

## Like Father, Like Daughter

Alexandria was living her dream as she stood in a ready room, waiting to carry out a very important mission in World War III. Alexandria Banks had been patriotic since she was a little girl. She had always dreamt of becoming a fighter pilot like her father, who had been a hero to her ever since she knew what the word meant. She knew that the mission she was about to execute could possibly end with her joining her father, who had been shot down and killed several years before. As her commanding officer gave her instructions for the mission ahead, she couldn't help but think back to what had inspired her decision to be where she was today.

When Alexandria was younger, she rarely got to see her father, but he was still her hero. She didn't know all the details, but she did know that he served America. To her, that was the greatest, most important job ever, and she knew that was what she wanted to do when she grew up. Because her father was at base all the time and her mother had died during childbirth, Alexandria didn't have a parent with her back at home. She had to have nannies to watch her. She only got to stay with a nanny for about six months before her father had to work at a different base and they had to move.

Starting at age 10, Alexandria no longer had a nanny to take care of her. She had to take care of herself. When she had started school, she had tried to make friends, but with her father switching bases so often, she would have to move and leave them in the middle of the school year to go try to make new ones. After numerous times of being 'the new kid' and having to make new friends over and over again, she gave up on trying to make friends and began to focus on her schoolwork. She grew very intelligent, making straight A's and scoring above average on tests. When Alexandria wasn't doing

schoolwork, she played high-tech video games that her father had bought for her. After awhile, she had great reflexes, hand-eye coordination, and vision. At this point, she knew she had the makings of a great fighter pilot.

As Alexandria grew older, she began to resent her father because he was not giving her a more normal, average life. She knew that deep down, she loved him more than anything. Still, she was beginning to hate having to move around so much. All she wanted was to have friends and live in one place like a regular teen.

When Alexandria was seventeen, she was living in Maine while her father worked at a base in Brunswick. One evening, she was sitting in her room reading a book, the house completely silent. She was all alone, as usual, when she heard a knock on her front door. "Daddy's probably coming to check on me," she said to herself, marking her place and going to get the door. When she opened the door and looked outside, she saw a man dressed in an army uniform.

"Can I help you?" she asked the man.

"May I come in, Ms. Banks? I bring you news of your father," the man said in a British accent.

"Certainly, sir," Alexandria answered, stepping back to let the man inside.

"Ms. Banks, you might want to sit down," he informed her. Alexandria walked across the kitchen to a chair and sat down. She waited patiently, legs crossed and hands in her lap, for the news this man brought.

"We're probably moving again," Alexandria thought to herself with a slight aggravation.

"Ms. Banks," said the man with a sigh. "There's been an accident."

Alexandria's heart stopped.

"W-w-what kind of accident was there?" Alexandria choked out.

The man sighed yet again. He began to wring his hands. "Ms. Banks," he began, "Your father crashed his fighter during a mission." His eyes looked sad and gloomy, like he'd had to give that sort of news too many times before. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Banks."

Alexandria's palms got sweaty, her breaths got faster, and her insides went icy cold. Tears began to flood down her face and before she knew what was happening, she began to scream.

"You liar!" she boomed, rising from her seat. "How could you lie to me like that? Telling me my father is dead just to see me get upset?"

"What I say is the truth. I truly am sorry, Ms. Banks," sighed the man.

Alexandria sat down again. She suddenly felt dizzy and weak, like all of this was a dream, a nightmare.

"I need to go lie down," she said weakly.

"I understand, Ms. Banks," said the man. "Well, I suppose I'll leave you to your rest. Good-bye, Ms. Banks."

Alexandria staggered to her room and collapsed onto her bed. She lay there, crying and thinking one word over and over again: Why. "Why did he just leave me here to suffer?" she'd said to herself. "Why did he have to die?" She had pondered her whole plan for the future, how she would be in the army and follow in her father's footsteps as a fighter pilot.

"I have to follow through with it," she said sobbing. "I must get revenge on the murderers of my father."

Alexandria snapped back from her flashback and listened to her commanding officer.

“Eagle Eyes,” he said, referring to her by her nickname given to her for having fast reflexes and good vision, “you are to fly your F-22 B Fighter Bomber to the coordinates programmed into the computer on your fighter. You will then attack the enemy base and report back here. Do you copy?”

“Yes, Sir,” Alexandria saluted.

“We believe in you, Eagle Eyes. That’s why we chose you for this mission. We think you can help America win World War III. Now go out there and win us our victory,” said her officer.

“Sir, yes, Sir!” she said. She turned and walked out of the building to her F-22. She strapped into her parachute harness and ejection seat and lit the fires in the most lethal fighter-bomber the world had ever seen. It rocketed forward into the clear blue sky, which was now filling up with smoke from the tail end on her fighter. She looked at the Heads-up display or HUD that was projected onto her cockpit glass. It showed her everything she needed to know: Altitude, airspeed, and the coordinates to the enemy base that she had to bomb. She twisted this way and that until the blinking dot that represented her on the HUD was moving towards the solid dot, which was the base. She accelerated forward, looking around to make sure the enemy, fighters from China and Iraq, weren’t following her. She saw nothing.

When Alexandria was close to the dot on the HUD, she had to turn off her accelerators for they made too much noise. If the enemy heard from the base, they could quickly ready a fighter of their own to shoot her down. Alexandria could now see the

base below her. Now, all she had to do was fire the cluster of special missiles that would penetrate and destroy the enemy base, then fly as fast as possible back to her own base.

But wait, what was that? A school was next to the base. Alexandria knew that if she dropped the cluster of missiles, they would undoubtedly destroy both the base *and* the school.

“What should I do?” she asked herself aloud. “Should I drop the missiles and kill all those kids, but possibly stop the war? Or should I spare the lives of many innocent people, but keep the war going on for who knows how long?” Suddenly, three objects came flying out of the enemy base. As they flew towards Alexandria, she could see that they were MI G-31 interceptors, some very advanced fighters that were sent out on a mission to stop her from destroying their base. When she came into a closer view, the enemy fighters began firing Air-to-Air missiles at her F-22. She fired decoys to fool the missiles while attempting to destroy the base.

She hit a button, flicked a few switches, and took a breath. Then, she hit the final button in the code that would drop the bomb. Six missiles left their rails at seven times the speed of sound and flew down to their target while Alexandria escaped further upward to make sure the bomb wouldn't affect her fighter. She glanced down to see a mushroom-shaped cloud that was the base and most likely the school. She had completed her mission and won a victory. But for that she did not rejoice. She had no time. She had to dodge the missiles being shot at her and report back to her own base.

She turned her attention to the enemy fighters. There were only two now. “I suppose the third one was too close to the base,” she thought, “so the bomb got them.”

So she shot two AMRAAM-120 missiles at the fighters while trying to dodge the ones being shot at her. Finally, one enemy fighter went down, crashing into the rubble below.

“Only one to go,” she thought to herself. She switched missiles to a more effective type. She began shooting and dodging, shooting and dodging, when she heard shooting from behind her. She looked in her mirrors and discovered the third fighter. It had been above her, waiting for the perfect moment to attack. Startled, Alexandria tried to maneuver her F-22 towards the middle of the two enemy fighters so that she could fire at both of them, but it was too late.

The third fighter had already begun shooting large missiles at her fighter. She felt one hit her left wing and one hit her tail. Her fighter began to smoke as it went down to the earth. Alexandria smiled to herself. As she was taking her last breath before she would hit the ground and meet her doom, she thought, “I have completed my mission and am now dying for my country. Like father, like daughter.”

*Topic is narrow enough to be developed fully*

**Like Father, Like Daughter**

*creates a title which captures reader's attention*

Alexandria was living her dream as she stood in a ready room, waiting to carry out a very important mission in World War III. Alexandria Banks had been patriotic since she was a little girl. She had always dreamt of becoming a fighter pilot like her father, who had been a hero to her ever since she knew what the word meant. She knew that the mission she was about to execute could possibly end with her joining her father, who had been shot down and killed several years before. As her commanding officer gave her instructions for the mission ahead, she couldn't help but think back to what had inspired her decision to be where she was today.

*development of the main character engages the reader*

*uses character description to write an engaging lead*

*employs literary devices (flashback)*

When Alexandria was younger, she rarely got to see her father, but he was still her hero. She didn't know all the details, but she did know that he served America. To her, that was the greatest, most important job ever, and she knew that was what she wanted to do when she grew up. Because her father was at base all the time and her mother had died during childbirth, Alexandria didn't have a parent with her back at home. She had to have nannies to watch her. She only got to stay with a nanny for about six months before her father had to work at a different base and they had to move.

*places ideas and details in meaningful order*

Starting at age 10, Alexandria no longer had a nanny to take care of her. She had to take care of herself. When she had started school, she had tried to make friends, but with her father switching bases so often, she would have to move and leave them in the middle of the school year to go try to make new ones. After numerous times of being 'the new kid' and having to make new friends over and over again, she gave up on trying to make friends and began to focus on her schoolwork. She grew very intelligent, making straight A's and scoring above average on tests. When Alexandria wasn't doing

*varied sentences*

schoolwork, she played high-tech video games that her father had bought for her. After  
awhile, she had great reflexes, hand-eye coordination, and vision. At this point, she knew  
she had the makings of a great fighter pilot.

*uses indirect characterization*

*effective transitions*

As Alexandria grew older, she began to resent her father because he was not  
giving her a more normal, average life. She knew that deep down, she loved him more  
than anything. Still, she was beginning to hate having to move around so much. All she  
wanted was to have friends and live in one place like a regular teen.

*develops characters through thoughts, actions, and descriptions*

When Alexandria was seventeen, she was living in Maine while her father worked  
at a base in Brunswick. One evening, she was sitting in her room reading a book, the  
house completely silent. She was all alone, as usual, when she heard a knock on her front  
door. "Daddy's probably coming to check on me," she said to herself, marking her place  
and going to get the door. When she opened the door and looked outside, she saw a man  
dressed in an army uniform.

*effective use of dialogue*

"Can I help you?" she asked the man.

"May I come in, Ms. Banks? I bring you news of your father," the man said in a  
British accent.

*appropriate use of tone for each character*

"Certainly, sir," Alexandria answered, stepping back to let the man inside.

"Ms. Banks, you might want to sit down," he informed her. Alexandria walked  
across the kitchen to a chair and sat down. She waited patiently, legs crossed and hands  
in her lap, for the news this man brought.

*maintains consistent verb-tense*

"We're probably moving again," Alexandria thought to herself with a slight  
aggravation.

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*use of sensory details to create a mood*

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Telling me my father is dead just to see me get upset?"

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*meets reader's needs and expectations by adhering to the conventions of a short story*

*effective use of dialogue*

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*uses descriptive language*

"I have to follow through with it," she said sobbing. "I must get revenge on the murderers of my father."

*uses correct punctuation (end marks, commas, quotation marks, apostrophes)*

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*appropriate language*

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*more descriptive language appropriate for the subject matter*

*describes the setting*

*sentence variety*

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base below her. Now, all she had to do was fire the cluster of special missiles that would penetrate and destroy the enemy base, then fly as fast as possible back to her own base.

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*transition (between ideas)* She turned her attention to the enemy fighters. There were only two now. "I suppose the third one was too close to the base," she thought, "so the bomb got them."

*attempts to develop internal conflict within the plot*  
*appropriate language*

*employs literary device (foreshadowing)*

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*varied sentence structure*

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*concludes effectively - leaves reader to draw own conclusions*

- *Chooses language appropriate to audience and purpose*
- *Makes few errors in correctness*

Next Lessons

- \* developing internal conflict and resolution