



Tying Beginnings to Endings

Beginning	Middle	Ending
Intense Action I was pedaling fast down Hicker Hill on my brand new bike. My legs were going around and around. I remember picking up speed with every rotation.	(the crash)	It takes a long time to hobble back up the hill, hauling my bike parts. There is a throbbing pain in my palms. They are scraped and raw, with speckles of gravel buried in them. Man did they burn!
Sensory Description My new bike reflects the sunshine; it bounces off the shiny chrome trim. There is a white, plastic basket with seven, dainty purple flowers on the front. I swing my leg over it and begin my first ride.	(the crash)	But, no matter how banged up I was, you should have seen my not-so-new bike. The chrome was dented. The paint was chipped. The basket was dangling from the handle bars, with only one purple flower remaining.
Intriguing Question Did you ever feel like you were flying? I have – the day I zoomed down Hicker Hill on my brand new bike.	(the crash)	Well, you've seen a bird fly and crash into a window before, haven't you?
Feeling What a great day for bike riding! The sun is shining. The air is crisp. I'm ready to hit the road, just me and my new bike.	(the crash)	It all went wrong, terribly wrong. All I want to do now is dump this bike in the garage and forget this day forever.
Sound Effect/Onomatopoeia Beginning: WHIZ! The trees are behind me. WHIZ! I zoomed past a parked car. WHIZ! WHIZ! WHIZ! I pass mailboxes one by one. No one can catch me on my brand new bike.	(the crash)	CLINK! CLANK! CLUNK! The chain from my bike rhythmically bangs against the bent fender, as I haul my once-new bike back to the house.