## **CJDS Authors Aspire to Reach Bestseller List**

Mrs. Lipscomb's fifth grade students have been hard at work perfecting their skills in writing personal narratives. They have learned to grab their readers' attention with a strong lead, balance dialogue and description, include similes and lots of descriptive details, and use vivid verbs. The following is an example of the outstanding work of a

future bestselling author.

That Fateful Day By Alex
Ransenberg

I learned my lesson not to do my homework while construction is going on overhead.

It was an average sunny Saturday morning. There was construction going on at my house. The workers were just starting to make a new addition for my brother's room, and I wanted to stay home to see it happen. After awhile it got boring. I went outside to play, but there was nobody around, so I decided to go inside and do my homework. I was doing my homework under the construction area, but I knew that the workers couldn't puncture a sturdy ceiling, or so I thought.

I was doing my homework, when ... BAM! SMASH! BOOM! Everything stopped. For a few seconds, I couldn't hear, breathe, or see. A half of a very pointy brick had hit me, as if it had aimed for my head. It felt like 400 needles had come straight toward me from the sky at once. My right hand flew up to investigate the wound, and when I brought my hand down, it looked like I was finger-painting with red paint. It was really blood gushing from my head. I started screaming to my dad (who was speaking to the workers upstairs). "Daddy! Daddy!" I hollered.

"What?" he asked in an angry kind of voice because I had interrupted him. He saw all the red gooey- blood that covered my hands and was streaming from my head. He was upset and sad at the same time and looked as though he was about to cry. He threw me a towel and told me to get in the car. I asked him if I was going to die, but he reassured me that I would be O.K. He was going 80 mph on Highway 51 to the emer-

gency room. It felt like I was flying very fast.

We arrived at the Presbyterian Matthews hospital. The nurse said it would be a cinch: when the doc-



Future bestselling author, Alex Ransenberg.

tor came in, he would fasten three staples in my head. The stapler was not any average stapler. This one was a medical one, and to my surprise it was smaller than a regular stapler. I was scared. My hands were shaking, and my teeth were chattering. I didn't know what they would do or if it would hurt.

While we were waiting, my dad was calling my mom, who was with my brother and sister at Temple Israel. They didn't answer, so he called my aunt to go there and get them. After she got herself dressed in appropriate



clothing, she raced to the shul and told my mom what had happened.

By then the doctor was in the room. I clenched onto my dad's hand. The doctors were numbing my head. It stung a little, but not too bad. When I saw the stapler I held onto my dad's hand harder than before, but he told me that I would be fine. The worst of the pain was already over. When the doctor inserted the staples into my scalp it didn't hurt. My mom met us at the hospital, and we all went home.

When we got home I explained what had happened to my friends, neighbors, and family. Everybody was shocked by the news. My head was still bleeding, but I was O.K. My hair looked like I had spray-painted it dark red. It was actually all the dried gore from the gaping wound on my head. My shirt was covered with bloodstains and felt heavier than before.

From this day on I still keep my staples in my safe as a reminder of this incident. Now I won't do my homework under construction ever again.



