

## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 2

- paragraphing and sentence structure issues

We're waiting for the boat to hit the beach I'm the first one to run out when the door opens. I'm feeling sick and depressed missing my family and sad that I'm so far away from my family and friends. There are bombs going off all around us I'm hoping that we don't get hit. Waiting for the boat to hit the beach and waiting for that huge steel door in front of us to fly open. To my left was the beach I could see that mostly all the boats have hit the beach. I saw that most of the men from the boats are dead, blood runs down the sand into the ocean. Next thing I heard is one of my fellow teammates saying "get down get down enemy fighter planes incoming" So we all dropped down. I was lucky; I didn't get hit! But 3 out of the 10 people got killed by the gun fighter of the plane. The gun fighter from the planes came at us so fast some people couldn't even get down and if you would die really fast and we would have to throw your bodies over the boat.

Before we got to our boat we have to get to our camp with is 10 - 15 miles away from the war zone so were pretty safe from the war for now. In a couple of days we will have to go through the city. Where there are a lot enemy soldiers. We would have to sneak through or go through with force. I would rather sneak through because I'm not that good with the gun. While I was at the camp I was on guard watch for most of the night so I never get any sleep and in the day time we had to do a lot of training before we would go through the city 100 push up and 100 curls up every day Intel we would go through the city. We just made it through the city that was scaring going through the city because of all the enemy soldiers we faced. Now we are marching to the docks where ships will come pick us up. While we were marching i met this on guy his name was mike. He is tall blonde brown eyed guy he was really nice we got to know each other well.

We made it to the dock and now we are waiting for our ship to come I can see it in the distance. A huge grey ugly looking ship. I was hearing people talk about how bad the ship was on the inside. Well we are on the ship going to our main point where we would be dropping in our little boats that would take us to the beach where we would fight for freedom of the country. The ship was filled with dead rats and mice. The bed made you uncomfortable because it was small mattress on a hard steel bed frame. We got feed hot meals 3 times a day so that's a good thing. But we had to train hard for 3 hours of the day we had to do the something as we had to at the camp 100 pushups and 100 curls and a lot of running. I haven't been feeling well for the past week or so but my friend mike would help me out to get through all of this fighting. Every Friday there would be a party. Anyone could go to it. It was a lot of fun to party drink and have a good time. I Met new people and had a blast.

So we made it to our spot now. We are dropping off into the water on are boats. I found out that my friend Mike is in a different boat than me so that sucks. I heard people talking about what was going to happen once we get to the beach. Some of them were saying that once the door opens we all would be dead in matters of seconds. But i don't disagree with them because they have a lot of gunners in the hills. But I think we are going to be lucky and nake it off the boat alive and make it to safety. Most of

them were looking at the beach were mostly all of the boats have hit already and there saying that mostly all of the men from the boat got killed from the gun fire. so we are nearing the beach I'll write again soon.

Once the door opened on are boat I was the first one to run out bullets flying by my head. I heard most of my fellow teammates from the boat get shot. I was scared to death because of the gun fire. i made it to where it's safe and regrouped with all the men who survived the gun fire. Me and only 10 more out of like men. So those guns can do a lot of damage. We cleared out most of the gunners in the hills we only lost one teammate when we were clearing out the gunners. I could see a transport helicopter in the distances so i woke up the rest of my teammates. We all got up and started to yell and wave at the helicopter. But once it got closer to use i realized that it an enemy helicopter so we all tried to hide but 5 of us died because it opened fired at us. so the 5 of us that survived we all went out to look for food and water because we were low on it and we might be out here for a week or so. A week has gone by i finally saw our transport helicopter. it landed and took us to a nice ship were it would take us home. After 2 months of war I'm coming home to my family and friends and have my nice warm soft bed and 3 hot good meals a day. I was hanging out with my friend's play some video games and go to parties every Friday night.

## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 2

- basic observations, not in-depth

I was a sixteen year old boy of the name Bruce Riley. My father figured that I should be in the military so I decided to join. After months and months went by I started to enjoy it. It didn't even seem like a year had past. The only down side was that I wasn't allowed to visit my family nor them allowed to visit me. One morning I was woken by the Sargent yelling at us to get up and that our group was going to be sent out to war. Our families were allowed to come say good bye to us while we were leaving on the bus. It was there chance to say good bye to us knowing it may be the last time they see one of us. About an hour later we showed up to our destination to be sent out to war. We were loading up helicopters to be deployed. As we were flying over, I saw people shooting at one another. The helicopter was shaking from all of the explosions. I have never been so afraid in my life, knowing that we could be hit anytime and strike the ground.

By the time we got into the middle of the war we were fully equipped and ready to go in as we equipped on the helicopter. We were sent out on Sargent Marphels troop. We had to walk about a mile to be where our position was. The weather was freezing outside and we were soaked. The closer we got the louder and louder of the firing and bombing got. I didn't know what to expect, I was freaking out. You could see our other troops wounded lying around in the mud with limbs missing. Out of no were the Sargent yelled, "COVER!!" I jumped to the ground not noticing the trench beside me. I came flying down and hit my face on the ground. Blood was pouring out of my face as I broke my nose and cut up my face. I got up and crouched up against the pile in front of me panicking, I couldn't breathe I was in such shock. The sounds of gun fire were rattling my ears. I stuck my head between my legs trying to cover. The sounds of bullets ricocheting beside my head were the scariest thing ever. Suddenly the firing stopped. My friend Jessie got up to check out what was going on. I was still crouched over, panicking. "BANG!!" a sudden fire from the sounds of it from a far away sniper. It was quiet and there was a sudden thug sound, the sound of something dropping on the ground. I look over to see my friend laying face down in the mud. He laid there; I didn't know what to do! I was just freaking out. By that time was already crouched on the ground. I started to crawl over to him to get him off his face and onto his back. When I got to him I flipped him over to see

that there was a bullet in his neck. I dropped to the ground in shock. I had the feeling when you just couldn't breath. I didn't know what to do or think. I sat up against the dirt wall and started to think. Thinking about his family and how they are going to react to the news. That family lost their son, who they raised since birth. The more I thought about it the more angry I got. I stood up to get a look for the sniper who had shot Jessie. A sudden fire struck the air and I had no feeling in my right shoulder. I have dropped my gun and went to pick it up and I couldn't. I didn't notice the blood pouring out my left shoulder. I fell over in shock. Captain was yelling medic and by that point I was dozed off by all the blood I have lost.

I woke up in a hospital, I have no idea were I am. Sargent walks in with my family as well as Jessie's family. My Parents gave me a hug as they were all crying. After my parents gave me a hug Jessie's parents came over crying and gave me a hug. I was wondering why they were here. When they gave me a hug they said thank you to me. I didn't know what they meant so I asked them "why thank you?" The father said " For being my only sons friend".



Franklin D. Roosevelt Library

**U.S. soldiers take cover under fire in Germany, WWII**

## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 2

- vague
- can't tell for sure the time period or historical evidence
- meaning unclear at times
- good transitions – better than basic

Being away from my family is one of the hardest things I thought I'd never have to do. There is not one moment of the day that I don't start thinking of them. I fight in war for peace in our world and to protect all my loved ones. I am gone for a good reason and will come home a hero.

Every day I miss watching my 5 year old daughter grow up. I won't see her ride her first bike, get her ears pierced, or perform her first dance recital. It's sad to think I won't be there to protect her when she is sad or in trouble. All these feelings are driving me insane while being here!

I sit here on a rock. It's dark; I cannot see. I feel lost. Gunfire sounds from the north. It seems far away. Although I know it is not as far as I think. I always ask myself why I'm here. The same answer always comes out of my mouth, but not tonight. I stuttered this time, and I didn't have an answer. I had no idea what I was doing and why I was still here, this question lingered in me for a while.

Not much later, my pal was walking towards me. I knew it was him from his tall dark figure. He was someone I had become very fond of. He smiled the biggest smile I've seen on his face. It was like he just found out he had won the lottery. Before I could ask him what was up, he cried out, "We're going home!" At that moment, I completely froze. It was like I could no longer talk, move or breathe. It was the dream I thought would never come true. It finally had.

After a long time of shock, excitement and crying. I asked when we were to arrive home. He answered, "Soon!" We stumbled back to our camp. I walked with a limp because a bullet had violently attacked my leg. When we arrived back to our tents, I looked around carefully. I examined everything, so I could always remember where I had slept and practically lived while serving my time at war. I never wanted to forget this, but I knew I had to leave. My memories here were terrible, fun, sad and always exciting. I could no longer live these memories because it was time to go home. I knew that everyday my family was waiting for me. Tomorrow was the last day they would ever have to ask themselves, is he going to make it? Will he come home? I now had answers to their questions.

I slowly packed my bag. A smile overcame my face as I picked up a family picture from 3 years ago. I realized that I was finally going home and I was going to be with them, forever. When I finally was done packing, I knew it was time for some sleep. I hopped in my hard bed that lay flat on the ground. I closed my eyes but could not fall asleep. I was too happy and excited, so for the rest of the night I laid there peacefully.

The next day finally came; the day I had dreamed of for a long time. My 4 tall buddies and I grabbed our belongings and boarded our plane. My flight was a one-way and 18 hours. We sat down on the plane, each of us with our handbags under our seats. Although I hate plane rides, I enjoyed this one. I just wanted to arrive home. I loved being around my friends and enjoyed every moment I had left with them. We all became good friends and will always keep in touch. As the plane soothed through the air, I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a bump and instantly opened my eyes. I was finally home! It was July 4th today. It was a very special day. My family didn't know I was arriving home. I got a taxi to take me home. After a 10 minute drive, we turned the corner and pulled up in front of my house. I unloaded my stuff and stood there on the sidewalk. I took a deep breath and looked around. I never realized how much I missed it here.

I walked slowly up the stairs, not knowing what their reactions were going to be. I knocked 3 times on the door and waited patiently. Finally, my tall blonde headed wife opened the door. Her facial expression was indescribable. We hugged, she held me close. After a few moments my little girl came running around the corner and attacked me. I cried, she cried, we all cried. She quickly told me we were going to miss the fireworks. We rushed outside, I held her tight and didn't want to let go. Her little arms grabbed my neck and she wasn't letting go either. She pointed at the sky as the first firework went off and she smiled at me. She whispered in my ear, "Daddy, I love you. Please don't leave me and mommy again." At that moment, I realized how much they needed me and promised I wasn't going anywhere.

This is why it is hard being away from your family while fighting for your country. What really matters is you leave as a single individual and come home as a hero. People look up to you, and realize how much you've done for them. It is the best feeling in the world, knowing you are important to so many lives.

## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 3

- clearly defines important moments
- basic to clear understanding
- good wrap up, need more specifics
- telling a story not about an historical person

Being in the war is the hardest thing I have experienced. You don't get to see your family when you want. You don't get those nights where you go downtown to the theatre and watch a movie with your family and get your favourite treats. When you're in the war you fight day in and day out. But you do get some breaks. Being in the war is challenging.

It has been two years that I've been fighting in the war and it is coming to an end. I was sitting in the tank thinking. It's been a couple years and I remember packing to get ready to go to the Vietnam War. I was really depressed to leave my family of four. I had two boys and one girl I'd have to leave to go fight in the war. While I was packing I remember my wife coming in the room and grabbing me. She started to cry on my shoulder, she didn't want me going. I started to tear up too and told her "I have to go fight!" She didn't answer. After all the crying I finally got done packing my bag to leave for the airport the next morning. That night while I was sleeping I remember me waking up in the middle of the night thinking about the war and if I'm going to survive. I was so scared to go fight but I had to do it. The next morning I said my goodbyes to the family and friends and hopped on the plane to Vietnam. I don't remember much of my flight but I do remember that I was scared.

When I landed in Vietnam I remember hearing the sounds of gunshots surrounding my ears, it echoed loudly. I walked over to the commander office and got all my gear. I then remember getting ready to fight for my country. The next day I woke up in the tent ready to compete. I strapped on all my gear and went on out to the war. It was a rough couple of days fighting and I was really tired and already wanted to go home. But I wasn't planning on leaving. I fought hard for months. Sweat rushed down my face every day. Every day my energy levels dropped in the first couple of hours fighting. Time passed by so fast while I was there. It's been a year and a half since I came to fight.

I wanted to see my family so bad. I remember my wife: beautiful and tall. My kids were all cute. I was wondering how much the kids and my wife have changed. I had written to them every two days. The war was calming down and was coming to an end.

The war was ending in a couple days and I was happy to go home. I wrote to my family and told them I'd be home in a couple of days. After that I remember my friend and I going for a walk. We were walking by our tanks and all of a sudden bullets hit the tanks and my friend dropped. I took cover and seen my friend bleeding on the ground. He was dead. I started to cry and was upset. I thought I should have been the one dead.

The next day I flew out back to home. I got home and all my family was there. We all had a group hug and they were so happy to see me. We had a huge meal and a little party. Everyone was there. It was the place to be that night. After all the hugs and kisses I was really tired. So I finally went to bed because I was exhausted.

Now, I'm here at the memorial looking at all the soldiers that died in the Vietnam War. I was looking at all the names and then I seen the name John Smith. I started to tear up. It was one of my best friends and he's dead. I should have been the one dead. I was leaning on the monument wondering why I didn't die. There must have been a reason. Maybe God had a reason. Maybe he knew I loved my family extremely and they needed me.

War is not all about killing, blood and guns. It's about pride and courage. You just don't go there to kill people. You go there to fight for your country. War is for a reason.

## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 3

“How simple it was in nursing school! Here on the USS Repose we do not take slackers” Lisa explained she is the top nurse on the ship. “You have to be confident in your abilities and we absolutely do not cry or wallow in self-pity, we have to be strong for our soldiers. You all are dismissed to go settle into your quarters”

I was one of the newest nurses on the ship. We were being briefed by Mrs. Lisa Hangard. She told us that we are aboard one of the most well-equipped ships south of Vietnam! I was so excited about seeing the world from the stern of the ship and healing those who are wounded and sick. How easy it would be!

Little did I know a year ago, that it was nothing like I thought it would be but I’m doing the impossible! I am saving lives but I am also losing some. I pity so many of my patients, especially the ones with the head injuries. There is one that the other 18 or so nurses do not know the name of; he came in with no identification. We have named him Luke. I was one of the nurses who had to do the surgery to repair what was left of his head.

“Leanna! Leanna! He spoke!” Tasha yelled “come quick!”

“What? He did? What did he say” I asked as I ran.

“He asked where he was and where were his men” Tasha replied.

By the time we arrived at his bed side he had slipped back into his coma. I decided then and there that I would not move from his bed side, for three days I stayed as close as I could to his bed. I needed to know who this man was because I had helped save his life and he looked so young, he looked like a boy, about 17 or 18 years old. Then as I was checking his vital signs he spoke.

“Where am I? Where are my men?” He mumbled.

As I walked up to his bed he turned his head my way and asked again.

“Where am I? Where are my men?” He mumbled a bit more clearly, as he shifted his head back and forth.

“You are on the USS Repose, a hospital ship and I don’t know where your men are, sir. How are you feeling? Is there any pain anywhere?” I replied. I was leaning over him making sure his bandage was still holding from his head movements.

“Fine, fine, where are my men?” he answered.

“Sir? What is your name?” I asked.

“It is Corporal Nathaniel Hughson. Where are my men?” he replied.

“You are in luck, Corporal; we are expecting to dock soon. You will be transferred to a ship heading for Canada” I told him. But, I don’t think that he was paying attention. As I finished

looking at his vital signs I noticed that he must have shell shock because he kept repeating himself.

Every day from then on I check in on him. He seems to be getting better. He can stay awake longer and all of the nurses are so fond of him; he is always so bright and cheery. The older nurses look after him as if he was their own son. He has become a huge part of our small peaceful community aboard the ship. No one is looking forward to when we dock tomorrow and lose him to the ship returning to Canada.

We have to prepare all of the patients who are well enough to board the Canadian ship to their home. When we dock I am in charge of transferring Nathaniel to the other ship. I do not look forward to leaving a friend but I know that it is for the best.

As I transferred Nathaniel, I felt scared and lonesome for the first time since when I first boarded the USS Repose. When all the other nurses and I were back and boarded the ship, we all broke the cardinal rule; we cried. We cried for the dead and dying, we cried for the poor living souls who are still fighting but mostly we cried in relief that we were able to send soldiers home.



## GRADE 10B

### NARRATIVE – LEVEL 4

- well focused, organized
- detailed
- reflection and observations
- great mechanics

Not many people know what I have been through. No one knows what it's like to wake up and know there are 100,000 people out there who want you dead. That was my reality at Mount Suribachi. I went to a small Philippine island knowing that there was someone already there who wants me not to return home.

It was a hot February day, the kind that you wake up drenched in sweat on. Our island hopping strategy was working well to this point; we had no intention to attack the Philippine island of Iwo Jima. It was supposed to be an easy and swift battle with no resistance. What none of us predicted is that the island would be heavily under Japanese monitor. They were waiting for us, stalking us like a devious jungle cat. As we hit the island we were attacked with heavy mortar fire and an ambush of machine gun fire. They saw us; they were waiting; our backs were against the wall.

At this point in time the Japanese are relentless, it's like they came out of nowhere. They had hidden bunkers so well it's like they were firing out of the trees themselves. I'm not sure what hell is like but it's probably similar to this. That feeling of being helpless, almost hunted, they knew where we were but we didn't know where they are. We push our way up the mountain finding bunkers and securing them. The Japanese seemed like their number were increasing, my comrades fell like bags of sand on the shore, Cold and lifeless. I cannot describe what it is like to see another man parish beside you. The friend, pal, or comrade you were talking to on the way to the island is now wiped off this earth. It is a sinking, helpless feeling that is indescribable. At this point our battle wasn't looking good.

The noises of mortars are ear splitting pops. That came with the saddening feeling that the shell had probably ended a life. We moved up the island securing more and more Japanese land; but all this was coming at a great cost of human life. As we moved up the mountain I began to think to myself "why?" Why have so many comrades lost their lives? It was then I realized, it was for North America, our very way of life was threatened and a sense of insecurity took over our fine nation. I felt that it was my job to serve it. So did everyone else on this fiery, mountainous hell. We were here for America.

The battle had begun to turn in our favour on the second day of battle. Our nation had sent bombers and fighter planes to help us. The more I thought about it I, realized how many lives those bombers saved, yet ended. It was all like a screwed up board game when I look back at it, to save our lives, we had to end others. Those people were only following orders from the general too.

The date is now February 23<sup>rd</sup>, Battle has been raging for 3 days, but we began to secure more of the mountain. The amount of burnt rubble and trees turned this once lush and flourishing island into a black, barren pile of dirt and ash. It's incredible how quickly something can change. Everything was once hidden, now the cover of trees and vegetation is lost. All the once hidden bunkers are exposed for us to see. It wasn't a pretty sight but it was comforting in a twisted way, now everyone who is trying to kill me is a lot more easily visible.

As the day went on we began to secure the island. Casualties were beginning to be tallied. The numbers didn't look to pretty, I had heard that my friend named Thomas from back home was among the confirmed kills. I was wrecked by this news; he was my best friend in America. We went bowling and went out for cokes and sandwiches, took in the odd matinée film, he was one of the best things in

my life and he was now just a number. No longer significant as anything else to the world. We had been ordered to raise a flag atop the island. At first I thought it was a waste of energy, I didn't like this idea one bit. As we hiked up the mountain with a flag in our hands I thought this is for America, this stands for everything I believe in, all my values are shown by this flag. This 3x6 flag had now been my world. Myself, and three of my comrades raised the flag on top of the mountain. I shed a tear. This was for my old friend, his family and our entire nation.

No one knows what I have been through, or what I have seen. People can't think war is just a game; war cannot be accurately portrayed in a video game. You can't come back. The man that died beside will not be alive tomorrow, he is gone forever. You have to live with that image forever implanted in your head. A survivor of war is never the same as he was before the Nation's cry for help.