



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 _____



JUDGE'S MASTER BALLOT

CIRCLE EVENT: Impromptu Speaking Modern Oratory Oral Reading Storytelling

INSTRUCTIONS

Each judge should use a copy of this form to rank each of the presentations in the contest. Please do not confer with other judges before ranking students. Judging decisions are an individual responsibility. Refer to the *Constitution and Contest Rules* or Evaluation Sheet for the criteria used to evaluate the presentations.

DISTRICT _____ **SECTION** _____

GRADE LEVEL _____ **ROUND** Prelims Finals

SPEAKER NUMBER	NAME	TITLE	JUDGE RANK
1.	_____	_____	_____
2.	_____	_____	_____
3.	_____	_____	_____
4.	_____	_____	_____
5.	_____	_____	_____
6.	_____	_____	_____
7.	_____	_____	_____
8.	_____	_____	_____

Judge's signature _____



Contest Director's Ranking Sheet for a panel of judges in speaking events

EVENT _____

SECTION I II III IV FINALS

BEFORE RANKING, CHECK THE FOLLOWING

- Evaluation sheets have ranks Speaker order Length of presentation

CRITERIA FOR DETERMINING PLACES AND BREAKING TIES

Follow this order to place all contestants.

1. Majority (Watch for the "or better" language in determining a majority.)
2. Lowest sum
3. Judges' preference
4. Decimal equivalentents

NOTES

1. See Section 1003 of the *Constitution and Contest Rules* or the *A+ Handbook* for a full discussion of this procedure.
2. Ties must be broken before other contestants are placed.
3. Be careful! The lowest total does not automatically win. Follow prescribed order of criteria for each ranking.
4. A computer program is available for multiple judge tabulation. See the UIL Web site.

Speaker Number	Judge I	Judge 2	Judge 3	Totals	Preference*	Decimal Value*	Rank
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							

* Judges' preference and decimal values are used only to break ties.



Storytelling Contest

Invitational 2019-20

“Mirror, Mirror”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Catie ran across the field. Ahead, she could see a tall Ferris Wheel turning. Music from a carousel ride played loudly. Someone laughed. Someone else screamed.

“Wait for us!” her best friend, Joanie, shouted.

Catie turned and waited for the others to catch up.

“Hurry!” she yelled. “The carnival is already opened. We are missing all the fun.”

She waved at her friends Joanie and the twins Kyle and Lyle. They had been waiting for two weeks for the carnival to come to town.

She hadn’t been to a carnival or fair since she was very little. But she remembered the rides and the cotton candy and candy apples. She remembered the carousel horses going up and down and around. She remembered the clowns that made her laugh. And the magician who made her gasp.

And the House of Mirrors. It was scary, and she left crying.

This time, she wasn’t going to be afraid. All her friends wanted to go inside the funhouse. At the end of the funhouse, the House of Mirrors waited.

Catie was the first in line to pay for her ticket.

“Wow, this is so cool,” Joanie said. Kyle and Lyle, who were full of energy, grabbed Catie and Joanie and pulled them through the crowd.

“Whirling Derby first!” they both shouted.

They all squished into one of the big red chairs. Soon they were whirling and twirling around until Catie had to close her eyes.

“That was great,” Kyle said.

“It was really great,” Lyle said.

Catie’s heart pounded. She could see the funhouse at the end of the row of rides. A big plastic clown head blinked yellow eyes from the top of the building.

“Funhouse!” Joanie yelled.

Catie stopped. “Let’s ride the carousel first.”

Kyle frowned. “That’s for babies,” he said.

Lyle nodded. “Scaredy babies.”

But when Catie walked to the painted horses, her friends followed her. Soon they were racing each other on their horses, moving up and down and around.

When they hopped off the horses, Lyle said, “I’m ready for a mirror adventure.”

“A mirror adventure,” Kyle said.

Catie followed them to the colorful funhouse. She swallowed hard as they walked up the steps.

Inside there were stairs that shook and walkways that moved up and down. They laughed at the wavy mirrors that made them look tall and stretched or short and wide.

Wild noises came from silly looking masks.

Then suddenly, Catie saw the entrance to the room of mirrors. These were not silly mirrors. Soon the friends would separate and walk through the rows.

“Last one out buys the cotton candy!” Joanie yelled. She walked through the doorway.

Catie saw her friend’s reflection, and then she was gone. The twins followed her.

Catie took a deep breath. She could turn around and go back through the funhouse. Then everyone would know she was afraid.

“Okay, here I go,” she said.

She opened and stepped through the glass door. All around her, she saw herself. All of the mirror-Caties looked afraid.

She turned and bumped into a mirror. She turned again and bumped into another mirror.

Catie closed her eyes and felt around the glass until she found the way to the next row.

She pretended she was at home and it was dark in the hall. She imagined feeling the wall until she found the bathroom door.

“Hey, this way!” A voice called.

Catie opened her eyes and saw Kyle wave at her. She took a step forward, holding out her hand. Another mirror.

Her stomach felt like a dozen butterflies were flying inside. Her throat started to hurt. She chewed on her bottom lip.

“I won’t cry,” she said.

She could hear her friends laughing in the House of Mirrors. Sometimes she saw one of the twins moving past a mirror.

She stared at herself in the mirror in front of her. She turned in a circle and watched all the other Caties turn. She stuck her tongue out at them.

Then she bowed.

She giggled. It was silly seeing so many of herself.

“Okay everyone, let’s get out of here!” she said. “Follow me.”

She turned and moved her hand forward. She touched a mirror. Then she reached out to another Catie. There was a path in front of her. That Catie was further down the row.

“Okay, Catie,” she said. “We are on our way.”

When she touched another mirror, she did a little dance at her reflection.

“We dance pretty well,” she said with a smile. The mirror Catie smiled back.

Soon she was weaving in and out. Whenever she touched a mirror in her way, she would make a silly face. She laughed at herself and all the reflections around her.

Suddenly, she stepped through an empty spot and saw sunlight. She walked down the metal steps to where her friends waited.

“Are you okay?” Joanie asked.

Kyle and Lyle were beeping the nose of a fake clown that held a sign saying, “Come back soon!”

Catie grinned at her friends. “That was the best ever. Let’s do it again.”

She grabbed Joanie’s arm. This time, they were going to stay together. She would show them that the house of mirrors wasn’t scary at all. They could make all the other Caties, Joanies, Kyles and Lyles do silly things.



Storytelling Contest
Invitational 2019-20

“Mirror, Mirror”

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. Catie is at the carnival with her friends: Joanie and the twins, Kyle and Lyle. The last time Catie went to the carnival she was scared; she cried at the House of Mirrors in the funhouse.
2. They all go to the “Whirling Derby,” before travelling to the carousel.
3. After, Katie follows her friends into the funhouse for a “mirror adventure.” Catie is scared, but wants to stay to show she isn’t afraid.
4. She overcomes her fear through laughter. She turns in circles and sticks out her tongue watching her reflections do the same.
5. After making her way out, Catie leads her friends back through. She shows them how much fun the House of Mirrors is.



Storytelling Contest

Invitational 2019-20

“Whispers”

Grades 2 and 3

Brett was the quietest kid in the town of Willow Park.

At school, he sat in the back corner. He never raised his hand to ask questions. When the teacher asked him a question, his voice was a whisper.

He played tag on the playground, but he never shouted or yelled someone’s name. When he said, “You are it,” his voice was a whisper.

Brett lived with four sisters and two brothers. He was the youngest in the family. Everyone was loud, and he could never talk loud enough, so he learned to be quiet. When he asked for more peas at dinner, his voice was a whisper.

Sometimes, Brett wanted to raise his hand. He knew the answer to the question.

Sometimes he wanted to clap and yell on the playground when one of his classmates did a cartwheel or kicked the soccer ball into a goal.

Sometimes, he wanted to tell his brothers and sisters about the great book he just read.

But Brett stayed quiet and talked in whispers.

One morning at school Mrs. Dingle, the principal, made an announcement over the speakers.

“Today we have a surprise for all students,” she said. She never whispered. Her voice was loud.

Brett hoped the surprise wasn’t Meatloaf Surprise in the cafeteria again. He whispered a little giggle.

“There will be a special guest in the auditorium this afternoon. All students will assemble for the last hour of the day,” Mrs. Dingle said.

The classroom was loud with everyone asking their teacher about the special guest.

Mr. Taylor smiled. “You will see.”

Brett opened his mouth to shout a question, but it came out a whisper and no one heard.

That afternoon, Brett's class lined up and walked down the hall with the other classes to the auditorium. It was really the cafeteria, but the lunch tables had been moved. Soon all the chairs were filled.

Mrs. Dingle walked onto the stage. "Hello girls and boys, we have a wonderful treat. An old friend of mine is in town to do a show. She has come to show you her special talent."

Brett leaned forward. The auditorium was quiet as a woman walked up the stairs.

Brett blinked. She was carrying a kid on her hand.

No, not a kid.

"It's a doll," a kid shouted.

Brett shook his head. "Not a doll," he whispered. "A ventriloquist dummy."

The woman sat down and said, "My name is Karen. I'd like you to meet my friend Cleo."

Brett held his breath as Cleo began to talk. Loudly. She told jokes and sang songs and talked to kids who came up on stage.

Karen's lips didn't move when Cleo talked. Karen's own voice was quiet. Cleo's was loud.

At the end of the show, everyone clapped and yelled. Brett clapped. He whispered to his classmates that Karen and Cleo were wonderful.

That night, he went straight to the garage after dinner. He grabbed some heavy silver tape and 3 small boxes. He found colored pencils in his room. He asked his father for some interesting looking gears that were in the garage.

He worked a long time on his surprise. When he was done, he whispered, "We are a team."

The next morning, he carried a big box to the bus. The bus driver blinked. "Is it Show and Tell day?" he asked.

Brett shook his head and found a seat.

Some of the kids stared at the box. Some tapped it. Some asked what was inside. Brett whispered, "A surprise."

During morning math, Mr. Taylor asked who knew the answer to the math problem on the board.

No one raised their hand. Then, Brett bent down and opened his box.

He pulled out a shiny robot puppet.

Then, he raised the puppet's hand.

Mr. Taylor's eyes went wide. The other kids turned and stared.

"Brett? Would you like to answer the question?" Mr. Taylor asked.

There were surprised whispers around the room.

But not from Brett. He pulled a chain attached to the robot's mouth.

When it opened, Brett said in a loud voice, "The answer is 16 because 2 times 9 equals 18 and minus 2 is 16."

Everyone clapped.

Brett said, "Thank you." He spoke a little louder than a whisper.

On the playground, Brett held his robot puppet. When Joey Stephens asked Brett if he wanted to be on his tag team, Brett pulled the string on the robot's mouth. "Yes, I will play on your tag team," he said in a loud voice.

He put ran around the playground and used the robot puppet's arm to tag four people on the other team. "You are it!" he shouted.

"That was great," Joey said.

Brett smiled and said, "Thank you." His voice was much louder than a whisper.

After school, Brett did all of his homework before dinner. Then he carried his robot puppet to the dinner table.

His brothers and sisters and parents stared at the puppet.

"My, my," his father said.

When Brett wanted more carrots, he pulled the string on his robot's mouth. Everyone was talking very loudly at the table. But Brett pulled the string harder and said loudly, "Please pass the carrots!"

Everyone stopped talking. His biggest sister passed the carrots.

Brett smiled at her, and in a voice not like a whisper at all, he said, "Thank you."

That night, Brett placed his robot puppet on a chair beside his bed. He cut the string from the puppet's mouth.

"Tomorrow I will not need a puppet to help me talk," Brett said. "I am not afraid to talk only in a whisper."

He patted the robot puppet's head and whispered. "Thank you."

Then he shouted, "Good night everyone."



Storytelling Contest
Invitational 2019-20

“Whispers”

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. Brett is an extremely quiet student. As the youngest of six siblings, Brett can never get a word in.
2. The principal at Bret’s school, Mrs. Dingle, makes an announcement that there will be a special guest at an assembly that afternoon.
3. At the assembly, a performer, Karen, brings on a ventriloquist dummy named Cleo. Karen is quiet, but Cleo is loud.
4. That night, Brett makes a “shiny robot puppet” and hides it in a box as a surprise. During class, Brett gets out the puppet to answer questions with a “loud voice.”
5. Gradually, Brett’s own voice gets louder as he uses the puppet. To the point where Brett no longer needs the puppet as he is “not afraid to talk only in a whisper.”



Storytelling Contest

Fall/Winter District 2019-20

“A U.F.O. Adventure”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

George rolled over in bed and stared out of his bedroom window.

An octopus floated by.

George sat up and blinked. He could see the tips of the tentacles waving as it flew past his window. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

The octopus was gone.

“I must be dreaming,” he said to Oscar, his parakeet. “Birds fly. Bugs can fly. Bats fly. Airplanes fly. But I’ve never heard of a flying octopus.”

He had to tell someone. He slipped quietly out of his room and tapped on his brother Martin’s bedroom door.

“Huh?” a voice mumbled.

George opened the door and slipped inside the room. His brother pulled the blanket over his head. “Go away,” Martin said.

George poked his brother through the blanket. “Wake up. I just saw something amazing. A UFO was outside my window.”

Martin sat up and gasped. “You did?”

George’s little brother loved anything about aliens from outer space. He watched movies and read books. His room was full of alien creature toys and posters.

“Was it a spaceship?” Martin asked.

George shook his head. “Not that kind of UFO. This was an unidentified flying octopus.”

Martin glared at George. He pulled the covers back over his head.

George yanked the blanket off his brother. “Let’s investigate.”

Martin said, “We aren’t allowed to go outside at night. We can look for a flying octopus tomorrow. It’s Saturday.”

The next morning, George was up early and dressed. He grabbed his detective kit from his closet. He pulled out a magnifying glass, a flashlight, his fingerprint kit, and his super-duper detective hat.

After breakfast, George and Martin went outside. They walked around the yard under George’s window. George looked through the

bushes with his magnifying glass and flashlight. He made notes on a little pad of paper.

“Maybe it was a bird from the nest,” Martin yelled. He pointed up at the tree across from George’s room.

“Do birds have long tentacles and float?” George asked.

Martin laughed and shook his head.

George heard his name called. Mr. Summers from next door sat in a lawn chair and waved at George.

Martin ran over to his friend. “Did you see anything strange last night?” he asked.

Mr. Summers took a sip of lemonade. “Strange?”

George nodded. He didn’t want his friend to think he was crazy, so he didn’t tell him about the flying octopus. “I think I saw a spaceship from another planet.” He bit his lip. Now that sounded crazy.

Mr. Summers sipped more lemonade. “A spaceship huh? Interesting.”

George showed his friend all his detective tools. He said that he and Martin would find the answer to the mystery outside his window.

Mr. Summers smiled. “I am sure you will. Have fun.”

That night, Martin slept in George's bed. George sat beside the window and waited. It was quiet outside. The moon was full. Then a dog barked. Another one barked.

A shadow moved past the streetlight.

"Martin, wake up!" George shouted. "I think it's coming."

The brothers leaned against the window.

Martin gasped. "Look! I see it!"

George held his breath. The unidentified flying octopus floated slowly toward the window. Its eight arms waved. Suddenly, it hissed at them. Martin backed away from the window.

George blinked. The octopus moved side to side and up and down. Its arms shook. Then, it looked smaller.

He grinned. He watched the octopus move quickly past his window, then disappear.

"That was scary," Martin said. "That didn't look a UFO to me."

George nodded. "Me either."

He had to find out why an octopus was flying past his window at night. He would get up early again and search for clues.

The next morning George and Martin slipped outside before their parents were finished with breakfast. George gave his brother a flashlight.

“Look for anything that’s unusual around the tree and under my window,” he said. He pulled a magnifying glass from his kit.

George held the magnifying glass close to the bushes under his window. Maybe the octopus lost an arm when he suddenly started moving up and down and sideways very fast.

He bent down and peeked under the bushes right below his window. Nothing unusual. He put on his detective hat. He walked from the bushes to the tree, bending down to look at the ground.

George stopped. “I found something.”

Martin ran to him. George pointed at the ground. “There. It looks like a footstep. And a little round spot with a hole in the middle.”

Martin gasped. “A one-legged alien. The flying octopus is his pet.”

George stopped when he heard whistling. He stood and saw his neighbor watering his yard.

“Hi Mr. Summers,” George said. He ran across the yard.

“Good morning George,” Mr. Summers said. He raised his eyebrows. “You are wearing a very interesting hat and holding a magnifying glass today.”

George explained that they were searching for clues again. Mr. Summers turned off the sprayer on his watering hose. “Hope you solve your mystery.”

George watched as Mr. Summers limped across the yard and into his house. He had broken his leg last summer and still limped.

“Let’s go watch something on television,” Martin shouted from under the tree.

George followed him inside. He pulled his hat over his eyes and sat in his dad’s favorite chair. George thought and thought. After a little while he jumped up. “I’ve got it!”

That night, George and Martin waited near George’s window. Martin folded his arms. “I don’t want to see the octopus again. It’s scary.” George said, “Don’t worry. I have solved the mystery.”

He watched the window carefully. Then, a long white tentacle waved at him. After a moment, there were more. The octopus' head floated by. Its black eyes stared at George.

George jumped up, reached out and grabbed a string below the octopus. "I've got you!" He shouted.

"Hey," a voice said. "That's expensive."

George looked down. Mr. Summers stood in the yard below his window. He held onto a rope wrapped around a piece of wood. He leaned on his cane with the other hand.

Martin leaned out the window. "Hi Mr. Summers. Why are you with that octopus?"

George tugged at the string. The octopus bounced up and down. Its legs shook.

"It is a kite," George said to his brother.

Mr. Summers smiled. "You solved the mystery, George. How did you know it was me?"

George pointed. "Your cane. You left a footprint and a little hole with the cane bottom. I remember that circle when I looked at it once."

Mr. Summers bowed. The octopus dipped. “I thought if I stood here with one leg up, you wouldn’t figure it out from the prints. Good job.”

Martin clapped his hands.

George poked his finger against the kite. “Do you think I could fly it tomorrow?”

Mr. Summers nodded. “Yes, I think we can do that.” He waved goodbye and walked away. The octopus floated above him.

Martin went back to his room. George couldn’t wait until the next day.

He had never flown a UFO before.



Storytelling Contest
Fall/Winter District 2019-20

“A U.F.O. Adventure”
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. At night, George sees an octopus fly past his window. He leaves his room to tell his little brother Martin. George informs Martin of the “UFO,” “an unidentified flying octopus.” They agree to go outside and investigate the next day.
2. George gathers items for the investigation from his “detective kit.” Once outside, their neighbor, Mr. Summers, sees the boys and calls them over.
3. That night, the octopus appears again, but this time it moves “side to side and up and down.”
4. When searching the next morning George finds “a footprint” and a “round spot with a hole in the middle.” The boys see Mr. Summers again. He limps because he broke his leg last summer.
5. When the Octopus appears that night, George grabs it. However, it is just Mr. Summers’ kite. George theorized this because of the footprint and cane indent they saw. Mr. Summer’s agrees to let George fly the kite the next day.



Storytelling Contest

Fall/Winter District 2019-20

“The Special Project”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Kyran bent deep into the kitchen trash can. He pulled out two aluminum cans, a soda can, a cardboard box and three empty water bottles.

“Mom! Someone has been throwing away recycle stuff again!” he shouted.

Kyran’s sister peeked from the pantry. She giggled. “It’s fun to watch you dig through the trash.”

Kyran grabbed a bag and filled it with his finds. He patted Patches who meowed and rubbed against his leg.

Kyran walked out to the garage and opened the lids of the plastic containers. “Aluminum, cardboard, plastic bottles,” he said as he dropped the items into the bins.

They were almost full.

“Hey, how is the trash collection going?” a voice said.

Kyran turned. His best friend leaned against the open garage door.

“It’s not a collection, Chris,” Kyran said. “You know why I’m doing this.”

Chris nodded.

Kyran closed the garage door and picked up a box by the front porch. It was trash day and every trash day he went up and down the streets looking for things to recycle.

“So, when are you going to turn that stuff into money?” Chris asked.

Kyran shoved the box into Chris’s hands. They walked to Mrs. Crowley’s house. A box of small pieces of metal and some aluminum dog food cans had been put on the curb. His name was written on the front.

Kyran said, “I’ve already gone to the recycling building three times. I should have full bins to take tomorrow.”

They walked up and down the streets, adding more to the boxes they carried. Kyran knew that it was important to recycle, but he also knew he could get money for some of it. He had special plans for that money. So far, he had almost fifty dollars.

When the boxes were full, Kyran said, “Let’s get Dad to take us to get these recycled. We can get ice cream after.”

Chris rubbed his hands together. “So then are you going to get the special project done?”

Kyran shook his head. “No, you’ll see.”

Kyran’s father helped them pile boxes into the trunk of his car. They went to the recycling office.

“Wow,” Chris said. “You got \$23.00”

“And twelve cents!” Kyran said.

As they ate ice cream cones, Kyran said, “I have enough to buy lots of ingredients to make cookies and lemonade.”

Chris frowned. “That’s the project?”

“No, it’s the next step.”

That weekend, Kyran spent Friday after school making cookies and pitchers of lemonade. Saturday morning early, he set up a table and chair at the city flea market. There were lots of customers.

By the end of the day, he had two cookies left and two cups of lemonade.

“Mmm, these sure are good,” Chris mumbled.

Kyran nodded. “I’m a good cookie maker.” He shook his metal box. “And I have \$78.00 to prove it.”

Chris coughed and took a big drink of lemonade. “That’s a lot of money. Perfect for your special project.”

Kyran grinned. “There is one more step.”

The next day, he took his cookie and lemonade money and went to the hardware store. He bought pieces of plywood and had them cut to special sizes. He bought four cans of paint. His mom was having a yard sale the next weekend.

Kyran spent every day after school working in the garage. He painted and painted. He gave his little sister a board so she could paint too.

On the day of the yard sale, Kyran laid all the painted boards on a table. He sat behind the table and waited.

A woman walked up to the sale. She picked up jars and old kitchen pans his mom had for sale. Then she walked to Kyran’s table. “Oh my, isn’t this interesting.”

She picked up each board and commented on them. “What a clever idea to do, and so nicely. I’ll take one please.”

She picked one with a rainbow and bright red letters that read, A FRIEND LIVES HERE.

Each of the boards said the same thing. Some had pictures of birds or trees or smiling suns. One had paw prints from when Patches walked in the paint.

Chris skidded his bicycle at the end of the driveway. “Are you almost ready to go to the park? I want to practice my kicking for soccer next weekend.”

Kyran showed him the wood signs. “I need to sell them all. Then I can go.”

They sat and drank ice water and watched people come and go. Lots of people liked his signs. By the time his mother said, “It’s too hot. I’m closing down the sale,” Kyran only had one sign left. It was the cat pawprint picture.

“How much did you make?” Chris asked.

Kyran counted the money in his tin box. “148.00”

Chris whistled. “That’s great. Is it enough?”

Kyran nodded. “It’s enough.”

He went to the park with Chris like he promised. Then he hurried home and grabbed his box of money.

“Can we go now?” he asked his mother.

She smiled. “I was waiting for you to ask.”

They drove past his school, around the corner, beyond a group of shops. His mother stopped at a big gray building.

Kyran grabbed his tin box full of money and the last of his signs. He opened the heavy door. The bell over the door rang.

“Well, hello Kyran. Are you back for another visit?”

Kyran shook his head. “Not just a visit this time, Mr. Seabolt. I have been working on a special project.” He cleared his throat. “I collected bottles and cans and metal for recycling. I took the money and had a lemonade and cookie stand. Then I bought supplies to make special signs and sold them at my Mom’s yard sale.”

He held out the tin box. “\$150.00. I added two dollars from my piggy bank to make it even.”

“My my,” Mr Seabolt said.

Kyran grinned and gave him the box. “For the animals. So they find good homes.”

Mr. Seabolt took the box. “This is wonderful. We can have a free adoption day next week for every dog and cat at the shelter. There are only 4 dogs and two cats with us now.”

Kyran held out the sign. “For your front door.”

He watched Mr. Seabolt hang the sign. A FRIEND LIVES HERE.

He couldn't wait for six people to find a new friend. Just like he did. He felt in his pocket and found four quarters. On the way home, he would buy Patches a new toy. She would always be his special project and friend.



Storytelling Contest
Fall/Winter District 2019-20

“The Special Project”
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. Every week, Kyran travels “up and down the streets looking for things to recycle.” Kyran takes what he finds to the recycling office where they pay him money for what he brings in.
2. Kyran has a “special project” that he wants to spend his money on. The first step involves buying ingredients for cookies and lemonade. He sells the baked cookies and lemonade that weekend making a profit off the sales.
3. He uses this money to buy “pieces of plywood” and “cans of paint.” With these materials, Kyran paints customized signs, which he sells at his family’s yard sale. After selling the painted signs, Kyran makes an even larger profit.
4. Now with enough money Kyran can complete his “special project.” He goes to the animal shelter run by Mr. Seabolt. He donates all the money he made and gives Mr. Seabolt the last of his signs, which says “A Friend Lives Here.”
5. With the four quarters left in his pocket he buys Mr. Patches, his cat, a new toy.



Storytelling Contest
Spring District 2019-20

“The Case of the Missing Sandwich”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Jenny grabbed her notebook and hurried out the door to meet her friends at the park.

“Hurry, please, Mom,” she yelled.

She jumped into her Mom’s truck and waited. Soon they were driving to the park where everyone in the neighborhood played on Saturday.

There was always a soccer game going on. And the playground was covered with kids like ants. People were flying kites and walking dogs.

But the best part was, it was always a great place for Jenny to find a mystery to solve.

Jenny loved a good mystery. She read mystery books. Watched mystery shows on television. She made up mysteries around the house to solve.

Sometimes, they were just too hard to solve. When her Mom's best pair of scissors disappeared, she never figured out that her Mom left them at Jenny's grandmother's house. And when her brother's bicycle was stolen, everyone was surprised it was Carl's best friend. Even Jenny.

Her mother stopped the truck at the park. "Looks like you have a mystery going on," her mother said.

Jenny tapped her finger on her notebook. She kept all her information on mystery cases she had read about and the ones she solved in there.

"Not yet," Jenny said. "But if there is, I'll be ready."

She jumped out of the truck.

"I'll be back in two hours to pick you up," her mother said.

Jenny ran across the grass. She ran past the volleyball court and around the softball field. She ran around the swings and slides to the picnic tables. She knew her friends would be waiting there.

"Hey everyone!" she yelled.

Tina, Joey and Stephanie sat on top of a picnic table. They waved for her to come to them.

Jenny sat beside Tina. “So, are there any good mysteries today?” she asked.

Tina laughed. “Is that all you think about?”

Tina’s brother Joey said, “Detective Jenny is always ready to solve a mystery.”

Jenny clapped her hands. “That is a great motto.”

“Hey!” a voice yelled. “Someone stole it!”

Jenny jumped up. She and her friends ran around to the last picnic table, near the old monkey bars.

The table was filled with little kids and their sack lunches.

“What got stolen?” Jenny asked.

A boy said, “My sandwich. I pulled it out of my bag. Then I got a cup of water from over there.”

He pointed to a spot behind the table where there was a big thermos. In front of him sat an apple and a cup of water.

“I came back and my jelly sandwich was gone,” the boy said.

“Hmm,” Jenny said. She looked at the other kids. She frowned and tapped her pen against her nose. She wondered which one of the other kids took the sandwich.

Jenny opened her pad of paper and pulled a pencil from her pocket.

“Okay, I want to know what everyone was doing while he was getting his water,” she said.

Jenny’s friends sat down on the grass. They smiled and nodded.

“Don’t worry, kid,” Stephanie said. “Jenny is the best mystery solver in school.”

“In the whole town,” Jenny added.

She stood beside each kid one at a time and asked what they were doing.

One kid said he was eating his cookies. ‘I always eat dessert first.’

One kid was telling a joke to the kid next to him.

One kid was crying because she broke her favorite bracelet all over the ground.

“I helped her pick it,” another kid said.

“I was helping Jake take Puddles to get on the slide,” a boy said.

Jenny asked, ‘Is Puddles one of the other kids?’

The boy shook his head. ‘No, that’s Puddles coming now.’”

Jenny looked up and saw a boy dragging a large dog across the grass.

“Puddles is the dog,” the boy said.

Jenny nodded and wrote it down. She talked to each of the kids again but they were all busy when the boy went to get water.

She looked at the napkin where the sandwich had been. There was a drop of red jelly on it. And a little bite mark out of the napkin.

She sighed. This was a hard mystery. It all happened fast and no one was looking.

She felt something cold on her arm. Puddles nudged his nose against her arm. She bent down to pet the dog.

Jenny loved dogs. This one had big eyes that seemed to smile. He had white hair and his tongue always seemed to be sticking out.

She rubbed his head. Then she gasped.

Jenny stood and smiled.

“I have solved the missing sandwich mystery,” she told everyone.

All the kids were quiet. The boy with the missing sandwich stood next to her. “Okay, who did it. They owe me a sandwich.”

Jenny raised her hand and swung it back and forth. She pointed to each one of the kids at the table.

“Someone at this table took his sandwich. They didn’t ask. They didn’t trade. And they are probably ready to have another sandwich.”

She waited until everyone was staring at her.

“The sandwich thief is...Puddles!” Jenny announced.

The kids gasped. Jenny raised puddles head. On his white fur, under his chin, they could see a stain of red. The boy with the missing sandwich touched the red spot.

“Oooh, sticky. It is jelly. My jelly,” he said.

Everyone clapped.

“You did it,” Tina said. “You solved the mystery.”

Jenny folded her notebook. She put her pencil into her pocket. Jenny bowed.

“Of course. I am always ready to solve a mystery.”

She patted Puddles on the head again. Jake tore his sandwich in half and gave it to the boy. “I’m sorry Puddles ate your jelly sandwich.”

Puddles licked his lips and barked.

Jenny was ready for another mystery. And maybe, a jelly sandwich.



Storytelling Contest
Spring District 2019-20

“The Case of the Missing Sandwich”

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. Jenny’s mom drives her to the park to meet up with friends. Jenny liked the park because it always had a mystery to solve.
2. Once at the park with her friends, Jenny hears someone yell that someone stole his sandwich. Jenny goes to see if she can get to the bottom of the mystery.
3. Jenny interviews the boy and asks the people around him what they were doing at the time the sandwich was taken. She examines the evidence and finds that the napkin the sandwich was on has a little bite take out of it.
4. Jenny pets a dog, Puddles, and notices that he has jelly on his chin. She announces that Puddles is the culprit.
5. The kids applaud Jenny’s mystery solving abilities, but they feel sorry for the kid whose sandwich was eaten. One boy, Jake, gives the kid half of his sandwich to make up for it.



Storytelling Contest Spring District 2019-20

“Texas Twister”

Grades 2 and 3

by Kathryn Lay

Carol rode her bike down the street to her best friend’s house. The wind whipped through her hair and the sparkling ribbon on her handle bars.

She looked up at the clouds. They had gotten darker since that morning. The breeze was hot.

She hoped it would not rain. She and Linda were going to ride their bikes to the library for a special carnival. There would be a clown and face painting and silly games. There was even going to be an author who read his book and talked about being a writer.

Carol skidded her bike to a stop at Linda’s house. She lay it down on the grass and ran up the steps to the front door.

“Hi,” Linda said when she opened the door.

“Let’s go,” Carol said. “The carnival starts soon.”

Linda frowned. “My parents say I can’t go. There is a big storm coming.”

Carol stared at her friend. “So, it’s going to rain. That will make it more fun. I think most of the carnival fun is inside. The clown and face painting and author are in different parts of the library.”

She remembered they were having a Food Truck too. She jingled the money in her pocket.

Linda stepped back. “Come on in. I can’t go until after the storm. We can play a game.”

Carol frowned. She didn’t want to miss the carnival. She walked into the house, looking back at the dark clouds.

“It probably won’t even rain,” she mumbled.

She said hello to Linda’s parents before they went upstairs to Linda’s bedroom.

“What do you want to play?” Linda asked.

Carol shrugged. She wanted to play carnival games. And eat a candy apple. And laugh at a clown.

She gasped when she saw a bright light. Then came a loud explosion of thunder that rattled the window beside her. Carol jumped back with a scream.

She let out a nervous laugh. “That was loud.”

Linda said, “Too loud.”

Carol was surprised to see how dark it was outside now. The trees blew back and forth in the wind. The clouds looked green.

“My dad says that green clouds might mean a tornado,” Linda said. “He used to be a storm chaser when I was little.”

Carol looked closer at the clouds. Were they tornado clouds? And why would you chase a storm?

Carol looked up at the ceiling. She could hear something hitting the roof. Out of the window white balls of ice bounced on the ground.

“It’s hailing,” she said.

She hoped they had taken everything inside for the carnival. The hail might tear up everything.

She pulled her phone from her pocket. It was for emergencies only. It might be an emergency. She called her parents.

“Stay there,” her Mom shouted into the phone. “Don’t come home until after the storm.”

Then the hail stopped and the trees stopped dancing in the wind. Everything seemed suddenly quiet.

Linda’s father burst into the room and yelled, “Downstairs. Quick!”

Carol and Linda followed him down to where Linda’s mom pointed to the bathroom. “It’s safest in here when a tornado comes. Everyone in.”

Carol’s heart pounded. There really was a tornado? She hurried inside beside her friend. She was glad it was a big bathroom. They all squeezed inside and shut the door.

“I’m scared!” Linda shouted. She put her arms around her parents.

Carol was scared too. But she remembered how when she had fallen off her bike last week and skinned her knee, Linda had helped her home.

And when she had to learn lines for the school play, Linda practiced with her every day.

Carol took a deep breath.

“Last year when I went to the carnival, I played the bean bag toss. I tossed it like a baseball and it went too high,” she said.

Linda mumbled, “Did you win?”

Carol shook her head and said, “No, it flew high up and landed on a table with donuts. A donut rolled off the table. Then, the clown tried to catch it.”

Linda gasped. “Did he catch it? Did he eat it?”

Outside, something crashed against the front door. The lights went off in the bathroom.

Linda screamed.

Carol talked louder. “He caught it, but then this big black bird came and grabbed it out of his gloved hand.”

Linda laughed.

Carol said, “The clown took a bow and tumbled over.”

“Was he hurt?” Linda asked.

Carol listened to the wind outside. It was quieter now. The lights came back on. Carol could not hear rain against the windows.

Linda’s parents smiled. “What happened to the clown then?”

Carol rolled her hands around. “He did a perfect roll and stood up with his arms wide. Everyone laughed and clapped.”

Linda clapped. “That was a good story.”

Linda’s dad opened the bathroom door.

“Yes, it was fun. And the storm is over,” he said.

They walked out of the bathroom and down the hall. Carol could see sun shining in the windows.

Linda’s parents walked out the front door and yelled, “One small tree down. Some stuff blown around. Not a lot of damage though.”

Carole ran upstairs to Linda’s room. She had left her cell phone on the bed. She called her parents. They were okay. The tornado wasn’t on their street.

“Well, I bet that’s the end of the carnival,” Linda said.

Carole walked onto the porch. “It doesn’t look too bad out there. Maybe your parents will drive us to the library. Maybe we could help clean up any messes.”

Linda nodded. “Maybe they moved the games inside.”

Carole grinned. She hadn't thought about that. They probably moved everything but the dunking machine inside where it would be safe.

"Let's go," Carole said. "I'm ready for some games."

On the way to the library, Linda nudged Carole. "I guess you had better skip the bean bag toss game this time. It sure was fun to hear about though."

Carole looked out the car window and smiled. Maybe she would play that game. The chances of that happening was pretty wild.

It had been the best made up story she had ever told. It helped Linda not to be so afraid. After all, what was a best friend to do in a tornado? Tell a silly story. A tornado of a story.



Storytelling Contest
Spring District 2019-20

“Texas Twister”

Major Elements of the Plot

Grades 2 and 3

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1. Carol and her best friend, Linda, plan on riding their bikes to the library for a carnival, but Linda’s parents say that she cannot go because a big storm is coming.
2. Despite Carol’s desire to go to the carnival, the two girls stay at Linda’s house and look for things to do. A thunderstorm starts and lightning flashes outside.
3. A tornado forms. Linda’s father yells that they need to come downstairs, and everyone piles into the bathroom.
4. Linda is scared because the lights go out and things crash outside. Carol tries to distract her by telling her a made-up story about her time at the carnival the year before. Carol’s strategy works and Linda cheers up as the storm clears.
5. Now that the storm is over, they can go to the carnival. The girls look forward to the games they will play.