# Story Setting

Grade 3

Name _____ Date _____

**Remember:** The **setting** is **where** and **when** a story happens. Good writers describe it with the **senses** so the reader feels they are there.

**Where:** a castle, a busy market, under the sea · **When:** at midnight, long ago, in winter



## 1. Where or when?

Does each detail tell where or when the story happens?

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | in a dark cave | where | when |
| 2 | on a snowy morning | where | when |
| 3 | at the top of a lighthouse | where | when |
| 4 | one hundred years ago | where | when |
| 5 | at the busy farmers' market | where | when |
| 6 | just before midnight | where | when |

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## 2. Plan a setting

Choose a setting for a story. Fill in each box.

**Where and when?**

**I see**

**I hear**

**I smell**

**I feel**

## 3. Describe your setting

Write a paragraph that describes your setting. Use at least three senses.

Help the reader feel like they are standing in your setting.

**Check:** ☐ Where and when ☐ Three senses ☐ Strong adjectives

# Answer Key

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## 1. Where or when?

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | in a dark cave | **where** | when |
| 2 | on a snowy morning | where | **when** |
| 3 | at the top of a lighthouse | **where** | when |
| 4 | one hundred years ago | where | **when** |
| 5 | at the busy farmers' market | **where** | when |
| 6 | just before midnight | where | **when** |

## 2. Plan a setting

*Sample notes. Answers will vary.*

**Where and when?**

an old lighthouse, during a stormy night

**I see**

a spinning beam of light, crashing waves, a twisty staircase

**I hear**

howling wind, waves smashing on rocks, creaky steps

**I smell**

salty sea air, wet wood

**I feel**

cold spray on my face, a shaky railing

# Model Answer

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## 3. Describe your setting

*A model answer to share with students. Their writing will be different.*

The old lighthouse stood alone on the rocks during the stormy night. Its beam of light spun round and round over the black water. Wind howled through the cracks, and huge waves smashed against the stones below. The air smelled of salt and wet wood. As I climbed the twisty staircase, cold spray stung my face and the railing shook in my hand.