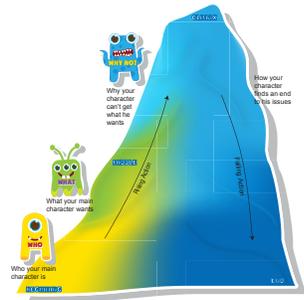


# STORY STRUCTURE WORKSHEET

For Grades 4 and up

Identify the structural parts of the story.



## 1. FIND THE MAIN CHARACTER AND PLOT



\_\_\_\_\_ (WHO story is about)



\_\_\_\_\_ (WHAT character wants)



\_\_\_\_\_ (WHY NOT - why he can't get it right away)

## 2. FIND THE STORY STRUCTURE

The Beginning / Exposition is in which paragraph(s)? \_\_\_\_\_

The Rising Action is in which paragraph(s)? \_\_\_\_\_

The Climax is at the end of which paragraph? \_\_\_\_\_

The Falling Action is in which paragraph(s)? \_\_\_\_\_

1

A tall, florescent green lizard stood admiring his shimmering form in the mirror. Running his bulbous fingers through his wild, blue hair he popped himself into a dance pose he was sure would get the audience screaming. He was born to be a rockstar-- with one teensy problem. The only thing making people scream was his awful singing. When Lizard (he pronounced is Lizzarggh, kind of like a pirate), opened his mouth, the noise that came out had people screaming for him to stop. If he was going to be the rockstar he knew he was born to be, he needed to learn how to sing.

2

One day while he was browsing through cds at the record store, Lizzarggh overheard some rockers talking about a secret grotto at the top of Rockopolis Mountain. Legend says that anyone who drinks from the dark pool in the grotto instantly gains a voice as smooth and deep as its waters. Lizzarggh knew what he had to do. He laced up his combat boots, slipped a power bar in his satchel, and started climbing.

3

After hours of hacking his way through brush and struggling over boulders, the tip of the grotto peaked above the next hill. With a rush of renewed energy, Lizzarggh took off, bounding over rocks until they felt like they were shaking loose under the impact of his feet. Wow, he must have some strong feet, he thought, because they were really starting to tumble now. Oh no! He realized Rockopolis Mountain was really rocking! It was an earthquake shaking loose the stones. He leaped and grabbed for a tree branch, and swung his legs up to capture the bough. He popped his suction cup fingers into action keeping a death grip on the branch.

4

Finally, the leaves stopped shaking, the ground settled, and Lizzarggh lowered one toe, gently nudging the rock beneath him to check for stability. No rocking. No rolling. He straightened his leather jacket, shook his blue hair back into a stylishly wild disarray, and sprinted up the mountain like a pack of biker lizards were after him.

5

He should have been wary. He should have been careful. But blame it on the rocking and rolling of that mountain, Lizzarggh was too amped to hold back. He dove in and gulped down the silky water. He rose above the surface, flung his sodden locks out of his eyes, and wailed his highest note. It was awesome. It soared. It rocked and it rolled. He was going to make it. Finally he could be the rockstar he was born to be.

Name \_\_\_\_\_