

CHARACTER ACTION

ROUGH DRAFT

Sierra gazed around the room.

She looked up at the clock--four minutes and thirty seconds.

With a minute and a half to go, Sierra looked down at her black jeans and the crazy screaming face on her t-shirt.

FINAL DRAFT

She looked one last time at Papa Acevedo, shook her head and climbed down the scaffolding.

Sierra texted a quick *yeh* and pocketed her phone. She started walking. The mural had cried. Was she losing her mind? She still had to get ready for the party and check on Grandpa Lázaro, but all she could think about was Papa Acevedo's teardrop. An early summer breeze wafted through Sierra's hair as she fastwalked past brownstones and corner stores, rounded a corner onto Lafayette and headed home.

NARRATIVE MOVEMENT

ROUGH DRAFT

First Line:

Seven minutes to go.

Just seven minutes, by the slow ticking clock on the wall, and summer stretched out like the endless fields of Prospect Park. So why was Mr. Albridge still bumbling along some other droll of a lecture like it matters? Why couldn't the clock move a little faster?

Last Line:

After an eerie silence Sierra heard the most horrible howling she's ever heard in her life.

It sounded human and not at the same time. It kept getting louder and louder.

It came from the Vault.

FINAL DRAFT

First Line:

"Sierra? What are you staring at?"

"Nothing, Manny."

Blatant lie. Sierra glanced down from the scaffolding to where Manny the Domino King stood with his arms crossed over his chest. "You sure?"

Last Line:

An early summer breeze wafted through Sierra's hair as she fastwalked past brownstones and corner stores, rounded a corner onto Lafayette and headed home.

DRIVING QUESTION

ROUGH DRAFT

The sound of a boy yelling came from outside the window. The voice was terrified- the way people holler in horror movies when they're getting eaten.

Bennie's head shot up, Sierra's pen clattered to the floor. After an eerie silence Sierra heard the most horrible howling she's ever heard in her life.

FINAL DRAFT

The glistening tear trembled, slid out of the old man's eye and down his painted face. Sierra gasped. "What the – !"