

Inspired by [Pictures of Hollis Woods](#) and the [Episodic Writing Lesson](#) at the WritingFix website, this tenth grader wrote the following series of episodes to tell a story. Jacob worked especially hard on his idea development and organization skills as he wrote and revised the published writing you see here.

Read this essay, and be prepared to discuss where this writer excels with idea development and organization.

## My Old Man

by Jake, tenth grade writer

### Poker

Drops of sweat slowly slide down his forehead. He's bluffing. I know he is bluffing. The dealer turns over a jack of clubs. I have him now. I smoothly check. He looks at me like I have an I.Q. of 20. He winks at me and throws all his chips to the center.

"All in," he slyly states.

I look at my cards then I look at him and smile. "All in," I reply.

He flips over a straight thinking he has won. Then I slowly turn over a royal flush. His devious smile suddenly shifts to a frown.

I rake in the chips and look at his gloomy face and say, "Nice try, Dad."

### The best night ever... psych

Wow, my first party! I thought to myself as I walked up the driveway of my friend's house. Will I try alcohol for the first time? Will I get my first kiss from a girl besides my mom? I rang the doorbell. Or will I just dance until my heart explodes. She answered the door! Jane Doe\*! She looked like an angel with the strobe light flashing behind her head. What do I do, what do I say? Then the lights went out. I woke up inside the house with a cold bag of peas pressed against my head. Of course, there was Jane Doe\* looking at me like I was an alien. She explained to me that I was hit in the head with a rock and passed out. I was so embarrassed. I turned so red I looked like a ripe cherry. I called my dad, and he came and picked me up at one in the morning.

\*Name changed to protect the innocent...and beautiful.

### Breakfast! Yum!

I lifted out of bed and drifted upstairs by the sweet aroma in the air. It was sweet, fruity, meaty, and even sweeter all at the same time. Then it hit me like a freight train. "Breakfast," I screamed unconsciously! I peeked around the corner, and there they were. My dad on the left sweaty from cooking all morning and my amazing breakfast was on the right. I smiled a smile that could house a family and ran over to my dad and gave him a hug that was so strong his mom could feel it. He looked down and told me to dig in. I went and grabbed the biggest plate and stood at the counter, open jawed, staring at the food. I probably looked like I just found out where babies come from or that Santa Claus isn't real. I sat down and said good morning to my wonderful breakfast. I ate that food like a saber tooth tiger on crack! I think I gained two hundred pounds or maybe just three.



### **Music game**

I raced to the car, shut the door, and snapped on my seatbelt. My foot was tapping against the floor like a jackhammer as I waited impatiently for my padre to get his butt in the car. By the time he got in the car, I thought I had a five o'clock shadow at one in the afternoon. He put the key in the ignition and started the car. My hand pounced on the radio as a coyote would on a rabbit. I looked at him with a challenging look. "It's on," he stated. I turned to the first station and before I could even think he blurts out "Eagles!" Damn he's good I thought to myself. I changed to the next station and screamed Led Zeppelin. Damn I'm good. I switched to the next one. There was a pause then he yelled Kenney Chesney. Wow I need to step up my game. I clicked the button to a station I knew and said Green Day. It was all tied up going to the last station. I took a huge breath then changed it. The music played. No one said anything. It was stuck on the tip of my tongue and then a light went off in my head, and I triumphantly announced Queen! He looked at me and wondered how he just got beat by a teenager, who wasn't even alive when Queen was a band. I smiled and leaned back in my seat, like a victorious king.

### **Bathroom**

I looked at the clock with one eye and stared out into the night sky with the other. The clock shined eleven thirty in its green neon lights. I moved a little then I felt it. There was a bomb in my bladder, and it was about to explode. I looked at my dad, and I told him I needed to go to the bathroom. He looked left and looked right but every building was closed. He drove up and down the road only to find more closed buildings. He drove for ten minutes when he finally found a restaurant that was open. It was a café that looked like it has been hit by a hurricane. We rushed in, and waitress tried to stop us, but we ran right past her straight to the restroom. When we came out we walked past her trying not to make eye contact. She gave us a stare that could burn a hole in your skin. I got right back into the car with an empty bladder and got back on the open road.