



Inspired by Rick Riordan's [The Lightning Thief](#) and the [A Hurricane Blowing in Lesson](#) at the WritingFix website, these sixth graders worked on their sentence fluency and word choice skills as they drafted and revised these stories. Where does each writer excel with sentence fluency and word choice skills? Which description best sets up a story that you want to read the rest of?

Escape

by Kyla, sixth grade writer

Woof! Woof! Woof!

I heard the dogs barking. "They will never catch me," I thought as I bolted through the rusty, old gate and swung the door open, only to hear a big *Clang!* like two pots being banged together. To my relief it was the door hitting the gate.

"They will never catch me," I thought again. All I heard was the barking of the dogs and my heart beating like a drum, beating so hard and so loud. It was as though it was calling to them, "Here I am, so come get me!"

Woof! Woof! Woof! Bu-bum, bu-bum! It all meshed into one big *Crack!*

I ran, I tripped, and I fell! Head-first I somersaulted down the hill. Quickly I jumped up and kept on running. I was jumping over rocks, crossing through streams, and zig-zagging around trees. There were twigs in my hair, mud on my clothes and rain on my face. Or was it tears? I couldn't tell.



Corn Field

by Cameron, sixth grade writer

It was cold out. Really cold. I didn't know why this had to be done. It was just going to be a false alarm. Again. Our government was so stupid. When were they going to realize that there are no aliens? But alas, there I was striding through the fields of Kansas.

"So much corn." My thoughts strayed in irritation. "Stupid Secret Agency for the Regulation and Control of Unidentified Flying Objects. If only I had never considered joining it on *What's your future going to be? day.*" I was no good at it anyway....

Now the end of the field was coming into sight, and that's where the "aliens" had been spotted. Walking, walking, walking in the boring darkness. Then...*BANG!* A flare of bright light and a gust of wind knocked me off my feet. A massive, dark object came into view. Somehow it resembled a rocket ship. Four gargantuan legs sprouted from the thing and touched ground with a loud *thud*. And then it opened, casting an eerie glow around the whole field.

With my heart thumping, something slithered out.



Pursuit

by Jack, sixth grade writer

Erak stalked through the trees. In front were the massive tracks of the grand griffon, Salar. Silently flitting from tree to tree, he tried to remember what Snow Leopard had taught him. Looking from side to side, he saw no trouble and continued.

A twig snapped. He froze. Looking carefully around, he was greeted with an unwelcome sight: Avalanche, one of the enchanted creatures of ice and snow, one of the many serving the griffon. This was bad and good news; bad because it was dangerous and in his way, but good because it meant he was very close to his glory.

The air grew cold. Turning his head, he was eye to eye with a second Avalanche. The beast was ugly. Beetle like, with eight legs and chilling eyes, it looked dangerous. With a snort, it loosed a small dusting of snow. Then it charged. A human would have been crushed, but Erak was Norn. Even so, he couldn't stand against two Avalanches. He fled, firing two shots before he raced into the forest. Hiding in the trees, Erak saw the two avalanches pass underneath. He was safe. For now.

Approaching the griffon's lair, a screech cut the air. The griffon had come. Calling on his birth-right as a Norn, Erak became Snow Leopard.

