

HQW
2016
3rd
grade
Gifted
writing



Jayla

What I think happen?

Two customers left without paying. Somehow they exited through the back and in the stroy it said "It was much too narrow for a pickup truck to drive through." I think the waitress was in the blue truck and was late for work that why she yelled as loud as she can and he gr. She was stress. saying "They didn't pay! they didn't pay!" I think the truck spined around and went to the other side of the restaurant. That what I think happened.

original!
why
did she
leave so
quickly, though?

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Jayla

9-29-15

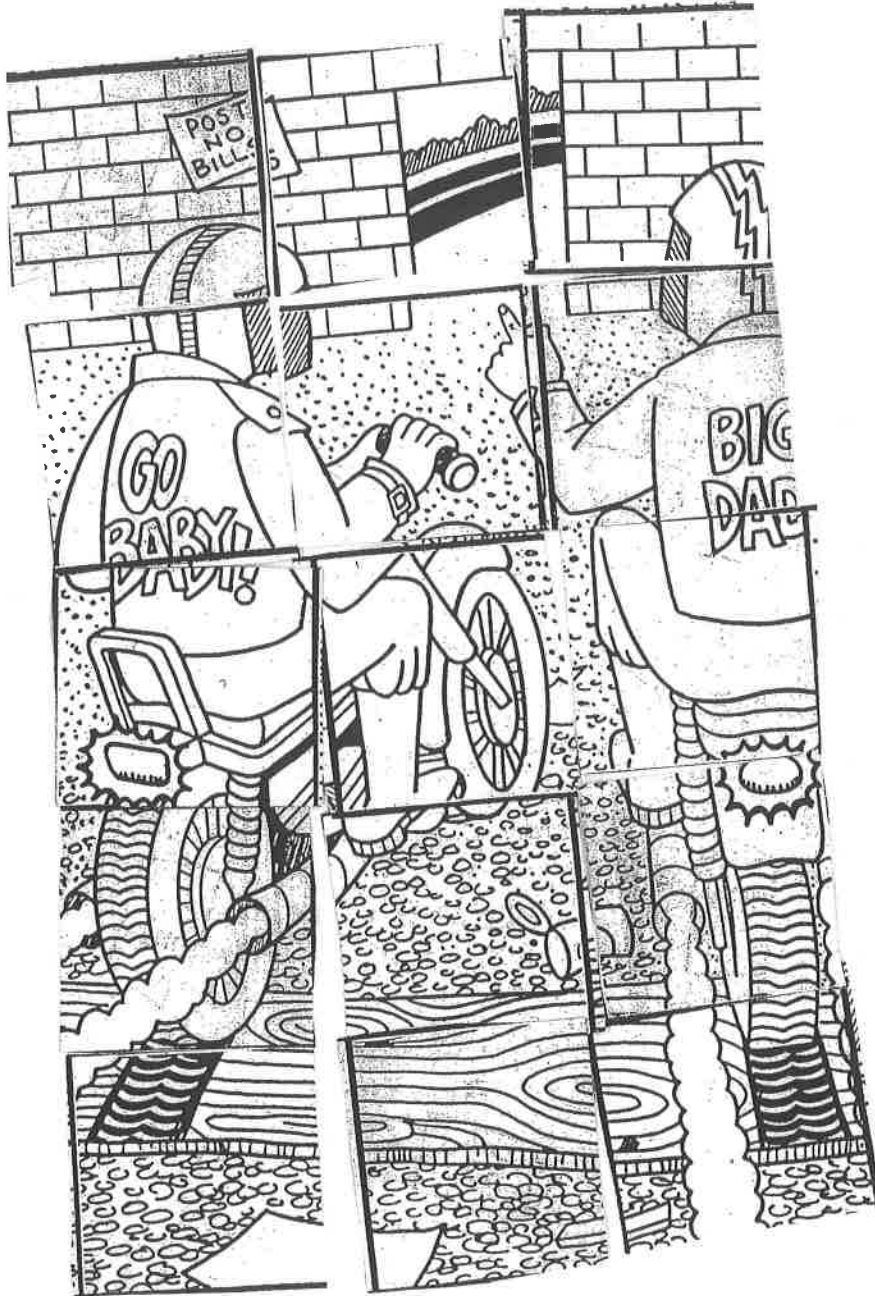
I can read a mystery story, make a prediction using clues, and provide textual evidence to support that prediction.

2	2.5	3	3D
Attempts to make a prediction, but the prediction is unclear and/or unsupported by text evidence	Makes a prediction that is relevant to the story, but is unsupported by text evidence	Makes a prediction that is relevant to the story and is supported by text evidence 3	Makes a prediction that is relevant to the story and is fully supported by multiple examples of text evidence

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picture students
had to piece
together that
aligned to
the story

Jayla



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story
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The Case of the Narrow Escape



On a rainy August 4, I worked late. It was around seven P.M. when I finally called it a day.

Outside of Headquarters, a dense fog lay over everything. Would my drive home turn out to be as tiresome as the rest of my day? I decided to head over to Don's Pork Barrel, one of my favorite restaurants. There, I could wait out the fog.

On the way to Don's, a small blue pickup truck came barreling out of the fog behind me. I swerved to the shoulder of the road just in time to avoid being hit. The truck went screeching around a curve and sped off. Its two red taillights disappeared into the fog.

I waited while two motorcycles passed before I pulled back onto the road. Now I felt more than tired. I was angry and hungry.

When I got to Don's, I saw a parking spot next to a blue pickup truck. As I pulled my car in, I looked the truck over carefully. It seemed bigger than the one that had almost hit me. But I didn't feel sure. I was suspicious, but I shrugged it off.

Inside the restaurant I sat down and ordered a big plate of chicken wings with a side of celery and extra blue cheese dressing.

Don's had a good crowd. Lots of people were enjoying themselves. But out of the corner of my eye, I saw two customers in some kind of hurry to leave. Suddenly, there was a big commotion. A waitress was running toward the kitchen, yelling.

"They didn't pay! They didn't pay!"

I threw my chicken wing down on my plate and joined the chase. Through the glass in the door I could see two red taillights speeding by toward the back of the parking lot. They're trapped, I thought to myself with satisfaction. The back of the parking lot ends in a brick wall.

Just as I had suspected, the pickup truck that had been parked next to my car was gone. I ran toward the back of the parking lot, but when I finally reached the wall, my eyes went wide. The truck had disappeared.

Quietly, a white figure came up behind me in

the dark. I turned. A long knife flashed at his side.

"Put the knife down, Benny." It was Benny the cook, wearing his kitchen whites. He had a flashlight in his other hand.

"Did you catch them?" Benny said.

I shook my head. Then I pointed to the flashlight. "May I borrow that?"

I inspected the brick wall at the back of the parking lot. On the other side of the wall was an open field that met the road further on. There was an opening in the wall — the only way out through the back of the lot. But it was much too narrow for a truck to fit through.

There could be only one answer.

The truck must have turned around and gone out the parking lot's front entrance. But why didn't I see it? I shook my head in bewilderment.

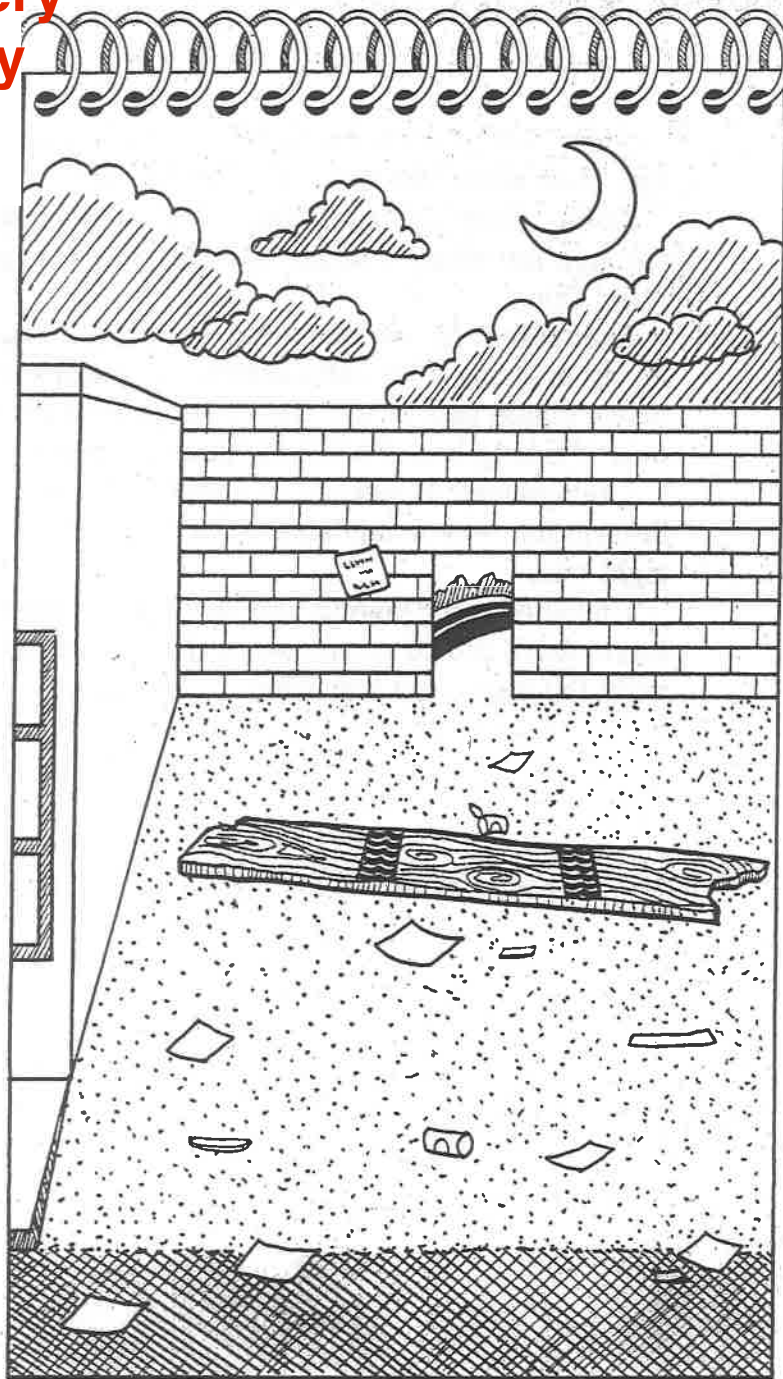
Walking back to the front door, I nearly tripped over a long board lying across the gravel. By chance, the light caught a pair of fresh tire tracks. I looked closer. If the truck had turned around, it would have driven over the board a second time. It would have made another pair of tire tracks on the board as it left — a total of four tire marks in all. I looked for more. Nothing.

I stared down in disbelief.

"I think we have a case of a vanishing truck," I joked to Benny. But I felt extremely puzzled.

I stopped at my car and pulled my sketchbook from the trunk. With the help of Benny's flashlight, I drew the scene at the back of the parking lot. It looked like this:

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When I had finished, I checked again for tire tracks. But the gravel parking lot would tell no tales. Only the long board lying in the gravel had any evidence on it. That evidence left me even more puzzled. Then I noticed something new. The tire tracks on the board seemed quite far apart. How big a truck did I see?

I tried to picture the truck that almost hit me on the road. Then I looked back at the board. The distance between the tire tracks was much too far apart for a pickup truck. Maybe an 18-wheeler ran that wide, but these tire tracks didn't belong to an 18-wheeler.

I went back inside the restaurant and asked Don if he could describe the two men. He seemed uncertain, but he remembered that they both wore black leather jackets and boots.

I made a quick call to Headquarters and told them to be on the lookout for a blue pickup truck. There was nothing more for me to do, so I decided to return to my dinner.

How the truck left the parking lot without my seeing it was a mystery. So were those tire tracks. While I waited for Benny to reheat my wings, I took out my sketch pad and started to draw the opening in the rear wall again.

It was much too narrow for a pickup truck to drive through. But if the truck had turned around,

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I would have seen its taillights. Even in the thick fog. How could the truck have gone out?

Don's description of the two men flashed through my mind. I began sketching as fast as I could think.

Suddenly it hit me like a ton of bricks. I stared at my drawing with satisfaction. It was the only way a single pair of tire tracks could have driven over the long board without turning around.

I telephoned Headquarters and told them my description was a mistake. This time I had the right one.

I finished my drawing and cut it into pieces. I knew Anvil would enjoy seeing how the clues finally fell into place one after the other.