

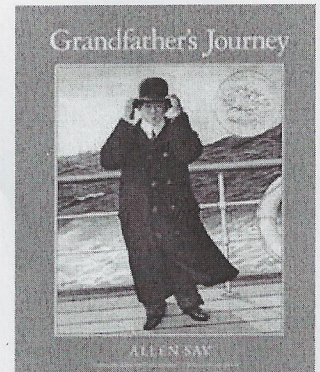
How Can I End My Story?



Types of Endings

- endings that surprise the reader
- endings that leave the reader feeling good
- ending that leave the reader feeling emotional
- endings that leave the reader with a message or moral
- endings that leave the reader wondering
- endings that are circular and end the way they started

Emotional Endings (Ending with a feeling)



Grandfather's Journey by Allen Say (1993)

(Summary: A Japanese American man retells his grandfather's journey to America which he later also undertakes, and the feelings of being torn by a love for two different countries)

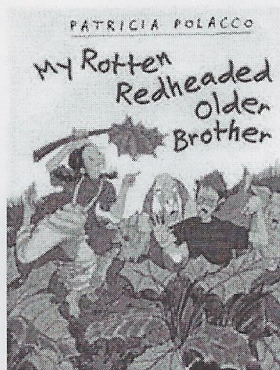
And when I was nearly grown, I left home and went to see California for myself. After a time, I came to love the land my grandfather had loved, and I stayed on and on until I had a daughter of my own.

But I also miss the mountains and rivers of my childhood. I miss my old friends. So I return now and then, when I can not still the longing in my heart.

The funny thing is, the moment I am in one country, I am homesick for the other.

I think I know my grandfather now.

I miss him very much.



My Rotten Redheaded Older Brother by Patricia Polacco (1994)

(Summary: After losing running, climbing, throwing, and burping competitions to her obnoxious older brother, a young girl makes a wish on a falling star.)

Then she leaned over and kissed us both three times. “I kiss your eyes, and I hold both of your hearts in my good keeping....And this night I thank God that I walk this earth with both of you....Ah-meen!”

Then we all just lay on our blankets in the gentle summer night.

“I’ll always be four years older than you, though,” my brother whispered softly. Then he smiled.

All of us held one another’s hands, and then we all drifted off to sleep.

Amos & Boris by William Steig (1971)

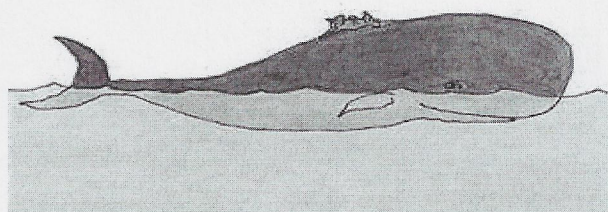
(A tiny mouse and a large elephant learn they can be dear friends even though they are very different.)

He looked back at Amos on the elephant’s head. Tears were rolling down the great whale’s cheeks. The tiny mouse had tears in his eyes too. “Goodbye, dear friend,” squeaked Amos. “Goodbye, dear friend,” rumbled Boris, and he disappeared in the waves. They knew they might never meet again. They knew they would never forget each other.



WILLIAM STEIG

AMOS & BORIS



Annie and the Old One by Miska Miles (1971)

(A young Navajo girl learns to accept the fact that her beloved grandmother will die.)

“My granddaughter,” she said, “you have tried to hold back time. This cannot be done.” The desert stretched yellow and brown away to the edge of the morning sky. “The sun comes up from the edge of earth in the morning. It returns to the edge of earth in the evening. Earth, from which good things come for the living creatures on it. Earth, to which all creatures finally go.”

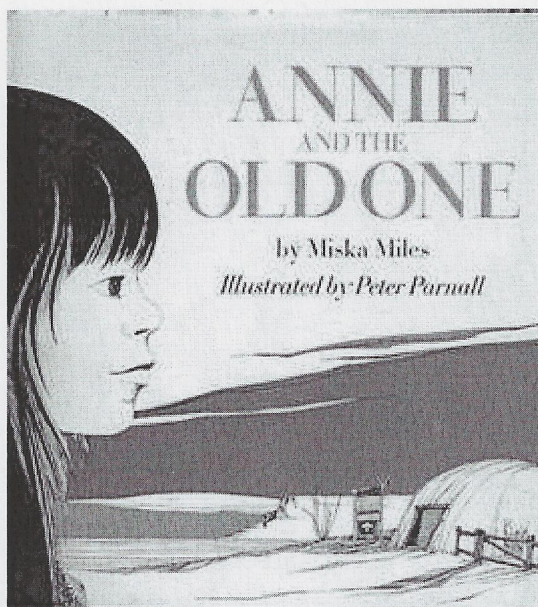
...They walked back to the Hogan together, Annie and the Old One.

Annie picked up the old weaving stick.

“I am ready to weave,” she said to her mother. “I will use the stick that my grandmother has given me.” She knelt at the loom.

She separated the warp strings and slipped the weaving stick in place, as her mother had done, as her grandmother had done.

She picked up a strand of gray wool and started to weave.



“Heart and Soul” by Jill Cooley (2001)

Suddenly I realized that never while I was doing anything else but dancing would I feel my heart and soul, together. Not later, when my sister tried to impress me with her new “college” words, like “Oh, Morgan, your performance was simply superb.” Not when my little brother Arnold whispered, “You looked pretty, Morgan.” Not when my mom chatters to everyone about how beautiful her daughter looked. Not the proud looks on Grammy and Grandad, or even anything Dad or Sarah says. Suddenly I realized that I didn’t need the approval or compliments from them, although they were nice. I knew, at that moment, that the only person’s approval I needed was my own. My heart and soul decided for me.

“Allison” by Xian Chaing-Waren (2002)

A little rain was falling on the window, but through the foggy clouds I could see the sun setting over New York. I leaned my head against the glass. Thanks, Allison, I thought contently. Thanks for the summer of a lifetime.

“Sunrise” by Emily Blackmer (2003)

And then I knew who was speaking. It was the birds, and the crickets, the trees, and the grass, the wind, the clouds, the sun, and the colors of the sunrise. But mostly me. It was I who would have to work for it. “I’ll get there.” I replied. “I’ll do the work; I’ll make my dreams come true.”

“Bleed Blue” by Katrina Sondermann

We won! We walk out into the silence, silence that tells us that we have won! Outside the rain beats down on our backs and washes away everything, except our victory, our love for our team, and our new relationship. I slip my hand into my dad’s. “I love you.” We both murmur.

“The Day We Found the Blue Grotto and Trouble” Akin (2012)

Lewis was in good spirits at dinner, even though his foot was still throbbing. We laughed and joked about his mishap with the sea urchin. We also thought back on our day inside the famous Blue Grotto. It was a remarkable place, and we had a day to remember. It was a day in which we set out to find the sea. Instead, we found a natural treasure, as well as some big trouble, compliments of one pesky sea urchin.

“Experts, Incorporated” by Sarah Weeks (2004)

Mrs. Greenberg came down the aisle collecting the papers. As I handed her mine, I heaved a huge sigh of relief. Not only had I avoided ruining the pizza party, I’d managed to plan my entire future too, and it was looking pretty bright, if I do say so myself.

“Why I Never Ran Away From Home” by Katherine Paterson (1996)

Since that night, many people have told me that they loved me, but perhaps never quite so effectively. I thought about running away off and on for several years after that, but I would immediately discard the notion. After all, I couldn’t run away. Lizzie wouldn’t let me. It was a very comforting thought.

Endings I Like