Name: Date:

The 10 commandments of

Narrative Essay Writing

1. Thou shalt write on a topic one knows
2. Thou shalt write with a thesis or theme in mind
3. Thou shalt write with an audience in mind
4. Thou shalt write with an unwavering voice
5. Thou shalt construct a world in which to write - setting
6. Thou shalt “show” the audience the action, emotion, and circumstances the characters face – never “tell” your audience anything
7. Thou shalt use dialogue to develop characters
8. Thou shalt ensure the story has a conflict that has a beginning, middle, and end.
9. Thou shalt be aware that there is no “fast-forward” button in short story writing. Moments are better than a lifetime.
10. Thou shalt clinch thy thesis in the final few sentences

Example of all the 10 commandments:

Commandments 1&2:

That Ralph is such a fuddy-duddy. I can’t believe all the boys like to be around him so much - Him and Piggy and his Assmar. Why doesn’t he just come hunt with me? Why don’t they see that it is way more fun. Sucks to them and their assmars, I’ll show ‘em. We’ll show ‘em.

“Kill the pig, cut his throat, do him in.”

We’ll all show em.

Commandments 3&4:

“But I can’t,” Piggy whined.

His nasally complaint was felt more than it was heard.

“My ass-mar won’t but let me!”

“Suck to your ass-mar” shouted the boys. They were united now, shouting as if to drown out the possibility of any further dissent.

“But…but… I have the conch – I have a right to sp…”

“Shut-up!” a voice broke Piggy’s usual tantrum.

The boys were startled but, there was quiet. They knew what was coming. Two scowling tawny eyes appeared amongst the crowd and stepped nearer to piggy. And with each step the figure took, Piggy’s hands trembled more.

In that moment, a dark shadow befell the boys and an ominous cloud drifted into the path of the noonday’s sun. A slight gale picked up and the boys began to shiver. The cloud had, for a brief moment, obscured the peaceful bliss of the waves, the palms and the fruit trees and in that moment, the figure and the boys, with their grey faces, seemed indistinguishable.

Jack stepped in front of piggy and spoke:

Commandments 5 - 8

“Why should we listen to you, fatty?” he sneered.

“The conch ought to be for proper boys, not piggies with assmar.”

Silence once again. Comforted by the shadow of the overhead cloud, the grey faces seemed to nod in unison at Jack’s points. No one spoke. Only the waves and the buzz of the nearby jungle had any say in the matter.

“And…” Jack thought, “and what’s the point of minding some stupid fire anyway? We only need fire for meat!”

The boys began to Murmur. The shadow became more dark and more of the young faces seemed to succumb to its maw.

“Give Jack the conch!” they said.

“Shut up Fatty!” one jeered.

“It’s ours not yours”

Then, scampering over the large rock at the other side of the beach, Ralph heaved his broad shoulders over the horizon and said:

Commandments 9 & 10

“What’s all this about?” he asked, indignantly.

“I didn’t call a meeting. Why are you all here?”

The children looked at each other in a daze, their eyes glistening in the shadows.

“I asked you a question!”

The crowd shook and the murmur of the shadow figures subsided. The boys, who had, once seemed so dark, began to lighten with familiarity of Ralph’s voice.

“We were having a talk,” Jack spoke up.

“We were talking about a hunt.”

“Enough with your hunting!” Ralph broke. He snatched the conch back from Jack almost threateningly. He moved with authority now, taking position on a bolder a step higher from the crowd.

“Enough with the pigs, enough with your playing, and enough with your silliness!” His voice rang clear. As he spoke, the clouds broke just enough to allow a dim ray of light to peak through and illuminate his position.

“Without shelter, we will not survive. You’ve got food! You got water! Hunting, gives you nothing you don’t but already got.”  
The sun came out now, shinning once again on the boys. They broke from the shadows and smiled again. They seemed to step forward into Ralph’s frame of view and then one spoke:

Prepping for a Narrative:

Chose a question:

How does evil evolve into atrocious action(s)? Is it grown from nothing, or is it always present, watching - waiting for a moment of personal weakness?

Decide on an answer to the question or prompt ( a theme):

Evil lurks, it is always there, waiting for a person to let down their moral guards

Decide on a conflict: man vs society

Inciting incident?

Beginning ?

Middle?

End?

Decide on a setting: street – yaletown

Decide on characters: male – police officer (Steve)

Male – police officer – (Sandeep) – Sandy for short

Characteristics – Sandeep, stalwart, just, righteous but quiet

Actions – Steve & Sandy stood against gang violence in recent news

Identity – Standing up for what is right Preferences – loves wife and kids, but is a bit of a hot head

Decide on a structure: start mid-conflict?

Introduce conflict? Start after a conflict is over and build to a new conflict?

Theme: clincher that relate back to the theme.

“Cop” - says/thinks something that is out of character and evil in the last sentence.

“Freeze!” Steve shouted, in between his heaving breaths.

The figure darted behind another bush. “At this time of night it is hard to make out what is what shadow and what is human,” Steve thought.

“This way!” Sandeep motioned with his firearm. “He went down that alley.”

The two met at the mouth of the alley, and gasped to catch their breath. Their heavy breaths’ heated the evening cold and, in the darkness of the alleyway, Steve felt at ease.

It was the third time this week that they had caught a runner, but that was nothing unusual. Vancouver had gotten dangerous after the crash.

“What’re ya thinking,” Steve managed to heave out. Both their navy blue uniforms were soaked with sweat. He knew Sandy’s plan, but thought he’d ask anyway.

“Swoop and scoop. You go high, I’ll go low.” Sandy had already recovered his breath, had his flashlight out. He was already moving assuredly down the alleyway, analyzing every dark space for signs of the perp.

“I…” it was to late to catch him, but it didn’t matter. Steve was certain of this assigned task. Sandy had always had a mind for the tactics of these alleys. He seemed to move almost seamlessly in the shadows. At first, it had been a bit unnerving, but Steve had gotten used to Sandy’s soft-spoken shadowy demeanor. Steve scampered up the nearest ladder.

The three-story ascent took Steve up to the roof of a building that had once been Vancouver’s dining district. “Yaletown,” Steve thought, as he heaved himself onto the building’s roof. “No one was eating here anymore,” his smoky breath echoed over the horizon. He drew his pistol and began to run, following the glimmer of Sandy’s flashlight.

The district had experienced some renovations since the crash. The drug dealers, mobsters and pimps that had once been held to the city’s east corner, now ran freely throughout the districts. It disgusted Steve. He had remembered a green Vancouver. A Vancouver with snow capped mountains, pleasant neighborhoods and sandy beaches. He was one of the few who were left; one of the few who had been born here. He was one of the few that needed to protect this city.

The light stopped.

Sandy was shouting “Get on the ground!”

Steve ran for the nearest ladder.

“Get on the ground and don’t move!” Sandy shouted again.

“Man ease up!” the perp grumbled.

Steve thumped to the ground to find the perp handcuffed and sitting in the corner.

“Great catch,” Steve approached tentatively.

“He was running with this.” Sandy held up an oddly shaped syringe. “Third one this week,” Sandy exclaimed.

“Man I didn’ do nothin’; “

“Then what’s this!? Huh? ” Steve held up the syringe.

“What are you doing on my turf, peddlin’ this garbage?” He threw the syringe in one of the alley’s many trash piles.

The perp’s face changed, “You best let me go, homes – the man be comin’ you can’t see em’ he be shadows.”

Sandy looked concerned, but Steve drew his pistol and pointed it firmly against the perp’s temple. The perp winced, and then started to sweat.

“Man, watcha doin’ man, he’s comin’,” his voiced trembled.”

“Steve stop.” Sandy complained.

Steve’s voice lowered, “Who’s coming?”

The perp’s eyes widened, “…him!” He pointed now, and squirmed.

Sandy followed the perps arm into the shadow, but all he could see was a shard of glass highlighting the familiar visage of his partner’s face.

“Who…” Steve voice became almost guttural.

The perp’s head rotated, and with raised brows, looked Steve in the eyes, “…y…”

The sound of the gunshot echoed through the night. Sandy stood in the shadows, as he always did, but this time, his eyes widened in horror.

Steve pulled away and calmly wiped the weapon down.

He looked at Sandy, at the perp, then at the radio. And fired two more shots.

“Twenty-two forty, officer down!” Steve screamed into the radio. “Send back up immediately!” Sandy had gotten too close, he was too smart - too cunning.

Steve had gotten good at this part - the lying and the cover-ups. Sandy had been a nice guy and all, but he worried about his tactical mind. He would have pieced it together eventually.

No one would understand that this was the only way to get back to the good ole days. No one would understand the longing he had for the days that he lounged on the sandy beaches played in the green parks. No one would understand that there were too many people lingering in the shadows – too many lurking and waiting to consume what good was left. What Vancouver needed was a controlling interest, it needed one shadow, not many.

As the sirens descended upon the alley, the light of Sandy’s flashlight flickered against the nearby mirror, and Steve’s face silhouetted by the dim light, lost all feature and blended seamlessly with the dark.