

In yestore your, when Moby Dick was a tadpole and the seas rolled and thundered over the jettys and onto the shore, I searched for my first sand doller still hidden somewhere in the ever stretching to Long Beach peninsula, wich was located in Washington State. Id been going there since a little toddler not finding much more then sea weed and empty crab shells which were plucked clean by the screeching gulls, nature's best garbage man. Now I was five, I could run and search on my own while holding hands with mom and dad. I could run with the big kids down the beach with the wind roaring in my ears like huge jet engines. I was in search of the still fashionable sand doller, that naturally perfect round disc with a dotted star on top and a hole in the center of its flat bottom. While in town the first evening of beachcoming, I spotted just the box I needed for my collection of valuas to be. It was not just a box but a red coler chest approximately 4 by 8 inches and designed like a treasure chest. Mom and dad thought it was just what I needed.

I couldn't wait for morning to come, the night went slow. I could hear the waves beckoning me through the partially open window in my room. Like counting sheep the waves took their toll.

Clam digging started early before light, and my parents wanted to went clam digging while the tide was still out, and I looked for shells. I found different kinds of shells, broken crabs, empty clams because the sea gulls got to them first, but still no sand doller. After lunch mom and dad decided to help me find some sand dollers, but first dad had to stop at the store in Long Beach. Dad left me to go ahead and look for sand dollers with mom. When dad got back he helped me look. Then I spotted it, partially sticking out of the sand, I found It, my first sand doller.

It was probably the only one on the beach for 50 miles. I put it in my treasure box with sand still softly leeking through the hole in the bottom. This shell is in my box besides years of awards, pins and buttons from athledics and scouting. A saber tooth from Hawaii that my Grandpa got for me, and a Swiss army knife I found in the woods of Vancouver where I used to live. These things keep a warm link to my past.

Long Beach, I found out didn't have sand dollers, but the local souvenir shop kept them in reserve for when Moms and dads would help build up a memory.

The END

“Finding a Sanddoller” / 9<sup>th</sup> Grade / Narrative / Six Trait, 6-Point Rubric  
Prompt: Think of one experience that happened to you for the first time. Tell the story of what happened.

<b><i>Ideas and Content</i></b> <i>5/4</i>	The writing is clear and generally focused, with a strong enough story line to hold the reader's interest. Support is not always consistently effective in fleshing out the main idea; at times the reader questions why details about the box compete with the sand dollar theme.
<b><i>Organization</i></b> <i>4/4</i>	The well developed introduction sets the time, place and purpose of the writing that follows, which is to tell a nostalgic story about finding a sand dollar. What would help to bring out the thrill of finally finding the treasured object, would be a structure that showcased that moment. Instead, the “finding” is buried in a paragraph with a lot of other stuff. The conclusion is rushed and does not seem to sum up the main point of the story.
<b><i>Voice</i></b> <i>4/5</i>	Sensitive and distinctive voice reflects a writer who cares about creating a mood. The introduction (... <i>the seas rolled and thundered over the jettys</i> ) sets up the reader for a sea yarn of yestore your ( <i>yester year</i> ). Unfortunately, the voice is not sustained, and the author switches gears. ( <i>after lunch mom and dad decided to help me find some sand dollars...</i> )
<b><i>Word Choice</i></b> <i>4/5</i>	A debate rages among the raters over the effectiveness of the word choice; one reader sees effective use of figurative language, descriptive adjectives, and powerful verbs. The other reader is stopped cold trying to imagine Moby Dick as a tadpole, and wonders about the image in the sentence, <i>run and search on my own while holding hands with mom and dad</i> . The level of attempt shows a willingness to take a risk, and sometimes the result is quite good:“... <i>that naturally perfect round disc with a dotted star on top and hole in the center of its flat bottom</i> ” and “ <i>plucked clean by the screeching gulls,</i> ” for example. In any case, this writer needs to keep the words natural sounding, and avoid over-blown prose.
<b><i>Sentence Fluency</i></b> <i>5/5</i>	The sentences read with fluid grace and are easily understandable. The writer varies sentence patterns and begins sentences in a variety of ways.
<b><i>Conventions</i></b> <i>4/4</i>	Strange errors crop up that seem not consistent with this writer's overall skill. “ <i>My parents wanted to went clam digging</i> ” for instance. Misspellings in the first sentence <i>yestore your</i> and <i>sand doller</i> are hard to ignore. A thorough going over is needed. Improved punctuation will aid readers in hearing the fluency in the sentences.