



# Storytelling

## EVALUATION SHEET

### INSTRUCTIONS

Please review the instructions for evaluating the performances of the storytelling contestants. The following criteria are of equal importance to evaluating contestants. Terminology used is only intended to help the judge identify criteria for determining a winner. Please make your comments using language understandable to the contestant. Students and instructors appreciate constructive narrative comments. Please do not confer with other judges before ranking students. Judges' decisions are an individual responsibility.

**Speaker Number** \_\_\_\_\_

**Speaker Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Round**  Prelims

**Section** \_\_\_\_\_

Finals

Yes No **Did the contestant communicate effectively with the audience?**

Yes No **Did the contestant command attention?**

Yes No **Did the contestant tell the story with ease?**

Yes No **Did the contestant exhibit enthusiasm?**

Yes No **Did the contestant utilize facial expressions, vocal variety and characterization?**

Yes No **Did the contestant make good eye contact?**

Yes No **Did the contestant use good posture?**

Yes No **Did the contestant speak clearly?**

Yes No **Did the contestant use gestures effectively?**

### CONSTRUCTIVE COMMENTS FOR THE CONTESTANT:

*Judge's signature* \_\_\_\_\_



Storytelling Contest  
Invitational 2018-19

“Camping Rehearsal”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Gabriella dragged the tent box from the garage to the backyard.

“Greg, come help me with the camping rehearsal!” she shouted.

Her brother walked outside with a banana in his hand. He pretended to be a monkey.

“Whoever heard of a camping rehearsal?” he asked.

Gabriella said, “And what’s wrong with having a rehearsal for our first ever camping trip? It’s so great that Mom’s office is doing a family campout.”

Greg hopped around and scratched himself like a monkey. Then he grinned. “Can we rehearse the eating part too?”

Gabriella nodded. “You bet!”

She pulled the tent parts from the box. They had borrowed the tent for the campout.

“Wow, that’s a lot of stuff,” Greg said.

Gabriella bent down. She moved several long metal pieces to one side. There were small metal pieces with round and sharp ends. She shook the box.

“Uh oh, no instructions,” she said.

Greg growled. “Maybe a bear ate them. A big grizzly bear who likes to eat paper.”

Gabriella sighed. No instructions and a silly brother.

She picked up the metal pieces with the sharp ends. “These probably go into the ground.”

Greg grabbed a corner of the tent. “Here’s a rope with a hook at the end.”

They stood side by side and looked at all the pieces lying on the ground.

Gabriella said, “It’s a puzzle.”

Greg shook his head. “It’s a mess.”

Gabriella looked around the back yard. “We need to find a good spot. Somewhere flat.”

Greg ran over to the hill in the corner of the yard where their parents hated to mow. “No, lets do it on a hill. We can roll the tent like a roller coaster.” He laid down and rolled to the bottom of the hill.

Gabriella grabbed the tent and dragged it to the spot where they sometimes set up a small pool.

She said. “Perfect. It’s flat and big and the best spot to look at the koi pond and the flower garden. It will be like we are really in the woods.”

She ran from corner to corner, stretching the tent until it looked even.

Greg grabbed the metal poles and dragged them to the tent. “Maybe these go in those loops. Then what?”

Gabriella studied the tent. She closed her eyes and pictured the ones she saw when they were staying in a cabin near the lake on vacation. She grabbed a pole and stuck it in a loop.

“Stick the pole on your side,” she said.

Greg put the pole in and said, “The tent is still flat.”

Gabriella backed up. She held the pole until her side of the tent stood taller.

“Back up and hold the pole. Pull at the tent,” she said.

Greg grunted as he backed away and held onto the pole. After a while, the tent was standing at the front. They added the other poles at the back.

“Hey, it looks like a tent,” Greg said. He ran to the front flaps and crawled inside.

“Wait,” Gabriella said. “Where are those short poles that stick in the ground?”

She slid one into a side loop, then pushed it into the ground. Then another and another. Greg put in the last ones. He touched the side of the tent. Then, he patted it.

“Wow, it’s great,” Gabriela said.

Greg pulled a lawn chair near the tent and flopped into it. “That was hard work. Where’s the fun part of camping?”

Gabriela tapped her finger against her nose. She smiled and ran into the kitchen.

She pulled out a big straw picnic basket from a closet. Inside were plastic plates and cups and silverware.

Gabriella opened the refrigerator and stared inside.

“This, this, a little of that, and some of those,” she said as she filled the picnic basket.

Gabriella grabbed the basket and ran outside.

“We can’t start a campfire, but we can pretend and rehearse eating,” she told her brother.

Greg licked his lips. “Yeah, lets rehearse lunch.”

Gabriela pulled a tablecloth from the picnic basket and put it on the grass. Greg grabbed twigs that had fallen from the big oak tree and put them on the ground near the tent.

“With a real campfire we’d put stones all around it to keep the fire inside,” he said. “I saw it in a movie.”

Gabriella pulled out two cans of juice, two leftover hotdogs from the night before, two apples, and a small bag of cookies.

They ate their practice camping lunch. Sophie, their cocker spaniel jumped up and down and barked.

“A wild animal!” Greg shouted. “I’ll tame him with a hot dog.”

He tossed a piece of his hot dog to Sophie. She grabbed it and ran to her doghouse.

“Quick thinking,” Gabriella said, giggling.

After they ate, they played games of Tag and Hide and Seek.

Gabriella decided they were ready for their real camping trip. It had been fun rehearsing. They picked up the sticks from the pretend campfire and put them in a corner of the yard.

They took down the tent and put everything back in the box.

Gabriella turned when she heard the glass door slide open. Her parents stood together, frowning.

“I’m afraid we have bad news,” their father said.

Their mother nodded. “The camping trip is cancelled for this weekend. I’m sorry. But they will do it next month.”

Her father said, “It’s too bad. I was looking forward to it.”

Gabriella nudged her brother’s arm. “Hey Dad, have you ever heard of a camping rehearsal?”

Gabriella looked at her brother and grinned. This time, they might even see Mrs. Taylor’s striped cat in the trees. Sometimes, she looked like a tiger.



Storytelling Contest  
Invitational 2018-19

“Camping Rehearsal”  
Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

**Directions to Contest Directors:** Give a copy of this sheet to each judge before the contest begins.

**Directions to Judges:** Each speaker must include at least one of the following elements from the story in his or her presentation. Words may vary. It is up to the judge to decide if the speaker has included one of the elements.

1. Gabriella is excited to go on her mom’s office camping trip with her family but decides it would be good to practice/rehearse before they go. Her brother, Greg, asks if they can practice eating too, and joins Gabriella when she says yes.
2. Gabriella and Greg try to set up the tent they borrowed for the weekend but find they don’t have the instructions. They pulled out the pieces and started trying to put the tent together like a puzzle in a flat spot in their backyard near the koi pond and flower garden.
3. They laid the tent out until it was even and imagined what the tents looked like when they said in a cabin on a vacation they had been on.
4. Gabriella runs inside to grab a picnic basket and then fills it with food, so she and Greg can “practice lunch.” She took the basket and laid out a blanket for them to eat their juice and hotdogs. Then they played games like tag and hide and seek.
5. Gabriella and Greg’s parents came out to tell them that the camping trip was cancelled and rescheduled for the next month. Gabriella said that’s okay and asked her parents if they had ever heard of a camping rehearsal.





# Storytelling Contest

**Invitational 2018-19**

**“What We See”**

Grades 2 and 3

by Diamond Villela

My red bike was my best friend. I got it for my 8th birthday. Every day after school I ran home from the bus stop, jumped on my bike and rode through the neighborhood.

Mom’s rules were that we shouldn’t go far, and we had to be home when the street lights came on. I scoured our neighborhood. I wanted to find every hideout, parking lot, and tree I could climb.

We lived in a white frame house. Just me, mom and my two brothers. Our neighbors were so mysterious. Across the street lived an old lady I only saw once. She lived in a beautiful red brick house, and her yard was pristine, lush and green, always perfectly manicured.

The curtains were always drawn, and nothing ever happened there. Next to her lived a young couple with two small children. They came in and out all the time and always waved at me. Next to them lived a blind man.

I thought he was a little scary because I rarely saw him and when I did he seemed frazzled. Catty corner to him lived Mrs. Charlotte. She had a garden in

her backyard, and I saw her watering and pruning daily. She always smiled and waved and said, "Hi, Sara."

One day I rode by her house and there was a big white and gray dog in her front yard. I'd never seen a more handsome dog. I was so excited I stopped my bike and walked into her yard to greet him.

He sat up when he saw me, tail wagging, with his tongue sticking out. He was so tall!

As I got closer he seemed excited too. I put my hand out to pet him, and he gave me a great big wet kiss. When I got close enough he jumped up and gave me a hug, paws on my shoulders; he towered at least a foot over me.

His name was Samson. His soft fur covered my face, and I knew I had made a best friend.

Every day I would ride over to see Samson. After a few visits, Mrs. Charlotte stepped out on to her porch and said, "He likes you!"

"Hi, Mrs. Charlotte!" I said.

"Hi, Sara! That's Samson. My son couldn't take care of him anymore so now he's mine."

"He's such a big fluffy dog; isn't he hot with all that fur?" He looked like he belonged in the snow.

“Yes, he must be so hot, but this is his home now and he’ll have to get used to it.”

I visited Samson every day and eventually Mrs. Charlotte and I got to know each other. She invited me into her home and made me lunch. She talked about her tomatoes and lettuce and the flowers she was growing.

She told me about the fertilizer she used and how often she watered. I got a tour and learned she had spent lots of money leveling the house and fixing the cracks in the walls.

On days Samson wasn’t outside, I’d ride my bike around singing to myself. I loved to sing. I couldn’t sing at home because I didn’t want to wake up my mom or listen to my brothers make fun of me.

I didn’t know any songs, so I would sing anything I could remember and make up the rest. I’d hum a tune I heard on the radio and try to imitate the singers. It was my little secret, or so I thought.

On the last day of school before summer break I ran home to get on my bike. I opened the back gate and my bike had a flat tire! Completely disappointed, I stormed out of the backyard. I decided I should go see Samson.

I walked over to Mrs. Charlotte's house and saw she was setting up chairs and Samson was sitting in the shade panting. When I got close enough, Mrs. Charlotte waved me over.

“Hi sweetie!” she yelled.

“Hi, Mrs. Charlotte,” I mumbled.

“What's the matter, dear?”

“My bike has a flat tire, and I wanted to go for a ride.”

“Oh honey, I'm sorry, but don't you worry because you are in for a treat.”

“What's happening? Why are you setting up these chairs?”

“Oh, I'm glad you asked! My friend Henry is coming over to play a show.”

“Who's Henry?”

“Who's Henry?” she looked at me, puzzled.

“You know him. He's your neighbor!” She pointed to the blind man's house. I had never met Henry and couldn't imagine what kind of show a blind man could put on.

“What does he do?”

“It's a surprise!”

Slowly a few of the neighbors made their way to Mrs. Charlotte's yard. The couple with the kids from across the street and a few other people I had never seen before filled the seats.

Everyone gathered around, and I found a spot next to Samson. We looked at each other and I could tell he was just as confused as I was.

When Henry came out of his house he was carrying a keyboard and a folded stand. I couldn't believe it. Was Henry going to play a piano? Mrs. Charlotte walked to his house and guided him across the street to her yard.

"Everyone, this is Henry. He's going to play a few songs for us."

Stunned, I watched his every move. How did he know what he was doing? He's blind! He set up his instrument flawlessly.

He knew where everything went without a doubt. I sat up on my knees and I couldn't wait to hear him. He pounded the keys dramatically. Classical music filled the air. It took my breath away.

Then boogie woogie, then jazz! I had no idea what this music was, but I knew I loved it. He played and played and even sang! I was so happy I hummed along with him. Everyone was mesmerized.

Even Samson looked happy. After a little while, sweaty and out of breath, Henry paused. He cocked his head up towards the sky and then turned to face me. I knew he couldn't see me, but he was staring right at me.

"You," he said in such a calm tone. "It's you I hear singing on your bike."

Petrified, I couldn't believe what he was saying. "Me?"

"Yes, I recognize your voice. You go past my house almost every day singing something. What is it?"

"Uh..um.. Nothing. I just make stuff up."

“Is that right, you just make stuff up?”

“Ya, I don’t know any songs.”

“Would you like to sing a song with me?” he asked.

“No, I don’t know any, and I’m too shy.”

“How about you sit next to me and see if you can remember this one?”

Terrified, I decided I didn’t have a choice. “Ok, but what if I don’t know it?”

“That's ok, little one, just hum it.”



Storytelling Contest  
Invitational 2018-19

“What We See”

Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

**Directions to Contest Directors:** Give a copy of this sheet to each judge before the contest begins.

**Directions to Judges:** Each speaker must include at least one of the following elements from the story in his or her presentation. Words may vary. It is up to the judge to decide if the speaker has included one of the elements.

1. Sara loves to ride her bike through the neighborhood to find hiding spots, parking lots, and climbing trees. Her mom tells her not to go far and to be home when the street lamps come on. Sara lives in a white frame house with her mother and two brothers.
2. All of Sara’s neighbors are very unique: one is an old lady with a perfect lawn that always had her curtains closed, then there was a family with young kids, another is a blind man who lives next door, and catty corner was Mrs. Charlotte.
3. When she is riding her bike, she sees a big grey and white, fluffy dog in her neighbor’s, Mrs. Charlotte’s, yard. She goes up to the dog and holds her hand out for him to give her a big sloppy kiss. Mrs. Charlotte says his name is Samson and that he used to be her son’s dog, but now he is hers. Sara starts going over to see Samson and becomes friends with Mrs. Charlotte too.
4. When Samson isn’t in Mrs Charlotte’s yard, Sara decides to ride around humming or singing songs. She doesn’t know many of the actual words, but she loves singing anyway. She thinks no one knows because she doesn’t sing at home; she doesn’t want to wake her mom or for her brothers to tease her.
5. One day, Sara sees Mrs. Charlotte setting up chairs in her yard and asks why. Mrs. Charlotte tells her that Henry, the blind man, was going to put on a show. Henry comes out to play his keyboard and sing and recognizes Sara’s voice from her riding her bike and singing. He invites her up to sing even though she doesn’t know the words and tells her she can just hum.



## Storytelling Contest

Fall/Winter District 2018-19

### “Nothing but Blue Skies”

Grades 2 and 3

by David Rice

On my seventh birthday my grandmother, Mama Locha gave me a sky blue shirt with fluffy clouds on it. She bought it in San Antonio at an art gallery and said it was hand painted. It was one of a kind. “Everyday brings a different sky but your sky will always be bright blue with fluffy clouds,” she said. She gave me washing instructions. Wash in cold water and let hang dry so it would stay bright blue. She believed you should take care of your clothes and pass them to people you love.

I’d go with her to Goodwill and she’d look at dresses and coats. “Where do you think these have been? Weddings, parties or chilly nights by a fire? They all tell stories.”

“You think clothes tell stories?” I asked.

“People tell stories and the clothes they wear hold memories. Your great grandmother made my wedding dress. Your mother wore my wedding dress at her wedding and maybe one day, your sister will wear my dress at her wedding. See, we pass on our clothes and they carry love.”



I loved the sky blue shirt, but I loved one thing more, my dog Crazy Loco. He was great and followed me everywhere. He'd sometimes walk in front, but always made sure I was following him. And other times, Crazy Loco walked behind, but I made sure he was following me. I guess you could say he was my best friend.

One of my other best friends lived a few blocks away and I'd walk to his house to play and Crazy Loco tagged along like he always did. One day I stayed at my friend's house past sundown and walked home in the dark. But I wasn't afraid because it was my neighborhood and Crazy Loco was with me. He was a brave dog and though he never really barked and certainly never bit anyone, I think he'd do both, if he thought I was in danger.

I decided to walk through a different street and Crazy Loco was right behind, then I heard a whimper, a sound I never heard Crazy Loco make. He stopped, took a step and limped on his left front leg.

"Hey buddy, you okay?" I asked.

Crazy Loco took another step and whimpered. I thought maybe he had a sticker or thorn in his paw? I walked to him and kneeled to look at his paw. It was dark so I couldn't see too well, but there was a dim streetlight nearby, so I carried him to the light. I felt under his paw and couldn't feel a sticker or a thorn, but I

felt warm water covering my hand. I put my palm to the light and saw lots red blood. I looked down at Crazy Loco and could only imagine the pain he was in. I looked for a rag or anything to stop the bleeding. All I had was my sky blue shirt. I didn't think twice. I took it off and wrapped his paw and did my best to carry him home.

When I got home and walked inside the first thing mom asked was why I didn't have a shirt on? I led her outside and told her Crazy Loco had cut his paw and needed badges.

"I used my shirt to stop the bleeding."

"Are you crazy? That was an expensive shirt your grandmother bought you. And now you've ruined it."

"Crazy Loco was bleeding. I had to do something." I said with my eyes tearing up. "Mom, please help him."

My mom worked in a hospital and knew how to dress a wound, but she was right about the shirt. My sky blue shirt was soaked in blood. I put it the wash with cold water and hung it on a chair to dry. The next day it had red blotches all over it. My mom shook her head. "You better tell Mama Locha what you did," she said.

My grandmother lived across the street and when I showed her the shirt and explained what I did for Crazy Loco. She put her hands together.

“You gave Crazy Loco the shirt right off your back?”

“I had to do something. He’s like my best friend.” I paused and took a deep breath. “Mama Locha, Are you mad at me?”

She grinned and pointed to the sky, “Mira.”

I looked up and It was bright blue with fluffy clouds.

“Mi’jito, that will always be your sky.”



Storytelling Contest  
Fall/Winter District 2018-19

“Nothing But Blue Skies”  
Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

**Directions to Contest Directors:** Give a copy of this sheet to each judge before the contest begins.

**Directions to Judges:** Each speaker must include at least one of the following elements from the story in his or her presentation. Words may vary. It is up to the judge to decide if the speaker has included one of the elements.

1. On the day the narrator turns seven, his grandmother, Mama Locha, gives him a sky blue shirt with fluffy clouds on it. She bought it in San Antonio and explained to her grandson that clothes hold memories.
2. The narrator loves the shirt, but he loves his dog, Crazy Loco, more. He frequently walked to his friend’s house a few blocks away with Crazy Loco tagging along.
3. One day, Crazy Loco whimpers while they are on a walk. The narrator notices that Crazy Loco is bleeding, so without thinking, he takes off his shirt and wraps Crazy Loco’s paw with it.
4. When he gets home, his Mom is upset he ruined his shirt, but she helps dress Crazy Loco’s wound. She tells her son that he needs to tell his grandmother about the shirt.
5. The narrator washes the shirt, but it now has red blotches. He tells his grandmother what happened. She responds by pointing to the bright blue sky with fluffy clouds and says that will always be his sky.



## Storytelling Contest

Fall/Winter District 2018-19

### “Chef for a Day”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Joanie opened the door of the Italian Café restaurant.

Someday, she would be a great chef in a place like this.

She smiled at her parents and squeezed her best friend’s hand.

“Thank you!” she said.

Tonda said, “Hey, it’s your birthday.”

The tables were covered in white cloth. Crystal glasses, red napkins and shiny silverware were on every table.

A man led them to their table.

“Hello, I am Pierre, I will be your waiter.” He gave them each a menu. It was full of pictures and descriptions of fancy food.

“How will we ever decide?” Tonda asked.

Joanie’s mother said, “Choose whatever you want to eat.”

Joanie read the menu twice. She wished she could try a bite of everything. Sometimes at home she created something special for dinner.

She listened as her parents ordered. Her mother got her usual lasagna. Her father ordered a shrimp and crab dish in a white sauce. Tonda chose spaghetti and meatballs.

Joanie tapped her fingers on the menu. Pierre bent down and asked, “I could surprise you with something special.”

Joanie smiled at him. “That sounds like a great idea.”

When the waiter left, Joanie said, “I love surprises.”

Her father winked at her mother. “We have a special surprise for you later.”

Joanie rubbed her hands together. “Is it a special dessert?”

Her mother shook her head.

“Are all the waiters going to sing happy birthday to me in Italian?” Joanie asked.

Her father shook his head.

“Will I love it?” Joanie whispered.

Tonda nodded.

Joanie closed her eyes and listened to the clink of glasses and real silver touching the china plates. She imagined standing in the middle of the room while everyone applauded the great Chef Joanie.

She opened her eyes when several waiters carrying plates of food came to their table.

“Everything looks amazing,” Tonda said. She twirled spaghetti onto her fork.

Joanie stared at the plate in front of her. There was a salad full of mixed vegetables and a creamy sauce. Next to the salad was big shell pasta stuffed with cheese and shrimp and covered in a dark tomato sauce.

“Well, take a bite,” her father said.

Joanie stuffed a stuffed shell into her mouth. She smiled.

When they were done eating, Tonda grabbed Joanie’s arm. “Are you ready for your surprise?”

Joanie nodded.

Her father waved toward their waiter. Pierre walked to Joanie’s chair. “Please follow me, young lady.”

Joanie looked at her parents.

Her father said. “You have an hour in the kitchen with the head chef. You will create a new dish.”

Joanie hugged her parents. She followed the waiter into the restaurant kitchen.

“Wow, it’s so big,” she said.

Pierre led her to where a tall man in a tall hat chopped carrots. She watched as the knife moved in fast motion.

The chef smiled at Joanie. “Ah, you are the birthday girl. I am Chef Jacque. Are you ready to help me create something special?”

Joanie nodded. She couldn't talk. It was too exciting.

She followed Chef Jacque to a large silver refrigerator. Inside were stacks of fish and meats.

"What shall be the main part of your dish, young chef?" he asked.

Joanie stared at the neatly wrapped packages. She pointed at one that had the word SALMON printed on it.

"Very good choice," Chef Jacque said.

He nodded toward a basket of vegetables. "Choose three vegetables. We have fresh spinach tonight. And the sweet onions are the best."

Joanie looked at the large basket. She imagined everything inside had been grown on a farm in France and picked that morning. "I love sweet onions. And asparagus is wonderful with salmon."

Joanie chewed her lip. What should she pick for the third ingredient? She grinned and pointed to a large, purple eggplant. At home, she fried them in cornmeal.

"Excellent," Chef Jacque said.

They carried the fish and vegetables to a chopping block. Joanie picked up a knife and peeled the eggplant. She chopped the onion into tiny pieces. She tried not to grin when the chef clapped his hands.

"I have an idea for a special ingredient," she whispered.

Chef leaned closer and Joanie whispered in his ear. He nodded and pointed to another refrigerator. She opened it, searched and found her special ingredient.

Joanie watched Chef cook the salmon in oil, garlic, and chopped cilantro.

Then she grilled the eggplant, onions, and asparagus in the juices. Chef nodded when she added sweet raspberry vinegar.

Then, she slipped her special ingredient into the sauce.

"Wonderful," Chef Jacque said once she arranged everything neatly on a plate.

Joanie asked, "Who will eat our Vegetable Salmon Delight?"

The chef winked. "Follow me."

He led her back into the dining room to a small table. There were two place settings. Joanie watched as Chef Jacque sat in one chair. He snapped his fingers. Soon Pierre was sitting across from him.

“We will try your wonderful creation. Perhaps, we will add it to our specials,” Chef Jacque said.

Joanie gasped. She held her breath and waited as they took their first bite. They looked at one another. Then, they both took another bite.

“It is delightful,” Pierre said.

Joanie looked at Chef Jacque. He took one more bite, chewing slowly with his eyes closed.

“Fantastic!” he said. “It will be our special for Friday night and shall be called Salmon Joanie.

Joanie thanked him and hurried back to her table. She told her parents and Tonda what Chef said.

“And he didn’t even think my special ingredient was weird,” she said with a laugh

Tonda asked, “What special ingredient?”

Joanie’s parents nodded. Together they said, “Spicy mustard. She puts it in everything!”

Joanie smiled when she remembered the last big bite that Chef ate. His cheeks had turned red.

Maybe, she had put in too much of her special ingredient. And maybe it was perfect.





Storytelling Contest  
Fall/Winter District 2018-19

“Chef for a Day”  
Major Elements of the Plot  
Grades 2 and 3

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1. Joanie wants to be a chef when she grows up and is very excited to celebrate her birthday at a fancy Italian restaurant with her parents and best friend Tonda. Pierre, their waiter, tells Joanie he will bring her something special to eat because she can't decide what to order.
2. Joanie's parents tell her they also have a surprise for her. She can't guess what it is.
3. After they are done eating, Pierre takes Joanie to the kitchen for her surprise. The head chef Jacque lets Joanie choose ingredients to make a dish.
4. He is pleased with what she chooses as ingredients including her “special ingredient.” After they are done cooking, Pierre and the chef eat the “Vegetable Salmon Delight”, and they enjoy it.
5. The chef says it will be the special for Friday night and will be called “Salmon Joanie.” The chef says he likes the special ingredient, which ends up being spicy mustard. Joanie noticed his cheeks turned red while he ate.



**Storytelling Contest**  
**Spring District 2018-19**

**“Bob the Bull”**

Grades 2 and 3  
by Taylor Franklin

My sister, Stephanie, and I grew up with cows. Our grandparents owned a farm in Peoria, Texas.

Growing up with cows was definitely different from my mother’s house in Garland. Of all the cattle, there was only one bull named Bob. My grandparents let us give the cows names.

Bob had huge white horns that only added to the frightening image that was Bob. He had to be separated from the rest of the herd on a daily basis to keep him from trampling any calves.

My sister and I were told we could hike and explore but only when Papa said so. One Saturday, we managed to escape without any instruction.

Stephanie was thirteen, and I was eleven. I always brought my handy pocketknife for over grown brush, and Stephanie brought her hiking stick for thorny branches. We made a plan before we set out as we always did.

The plan was to crawl through the woods to the abandoned barn on the far side of the property behind our great grandmother's house. We would make sure to go by Great Granny's house, who, thankful for the company- always gave us a cookie.

We started our hike on the usual path that the cattle and deer had traversed a million times. There's a stream I always tried to lead us to. Vines hung from the surrounding trees to the water.

I grabbed as many vines as I could, and all of a sudden, the woods became a jungle. I launched myself across the stream, my hands getting cut up by the vines as I held on tight.

My legs flailing, I landed safely on the other side. Stephanie then took her turn. She's a bit more calculated. She pulled on the vines to assure they could hold her weight.

She threw her hiking stick across the stream to me, and gracefully landed with one swing right onto her feet. Away we went to the abandoned barn.

On the farm, we had quite a few different trees. By the abandoned barn, there were two old trees wrapped in vines that looked like an eight-foot-tall hut. Stephanie and I raced up either side, climbing and breaking vines as we scrambled to the top.

Once on top, you could see most of the farm and bask in the sunlight. The wind rustled through the trees and flowed through the grass. We played king of the mountain, sung songs we both knew by heart, and giggled about school. After climbing down, we were ready to brave the abandoned barn.

The walls were covered in spider webs. The ground, once cement, was now covered in layers upon layers of dirt and mud. Most of the gates were rotted out wood that couldn't hold anything in or out. Rust, dust, and old is what the barn smelled like.

Stephanie and I walked halfway in cautiously. Our eyes scanned the walls, waiting for something to jump out. Our boots got heavier and heavier with each step, as the mud caked to the soles of our boots. Stephanie let out a yelp as she slipped in the mud. She caught her balance without falling to her knees. She reached over to the nearest gate to get back up when her hand went right into a spiderweb. It latched around her hand, and she screamed and ran out of the barn. Finding myself all alone in the damp dark barn, I turned around and ran after her.

Thus, ended our hike for the day. The sun was going down, so we trekked back through the woods to our grandparents' house. Stephanie still had managed to keep her walking stick.

We finally made it back through the woods and brush as the sun lay low on the horizon. We came up to the last pasture behind the house when we spotted Bob the bull. He didn't quite see us, at first, so we crept slowly to the gate.

We whispered to each other, all the while keeping our eyes on Bob. His back was turned, so we figured we were in the clear. Stephanie and I made it halfway across the pasture when Bob suddenly turned around in a huff.

We stopped dead in our tracks, and just stared at him as he glared back. I shouted "Run!". We started running for our lives to the gate. Bob charged through the field straight at us.

Stephanie and I were screaming back and forth to each other as we ran. Stephanie, being two years older, had longer legs and got to the gate first. She unlocked the gate and turned around to wait for me. I yelled at her to close it. She looked at me funny and encouraged me to run faster. Bob came right up behind me. I yelled again for Stephanie to close the gate. I could almost feel Bob's breath on my neck.

Stephanie locked the gate with a worried look on her face.

I reached the gate and dove through the bars with a not so graceful landing. I tucked and rolled, as Bob, horns down, crashed into the gate with all his strength. Bam! He seemed so angry, grunting at the gate.

Still attempting to catch our breath, Stephanie and I looked at each other with wide eyes. All we could do was laugh. We had so narrowly escaped Bob, and just rolled around on the ground laughing in front of him.

He butted the gate once more and trudged off back into the field. That day we learned the first rule of the farm: we should never pet Bob.



Storytelling Contest  
Spring 2018-19

“Bob the Bull”

Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

**Directions to Contest Directors:** Give a copy of this sheet to each judge before the contest begins.

**Directions to Judges:** Each speaker must include at least one of the following elements from the story in his or her presentation. Words may vary. It is up to the judge to decide if the speaker has included one of the elements.

1. The narrator and sister Stephanie grew up with cows on their grandparents' farm and were allowed to name the cows. There was one bull in particular named Bob that had huge white horns and always had to be kept away from the other cows, so he wouldn't trample the calves.
2. The narrator and Stephanie liked to go hiking, but they weren't allowed to go without their grandfather's permission. One day they decided to anyway. The narrator grabbed a pocket knife and Stephanie grabbed her hiking stick, and they set out to visit their great grandma and the abandoned barn.
3. The two set off on their hike on the usual path. They used vines to swing over the stream and raced each other up either side of the big trees by the abandoned barn to play king of the mountain.
4. They walked into the barn and saw the walls covered in spider webs and the floor covered in mud. Most things were rotted, and the inside smelled like rust and dust. Stephanie slipped in the mud and got her hand caught in a spiderweb catching herself and ran out of the barn screaming.
5. Walking home, they got to the last pasture and saw Bob the Bull and tried to sneak around him. About halfway through, Bob turned and spotted them. The two took off running. Stephanie was faster and got to the gate first. The narrator told her to close it and confused her, but she finally did just in time for the narrator to dive through the bars and trap Bob.



## Storytelling Contest Spring District 2018-19

### “Scaredy-Cat Sam”

by Kathryn Lay  
Grades 2 and 3

Sam closed his eyes when the lightning flashed. He waited for the thunder. It shook the house when it came. He was scared of the loud thunder.

“Hurry Sam, or you’ll be late for the bus,” his mother said.

Sam took a deep breath and grabbed his backpack. He walked down the stairs, one careful step at a time.

By the time Sam got inside the school bus, the rain had stopped. He climbed the steps slowly. He sat behind the bus driver. He liked to make sure sure the bus driver stopped at all the stop signs.

“Hey Scaredy-Cat Sam,” a voice behind him said.

Sam turned and frowned at his best friend. “Don’t call me that,” Sam said.

Manuel leaned forward. “I’m not being mean, you are scared of stuff, right?”

Sam nodded. Everyone knew it. Especially his best friend.



But, Sam didn't like being called Scaredy-Cat Sam. It wasn't a good nickname. And, he was scared of cats.

They talked about the baseball game on television the night before. Sam was scared of playing baseball, but he loved watching it. But most of all, he loved science. He read books on weather, animals, space, insects and more.

When the bus pulled up at school, Susan Thomas walked by and gave envelopes to Sam and Manuel. "Come to my birthday party at the indoor water park. We're going to ride the new giant slide."

Sam gasped. Giant slides were scary.

In Mrs. Murphy's second grade class, Sam sat in his seat and thought about the party. Everyone was going. He really didn't want to miss it. If only he could find one thing that didn't scare him.

"Today is Show and Tell," Mrs. Murphy said. "Does anyone have something special to show us?"

Susan Thomas stood. "I am wearing my new birthday outfit. I am showing it to you. If you come to my party, I will tell you where I bought it."

The kids applauded. They always applauded everyone's Show and Tell.

Franklin Frinkle the Fourth walked to the front of the class. He held up a box with holes in the lid and sides. "This is my favorite pet. I have three pets, but he's my favorite.

Then Franklin Finkle the Fourth reached into the box and pulled something out.

It was a spider. A big spider. A really big spider.

“This is Harry the First,” Franklin said.

Susan Thomas screamed. Sam’s best friend Manuel screamed. Even Mrs. Murphy let out a gasp.

Sam grinned. He’d read all about spiders in his books. “It’s a tarantula!” he shouted. His heart pounded. He had always been interested in spiders, there were so many kinds and colors and sizes.

“This tarantula is not poisonous and very gentle. He’s a great pet,” Franklin said.

The tarantula moved. Susan screamed again. Manuel screamed even louder.

That made Franklin jump. And that made Harry scoot up Franklin’s arm.

Franklin yelled and jumped again. The tarantula ran down his arm and leg, then to the floor. It ran across the floor to the tallest bookcase and up to the top shelf.

Franklin whistled. “Boy, I’m in trouble. My Uncle gave me that spider.”

Mrs. Murphy moved away from the bookcase and said, “I’ll call for the janitor.”

Sam cleared his throat. “I will get Harry down.”

Everyone in Mrs. Murphy’s second grade class gasped.

Sam went to the supply closet and found a step stool. He took Harry’s box and climbed onto the stool as Manuel held it steady.

He didn’t look down. Sam was scared of heights. He climbed up the three steps of the stool until he could reach the top of the bookcase.

He held the box in front of Harry. “Don’t be scared,” he whispered. Sam touched the tarantula’s back until it walked into the box.

Everyone applauded and cheered. They patted Sam on the back when he climbed down.

“Thank you, Sam!” Franklin Finkle the Fourth said.

Sam grinned. Harry the First was the best Show and Tell they had ever had in class.

“That was a super job, Sam,” Manuel said. “I’ll call you Super Sam.”

Sam nodded. He liked that name. No one would call him Scaredy-Cat Sam after that.

And he promised to go to Susan Thomas’ birthday party and ride the big slide—  
The Water Tarantula.



Storytelling Contest  
Spring 2018-19

“Scaredy-Cat Sam”

Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

**Directions to Contest Directors:** Give a copy of this sheet to each judge before the contest begins.

**Directions to Judges:** Each speaker must include at least one of the following elements from the story in his or her presentation. Words may vary. It is up to the judge to decide if the speaker has included one of the elements.

1. It was raining really hard and Sam had a hard time getting to the bus because he was scared of thunder. When he got on the bus, he sat behind the bus driver so he could make sure the driver was stopping at all the stop signs. Sam’s best friend Manuel came over and called him “Scaredy-Cat Sam,” which Sam did not like.
2. When he got to school, Sam was invited to Susan Thomas’s birthday party at an indoor waterpark with a new big water slide. Sam really wanted to go because everyone was going, but Sam was afraid of waterslides.
3. Franklin Finkle the Fourth stood up for show and tell and showed the class his favorite pet, a tarantula. Everyone in the class gasped and screamed, but Sam was excited because he liked spiders.
4. All the screaming scared the spider, which made it jump out of its box. The spider ran to the top of a bookshelf and everyone was scared except for Sam. When the teacher said she was going to call a janitor, Sam volunteered to get it down instead.
5. Sam gets a step stool and climbs up to the top of the bookshelf. He carefully eases the spider back into the box and saves the day. His teacher says from now on, she’ll call him “Super Sam,” which he likes a lot better. After that, he tells Susan Thomas he will definitely go to her party.