

## **EXAMPLE SHORT FICTION STORY**

**Prompt:** Use your imagination to write a story about a person who chooses to think of others instead of thinking of him/herself. Show how the person solves a problem for others. Make sure that the story contains at least five paragraphs and all the elements of a story. Use the APA style.

TITLE OF THE STORY: Surviving the BIG One!

Surviving the BIG One!

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### Surviving the BIG One!

Whenever Chantal heard a tornado warning, she scoffed. Her little Oklahoma town, Hardin, was in “Tornado Alley” and had suffered a severe storm ten years ago. However, ever since then, Hardin received lots of tornado warnings and had never been hit by one. Chantal, a high school student with a lot on her mind, paid little attention to the warnings. One summer Saturday, as Chantal was working on her 4-H projects and getting ready for the county fair, she noticed a tornado warning on the TV. She glanced at the cloudless sky and shrugged her shoulders. Then she turned her attention back to feeding her rabbits and cleaning out their cages.

Unfortunately, Chantal concentrated so intently on her rabbits, that she did not notice the darkening sky. After another hour, she noticed that the sky was almost black, and the air was incredibly still. Becoming alarmed, she ran to a spot on their property where she could see for miles. Sure enough, the black sky was reaching down and touching the ground miles away. In awe, she whispered, “Wow!” She quickly called her friend Marco on the other side of Hardin and asked, “Can you see any funnels off in the West?” Marco replied, “Yeah, I can see one, and it is headed right toward Hardin. It’s huge! You need to take cover!”

As Chantal said, “Goodbye” to Marco, the siren near her home began to wail. She immediately wondered where she could find some shelter. No one in her neighborhood had a basement. Then she remembered an old cellar behind the empty house next door. As she started to dash toward the cellar, she remembered her aunt and cousins down the road. When she called her aunt, she said they were watching the TV reports. Like Chantal, she wasn’t worried and mentioned that she had no car to move anyway. Chantal immediately explained the situation, and, despite the danger, jumped into the family truck and sped to

their house. After gathering the family on the porch, she yelled to the neighbors to climb into her truck, too. As they drove to the cellar, the sky turned green, and hail began to fall.

Chantal leaped out of the truck and ordered everyone to follow her to the cellar. Next, she tried to open the heavy wooden cellar doors, but they would not budge. Fortunately, her cousin helped her to pry one door open as the wind howled and torrents of rain and hail pelted them. She gestured to everyone to hurry into the dark cellar. When Chantal looked toward the West, the tornado was roaring directly toward them. She hoped that the cellar would protect them all as she and her cousin closed the door and secured it.

After a few minutes in the dark cellar, they all heard the wind shrieking and then the sound of a train. The wooden doors rattled and lifted up. Chantal grabbed the door handles and held on tight. The wind lifted the doors again. The noise outside was deafening. She yelled to other people in the cellar to help her. Several people grabbed the door handles and wrestled with the doors until they were exhausted. Suddenly, everything became eerily calm and quiet. They all held their breath and waited. When they didn't hear anything more, they cheered. Thanks to Chantal's quick thinking and courage, they had all survived "The Big One"! They all were very glad that she had taken the time to think beyond herself while facing off against a tornado.