

Inspired by the lesson at WritingFix, Mrs. Johnson's fifth graders worked hard on their **idea development** and **word choice** as they wrote their *You're on a Giant Roll* stories. Read these three stories and talk with a partner about where each author's best **idea development** and **word choice** occurs in each story.



## The Magic Marble

by Connor, fifth grade writer

"I've got to stop it!" was all that I could think of as the giant marble went flying down the street towards town.

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It was a hot day, and my hands dripped with sweat. I aimed my bright, green marble towards the one and only "lucky" marble. This blue marble with white stripes wasn't just any marble. Sam had won just about every game he had ever played with it. As I lifted my thumb forward, the marble launched out of my hand. It went straight for Sam's best marble, and forced it right out of the circle. I couldn't believe it. I stood up, the crowd of people clapped and cheered.

Sam cried out, "Re-Match!" and I took the challenge.

As I fired my first shot, something weird happened. The lucky marble started to grow. It grew so big that its blue and white swirls blocked out the bright sun and left a dark shadow over us. It started to roll down the hill in my backyard.

The marble crashed right through the fence as if it were Jell-O. It slowly picked up speed as it went down the road. "I've got to stop it!" I screamed, "But how?" Then, I got sight of a red mini-van parked right outside my smashed down fence. I was only 11 years old and I couldn't drive, but that didn't stop me.

The marble continued sliding on down Main Street. Next, it met face to face with an ice cream truck. With a bang, the marble went right through the ice cream truck, leaving flavorful ice cream all over the street. The truck was an obstacle for the marble, but it wasn't about to stop it. The marble raced on.

I remembered that the supermarket was up ahead. The marble was heading straight for it. When it approached the front of the store, it decided not to use the door at all. Instead it made its entrance through the brick wall.

The marble ran right into the clothes section. People frantically jumped out of its way. Clothes flew everywhere. It looked like fireworks on the Fourth of July. As the marble raced on, it met its doom. At the end of the aisle was a wall of extra, soft Charmin toilet paper. The marble crashed into the blankety bed of toilet rolls. It came to a complete stop.

When I caught up with the marble it started to shrink back to its normal size. Quickly, I slipped it into my pocket.

When you walk into my bedroom, in the center of my room, on the middle of my bookshelf, in a glass case filled with Charmin, you will see my prize possession, with blue and white swirls. I will never forget that day--the day I won Sam's lucky marble.



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## The Rolling Heart!

by Kella, fifth grade writer

*Thump-thump! Thump-thump!* Lindy Loo raced home from the Purple People Village Elementary. She went right to her room to write in her diary.

*Dear Diary,*

*I have again planned my future wedding. All I need is the groom, Greg Goo. I saw him today and I will be his tomorrow. Oh, why does everyone tease me? They call me a fool and I can't stand it!*

*Knock, Knock! Knock, Knock!* “May I come in?” Lynnice Loo was knocking on the door repeatedly. Lynnice Loo was Lindy Loo’s big sister. Lindy Loo quickly shoved her diary under her bed and opened the door.

As she opened the door, Lynnice Loo shrugged. “Let me guess, planning another wedding?” Lindy slammed the door on her sister’s face. Lindy Loo gave a big sigh.

The next morning at school, Lindy Loo was looking at Greg Goo, and then he turned around. There on the playground, Lindy Loo and Greg Goo made eye contact. Lindy Loo panicked and then fainted! Greg Goo came over. As he got closer and closer, Lindy Loo’s heart began to beat faster and faster. Greg Goo touched Lindy Loo’s hand to check her pulse, then *Bam!*

Lindy Loo’s heart leaped out and became huge! Greg Goo started running as Lindy Loo’s heart began to chase him down the street!

Lindy Loo still lay flat on her back.

Lynnice Loo was trying to help Lindy Loo.

The heart kept following Greg Goo.

The heart ran over sixteen people, three poodles and the mayor! It was a whole train wreck. Greg Goo stopped to catch a breath. *Splat!* The red, icky goo was all over Greg Goo.

Greg walked over to Lindy Loo and all the goo came off and went back into Lindy Loo. Then Lindy Loo woke up and asked Greg Goo to like her. All he said was, “Are you nuts?”

After that Greg and his family moved to Antarctica and changed their names. They never came back.

A few days later, a new boy named Steven Stoo moved in. At school, Steven Stoo looked at Lindy Loo and she fainted. Then he walked over to her to check her pulse.



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## All the Way to the State Fair

by Maddie, fifth grade writer

It was the day of the vegetable contest at the State Fair when it happened. I went outside to check on my award-winning tomato. You could say it was big, but to me it was an award-winning tomato.

It was the most exquisite color of scarlet, and whenever I would touch it, I would feel its firm, gentle skin. It was as large as my play swing-set, and it took up nearly half of my backyard.

It was a sunny and bright day when I went out. I was about to cut the vine to take my tomato to the contest.

All of a sudden, I heard a whoosh, like the sound of wind, but louder. I looked up just in time to see a huge, flying hawk. It dove down, almost as if it noticed me watching it. I could see it coming directly at me! I must have closed my eyes while jumping out of the way because when I opened them, I saw that my prize winning tomato's vine had been snipped. The end of the vine just hung there limp as if it were dead.

I spun around just in time to see a blur of red racing down the hill in my backyard. As it rolled faster and faster, I started to see a blur of green and red. It was picking up trees and bushes as it slid down the hill.

I ran after it, knowing I could never catch it. I stopped to take a breath. Then I realized it was headed right for the highway! Oh, no! Traffic hour! It had just turned 5:10 and everybody was on their way home.

I tried to yell out to everybody, "Clear the way!" but nobody could hear me.

When my tomato finally reached the highway, I was surprised that it missed every single car on the road! When the highway was clear, I raced across to see where my tomato was headed.

I glanced down the other side of the highway and saw the State Fair. I quickly pulled myself together and started galloping down the hill.

I looked like a clown waving my arms and shouting, "Move out of the way!"

I finally reached the bottom. Luckily everybody had moved out of the way in time. There on the side of the carousel was my squashed, red tomato.

The judges of the vegetable contest stood up from their seats at the judging stand. I saw one of the judges whispering to another. The other judge walked over to me and asked me if that was my tomato. I told him sadly that it was.

Then all of a sudden everybody started to clap. I started to smile as I saw the judge grab the award winning trophy from its stand and hand it to me. I started to laugh and cry at the same time while overfilled with joy.

You could say my tomato was big, but to me, it was my award-winning tomato.

Now...draw an illustration below for the story that you think developed its idea the best. Use details from the story in your illustration:

