

## EXAMPLE SHORT FICTION STORY

**Prompt:** Use your imagination to write a story about a teenager who is an accidental hero. That means that the teenager does not plan ahead to be a hero; he or she just acts when a crisis demands action. Make sure that your story contains at least five paragraphs and all the elements of a story. Use the MLA style.

TITLE OF THE STORY: Accidental Hero

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### Accidental Hero

Darius never wanted to be a hero. He certainly never planned to be a hero. He was sixteen years old, and he thought of himself as a regular kid. Nothing he had done had prepared him to be a hero. He lived on the south side of Chicago, which could be a dangerous place to be, especially at night, but he had never encountered any problems. In fact, he was nonchalantly walking to high school on a cool fall day. He was thinking of the homework that he had not quite finished and was wondering whether he could find some time during his first class to get it done. As usual, he passed some huge apartment buildings in his neighborhood.

When he walked by one dilapidated building, Darius heard a strange sound. He stopped and turned to listen. Consequently, although the sound was faint, he concluded that it was definitely coming from the building. It sounded like a wounded animal or maybe someone crying. After listening and not hearing anything more, he started to walk on, thinking it was a baby crying. After all, if he stopped for much more time, he would probably be late for school. He needed to find a way to get that homework done!

As he took a few more steps toward school, he heard, "Help me! Help me!" He stopped again and listened carefully. This time he definitely heard "Help! Please help me!" It sounded like a little child crying for help. Initially, he felt torn between investigating and minding his own business. He could see that the building was decrepit and dangerous. He

wanted to help, but he did not want to take any risks or be late for school. Suddenly, he heard a loud crash. That sounded ominous, so without further debate, Darius ran in the front door. He heard an even louder crash from the basement. Creeping down the stairs, Darius heard someone moaning. When he looked around, he was astounded by all of the junk piled in the basement. Then he saw a foot under a pile of old shelves and desks. He asked, "Hey, are you okay?" A boy answered "Nooo! I am stuck. Help me!"

As quickly as possible, Darius tried to stabilize the pile and to clear some of the junk away. He worried that the boy would be crushed before he could free him. He told the boy, "Please be patient and lie still. I'm trying to get you out. Hang in there!" He knew that he could not risk leaving the boy to get help. Then he saw some rope on a chair. If he tied some junk together maybe he could move the heavier furniture off the boy. He quickly tied the big shelves and table together and tied the rope to a steel beam. After he pulled the pile up using the rope, Darius was able to scoop the boy out before the pile came crashing down.

As Darius carried the boy from the building, he saw a police car. He hurried toward the car and yelled for help. After the police officer called for an ambulance, he interviewed Darius and the little boy. Then the officer realized the little boy fit the description of a boy who had been missing for two days. Darius had not only rescued a little boy, but he had also found a missing child. Later that week, the police department honored Darius in a ceremony and gave him a medal. The boys' parents thanked him profusely. Everyone called him a "hero," but Darius insisted that saving the boy was just a lucky accident. In fact, he knew how close he came to walking on to school, and he resolved to follow his gut with less hesitation in the future.