

Student's name

Score 81.8

Instructor's name

[Comment:] Personal narrative. Document formatting is very good, but there is room for improvement. Document formatting issues: vertical spacing; body header. [Observations:] {Integrity}: 100%. {Length}: A little bit short (91%)—quote somewhat less or write somewhat more. {Mechanics}: 87% (spelling 100%, grammar 54%, punctuation 92%, word choice 100%). {Citation formatting}: ungraded. {Reasoning, logic}: 89% (efficiency 100%, acuity 75%, clarity 90%, objectivity 93%).

Course

date

A personal narrative—a story illustrating an event or experience exemplifying gratitude

My high school teacher, Mr. Frank, helped me improve my dismal performance to enable me attain college entry grade.

"Ms Colls, come here!"

The deep coarse voice startled me from the trail of thoughts that were going on in my mind. I realized that I was still carrying the paper that Mr. Frank had just given us back. At the mere mention of my name, the whole class craned their necks and turned their heads toward the corner where I usually sit. I felt their eyes piercing through my flesh. My classmates have known me to be an outgoing girl who easily forged friendship with everyone, but did not enjoy much of classwork. They were all wondering what I could have done to warrant the teacher's attention. Still unsure whether my name had been called out by mistake, I hesitated a little.

“Stacy Colls, am I not calling you?”

Mr. Frank repeated my name a second time. The class went silent. At this time, I realized I was shaking from fear of what was in store for me or maybe from a thousand eyes staring at me. Mr. Frank was known to be strict and very keen with his students. He could notice any unbecoming behavior beginning to develop and stem it early enough. Sluggishly, I carried myself to the front of the class, where he sat coldly and comfortably.

"The rest of you, we can break to our various homes. The school semester report will be uploaded to the school portal within 24 hours. Great all your parents for me. Happy summer holidays, enjoy yourselves but be vigilant of the activities you engage in...."

He had yet to finish talking, and the last student was at the door. We have all been looking forward to this summer, marking our previous high school holiday. Every one of us was excited and eagerly waited for the experience. But mine comes as a crush on me. This was going to be my worst last summer holiday in high school. I had failed again. and this time, my grades had dropped. How was I to show such results to my parents, knowing the struggle and trouble they have gone through to ensure I am comfortable here in school?

"Ted, do you want to join a college?"

I was shocked. I could not utter any word in response. I just nodded. I found myself recalling my parent's dream for me to join a college at the end of high school; being their only child, they had invested all their hopes in me.

"If you're serious about it, here is your study plan for the holidays."

He told me how I should plan my studies. He even offered to monitor my academic progress by giving me personal tests every fortnight during the holiday.

"We will be having a zoom class, the two of us, thrice a week throughout the holiday."

This worked miracles as my grades steadily throughout my last high school semester. When the college entry tests were done, I was surprised with my score. I passed with good

grades to enable me to join any prestigious college. I will forever remain grateful to Mr. Frank for believing in me at a time when I had no hopes and encouraging me, which saw me improve.