

Inspired by [Pictures of Hollis Woods](#) and the [Episodic Writing Lesson](#) at the WritingFix website, this eighth grader wrote the following series of episodes to tell a story. Greyson 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.

## **Flash Flood**

by Greyson, eighth grade writer

Out with the Old  
And in with the New.  
While the New continues,  
The Old become few.

The New become Old,  
If we're ready or not.  
It's learning to adapt  
That requires the thought.

For better or worse,  
Each day after day  
Is gone in a flash  
And washed away.



## ***An Enjoyable Isolation***

I have always loved rain. While most would take a sunny day over a rainy one, rain has always brightened my day. Maybe it's because it made it darker, or maybe I like the smell, but whatever the reason, I always feel amazing during the dreariest of days. I could spend a good portion of an hour simply staring out the window on a rainy day, looking at the clouds and listening to the tapping of the droplets buffeting the glass; but most of the time I spent my rainy days in the basement, days upon days within my sanctuary, playing games. I rarely had homework; even rarer, I went to a friend's house. Don't get me wrong, I had friends at school, but living where your grandparents are the only neighbors for a few miles causes an enjoyable isolation.

## ***Summer***

A typical day of summer at my old house consisted of one or more of the following activities, either alone or with cousins: sleeping until one in the afternoon, swimming for hours and hours in my grandparents' pool (consequently becoming excruciatingly sunburned), driving rather quickly in our go-carts, playing in fresh mud created by a renewing shower, and immersing myself in video games or watching T.V. It was a simple and blissful existence, for a time.

### ***Scattered and Forgotten***

During one hot summer day, my cousins, my brother and I had to clean up the scattered branches strewn about the twenty acres that was my home. The storm that caused the destruction was massive, destroying our huge play set--"King Kong Castle"--, knocking a tree over, and launching branches everywhere. The tree that fell was the most well-known of the area (at least by us)--the giant tree in the center of our land. It had been there long before I was even introduced to the world. Some of the other trees needed the trim; others were bare. The excavation took a few days, but when we were finished, my home looked very different.

### ***Dripping***

The days of summer eventually slowed from a torrential downpour of fun to a gradual dripping, like water slowly escaping a broken sink. We started to spend more time at Brad's house, which was cool, because he was ALWAYS in a good mood; plus, breakfast at his house was always greasily delicious. But even with the visits, I couldn't go more than an hour or two without thinking about school's inevitable approach.

### ***No Use Running***

Another summer gone  
another season lost  
another memory gained  
but sadly at the cost

of time irretrievable.  
School is coming  
like a wave to the sands  
it's no use running.

Although my friends are missed  
more so will be the leeway  
of playing as I please  
and moving as I may

within this place  
that for ten years past  
I have called home  
But this is my last.

### ***The Last First Day***

The first day of anything can be special, if you know how to celebrate it. My family always started off a fresh school year with a new backpack--the backpack I use now is the very same one I started that year with--and pictures taken in the split tree at the bottom of my grandparents' hill. That year, the other tree we used was no longer around. That day I rode the bus to and from school. I really couldn't tell you what happened in between.

### ***Forecasts***

Sometime during my fifth year at Mitchellville, my mom started to teach at a different school. She was great with kids, so being a teacher seemed to fit. She had to be there very early every weekday, so my brother and I had to wake up at five-thirty every morning, go up to my grandparents, and continue to sleep. Eventually we woke--much to our displeasure--for the second time, where we proceeded to eat breakfast and watch the Channel 8 Weather Forecast with Brian Karrick. Whenever there was a chance of rain anywhere in the forecast, I received a little boost to get through the day. Every once in a while, though, the forecasts were wrong.

### ***Bus Rides***

I honestly don't remember any part of my old school except the people in it; not the activities, structure, or even what I learned. And even then only Cameron, Nathan, Aaron, and Kristina. I guess it really was never that exciting. Actually, I do remember the bus rides; my brother and I were the first ones on and the last ones off. The only way to break through the anticlimactic monotony of the rides within the long yellow car was to carve my signature doodles into the misty windows during equally misty evenings.

### ***Knight in Shining Armor***

Brad proposed to my mom on Halloween Night that year. He let me know earlier that day at Godfather's during my football team's celebratory season-ending feast. He wore rubber armor and rode to her at our house on a brown horse. She said "Yes" through tears. They got married, almost a year later in June. It was at the Salisbury House, a very beautiful wedding. I got to wear shorts and a button-down beige shirt. We gradually moved all of our things with the help of our other family members to our new house, where I currently reside. I wasn't too worried about the new school. I like it here. Sure, I miss my old home, but I've grown accustomed to my new residence, school, teachers, and friends. It really worked out quite well.

### ***Rain***

I've come quite a ways,  
From point A to point B.  
I continue to raise,  
As all will soon see.

I'll recover when I fall,  
To continue my ascent,  
In my quest to be tall  
Above the lament.

Much I have already done  
And yet,  
All of this still to come...  
Quite a ways to go before my descent.

Stories will unfold,  
In the heavens they will meet  
For all to behold,  
As they shine and complete.