

FSA Exemplars

Grade 7 Long Writing

Writing Topic

“A Story”

Your job as an author is to write an interesting story that includes one of the following:

- finding something incredible or magical
- meeting someone remarkable you have never heard of before
- travelling to a place where people never go.

Criteria (Story / Narrative)

“A Story”

Make sure your writing:	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
• develops effectively with a beginning, middle, and end	<input type="checkbox"/>
• has supporting details and is told in an interesting way	<input type="checkbox"/>
• has clear language, descriptive words, and a variety of sentence lengths	<input type="checkbox"/>
• has complete sentences and has correct spelling, punctuation, grammar, and paragraph structure	<input type="checkbox"/>
• is revised and edited	<input type="checkbox"/>

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 1

Writing Topic
“A Story”

ONE time ago there was a
magical land of dinosaurs
that nobody been on before.
It's called the magical
land of dinosaurs. So
when we landed we were
supprised because it was all
dinosaurs and they chased us
down untill we were trapped
and did not know where to
go.

So when we defeated the
dinosaur King we took a
rocket back to earth

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 2

Writing Topic
“A Story”

John meets this thing on the ground it looks like a gold coin so John says I'm rich and he picks it up, he goes to a world. He dropped the coin. In that world there are animals that can talk. One animal looks like a bear. But it has a huge body. All the animals are different, John says in his head is I have to find that gold coin. One animal says hi. The animal is a mouse. John says hi, where am I? You are in the world 3012. What is your name. My name is John how about

your name? My name is scott. Can you help
me find my gold coin. OK, the lions are
not caring they will eat you if they see
you. We are on North side I think your coin
is on the South side of the jungle. The lions
live on the East side. Lets go at night. They
can throw the jungle. We are there. Its my coin
But a lion is half on it so the mice is going
to get it, the mice has it. The lion is awake
he sees the mice he ate him. John is running
the lion ate John.

The End

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 3

Writing Topic
“A Story”

The power ~~of~~ Of The Stone

Once upon a time, there was a stone that

can give you unimaginable ~~power~~ power. There

was an old legend about that stone.

The legend says what power you get

when you swallow the stone. One day a

young ~~traviler~~ traveller named Christian

was beat up and wounded. He

tried to travel but when he reached

his ~~time~~ limit he fell down and

when he hit the ground a stone bounced
into his mouth. He swallowed it and then
he fell asleep. The ~~next~~ next morning
Christian ~~to~~ ~~was~~ woke up ~~in~~ in a bed in
a inn. When He looked at himself,
he was healed. All his wounds are
healed. He was amazed. He got out of
bed and ment to jump for joy
but insted when he jumped he flew
over 100 feet in the air. Then ~~he~~ he
remembered the ~~to~~ stone he
swallowed. was all ~~weard~~ wierd. I mad

Him remember the legend about
a ~~poor~~ powerful stone he ~~too~~ ~~know~~ knew
that ston gave him powers. SO from
that day on he became a super-
hero called ~~heaven~~ hevan man.

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 4

Writing Topic
“A Story”

Far, far away in an unknown Desert I am just about to enter a huge Pyramid around the size of an 80 story building. Maybe not, but I can tell you one ~~thing~~ thing, it is big. As I enter the ~~Pyramid~~ Pyramid I notice the Egyptian writing that says "What ever enters this Pyramid will not come out alive. With caution I still entered the Pyramid. As I enter the tomb of some Egyptian ruler, I suddenly hear a crack and a mummy came out of it's resting place. Then I heard a thousand more cracks, and when I turned around the corner I was standing in front of an army of syc mummies. I started to bravely ~~started to~~

fight against the mummies. It was not doing anything, so I just ran. By the way, mummies can really run fast. Somehow most of the mummies were being demolished by because of the booby-traps. Suddenly the front entrance started to close. I could be trapped in here forever and with the mummies that want to torture me. I took a leap for my life, and I just made it, but I got sand in my mouth and some greenish, yellowy, redish stuff in my nose. Luckily I had kept a scarab to show the people back at home for proof that I was there.

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 5

Writing Topic
"A Story"

The Treasure

It was a cold spring morning as Spanky, Peanute and Willson were playing monopoly in Willson basement it was a very long game and they were getting tired so Willson got up to get them a snack and turn the tv. on as he was getting it he knocked the picture frame of the wall it broke open and inside was a map.

Spanky raced over to see
^{what} the commotion ^{was} and realized what
had happened he took a big gasp
of air and said, "That's the map to
the magical kingdom of cats,
where the treasure is. So spanky,
Peanute and Willson decided they
should go off on this amazing
journey to find the treasure
so they got into their super duper
flower power cars and drove off
to the magical kingdom when all the ^{sudden}
~~at~~ ^{they} attacked by evil flying monkeys

And garden ~~nomes~~ but luckily
luck was on their side and they
had these super duper flower power
cars that were just too fast for
the monkeys and garden nomes
to catch up to them so they
raced off to the kingdom.

As they approached the
kingdom ~~it~~ it seemed so quite like
nobody was there
but ~~well~~ "Spanky said, I guess
this is easier than I thought all
we have to do is walk in and get

The treasure so they step out
of their cars and entered
the amazing building and grabed the
treasure but spanky was right it
was to quit the monkeys and garden
names ^{had followed them and} attacked with a great force
~~and~~ they knocked ^{spanky} out but willson
picked it up and got at of the
place with the treasure and they
all got home safe and lived happy for the
rest of their lives.



Score



Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 6

Writing Topic
“A Story”

Once upon a time there was a beautiful castle that was ruled by elves. These elves were short, had pointy ears, and were very nice to everyone. They were even friendly to trolls. They didn't have a king or queen because it would be unfair for everyone to have to listen to two peoples orders. Instead everyone, young and old, votes on decisions that effect the whole castle. They had only been at war once. This had been against the gnomes who lived in the forest.

The gnomes hated the elves. They were jealous because they wanted to be the short people of which ruled the castle. The gnomes thought that if they could not have the castle then nobody could, ~~they~~ they wanted to destroy it! For several years after the war they had been growing stronger. They even dammed the river that supplied the castle with water. The gnomes were now ready to attack.

The elves heard the gnomes coming. They all ran ~~to~~ to the main street named Main Street, where they held a vote. They were going to

decide ~~wether~~ whether to give up or not,
~~Ever~~
Everyone voted "Fight," The Elves climbed
up the castle, to the walls where they
found books. The elves through the dictionaries
at the ~~elva~~ gnomes. The gnomes used thesaurus
to protect themselves. The elves ~~try~~ lit
paper airplanes on fire and through it over
the elves, The ash got in their eyes, Then
the elves used water guns on the gnomes.
The gnomes tried to use the thesaurus to
block but it got wet. The gnomes knew they
were beaten so they run into the forest,
never to be heard of for five years. Then

they attacked again but the elves just
~~sat~~ sat there, knowing that they couldn't
get through the walls,

The elves lived happily ever after,
as soon as the gnomes stoped ~~through~~ throwing
thesaurus' at the walls,

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 7

Writing Topic
“A Story”

Blueberry Ville 030

It was spring break, the sun was out, the grass was green, the birds were chirping, and it couldn't have been a loulier day in the town of Wiklwash.

All my friends were on holiday, and there was no-one to play with. My best friend Becky, was on a roadtrip. Thats when it hit me... We could go on a roadtrip! So I asked my parents if we could go on a roadtrip, they said yes! They thought it was a great idea. So we packed the car, and headed straight off. I deffinatly did not forget my favourite snack, blueberries.

Grade 7 – 2009 FSA Response Booklet

After a while, my stomach started to rumble, I had eaten all the blueberries. My mom got a bit mad, because she never even had one, they are also her favourite food. Oh well, my mom would just have to deal with it.

Ok, so my dad got lost! We were like in the middle of nowhere! Just when I thought mabeey this roadtrip wasn't such a good idea after all, we came upon a little blue sign... It said "Blueberry Ville, turn at you next right." So my dad thought mabeey they could give us directions, but all all I was thinking of was blueberries

We turned at our next right, and sure enough, we made it to Blueberry Ville. We parked in this little parking spot, and got out of the car. We decided to split up, my dad went to this little hotel to find directions, my mom went with him. Mom gave me some money, too see if I could get us something to eat. This town was weird, everything was blue! I went into this little blue cafe, I bought blueberry scones, cakes and cookies, everything they had was made from blueberries! Also, no other people where in Blueberry Ville, it was very strange. I bought the treats

from a blue dwarf, not even joking! He seemed very sad, I asked him what was wrong, he said he was just a little blue... This place was weird, I met up with my parents, after my dad got directions. We decided to get out of this strange place, and ~~that~~ we were done with our roadtrip. We drove back home, and continued the boring spring break. When school started, everyone said they had so much fun on spring break. They asked me why I looked so sad. I told them, I was just a little blue.



Score



Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 8

Writing Topic
“A Story”

Have you ever imagined meeting someone famous?
What if you didn't really know who they were? Would
you feel silly? That is what happened to me.

Should I have felt silly? After all I was four
years old, it was about mid-summer in 2000. I was
on the B.C. ferries, coming back from my
grand parents house in Nanaimo. We were
half way through our two and a half hour boat
ride. I was tired. All of a sudden a tall slim
woman with blond hair started talking with

my mom and dad. My dad started introducing me to this woman. They said her name was Diana Krawt, I had no idea who she was, but when they said her name I remembered my parents had some C.D.s by her. So of course me being a four year old blurted out, "I know you, your on those C.D.s my mommy and daddy have!"

Maybe I should have felt silly, especially because my mom covered my mouth right as I finished the word have. After that my mom told me to sit down and stay quite.

If you were in my shoes would you feel

silly? How would you handle it, or would you be like me and blurt out the first thing that comes to your mind? I wish I could go back in time and change how I reacted.

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 9

Writing Topic “A Story”

I always dreamt of escaping the earth, going into space, and surviving for one night. Not just anywhere in space though, to the planet Pluto.

When I was at school, I seemed pretty popular. In this case, I was the popular 'nerd'. I dressed like the other cool kids. The guys who didn't know I was a nerd were attracted to me, but then they backed off when sudden rumours spread about 'the girl who wants to go to space'. Life was a bummer just because of school. Grade nine is when bad opportunities enter your door, but I refused them. I was a good kid; polite, energetic, intelligent, and I was content when I was with friends that were actual friends. I only had a few of the real ones though. That part sucked. However, my two 'real friends' were pretty similar to me. They had the same desire that I wished for, which was a coincidence.

I was in twelfth grade now, school had the same perspective as the good old days, meaning, nothing had changed in the past years. The only change was that I was quite occupied during the day, everyday, because my searching for colleges took over my freedom. Surprisingly, Bella and Lisa (my two 'real friends'), began to chit chat about our dream of travelling to Pluto in the future.

It all came so fast, we packed our bags, had a surplus of food, and said goodbye to our terrified parents. The three of us were waving at the citizens who surrounded the space ship. Everyone had grins with nervous faces, but Bella, Lisa and I were totally anxious. We stepped our first step into the shuttle, proud of our selves for our 'so far accomplishment'. We took our last breath of the earths' fresh air, but certainly, hopefully, not our last for good. Lisa had experience with driving planes and stuff like that because her dad was a pilot. We were ready. Taking a

deep breath, we counted down from twenty. BLAST OFF! It was slow at the beginning of take off, but gradually became the speed of lightening.

Darkness was the only thing in sight, besides the sparkling stars along with other planets. We recognized our destination. A few yards right ahead, floated Pluto.

Before we escaped the shuttle, we slipped on our space suits. Pluto was astonishing. Speechless words came out of our mouths. Pluto was the smallest planet in space. Nevertheless, it was still fascinating. We found it very cold. Actually, it was freezing. Our watches were on, which was handy. We snacked a bit on some cream puffs, and walked around. The planet was the perfect size. If we walked far, our shuttle would save us from getting lost because we would spot the lofty ship.

Something awkward was happening to the three of us. Something that included pain. From a far, we spotted objects. Big, powerful objects. We screamed for help, but that was pointless. It was only little pinches at the beginning, but gradually became worse, and discovered why. A meteor show was arriving, in our direction. We noticed that the tiny pinches came from little meteors that floated powerfully into our helmets, creating cracks. "This isn't good," was all we could think. We screamed, yelled, cried, panicked, until the shouting had ended, as well as the meteor. Our visiting in space had ended, along with our lives.

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 10

Writing Topic “A Story”

REMEMBER TO DOUBLE-SPACE YOUR WRITING.
The Magical Garden grandfather's

Violet Anderson arrived at her ~~grandfather's~~ small green house in England at around 1:30pm. His cheerful blue eyes gleamed as he wrapped his arms around her. When she stepped in^{side}, she could smell the familiar aroma of freshly ~~baked~~ baked blueberry pie, her favorite. After a light lunch and a cup of tea they sat down on his blue floral couch to talk for a while. Fifteen minutes later Violet noticed her grandfather was asleep. Taking this opportunity to explore England she got her coat and tiptoed out ~~of~~ ^{of} the patio door onto the back porch. The house backed right into

the forest, that would be her destination. There was no ^{dirt} path, so she would have to break a trail ^{herself} ~~her~~ ~~se~~. After a long time, ~~of~~ she sat on a stump to rest. She was scanning the many trees when ~~she~~ something caught her eye. Way off in the distance amongst the many small ^{plants} ~~plants~~ she could ~~she~~ see a path. She began running toward it stumbling ~~of~~ over roots and sticks. Finally she came to the strange sighting, to find that it was a pathway. The crumbling gray brick was covered with moist green moss. She began to walk along it, careful ^{that seemed to be} not to step on any of the lady bugs [^] attracted to

the various weeds that were poking up through the cracks in the brick. Her long journey on the mysterious trail was ended when out of nowhere a clearing in the deep forest ~~came~~^{came} into sight.

Right in the middle of it was the most ~~bizarre~~^{bizarre} thing she had ever seen. Four stone arches stood ~~together~~ together forming a square, a wooden bench sitting on a platform under them. ~~arches~~. An apple tree could be seen to the left, the ripe fruit glistening in the sun. Irises, tulips, marygolds, and ~~lillies~~ lillies outlined the perimeter of the ~~g~~ clearing. To the right was a sparkling pond home to many croaking frogs. Violet knew it was getting late and that

She must come back ~~back~~ tomorrow. She ran as fast as she could up the path, through the winding and twisting ~~at~~ trees, through the gate and up the grass. Quietly she opened the patio door to find her grandfather snoring softly on the couch, just the way she had left him.

~~She~~ Violet pulled a wool blanket over top of him so that he wouldn't get cold and started to prepare dinner. Today was a great ~~at~~ adventure, tomorrow would be even better.

Grade 7 Long Writing – Exemplar # 11

Writing Topic
“A Story”

Within your lifetime, have you ever been shot and scored in a junkyard basketball hoop? Or maybe you've been shot and scored in a basket during the NBA Championships? Well, reader, I have done both. How, you ask? That answer is simple. My name is PROPERTY OF SHAQ, and I am a basketball.

But you can call me P.S., if you'd like.

I am owned by Shaq O'Neil, and live in his garage. He would often take me out to play with when he was young, and we became very close indeed.

As he grew tall, I grew faded; the years passed me

like the girls passed him. And now he is twenty-three, and I still sit here in his garage.

"... no, no, no, wait - I have something I want to show you," I heard him calling to others unknown; his voice was muffled behind the garage door. Suddenly it burst open, and Shaq's huge figure took up most of the doorframe.

"What now, Shaq! We haven't got all day - my partner and I have to be in New York by seven o'clock, sharp!" This voice was unusually irritated, and sounded quite exasperated with Shaq.

But Shaq suddenly pulled me out of the old, dusty bin and began explaining his need

to have me played in the next championship game. I couldn't believe my ears. The excitement and hope and love for Shaq rushed through my rubber all at once. But then it faded. The one man was shaking his head. Shaq persuaded some more, and the man smiled. He nodded and I was shoved in a back seat and driven to California State.

The next minute, I was being dribbled down the giant court, tossed this way and that by large, sweaty hands— and then, swoosh. Plunk. Plunk. Plunk. SWOOSH. I was dropped and shot, dropped and shot until the buzzer echoed through the screaming gym. Yet, once I was in the perfectly

sweaty, perfectly large hands of my best friend, I felt the doubts and worries of my burning rubber melt away (no, not literally.). We sped down the remains of the court, with only three seconds left on the clock -

Then I had left his hands, stretching and swerving through the net of the basket. The buzzer rang. Cheers erupted. And Shaq O'Neil held me up high, triumph clear on his face. So, I ask you, reader have you ever been shot and scored in an NBA basket? Well, I have.

Writing Topic
“A Story”

The Quest for the Magical Brush
An AD&D Campaign Novelization By [REDACTED]

It was a beautiful spring day in the countryside of Edo, Japan. The cherry trees were blossoming and the last of the frost had melted to allow the first of the crops to be planted. Takasumi Kazaname had brought his friends Corawk, a lizardman and Randaros, a Raksasha to his land of birth the past summer and they had just finished their first quest in this new land. Tazuna, a local farmer had been attacked by a group of ravenous kobalids, who later retreated to the mountains. The rather unpleasant reptilians had kidnapped the farmer’s daughter and as soon as we heard we raced into mountains after them. A few weeks later found us one level higher and 400 pieces of gold richer after we discovered a dungeon at the back of a cavern. After completing our quest we went to the marketplace just inside town to spend our newfound riches.

“I’m beat, let’s go to a sake bar.” complained Randaros.

“Not now, Randaros, we need some healing potions, and besides Corawk and I did most of the work so you shouldn’t be complaining.”

“Ain’t that the truth.” murmured Corawk.

“Enough you two. I found an alchemist’s shop and we can go to a sake bar when we have what we need.” I said. After we got a few healing potions and some figwort, we went up to a shifty-eyed man in a long kimono, sitting at a short table to pay.

“I’d like to buy these goods sir.” I said, and gave him 60 yen.

“All right then.” replied the alchemist as he took the money on the table. We then left the shop to continue browsing the marketplace as Randaros muttered uncivilized jokes to himself.

“That guy kinda creeped me out.” exclaimed Corawk.

“Those are alchemists for ya.” I replied. “They’re all the same.”

That night we bunked down at an inn to get some rest, but Corawk, as usual kept us awake an hour or so after we would have liked to have been asleep.

“I wonder if the rumor about that magic sumi brush is true.” he said, bringing back the memory of what a provisions vendor told us as we were buying some fish.

“Maybe we can check it out tomorrow, but for the time being we should get some sleep.” I replied.

“Fine.” he said, and he lied down in his cot to go to sleep.

That morning we went to western district and found the provisions merchant from yesterday after about an hour of shopping and searching.

"Hello again young adventurers. May I interest you in some tea from the mainland?" he asked.

"No thanks. We were just wondering if you had any more information on that brush thingie." replied Corawk.

"Shhhh! Keep your voices down, we'll talk somewhere else." he cautiously whispered as he led us to the nearest sake bar. We slowly crept into the bar and sat down at a table in the far corner.

"The name's Shikotou." whispered the merchant. "Now listen carefully cause' I don't got time to tell ya this again. There's been word floatin' around that a magical artifact called The Brush of Ameterasu still exists hidden deep inside a temple to the north. Now, I don't now if any of this is true but I hear it can be very powerful if ya know how to use it."

"Sounds like something we could check out." I said. "Just mark where the temple is on this map and we'll tell ya the story when we get back." I handed him our map and he circled the area where the temple would be and handed it back as we went out the door to start our journey.

After two days of travel we finally arrived at the temple to find a rather small surprise.

"It's tiny!" exclaimed Randaros in utter disappointment at the miniscule "temple" that was no larger than a hermit's hut.

"Well, let's at least go inside." I said. "We didn't come all this way just to turn around." We slowly entered the dark room in hopes of finding something worth our wait. Suddenly the floor was swept up underneath us and we fell into a deep, black cavern that was dug under the temple. Quickly we reached the bottom and got up slowly, sore from the abrupt end of our descent.

"Man, if I ever see that Shikotou guy again I'm gonna wring his neck." spat Randaros as he recovered from his fall.

"Stop your complaining Randaros!" snapped Corawk. "Besides, I think we have bigger problems at the moment. Quickly Randaros and I followed Corawk's gaze until our eyes met the figure of a huge, lumbering mantichore stepping out of the shadows.

"Holy crap!" exclaimed Randaros as we drew our weapons and braced for the attack of the immense, barbed creature.

"Magic missile!" I yelled as several blue balls of magical energy shot from my finger and spiraled toward the attacking claw of the mantichore, stunning the raging creature. "Quick Corawk, there's your opening!" I yelled, but Corawk had already snuck up behind the creature and was expertly severing its lower vertebrae so that it couldn't swing its barbed, poisonous tail.

"Now Randaros!" Corawk yelled and Randaros charged in and stabbed the Mantichore between the eyes with his sword of sharpness to kill it. The

manticore emitted a deafening final roar and collapsed on the ground, dead.

“Yes, we killed it!” exclaimed Corawk as we cleaned our weapons and eagerly entered the next room. The room was small and featureless, except for a dusty, curtained shrine sitting in the middle. I slowly stepped forward and pulled away the curtain to find a small, ornate sumi brush on a golden stand.

“We found it!” I exclaimed. “We found The Brush of Ameterasu.”