

A Positive Note Home, Please!

It all started one normal morning. Ms. Edwards had said that if somebody was doing good she would write a positive note in your folder. I could hear her words sink into my ears and go down to my stomach, and explode inside leaving me with excitement. I wanted it and I wanted it bad.

Right away I started working hard, listening, being quiet, following instructions, and try very hard to help others. The end of the day was coming very fast and I felt like I had done nothing to encourage Ms. Edwards to give me a positive note. I was getting very desperate.

The the feeling of me wanting to get a positive note was starting to stick out like a sore thumb. A boy said that he needed a pencil. I shot up and said, "I'll give him a pencil!" and I quickly found him one. I thought I was the only one who wanted this. After that we went to istation and she said she would now pick who got one.

After istation I quickly ran to get my folder. I slowly opened my folder and...there it was. It said I had done a good job. This was definitely the best day of my entire life!

~Sherlyn

Prompt: Write about a time someone told you that you did a good job. STAAR prompt from 2013