

Didn't See That Coming

It was in my sixth grade classroom when "the event" happened; the most ^{SP2}
 humiliating, yet humorous incident of my ^{redundant} sixth grade year occurred. I could see it just
 ahead. The faded color of red was blurred as it hastily sped towards me. Caught in the ^{SP10}
 moment of dismay, I was unable to modify my current sitting position. It seemed that my
 chair was plastered with super glue, and I could not break free. I could feel my peer next to ^{SP4}
 me ^{love it} cringe in her chair, for she also saw the ball of fury spiralling in my direction. My
 thoughts were ^{? word choice} challenged as they tried to evaluate why this was happening to me. ^{Vague word Be spec.} It was
 coming closer, and I feared there was no stopping it. It was coming...for me.

BAAMM! I was hit directly in the face. All the blood rushed to ^{W.C.} my face as quickly as a
 cheetah races to catch his prey. I mentally checked my vitals, making sure I wasn't seriously
 injured. That, of course, was very naive, ^{SP5} ^{SP7} because it was just a string ball, and it would have
 no severe effect on me. ^{SP10} Still in shock, I realized the whole entire sixth grade classroom was
 staring at me. ^{W.L.} Being very self concious of my movements, for I knew I was being watched, I
 stooped to gather the cluster of string. I lifted the ball and placed it in both of my hands
 protectively. I peered at the other student's faces, which were still gawking at me, only
 moments before they began laughing.

"What's so funny?" I questioned myself silently.

Although I ^{love it} endeavored to control it, I was unable to stop my cheeks from turning to ^{SP}
 the color of ripe tomatoes. I knew everyone could see my unfortunate red cheeks: naturally, ^{8,10}
 that made me blush even more. At that point, I don't think you could have called it blushing ^{SP10}
 but more like "burning flames of humiliation." I looked like a fool, and worst of all, I had no

NICE

control over the situation. Thoughts of "Macy the tomato face" began swimming in my head.

Was I to become one of those school laughing stalks that I saw in the movies? No! I would

not take that kind of degradation! So, to resolve the situation, I simply began laughing with them.

As I laughed, I looked towards my attacker. The one who threw the string ball was, indeed, my teacher, Mr. M. He was just standing there with a visage of dismay. Why would he throw it at me? Wasn't he the one who told me I was one of his favorite students? He realized I was staring at him, so he quieted the class and said,

DIRECT ADDRESS

"I'm sorry, Macy. I was not aiming for you."

As he said this, he gave a sarcastic glance towards his true target. Mr. M. was originally aiming for a boy sitting somewhere behind me. The string, nevertheless, had a mind of its own and chose me as its objective. Relief washed over me, and I no longer struggled with thoughts of his betrayal; although, I was still upset for his abashment.

"I'll tell you what. I will give you a free shot to hit me with the ball," he said, gesturing towards the ball I still cradled in my hands. I gave him an incredulous look, for that was not something I was interested in doing. What if I missed? Then I would be embarrassing myself even more.

Finally, I made my decision. I shook my head back and forth, declaring that I would not throw the ball at him. He gave a shrug and motioned for me to toss it back to him. For some reason, I felt defeated. I was overcome with disappointed looks from other students who were anticipating my throw. Mental images of a chicken going "bock bock bock bock,"

Personification

SP10

cartwheeled through my mind. I couldn't handle this anymore. Without realizing, my arm

was raised in a launching position. As if I had no authority over it, my arm aimed and sent SP6

the ball soaring through the air. I abruptly realized the trajectory of the ball was headed

towards...No not there! I knew that all of the student's mug faces, including my own, had

morphed into faces of horror. I watched in disbelief as the ball came upon impact.
AWKWARD

BAAMM! The ball hit Mr. M. in the place where "the sun don't shine!" Mr. M. bowed over in a stance of pain. A sudden roar of laughter broke out amongst the students. I knew

my face, again, had turned red: this time, I didn't care. I burst out, unable to control my

laughter. Five minutes of precious class time was spent on the outburst of laughter. We

couldn't stop! When the laughter finally died down, only little giggles escaped the mouths of

the few people who could not keep it together. People kept giving me looks, obviously

saying, "good shot." I personally disagreed, but I could not help feeling that I had been

somewhat successful in my shot. Students gave me high fives and slaps on the back for my good aim.

Poor Mr. M. hushed the class and began teaching. We were forced to pull ourselves

together, but through the rest of the class, every so often, an anonymous chuckle would occur. I will never forget that most embarrassing, yet amusing day of sixth grade.

Sentence Fluency

Meets+

- BEGINNINGS (MEETS)
 - PATTERNS (MEETS)
 - LENGTHS (EXCEEDS)
- BEGIN WITH MORE SP6!
YOU START WITH MANY SP1.
TOO MANY SP5 BUT A NICE
DISTRACTING, VARIETY.

WORD CHOICE

Meets

IDEAS + CONTENT

EXCEEDS

ORGANIZATION

EXCEEDS

(Needs a few more transitions)

CONVENTIONS

EXCEEDS!!

