

Personal narrative tells the true story of what happened to you.

They are a story about a small important moment in your life.

# Mentor Text

What is a mentor text?

- A finished piece of writing that shows you what you should include in your writing.
- Something that helps you when you write
- Shows how to organize writing

Why do we use mentor texts?

- Once you understand an authors craft and how it affects the story you can try it in your own writing.
- Helps you become a better writer
- Gives you inspiration for your own writing
- To show you how to write
- You can learn from it

Title makes it clear to the reader what the story will be about

## When I Go Camping With Grandma

By Marion Dane Bauer

action

When I go camping with grandma, we hike deep into the woods. Grandma holds my hand and sings to scare away the bears.

She builds a fire, and we roast hot dogs until they sputter and spit. Juice dribbles down our chins when we eat.

Great descriptive

language A marshmallow on a stick grows fat and brown. Quick! Catch it!

Grandma paddles the canoe through sunlight spread on black water. "I used to have a silk dress that looked just like she says.

Tree bones stand in the lake. We drop our hooks and wait. Shhhh!

Word Choice

A heron wings over our heads. Great blue shadow. Pterodactyl.

Word choice creates an image

The sun grows flat and red. It dips into the edge of the lake. And a fish comes shinning, gasping into the air. "Shall we have fish for breakfast?" Grandma asks. "You know I like pancakes," I remind her.

She slips the fish off the hook and into the water. It lies still, waiting. Then flicks its tail and is gone in a wiggle of light.

We climb into our sleeping bags, whisper in the dark.

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night," I say again.

In the morning I pop my head out of the tent. The moon floats in the bluing sky like a balloon left from a night party.

A squirrel nibbles a marshmallow.

A gauzy hammock in the grassy holds a spider's breakfast and a sip of dew.

"Wake up, Grandma," I call. "The day is here."

Grandma yawns, stretches, rubs her eyes. "Dear me," she says, "the ground is hard. Maybe my bones are getting to for camping."

We look at each other for a long time. Then we laugh and hug.

Soon I'll be taller, stronger. I'll sing away the bears when we hike in the woods. I'll build the fire and paddle the canoe.

And when Grandma catches a fish, I'll slip it off the hook. And together we'll watch it wiggle away into the black silk water.

The characters Internal Thinking

It shows that she cares about her grandma  
This is a very important part of her life

## Owl Moon

By Jane Yolen

It was late one winter night, long past my bedtime, when Pa and I went owling. There was no wind. The trees stood still as giant statues. And the moon was so bright the sky seemed to shine. Somewhere behind us a train whistle blew, long and low, like a sad, sad song.

I could hear it through the woolen cap Pa had pulled down over my ears. A farm dog answered the train, and then a second dog joined in. They sang out, trains and dogs, for a real long time. And when their voices faded away it was as quiet as a dream. We walked on toward the woods, Pa and I.

Our feet crunched over the crisp snow and little gray footprints followed us. Pa made a long shadow, but mine was short and round. I had to run after him every now and then to keep up, and my short, round shadow bumped after me.

But I never called out. If you go owling you have to be quiet, that's what Pa always says. I had been waiting to go owling with Pa for a long, long time.

We reached the line of pine trees, black and pointy against the sky, and Pa held up his hand. I stopped right where I was and waited. He looked up, as if searching the stars, as if reading a map up there. The moon made his face into a silver mask.

Then he called: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo," the sound of a Great Horned Owl. "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo."

Again he called out. And then again. After each call he was silent and for a moment we both listened. But there was no answer. Pa shrugged and I shrugged. I was not disappointed. My brothers all said sometimes there's an owl and sometimes there isn't.

We walked on. I could feel the cold, as if someone's icy hand was palm-down on my back. And my nose and the tops of my cheeks felt cold and hot at the same time. But I never said a word. If you go owling you have to be quiet and make your own heat.

We went into the woods. The shadows were the blackest things I had ever seen. They stained the white snow. My mouth felt furry, for the scarf over it was wet and warm. I didn't ask what kinds of things hide behind black trees in the middle of the night. When you go owling you have to be brave.

Then we came to a clearing in the dark woods. The moon was high above us. It seemed to fit exactly over the center of the clearing and the snow below it was whiter than the milk in a cereal bowl.

I sighed and Pa held up his hand at the sound. I put my mittens over the scarf over my mouth and listened hard. And then Pa called: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo. Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo." I listened and looked so hard my ears hurt and my eyes got cloudy with the cold. Pa raised his face to call out again, but before he could open his mouth an echo came threading its way through the trees. "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo."

Pa almost smiled. Then he called back: "Whoo-whoo-who-who-who-whoooooo," just as if he and the owl were talking about supper or about the woods or the moon or the cold. I took my mitten off the scarf off my mouth, and I almost smiled, too.

The owl's call came closer, from high up in the trees on the edge of the meadow. Nothing in the meadow moved. All of a sudden an owl shadow, part of the big tree shadow, lifted off and flew right over us. We watched silently with heat in our mouths, the heat of all those words we had not spoken. The shadow hooted again.

Pa turned on his big flashlight and caught the owl just as it was landing on a branch.

For one minute, three minutes, maybe even a hundred minutes, we stared at one another.

Then the owl pumped its great wings and lifted off the branch like a shadow without sound. It flew back into the forest. "Time to go home," Pa said to me. I knew then I could talk, I could even laugh out loud. But I was a shadow as we walked home.

When you go owling you don't need words or warm or anything but hope. That's what Pa says. The kind of hope that flies on silent wings under a shining Owl Moon.

## Owl Moon

### What is the author's purpose?

When you go owling you don't need words or warm or anything but hope. That's what Pa says. The kind of hope that flies on silent wings under a shining Owl Moon

- To have patience
- To have hope
- Memories with your family
- The relationship between her and her Pa

### How do you know? What is the evidence?

## Turning an Entry into a Piece of Writing

### 1. Pick a seed idea or seed entry

Helpful hints for picking a seed idea/entry

Look for entry that is about...

- . A person who matters to you
- . 1st times, last times or aha! moments
- . A place that matters to you
- . Strong feeling

### 2. Now that you have picked a seed idea/entry....

Experienced writers use their notebooks to reflect on seed ideas. Reflecting on a topic can help writers think about what we want to say to readers in our draft.

Ask yourself, "Why is this topic important to me?" Write an entry to explain.

## Why make a plan for your draft?

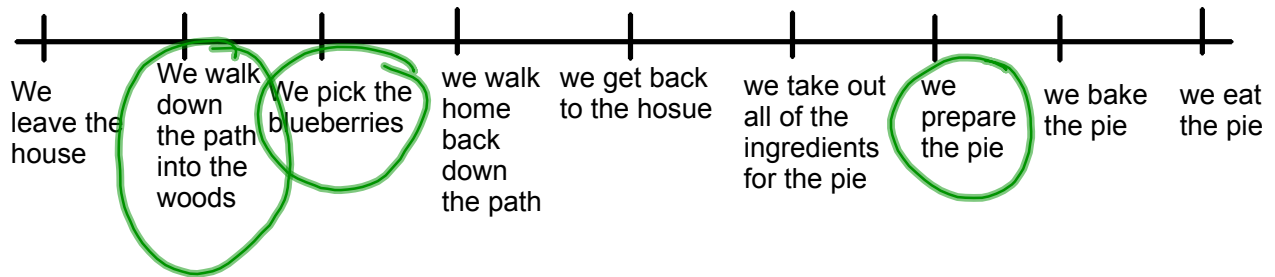
Planning helps you stay on track so that you don't get lost as you are writing.

It saves time when you are drafting

It prevents a lot of problems as you draft, revise and edit.

## Using a Timeline

1. Create a timeline of the events that happened in your story



2. Ask yourself, "What is the important thing I want my reader to know?"

That I had a special tradition and bond with my grandma

3. Circle the parts that help to answer that question.



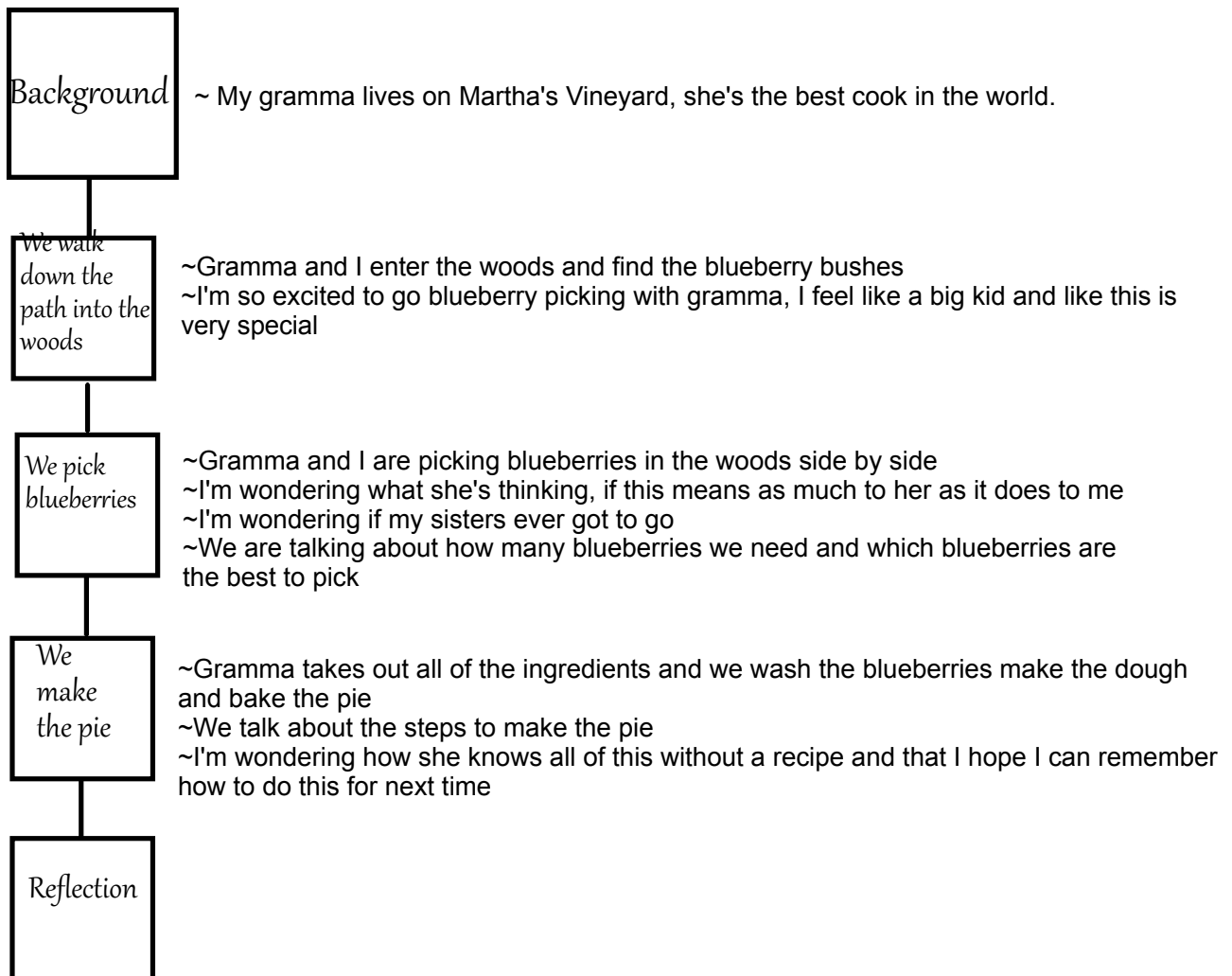
# Creating a Detailed Plan

## Creating a Flow Chart

Each box should represent each scene or part of your story.

Next to each scene write down:

~What was said    ~What were you doing    ~What you were thinking



# Revising

When writer's revise, they make changes to make it a better piece of writing. Revising is like changing your shirt or brushing your hair, you want to put your best face forward, just like you want to make your writing the best it can be.

## FOCUS

Does your story have a clear meaning?

Why are you telling this story?

Why is your story important?

Do all of the parts of your story show the meaning?

1. Read your personal narrative.
2. Underline the sentence(s) that show your reader WHY you are telling this story or WHY the story is important.
3. If you can't find a sentence, write a sentence that shows the meaning of your story and add it into your story.

1. Read your personal narrative a second time through the lens of your meaning.
2. Cross out any parts that do NOT support your meaning.

"...that has never happened in our family's lifetime..."

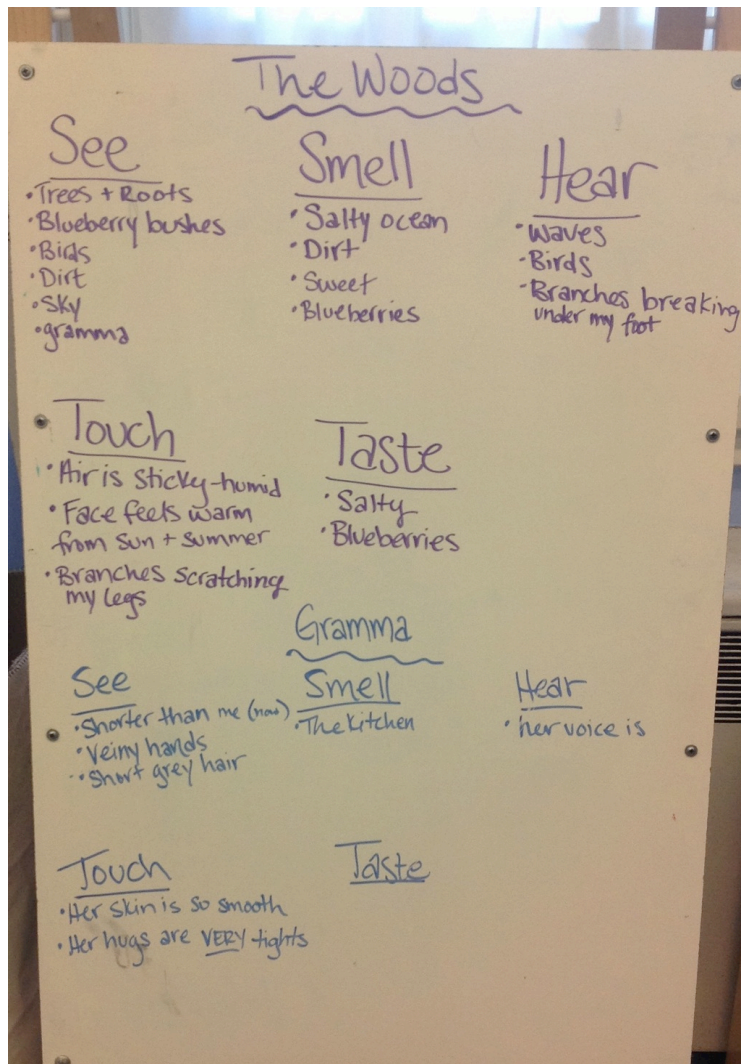
"This experience will always be with me."

"Almost every year me, my brother, my dad, my mom, my grandma and my grampa go to visit London. This was the first time that we went to the Tower of London."

"I didn't have friends then someone asked me if I wanted to play with them, and then I was so happy."

"Just then I knew that puppy was ours."

"We were laughing on the way down."



1. Choose to describe your setting or a character in your story.

2. Write out the 5 senses in your notebook and make a list describing that person or setting.

3. Revise your draft to elaborate on a person or place.

I spent years watching my grandma busily preparing meals in her kitchen on Martha's Vineyard. She always seemed to know exactly what to stir into each dish to make it delicious. One morning she asked me if I could like to help her make a blueberry pie. Finally! I thought to myself, I will finally get to learn all of my grandma's baking secrets.

\* Add in dialogue

We put our sneakers on, got plastic bowls and headed down the dirt path behind her house. Every summer the woods behind her house fills up with blueberries. When we came upon some blueberry bushes she started walking off the path into the middle of the bushes. Without a word spoke between us I followed her, I knew this was a special time for both

\* I can hear the ocean through the crackling of the branches beneath my feet. I breathe in the salty summer air and smile to myself.

gramma and I. We sat silently picking blueberries, in a weird way we didn't need to talk to share the moment. Every once in a while I asked her if the blueberries on my bush were ripe enough for our pie. She told me, "the bigger and bluer the better!" We moved from spot to spot until our bowls were filled. As we walked back to the house I told her how excited I was to learn how to make a blueberry pie with her. I wondered if my two older sisters had ever learned how to bake a pie with grandma.

Add detail

Add more details about the blueberries

# Adding Dialogue

Shameka decided that she really deserved an allowance. She had never gotten one, and lots of her friends did. She talked to her dad. It started as an argument, but it ended up okay because she ended up getting an allowance, not as much as she wanted, but at least it was a start.

### Dialogue Revision

"Dad, I need to talk to you," announced Shameka.

"Honey, I'm really busy right now. Can it wait?"

"Actually, Dad, it's already waited for 13 years. I think we are *way* overdue for this conversation."

"Wait a minute," responded Dad. "I really don't like being talked to like that. What's your problem?"

"My *problem* is that I'm not getting any support from you and Mom," Shameka yelled as she walked across the room and prepared to slam the door.

"STOP RIGHT THERE, young lady. You will not talk to me that way and you will not walk away." Dad paused and then calmly asked, "Please, will you tell me what's bothering you? Obviously, there's something rather important. What do you mean that we don't support you?"

"OK, Dad, I'm sorry," apologized Shameka. "It's just that my friends all get allowances and I don't. When we go to the mall, I have to ask you for money. I want to have some money of my own that I can count on whenever I need it."

Dad sighed and then he explained, "Shameka, Mom and I would really like to be able to give you an allowance. We know that your friends have more money than you do, but it's hard for us right now. I will talk to Mom about it, but until I do, how about if I give you 10 dollars this week? Mom and I *will* discuss it, and we'll see what we can do."

"Well, Dad, 10 dollars really doesn't go very far these days, but I guess it's a beginning. Please, tell Mom how much I want it, and tell her I'll do more around the house and that I deserve it, OK?" pleaded Shameka.

Dad laughed, hugged Shameka, and promised, "I'll do what I can."



## What can **Dialogue** add to your writing?

- it makes the story more relatable
- You know more details (the argument was explained)
- More description
- Adds more detail
- It feels like you're right there with them
- Shows exactly how someone feels

3 ways to revise your writing...

### *Mentor Text:*

Look back at the mentor texts that we read at the beginning of our unit. As you re-read your piece, see if you can try these crafts in your own writing.

### *Adding Text:*

Slowly reread each sentence one at a time. As you read, think carefully about how each part would play like a movie in the reader's mind. For each sentence, ask yourself if there are other details you could include to make the movie more vivid for the reader.

### *Keeping Focus:*

Did you get what you want to say across to the reader? Reread your piece to see if every scene helps to convey your message to the reader

3 ways to elaborate in your writing...

### *Adding Dialogue:*

*Add more detail and make your reader feel like they are there in the scene with you. Look back at the paragraphs you re-wrote with dialogue to help you.*

### *Word Choice:*

*Use your "Words we are too mature to use" list or our synonyms box to help you come up with delicious, juicy words!*

### *Using your senses:*

*Use your five senses to describe the setting or characters in your story.*

## Editing For Clarity by Reading Aloud

Put the draft between you and your editor.

The author of the piece should SLOWLY read the piece aloud.

Both the author and editor should be looking for

- misspelled words
- missing or incorrect capitalization (beginning of the sentence, I, places, names)
- missing or incorrect punctuation

After reading:

The editor should take this time to give feedback

What are some things that this writer did well?

What are some things that they can do to make their piece stronger?

- Word choice?
- Were you confused at any point of the story?
- Was their point clear?