

# FICTIONAL BIOGRAPHY IN THE FORM OF A DIALOG

## Assessment Sample

**By Carmen Sánchez Sadek, Ph.D.**

“Mr. Wilson! Mr. Wilson!” roared Miss Nanette Lockhart. “Do you remember me? Oh, please! Let me hug you!” she pleaded sensitively.

“Miss Lockhart, where is my wife, and all my performers?” begged Mr. John Wilson.

“I wish I could tell you....!” confessed Nanette Lockhart. “Today, one week after the cataclysmic eruption of Krakatoa, I have seen only three of the clowns and Cannonball King, John Holtum. You were lucky! You were overseas recruiting tightrope-walkers and fire eaters, pigeon charmers, acrobats, bareback horse riders....”

“Yes, “ interrupted Wilson, “all of you and all the animals, including your smallest trained pachyderm in world history, sailed from Singapore to Batavia.....”

“It was horrific, John!” cried Nanette. “The final Monday of July, when we arrived on the liner, was one of the last quiet days ever to be experienced on Krakatoa. The island had precisely four weeks remaining before it was blasted out of existence on August 28, at 10:02 in the morning....”

“We had come to Batavia so many times before!” replied John Wilson. “We knew we could be certain of a grand colonial crowd, and this time, as modern Americans, we had promised the audience the staging of amazements and delights in an atmosphere of more sumptuous comfort than could possibly be imagined...” bragged John Wilson. “Nanette, asked Wilson, “were you hurt? I know you are small and frail, especially at your age. And your miniature monster, always juggling balls with his three-foot trunk, and practicing in the

mornings his routine, stepping gaily from tub to tub as he negotiated the little obstacle course you have for him. Was he hurt?"

"At the time of the Krakatoa's monstrous and traumatizing events, the two of us were at newly renovated and extended Concordia Military Club, you know, the indisputably grand white marble building at the southern side of Waterlooplein, directly across from the governor-general's palace," recalled Nanette.

"I heard it all began the previous day, Sunday," mumbled Wilson.

"Sundays is for afternoon family walks, you know," muttered Nanette. Shortly after everyone sauntered contently along in the broad heat of the early afternoon, then, without warning, from out the sea in the west, a sudden sound; we plainly heard the rumpling of an earthquake in the distance. We did not take much more notice at first," sobbed Nanette.

"Please, continue," demanded John.

"Whatever was happening on the mountain was also having an immediate effect on the sea. It was rising and falling, strongly, irregularly, in bursts of sudden up-and-down movements of the seawater that seemed immediately unnatural and sinister."

"I heard the reports. I was transfixed, utterly perplexed by what I heard," remembered John.

"Within moments we were enveloped in dust and cloud, now no longer possible to see one's hand before one's eyes. Matters were getting out of hand. Enormous chunk of pumice began to rain from the skies, the larger pieces still warm to the touch," recounted Nanette.

"Oh, Lord, thank you for saving us from this fearful experience," cried Wilson.

"We finally could see in the distance what seemed to be a continuous roll of balls of white fire. The wind, though strong, was

hot and choking, sulphurous, with a smells as of burning cinders. Oh, I cannot go on!" admitted Nanette.

"The entire world was terrified," bellowed Wilson.

"I am only alive by the Grace of God," concluded Nanette.