

## **Tutoring Material Sample**

Creative examples including the requested figurative language,  
Average 250 words per passage

By Wendy Tafur N.

- simile,
- personification,
- onomatopoeia,
- alliteration,
- rhetorical question.

## PASSAGE 1

**It was a cold and dark night.** Dr. Herbert hadn't left his house in weeks and had been eating and sleeping in the laboratory he'd secretly built on his basement. He was working on his most important experiment yet: giving his cat, Frankenstein, superpowers such as being able to **change colors like a chameleon**. He needed complete silence. It was just after 8pm when the *ding-dong* of the doorbell interrupted him for the first time. Dr. Herbert didn't have a lot of friends in his neighborhood. **Why would anyone come to his door?** Dr. Herbert was a **visionary, virtuous and very venerable**. If anyone made the effort to reach him, it had to be important. However, when he went to open it after making sure Frankenstein was comfortable, there was no one standing there. Only **the cold air greeted him**. He went back to his work, but the same thing happened twice more so he decided to wait by the door. When he heard footsteps approaching, he opened it wide before they could **ring** and immediately was met with terrified eyes and screams. He barely had time to look at them—a small zombie bride? A mummy? Tiny Thanos?! He realized he was also screaming, so he closed the door and ran back to Frankenstein. **His reflection on the glass machine told him he looked terrible**, but he didn't care. *Maybe something went wrong with my experiment*, he thought, *and I turned the people of this neighborhood into monsters*. It wasn't until two nights later, when Frankenstein camouflaged into his computer screen that he finally saw the date and realized... two nights ago it had been Halloween.

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## PASSAGE 2

Dear Addie,

Mom doesn't know I took the car for a drive last night without her permission and I need your help keeping it a secret because, well, in a few words... *Crash!* It's gone. Yes, Addie, mom's car is basically destroyed. You don't need to worry, I'm fine. The back of the car, however, looks like a can of soda that has been stepped on. Honestly, it wasn't my fault. I wasn't even inside the car. Why would I damage mom's car on purpose? I mean, I did forget to pull the parking brake, but I don't think it was moving when I got off to quickly buy the flowers for tonight's party. Obviously, the car decided to roll down the hill until it hit a fire hydrant to make me look irresponsible. I'm not trying to be dramatic, but I swear that car had a mind of its own. Two weeks ago, mom said it kept falling asleep in the middle of the road, and she kept having to restart it. If you really think about it, I did mom a favor because now she just... can't use it anymore. Still, I know you saw me come in last night and have connected the dots, so please keep it a secret. Mom may be mellow, but she might make me move away if she finds out. Or, at least, she'll make me get it fixed and I can't afford that. Let's pretend our brother did it. We both know she won't get very mad at him.

Love,

Rebecca

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### PASSAGE 3

**It had been three days since Amy was turned into a mermaid.** While the witch had meant for it to be a punishment, Amy quickly realized it actually wasn't so bad. In a lot of ways, **swimming was like flying**. It was easy to get used to having a tail instead of legs when you didn't need them anymore. Her whole body adapted to living underwater. She didn't need air or direct sunlight anymore, so she had no reason to swim to the surface even if she missed when **the sun kissed her skin**. Instead, every day she swam deeper into the ocean. No human knew all the secrets at the bottom, so **how could she stop herself from trying to reach it?** And, every day, she found more and more **captivating creatures courageously carrying** themselves against the current. They were beautiful and mesmerizing, but the more things she found, the more she began to miss her home... And that's when she had the best idea. She remembered the cave at the beach her family visited every summer solstice, the cave where **the wind sang** and you could hear the soft *crash* of the waves against the shore. If she had kept track of time properly, that would happen very soon. She was sure they would be there. But, even if she didn't make it on time, she felt calm. After all, she could probably trick a Sea Witch into turning her back into a human.