

Narrative Story Graph

Title/Topic: *Courage Between Chapters*

Sizzling Start WHO-Mollie & Alice
• dragon roaring
• reading a book
• Being chased
• Lights flicker off

↑
Interest level

Backfill WHO-Alice
• ripped jeans
• sitting on beanbag
• shelf behind her

Pebble (Small problem)
• book falls off of shelf
• can't decide what to do
• depending on Mollie

Rock (Medium problem)
• Tries to face fears
• Still unsure
• gets to end of shelf

→ Gradual build-up of tension

Exciting Ending
(Action climax)
• Has to leave eventually
• switches on lights

Character Wrap-up
(Emotional resolution)
• Nobody is there
• Mollie kills dragon & everyone is saved

Boulder
(Main tension scene)
• Doubts herself
• Mollie falls
• "I can't do this"
Alice says ↓

Closed Doors, Open

Secrets Courage Between

Chapters

Mollie dashed across the rooftops, the scaly dragon racing after her. His ear-piercing roar echoing through the city, as people screamed below. Mollie ~~wasn't scared~~ leapt on top of a building, ~~She ducked~~ behind a chimney to catch her ~~breath~~ ^{breath.}

Bang! The lights flickered off. Alice snapped the book shut, holding it tightly. Sweat dripped down from her face. "What's going on?" ~~Alice~~ ^{she} called out, only to realize that the library was empty.

Thud! A book toppled off the shelf behind her. Her ripped jeans clung to her legs as she pressed back against the shelf, breath tightening with the room. Was someone else in here? She couldn't decide whether that comforted her or frightened her. ~~She hid behind the beanbag she was sitting on~~ She slid off the beanbag, and crouched behind it, and took a deep breath, bracing herself for whatever was coming. ~~Maybe just one more chapter.~~ Maybe reading

would calm her. Maybe Mollie's courage would rub off on her.

The dragon would soon see her hiding. Heroes don't stop. Mollie had to face the dragon. Mollie had to save the city. Everyone was depending on her! She could do this.

Alice put the book down. She didn't know what to do. If she went to see who it was, she could trip and fall in the dark, or lose her way and get lost. ~~W~~But what if they needed her help? What if they were depending on her like Mollie in the story? What would Mollie do?

*"I've got to face my fears." Mollie thought ~~to herself~~.
Finally, ~~she~~ got to her feet, ~~her~~ sword forward in her hand, ready to face the dragon.*

If Mollie could face the dragon, then Alice could face a dark library. Book under her arm, Alice stood up wobbly. "You can face your fears like Mollie!" She ~~thought to~~ ^{told} herself, still unsure. ~~Alice~~ ^{she} took a step, then another. One foot in front of the other, she made her way to the edge of the shelf. "What does Mollie do next?" She wondered.

~~Mollie~~ ^{stepped} ~~steps~~ forward, sword shaking, but she ~~doesn't~~ ^{didn't} run. The dragon roars, ~~but~~ ^{ed} Mollie ~~stays~~ ^{ed} strong. About to make her first hit, the dragon ~~swings~~ ^{wing} his tail around and ~~hits~~ ^{struck}

~~her~~ Mollie. Mollie ~~fell~~ falls to the ground, tears welling up in her eyes.

Alice gasped, immediately covering her mouth, hoping they hadn't heard her. "Does Mollie fail? What if I fail?"

~~she~~ Alice ~~whispered~~ worried. "I can't do this," she ~~gripping the~~ told herself, holding her ~~spine of her boots.~~ book tightly to her chest. "But I have to leave this library eventually..." ~~she~~ Alice straightened her back, and continued walking through the library. Finally she ~~reached~~ made it to the door, switched the lights on, and looked around. The library ~~was~~ empty! Maybe the book had been left precariously and had just fallen. Feeling much ~~safer~~ more safe, she opened her book once more.

Mollie stumbled back up, dusted herself off, and with all her might, stabbed her blunt sword right into the bumpy dragon's chest. The dragon fell to the floor, luckily on an empty sports oval. The city was saved. Mollie did it.

Courage Between Chapters

'Mollie dashed across the rooftops, the scaly dragon racing after her. His ear-piercing roar echoed through the city as people screamed below. Mollie leapt onto a building, the frosty wind brushing past her face, and ducked behind a chimney to catch her breath.'

Bang! The lights flickered off. Alice snapped the book shut, holding it tightly. Sweat dripped down her face. "What's going on?" she called out, only to realize the library was empty.

Thud! A book toppled off the shelf behind her. Her ripped jeans clung to her legs as she pressed back against the shelf, breath tightening with the room. Was someone else in here? She couldn't decide whether that comforted her or frightened her. She slid off the beanbag, crouched behind it, and took a deep breath, bracing herself for whatever was coming. Maybe reading would calm her. Maybe Mollie's courage would rub off on her.

'The dragon would soon see her hiding. Heroes don't stop. Mollie had to face the dragon. Mollie had to save the city. Everyone was depending on her! She could do this.'

Alice put the book down. She didn't know what to do. If she went to see who it was, she could trip and fall in the dark or lose her way and get lost. But what if they needed her help? What if they were depending on her like Mollie in the story? What would Mollie do?

"I've got to face my fears," Mollie thought. She got to her feet, sword forward in her hand, ready to face the dragon.'

If Mollie could face the dragon, then Alice could face a dark library. Book under her arm, Alice stood up wobbly. "You can face your fears like Mollie," she told herself, still unsure. She took a step, then another. One foot in front of the other, she made her way to the edge of the shelf. "What does Mollie do next?" she wondered.

'Mollie stepped forward, sword shaking, but she didn't run. The dragon roared, but Mollie stayed strong. About to make her first hit, the dragon swung his tail around and struck her. Mollie fell to the ground, tears welling in her eyes.'

Alice gasped, covering her mouth, hoping they hadn't heard her. "Does Mollie fail? What if I fail?" she worried. "I can't do this," she whispered, gripping the spine of her book. "But I have to leave this library eventually..." She straightened her back and continued walking through the library. Finally she reached the door, switched the lights on, and looked around. The library was empty. Maybe the book had been left precariously and had just fallen. Feeling much safer, she opened her book once more.

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By Niamh Russell