handed us small, smooth, rectangular room keys.
“Enjoy your stay,” he said cheerfully. We took the elevator and walked all over the third floor until we found our room. I beamed. I was ready to get this bag in the room and start looking around but as soon as the door opened Lexi and Gina collapsed on the bed. I frowned, wishing we could start our adventure.

I thought about forcing them to get us and come look around with me but decided against it. “I’m going to look around, I will see y’all later,” I said as I slipped out the door quickly.

I walked all around the hotel. I saw the café on the second floor, the small garden outside and the pool room on the first floor. By the time I was ready to go back I was really tired. I hardly knew where I was going. I just placed one foot in front of the other blindly.

I thought I was getting closer to my room when I saw a door laying wide open. I tiptoed into the room. It was a presidential suite. I knew this wasn’t my room but my curiosity was piqued. I thought briefly about the visitors staying in this room. “Why would they leave the door open?” I questioned. “The maid is probably just cleaning the room…it will be fine,” I told myself in my head.

I walked into the next room. “Are you sure?” A man said. I was too late. I didn’t back up in time, he saw me. I was staring at a guy in a black suit with a black briefcase in his hand and the man I had given a ride to, they were staring back at me. The men looked angry. I tried to run but something hit me on the head….hard. Everything went black and that was how my life ended. I had one last thought….. Or conclusion if you will. One generous act that shouldn’t have been committed, one briefcase I wasn’t supposed to see and a door that never should have been opened. This was what killed me. That and the man who stood by me with blood on his hands.
Appendix D

The Fugitive
By Luke T., Schenectady, NY

Head down, the lone figure darted into the alleyway, breathing heavily. Thick smoke from the city’s abundant factories filled the air like a heavy morning mist on the lake, causing the man to cough violently. Exhausted, Justin collapsed against the wall of a housing complex. He had a gaunt, thin face, a deeply scarred nose. Above him, the rickety buildings reached for the clouds, with clotheslines stretched out between them. Slums had grown more and more prevalent since the new government established itself, 12 years back, in 2030. Through the thin plywood walls, the man could discern the arguments of several inhabitants. Loud screams of anger reverberated through the alleyway, and several seconds later, Justin heard a gunshot, then a scream, and then two more, as the pistol continued belching flame.

Now the sounds of sirens in distance filled the afternoon air, and the man in the alley knew he had to run. Politzika had chased Justin for the past five years, thanks to his many crimes. Panting, the fugitive sprinted down one end of the alleyway, only to see several men guarding the exit. With the sight of the wanted man, they dashed after him. Justin scurried into the door of one of the buildings and rushed up the steps, loudspeakers blaring to the neighborhood that a wanted man had hidden in their midst. Heart pounding and brain racing, Justin raced up the rickety wooden stairs of the building. Doors slammed all around him, children screaming in terror as the speakers blared their message of danger. Behind him, Justin could hear men tearing up the steps. If I go on the roof, the snipers will hit me. Frantically, Justin searched for somewhere to hide. His trembling fingers gripped the gun in his pocket. Suddenly, a door opened in the narrow hallway, and a man urgently beckoned Justin to come in.

Justin looked around at the room. Trash, clothes, and equipment littered the floor. Why would this man risk his neck to save me? Immediately, the man answered Justin’s subconscious question. “I’ll hide you for $30,000 dollars,” the man rasped. “Fork it over quick.” Such a small sum surprised Justin. He quickly gave the man three bills. “Is this stuff counterfeit?” the man queried.

“No. Hold it up to the light.”

Satisfied, the man hustled Justin over to a closet. He closed the door and locked it. “I’ll let you out when they pass,” he hissed.

Time seemed to stand still. Justin’s heart still pounded, his brain still racing. How did the politzika find me so quickly? Outside the closet door, a fist pounded on the door to the apartment. Justin heard voices outside the door. His protector adamantly advocated to the officers that he had neither seen nor heard anything of this fugitive. Several minutes crawled by, and then, to Justin’s great relief, a latch outside turned. “You can come out
now,” the man whispered in his door. Slowly, Justin turned the knob and opened the
door, only to find five of the politzia pointing guns at his head.

Smirking widely, a man Justin had seen before led the group, the same man who had
witnessed Justin’s crimes, and the man who had led the chase of Justin for the past five
years, Nikolai Parsall. Parsall handed the owner of the apartment a roll of bills. “50 grand
for the tip-off,” he muttered, “and another 50 for the capture.”

“Liar!” the traitor spat. “You promised a hundred a piece!”

“You are lucky to get anything at all, fool,” Nikolai snarled. He pointed at Justin, and the
other officers threw Justin against the wall. Nikolai ordered his compatriots to leave the
scene, and then turned his attention to Justin. “So you thought you could escape, huh?”
Parsall growled. “If you had not interfered, everything would have been just fine.”

Trembling, Justin mustered up all his courage. “I did the right thing,” he asserted in a
clear and unflagging voice. “You dogs were about to kill her.”

“Dogs?” Nikolai’s eyebrows rose quizzically. “We are all animals, Justin. The one
difference between us and dogs is our intelligence. That girl was a menace to civilization.
Her death was necessary.” He paused for a moment. “Our laws are simple. There are
only two rules. She broke one of them. You broke the other. Obey the Politzika.”

“But…but…” Justin stammered. “Murder is always wrong…it…” His voice trailed off, as
Nikolai shook his head disapprovingly.

“Nonsense. Right and wrong do not exist, Justin.” Nikolai spoke in a disapproving purr.
“There is only power. Those in power decide right and wrong. Not you.”

It took incredible courage, yet Justin somehow managed to reply. My last words, he
thought. “But you in power are not all-powerful, Nikolai Parsall. You know that. God
possesses far more power than you. He decides right and wrong.” Silence fell on the
room.

“And now, you have broken every law on the books.” Nikolai did not hesitate. Justin saw
him reach for his pistol. He saw Nikolai pull the trigger. Then Justin heard a scream, as
Nikolai Parsall fell to the ground, killed instantly by the backfiring of his gun. Justin, still
shaking, stared at the lifeless body. Killed by divine justice.
Appendix E

When Jealous Girlfriends Attack
By nachos_loving_dork, New Hyde Park, NY

12 A.M. rises. I’m lurking down in a vaguely familiar hallway. Then I see her: Sandi Trotsky. She’s in her volleyball uniform. Just another way to show off how she’s more athletic than me, I guess. She comes my way. People start bowing down to her “lovely” shin guards, as her pony tail sassily whips its way around those bowing minions of her. She stops. We look face-to-face as if we’re reflections. But we’re not. How could we? We’re total opposites. Just as I thought this moment couldn’t get anymore awkward for me, she brings even more of a discomfort down my coiled core as she loathes out as she walks towards me: “YOU. BETTER. WATCH. YOUR. BACK.”

I look at my back in confusion and fear, pretending not to know. But I know what she means. Her boyfriend, Josh Hadley, was the guy I have eyed for years and more to come. She wouldn’t let that happen. I decide to do what I need to stay alive: Run out. I feel relief almost at my grasp. But I see her instead. She growls, “I know you like my guy. And you can talk to him, and sing with him all you want (we’re in chorus together), but I will NOT let you touch him or talk to him at all!” Running up the stairs, I only see her at the top. God, she was like Nightcrawler from the X-Men. “What’s the matter, Lynn? Too scared to fight me? Well, ya should’ve thought about that before you eyed MY Josh. You can run as much as you like, but you can’t hide!” God, had the lady lost her marbles.

Finally, I get courage in my gut to take out the words: “Leave. Me. ALONE! Big deal, I like Josh, so to twenty other women here. Why don’t you go personally hurt them?”

“Well, he sees something in YOU, and I’m going to take it out of you!” Suddenly, her tower-like friends Gina and Mel come out and say, “Me too!” And so yet again, I’m running. I know, I’m a coward, but this is the Wonder Woman, the Gabrielle Reece of Monty High. I wasn’t going to put up a fight with her! No one would. I blink, wondering how obvious I was about my crush on Hadley. After that one blink, an army of volleyball players come together like moths under the naked fluorescent lights. With her Napoleonic-esque strength in voice, Sandi screams’ “Ready.”

”AHHHHMM....F---“

”Lynn, it’s seven AM. Wake up now!”

I scream for life, only to find my mom, impatiently waiting on me to wake up. “Sweetie, have you lost your mind?” she says. I realize I was only dreaming. I dress like a tornado, chug granola and OJ in my system, and leave the nightmare that has never occurred. I eye Sandi in the hallways, having her fingers clenched up into Josh’s wonderful specimen of a bicep. I sigh and walk away from that subtle-looking eyesore we call PDA, and think of one day asking Josh out. At least in my dreams.
Appendix F
Elements of Short Story

**Title:** It draws the readers in and stimulates curiosity. It should be brief, but meaningful, intriguing and story relevant.

**Setting:** the environment where the story takes place, which can include the time, location, geography, culture, season, historical period, etc.

**Character:** a personage in a narrative or dramatic work.

**Characterization:** the representation of people in narrative and dramatic works. This may include direct methods like the attribution of qualities in description or commentary, and indirect (dramatic) methods inviting the reader to infer qualities from characters’ actions, speech, or appearance.

**Narration:** the process of relating a sequence of events.

**Point of View:** the position or vantage-point from which the events of a story seem to be observed and presented to the reader. The main distinction usually made between points of view is between first person and third person.

**Personification:** a figure of speech by which animals, abstract ideas, or inanimate things are referred to as if they were human.

**Flashback:** When some of the events of a story are related at a point in the narrative after later story events have been recounted. Commonly referred to as retrospection.

**Foreshadowing:** The process of providing clues for the reader to be able to predict what might later occur.

**Symbolism:** when something such as an object, person, or idea represents something else by association.

**Dialogue:** spoken exchanges between or among characters.

**Plot:** the pattern of events and situations in a story.

**Exposition:** the opening part of a story where the reader is introduced to characters and their situations, often by referencing prior events that occurred before the story’s actual beginning.

**Rising Action:** a series of events that build toward the point of greatest interest or the climax.
Conflict: some kind of struggle or disagreement. Most can be categorized into the following: man vs. man, man vs. nature, man vs himself, man vs. society, etc.

Climax: a moment of great intensity in a story.

Falling Action: the sequence of events that follow the climax and end in the resolution.

Resolution: the end of the story where the main problem or conflict is usually resolved or comes to some kind of closure.

(Adapted from Chris Baldick’s Dictionary of Literary Terms)
Appendix G
Graphic Organizers

Character Map

How the character looks and feels | What others think about the character
-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------

Character's Name

What the character says and does | How I feel about the character
-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------

Story Map

Title
Setting:
(Where?)
Characters:
(Who?)
Problem:
(What?)
Events:
(How?)
Solution:
(End)

Graphic Organizers Adapted from Google Images URL:
http://www.google.com/images?hl=en&source=imghp&biw=1600&bih=733&q=short+story+graphic+organizer&gbv=2&aq=f&aqi=g1&aql=&oq=&gs_rfai=
Freytag's Pyramid

Picture Adapted From Google Images URL:

http://www.google.com/images?hl=en&biw=1600&bih=733&gbv=2&tbs=isch%3A1&sa=1&q=freytag%27s+pyramid&aq=0&aqi=g3g-m2&aql=&oq=Freytag%27s+p&gs_rfai=
Appendix I

Assignment Sheet
Short Stories: Realistic Short Fiction

Using your writer’s notebook as a guide, you are to write a piece of realistic short fiction for a class anthology. Your peers, teachers, and any other interested readers will make up your audience. The purpose is to engage your readers while exploring your own creativity and short story writing ability. Remember to refer to the short story rubric to be sure you have included all of the necessary features. Your story must be:

12 point, Times New Roman Font
A minimum of two pages
Double Spaced

Each step in the process will be graded as follows:

Freytag Pyramid - 10%
First Draft - 10%
Peer Review - 10% (5% for participation each day)
Second Draft - 10%
Individual Conference - 10%
Final Draft for Publication - 35%
Critical Analysis/Reflection Assignment - 15%

Due Dates:

Write Down Exact Due Dates

_____ Week 1 - Freytag Pyramid
_____ Week 2 - First Draft and Peer Review
_____ Week 3 - Second Draft and Conferences (Date _____ Time____)
_____ Week 4 – Revise and Peer Review
_____ Week 5 – Final Draft for Publication
_____ Week 6 – Critical Analysis/Reflection Assignment
# Appendix J
## Short Story Rubric

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Writing Element</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Structure/Plot Arc</td>
<td>Follows clear story arc including organized exposition, conflict/rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution</td>
<td>Generally follows story arc but may be underdeveloped in one of the plot areas</td>
<td>Loosely follows the story arc but may be underdeveloped in tow of the plot areas</td>
<td>Does not follow story arc. Underdeveloped in most plot areas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
<td>Story centers around a clear central character who interacts with at least 2 secondary characters</td>
<td>Story focuses mostly on a clear protagonist who interacts with other characters, but it is vague</td>
<td>Story has a central character but focus unintentionally bounces between multiple characters</td>
<td>Story does not have a central character</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice/Narrator</td>
<td>There is a single narrator that maintains a consistent Point of View.</td>
<td>There is a single narrator that generally maintains a consistent Point of View</td>
<td>There is generally a single narrator but the Point of View often jumps</td>
<td>There is not a single narrator and there is a lack of consistency in Point of View</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaboration/Development</td>
<td>Characters are well developed through physical description, actions, and dialogue. Setting is described in detail and enhances the experience of the story.</td>
<td>Characters are somewhat developed with some physical descriptions, actions, and dialogue. Setting is described with some detail and relates to the experience of the story.</td>
<td>Characters are poorly developed. There is little description of them. Setting is mentioned but not described in depth and seems unrelated to the story.</td>
<td>Characters are not developed at all. There is no description or characterization. Setting is not described</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conventions</td>
<td>Story uses active voice, appropriate tense, and correct dialogue/grammar</td>
<td>Story often uses active voice, appropriate tense, and correct dialogue/grammar</td>
<td>Story lacks active voice, tense is inconsistent, dialogue is brief, and grammar is erratic.</td>
<td>Story is difficult to follow because of mechanical errors.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appendix K
Peer Review Checklists

Peer Review Checklist #1:

Authors Name______________________
Reviewers Name____________________

_____ Shows, rather than tells, the story.

_____ Has an established overall theme using:
    _____ Character
    _____ Setting
    _____ Plot

_____ Dialogue
    _____ Tone
    _____ Mood
    _____ Voice

_____ Fills in the gaps of the characters past
    _____ Flashback
    _____ Memory
    _____ Dialogue

_____ Uses a clear and consistent point of view.
   (Check One)   _____ First person
                  _____ Third Person
                  _____ Third Person Omniscient

Please express any further questions or concerns you have for the author:
Peer Review Checklist #2:

Authors Name______________________
Reviewers Name____________________

1. Does the story have an interesting title that relates to characters, plot, setting, theme, etc? If the title is not engaging, can you suggest another?

2. Does the writer a strong and engaging lead? If not, can you suggest a way to improve the lead.

3. Does the writer have a clear, understandable story? Are there any questions you may have about unclear events?

4. Was the story interesting/suspenseful/fun to read? What was your favorite part of the story?

5. Did you get a good “picture” of each character? Were there any unclear traits or underdeveloped characters? If so, suggest ways to improve.

6. Does the writer provide interesting, specific, and vivid details? Underline places where you find exemplary detail in blue. Underline places that could use more detail in red.

7. Does the writer use literary elements successfully? (Character, Setting, Plot, Conflict, Symbolism, Dialogue, Flashback, Foreshadowing, Point of View, Personification, Narration, etc.)

8. Does the writer stick to the show, rather than tell, technique? Provide examples of places where they can do more showing and less telling. Underline these areas with Green.
9. What is the point of view of the story?

10) Is the story realistic? Does it stick to the patterns and conventions of realistic fiction? If not, suggest ways in which the author can make the story seem more realistic. (Examples include conflict, dialogue, plot shift, etc.)

11) Please write anymore comments, concerns, questions you may have for the author?
Appendix L
Minilesson on Leads

Lesson: Reading/Writing Workshop: Leads

Subject: Language Arts (English)

Grade: 9

Objective: By learning about effective and ineffective leads, students will use this knowledge to create an engaging opening to their short story.

Essential Questions:
• What is an effective way to begin a narrative piece of writing?
• How does free reading and creative writing promote reading and writing outside of the English classroom?
• How does writing fiction affect the life of a student?

Rationale: While writing fiction, students will use interesting and effective topic, voice, tone, and direction. Through practice, they will improve their skills in using Standard English correctly.

Critical Literacy: Students will come to see writing as a process. As students go through this creative writing procedure, they will come to appreciate writing and use it more often to express themselves through fiction.

Background Knowledge and Skills: Students must know the sequence of story-telling presented to them in the Freytag Pyramid outline. They must draw on personal experience to convey realistic short fiction.

Standards: Learning Standard 2: Language for Literary Response and Expression

Motivation: Through examples and notes on leads, students will gain both knowledge and motivation to improve their final draft of the short fiction assignment.

Procedure:

1. Put the Writing Workshop Notes on the ELMO Projector. Students need to copy key notes about each type of lead into their notebooks. Read through the notes out loud including the models from In the Middle by Nancie Atwell: Pages 167-8. Discuss which leads are the most effective. Point out the process of writing which is hanging on the board in the back of the room.
2. Students may work on Reading/Writing Workshop activities. Pass out the completed Freytag Pyramid worksheets which have advice and comments from the teacher. Encourage students to begin their short fiction using the knowledge they have gained about leads. Give students a Reading or Writing slip which they must complete to show their progress throughout this period.

**Closure:** Students will complete the Reading or Writing slips in order to reflect on their progress this period.

**Materials:**

Materials and resources: Writing Workshop Notes, Freytag Pyramid, Paper/Notebook, Writing Utensil, Free Reading Book, Reading and Writing Slips

Technology resources: ELMO Projector, Computer

**Assessment:** Short fiction be assessed through through the grading rubric on the final draft.

**Leads**
- establish topic, direction, tone, and voice
- get the reader interested

**Typical Lead:** Starts by giving who-what-where-when-why information up front.

It was a day at the end of June. My mom, dad, brother, and I were at our camp on Rangeley Lake. We had arrived the night before at 10:00, so it was dark when we got there and unpacked. We went straight to bed. The next morning, when I was eating breakfast, my dad started yelling for me from the dock at the top of his lungs. He said there was a car in the lake.

**Reaction Lead:** Starts with character’s thoughts.

I couldn’t imagine why my father was hollering for me at 7:00 in the morning. I thought fast about what I might have done to get him riled. Had he found out the way I talked to my mother the night before, when we got to camp and she asked me to help unpack the car? Did he find the fishing reel I broke last week? Before I could consider a third possibility, his voice shattered my thoughts.

“Scott! Move it! You’re not going to believe this!”

**Senses Lead:** Starts with a description that appeals to at least one of the five senses (taste, touch, smell, sight, sound).

Rays of sun were shining through the thin blinds on my window creating bright yellow stripes on my wall. The lines danced across the wallpaper as my blinds were
pushed in by the violent wind. The strong scent of salt overpowered my nostrils causing me to wince in surprise. I soon heard my dad’s voice, trembling and distant.

**Action Lead:** Starts with a main character doing something.

I gulped my milk, pushed away from the table, and bolted out of the kitchen, slamming the screen door behind me. I ran down to the dock as fast as my legs could carry me. My feet pounded on the wood, hurrying me toward the sound of my dad’s voice.

“Scott!” he bellowed again.

“Coming, Dad!” I gasped. I couldn’t see him yet - just the sails of the boats that had already gone out into the lake for the day.

**Dialogue Lead:** Starts with a character or characters speaking.

“Scott! Get down here on the double!” Dad bellowed. His voice sounded far away.

“Dad?” I hollered. “Where are you?” I squinted through the screen door but couldn’t see him.

“I’m down on the dock. MOVE IT. You’re not going to believe this,” he replied.
Appendix M
Additional Short Stories:

Short Stories
Cather, Willa - "The Namesake"
Chopin, Kate - "A Pair of Silk Stockings"
Chopin, Kate - "The Story of an Hour"
Foote, Mary Hallock - "A Cloud on the Mountain"
Hawthorne, Nathaniel - "The Birthmark"
Jacobs, W.W. - "The Monkey Paw"
London, Jack - "To Build a Fire"
London, Jack - "Trust"
Maupassant, Guy De - "The Diamond Necklace"
Poe, Edgar Allen - "The Tell Tale Heart"
Tan, Amy - "Mother Tongue"

Collections of Short Stories
Barrett, Peter ed. – To Break the Silence: Thirteen Short Stories for Young Readers
Chambers, Aidan ed. - Out of Time
Cormier, Robert - Eight Plus One
Crutcher, Chris - Athletic Shorts: Six Short Stories
Howe, Irving and Ilana eds. – Short Shorts: An Anthology of the Shortest Stories
Mazer, Norma Fox - Dear Bill, Remember Me? And Other Short Stories
Shapard, Robert, and James Thomas, eds. – Sudden Fiction: American Short-Short Stories
Sieruta, Peter - Heartbeats and Other Stories
Soto, Gary – Baseball in April and Other Stories
Appendix N
Critical Analysis Assignment

For this assignment, you will need to write a critical essay analyzing two short stories you have read during the genre study. You are expected to either compare or contrast the two stories in regard to character, setting, and plot. You must use one professional example and one student example. It is acceptable for you to use one of your classmates’ short stories for the student example. The essay should be at least 2 pages long double spaced.

1. Choose your stories.

2. Re-read your stories.

3. Use a Venn Diagram to map out your ideas.


4. Decide whether to compare or contrast based on what the Venn Diagram tells you.

5. Compose a concise, well written, essay that argues why you think the two texts are similar or different in regard to character, setting, and/or plot.