

The Big Break-in

by Sara, sixth grade writer

Slam! The school door banged closed behind me. My eyes were struggling not to droop shut. It was 7:30 in the morning, the start of another boring school day....so I thought. There was an unusually large amount of chatter, and the teachers and custodians were scurrying about.

I ignored all the chaos, though. As I passed the cafeteria, heading for the gym, the aroma of hot pancakes and thick maple syrup filled the hallways. I, reluctantly, plodded passed the cafeteria. Suddenly, out of nowhere, my friend, Brittany, hopped in front of me, excited and hyper. "GuesswhatSarasomeone-"

I cut her off. "Speak slower!" I told her.

She started over: "Someone broke into the school last night!"

I was so confused I couldn't describe it. I finally found my voice. "What-what did they steal? Who stole it? Did anyone die?" So many question bubbles were floating into my head, but popped as Brittany explained herself. I found out that two teenagers were skateboarding on the playground, broke into the school, stole two computers, and shattered several windows. It turns out that our second grade was at the school grading papers at the time of the scene.

We walked to the gym together thoughtfully. On the way we passed by a broken window. The cracked glass looked like a spider web. The school went on with a regular school day, though we weren't allowed in certain places because of glass, other evidence, or the occasional blood! I'll never forget that scary experience when we were the talk of the town.



The Strange Night

by Zoe, sixth grade writer

It was dark, and I was restless. It was two in the morning, but I didn't care. I sneaked out of my bedroom and into the hallway. As I passed his room, I could hear my dad's snores while he was sleeping. The house still smelled like chicken and strawberry pie from dinner.

Suddenly, I heard click-clacking from the living room. "What could that be?" I wondered to myself. Spencer, our dog, was asleep in my room, although I didn't really check. It was really dark, and the only reason I wasn't tripping and falling was that a tiny bit of moonlight was coming through the windows and making an outline of the objects. I was still scared, as any other eight-year-old would be. The metal parts of everything were giving off a faint glow.

Click-clack, click-clack. I heard it again. I was really frightened by now. What if someone was in the house and I had no protection whatsoever? Quickly, I grabbed the heavy dictionary from the bookcase. I was in the living room now, and nothing was there.

Click-clack, click-clack. It came from the kitchen. If someone was in there, I would have seen through the gap in the wall to serve people meals. When I looked through, nothing was there. I looked away.

Bang-bang, I heard from the kitchen. I went inside, but it was only Spencer. He had knocked down the garbage can.

Soon, the lights came on and my dad came into the kitchen. "What are you doing up?" he asked me in a drowsy voice.

"I wanted to see what the noise was," I said in a hush. We picked up the trash and went to bed.

At the end of my bed, Spencer whimpered softly. He knew what he did. Until I fell asleep that night, I thought of how stupid I was. Nothing was wrong, and we all knew it. But what would happen if someone had really been there?



These two sixth graders worked on **word choice** and **idea development** as they wrote these personal memoirs. Read each and comment on these two traits. The lesson that inspired this writing was found online at the WritingFix website.