

Name: _____

Period: _____

Suspense Narrative

Self-Revision Via Comparison

Directions: Analyze the model provided using the criteria below. Identify how your writing is *similar* to and *different* from the model. Use these observations to then decide upon the revisions you need to make to improve your story.

Criteria	How My Story Is Similar to the Model	How My Story Is Different from the Model
<u>Lead</u> (Elements of the Exposition that Capture the Reader's Interest)		
<u>Characterization</u> (How the Character is Developed – Direction AND Indirectly)		
<u>Interior Dialogue</u> (Thoughts AND Emotions of the Main Character)		
<u>Exterior Dialogue</u> (Content AND Formatting of Conversations)		
<u>Conflict</u> (The 5 P's of Conflict That Make the Climax Suspenseful)		
<u>Resolution – Reflection</u> – What the Main Character Takes Away from the Experience)		

Next Steps for Revision (**Be Specific!**):

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Alliances

I stared at the thick flurries of snow falling from the grey sky, stretched like a blanket. Ice covered the leafless trees. I stepped carefully, avoiding the rocks that shone like diamonds at my feet. There was light, but it felt distant, weary from its journey, millions of miles from the sun. The snow crunched lightly where I stepped, and I winced every time there was a snap of ice cracking.

I felt a light tap on my shoulder. “Roxy. There’s a river up ahead,” Remi whispered. I nodded. Max was up ahead, stepping lightly, barely leaving tracks.

“Trees or rocks?” Max asked.

“Trees. If the ice breaks, they’ll see.” I grabbed the long, narrow branch above me, pulling myself up. I motioned to a tree and myself to Remi and Max. Once I was up there, the wind howled against my ears the endless stretch of black forest surrounded me. I could smell the pine of the trees, intoxicating, like a ghost telling me of the wonders of heaven. It was eerie, like any second something—or someone—would ruin the peace. I climbed down.

“Where’s Remi?” I was worried now. There was an icy cold covering me, and it had nothing to do with the temperature. “Remi, where is she?”

“Don’t know. Heard sounds, figured it was Ash. Mentioned it to Remi. She took off, and he followed her.”

“Remi is solo?” I frowned.

“Must’ve split from Ash and Silver.”

I stood up, yanked Max to his feet, and glared. “You should have helped.” Then I was running again, and I knew that Max was behind me, that Remi was in trouble, and I had to run faster. I stopped. Max waited a branch lower. A bang echoed throughout the forest. I heard another: clean and matter-a-fact. No telling whether it was Remi or Ash. Silence. Remi was a cheetah, the fastest out of all of us. Max was all right, a great fighter, but he and I lacked the bond that made Remi and I such a successful team. I knew if it

came down to it, he wouldn't hesitate to break our alliance if it meant he'd win. I should have stayed with Remi.

Wind stirred up powdered snow. Still, I searched the forest, waiting the floating feeling that would let me know Remi was okay. Nothing. Now it was desperation that kept me there, that and the sinking feeling of guilt. Finally, I guess Max had enough. "Two to three." He whipped out his gun. "Don't let your guard down."

I took out my gun, knowing I would put off using it for as long as I could. Max was skilled; we all were, all six of us. How I was good, I didn't know. I had only fired a couple of times, and always on closed practice targets. But I could feel it; I knew that if I needed to, my gun would protect me. "River?" Max asks. "They've got to be there now, they would've caught her by now."

"No. We might as well shoot up a flair. Remi could have made it."

"All the more reason to go. Better we find them before they find us. Right now it's two to two, one solo." Max argued.

"Genius. How did you come up with such logical thoughts?"

"Is that your plan? Let the members of your team sacrifice themselves? First Remi and then me. What happens when you run out of people?" Max smiled bitterly.

"You know I would never do that."

"River. Now." Max crossed his arms.

"You go," I barked back. "That way instead of me sacrificing you, you can sacrifice yourself."

"You'd rather be solo than working with me?"

I didn't answer. I knew I should have just gone to the river, but I couldn't. Something was stopping me. I turned around and started walking the other way. Why was I still nervous? I got my answer about the same time Max tackled me. I twisted and threw him off me. Technically, we were both solos now, which excused me of any rules involving courtesy towards my previous teammate. He fired. I winced, looking away from the tree that met its doom. I struggled to climb another thick tree with long, draping branches.

I held my breath, watching as Max pulled himself out from under the tree and staggered past my own, observing my footprints that ended abruptly. Then there was another shot, but not from his gun.

From Silver's.

Once I was sure Silver had gone after Max down the hill, I slunk down from my tree. The world was quiet, brooding, much like myself. Wind whistled through the gaps between the leaning trees, and it had stopped snowing. Now, it felt perfect, like the forest was holding its breath, waiting, but for what, I don't know.

"Where could she be?" Silver complained. He was back in earshot. "You got Remi, and I got Max. Roxy's solo."

"No clue," I heard Ash reply. "But she's always been clever."

"Think we should head back to base? I'm freezing."

"Yeah." The two walked off, not bothering to conceal their footprints. I followed behind them, jumping from tree to tree. They stopped at an assembly of boulders, and Silver started to climb a tree on the other side of the area. I could attack Ash easily now, and hopefully shoot Silver out of the tree before he jumped down. I was full on ammo; they had to be running low, especially Ash, shooting at Remi while she was on the run.

I gulped and leaped from my tree, firing at Ash while I fell. He rolled out of the way and dove behind the rocks. One shot used. I ran for the tree, slipped, and crawled behind it as he fired back. He wasn't saving his shots; he used at least four or five. I heard him pause, waiting to see if I ran. I heard the crunching sound of his sneakers and the rustling of branches as Silver clambered down. I dove out from the cover of the tree and tackled Ash to the ground. He wasn't ready, and I managed to yank his gun away from him, throwing it behind me. We wrestled, and when I finally reached my gun, he grabbed it and threw it behind him. Then, of course, Silver dropped down. Just my luck.

Silver couldn't hit me without hitting Ash, and I knew he would want to take me out first. Alliances only went so far, so it was more a strategy, keeping people for their skills. Cases like Remi and I were a

radical occurrence, our friendship as strong as the team loyalty. But Silver must have changed his mind. I couldn't twist my head to see it, but I could hear the small whiz as he drew his gun from its holster. I steadied my grip, ready to roll off Ash and make one last lunge for my gun, while I still could.

I whipped to my feet, dove for my gun, and turned just in time to see Remi. Remi firing at Silver. It was the perfect shot; Silver wouldn't be able to block it in time or duck. I also knew that Remi was completely vulnerable shooting it. Ash scrambled for his gun, and pointed it at me. I knew I was as doomed as Silver, but Remi could win, and I wouldn't have to fight her.

I took out my gun; I wanted him to know I wasn't frightened. I heard his glove press the trigger, shooting right at Remi. I stared at Ash. His gun was once again leveled towards me; there wasn't any other alternative except one of us shooting the other. We were in a stand off. I would have one chance. If I hit him before he had a chance to pull the trigger, I would be safe. If he reacted before the impact... I was screwed. Three deep breaths, then, the shot echoed through the forest, the bullet flying through the air straight towards its target, where it ended the game, me as its champion. It was then that I made myself look at my friends.

Red was splashed across Ash's jacket, and he was perfectly still. I nudged him with my foot. He groaned. "Get up! There is no way I'm gonna drag you all the way home. Remi!" I yelled across the clearing where she was using snow to brush off the purple paint that stained her shoe.

"I'm here." Remi sat up and yanked Silver to his feet. "Are these paintballs going to leave a stain?" she asked us as Max trudged out of the woods, his head bent in defeat.

I stuck my tongue out at him. "Traitor! You broke the alliance."

"Oh relax," Max said, grinning. "You know as well as all of us that it's just a game."

And only in the game would we dare break our alliances.