



Mrs. Higgins' third graders, inspired by Judith Viorst's [Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day](#) and the [online lesson at WritingFix](#), wrote the following stories about bad days. As they wrote and revised, they worked especially hard on their organization and sentence fluency. Read each story and talk with a partner about where each writer shows strength with those two writing traits. Be prepared to share.

A Bad Day

by Suren, third grade writer

In the morning, I was sleeping peacefully when suddenly..."Ouch!" I banged my head on the ground. I had rolled right out of the bed! I got up and went to the smelly bathroom to brush my teeth. I grabbed the brown toothbrush, then I got hold of the minty, white toothpaste. I was yawning and fell asleep right there in the bathroom. The toothpaste slipped out of my hand and rolled down the yucky drain. I had to brush my teeth with my sister's baby pink toothpaste. I didn't like that. After I finished dressing, I went downstairs for some yummy toast. I bonked my head on the hard stairs. "Oh why does it have to be me?" I groaned.

I started running to school when I slipped on the wet floor of the All Purpose Room. "Oh," I sighed. I got up and walked instead. I took a rest to think about this bad day. I stood in an upright position and leaned against the lunch table. When I got in the classroom, we were studying about fractions. I tipped my chair. I tipped too much and fell straight on the ground again. "Ouch!" I said. "Oh, why does it have to be me?" I groaned.

When I got home, I saw a wild coyote in the backyard. The coyote bit me! I didn't have any more of my cool bandages, so I had to use my sister's pink princess bandage. I didn't like that either. Finally, I had some peace and quiet when I got in the house. "Boom!" I fell right through the floor and into the dark basement. I found a nail and a hammer. I was so angry about this bad day that I threw it and almost hit my dad. "Oh no! I gasped.

"Son, come right here!" he demanded.

"Oh why does it have to be me?" I groaned.

Later that night I went into the living room and guess what? There was a birthday party for me. "I'm glad I'm me!" I exclaimed.



Dark Morning

by Alexis, third grade writer

One dark morning, I saw the alarm clock and yelled, "I am so late!" When I reached for my favorite t-shirt with a picture of a dog on it, my dog, Bailey, grabbed it and ripped it up like a favorite chew toy. It looked like a slimy rag. I had to go back into my closet and pick out a new shirt. It took me so long that I missed my school bus. "You've gotta be kidding me!" I yelled.

As I walked to school I got in a fight with my friend named Will. We argued over which one of us had a better dog. At lunch I went to get my milk. I accidentally threw my lunch out. I felt so mad for making that mistake. At recess Jane got so mad at me that she leaped right on top of me! We both got in big trouble and went to the principal's office. I was furious at her. "You've gotta be kidding me!" I screamed.

On the way home on the yellow bus, I tripped on my blue shoelaces. I was too embarrassed to even speak. When I got home my mom took a look at my report card and I had got straight C's. Then my mom started giving me a very long speech on how I should work harder. It was very boring. Soon I had to go to the school theater to practice for my school play. Guess who tripped again? Me! "You've gotta be kidding me!" I cried. I fell right on the stage and everybody laughed.

"Maybe tomorrow will be a better day, or at least I hope so," I thought.



Any Worse?

by Andrew, third grade writer

I woke up on Friday morning. "This is going to be the best day ever!" I announced. I jumped out of bed to wash my face and shower. Suddenly I tripped on my toy sword as if I stumbled over a rock. "Ouch!" I said. So I went to wash my face. Then I hopped in the shower. "Brrr!" I said. It was really cold. It felt like someone dumped icy water on my head. I dashed out of the shower and grabbed a used towel. I was so busy drying myself that I fell down the stairs. "Ooof! Ouch! Ahh!" I shrieked. I crashed into a pile of boxes. It was like bowling!

"Ha ha ha," my brother teased.

"Shut up." I said. I had no time to argue. It was 8:10. I snatched my waffle, choked it down, got hold of my chocolate milk and chugged that down also. On my way I thought, "Could this day get any worse?"



When I got to school I knew I was late. A glacier could have beaten me to school. After a while it was time to check our homework. I looked for mine but couldn't find it. "Rats!" I said. When Mrs. Higgins came around to check it, I told her I forgot it. I got a zero for homework that day. When it was time to go home I got the papers from my mailbox and copied down my assignments. "I have homework on a Friday?" I shouted. Then I looked at my test. "Good grief!" I said. I got a U on my test. Could this day get any worse?

When I came home, my mom saw my test. "Andrew!" she scolded. "You shouldn't fail your tests!" she continued. Then she had a whole boring speech.

When I thought I'd die of boredom she finally stopped. Then I did my bizillions of homework. After that I spilled water on it, so I had to wait for it to dry. When it was dry I got back to work. It must have still been a bit wet because I ripped it. When I was finally done around 8:00, I decided to play my Wii. Halfway through the batteries died. Could this day get any worse? Suddenly I saw the clock turn from 8:59 to 9:00. It was time for bed.

I hope tomorrow will be a better day!

You've Got to be Kidding Me!

by Cassie, third grade writer

One Monday morning I woke up and looked at my clock. It read 8:00. "Oh no!" I slept in too late. I only had 10 minutes to get ready for school." I got dressed into my favorite jeans. They had diamonds on the back. My shirt had flowers on it. I ran downstairs and ran to the closet and pulled out a blue brush. I started to brush my hair but the brush wouldn't go through my hair. I grabbed a bottle of de-tangler...at least I thought I did, but I really pulled out hairspray. I sprayed my whole head until it was covered. I tried to brush my hair but the brush still wouldn't go through my knots. I just blurted out, "You've got to be kidding me!" Then I sprayed my whole head with de-tangler and the brush finally went through my hair. That was a relief.

I set off to go eat breakfast. I had Cheerios. I got my shoes on, got my backpack ready, and put on my purple sweater. By the time I did that it was 8:10, and it was time to go. My neighbors came to pick me up to go to school. I was the only one going today because my brother and sister were both sick. When I got to school, I was walking in to class. Everyone was handing in their homework. Guess what? I forgot mine at home! So I got a zero for my homework. After that we were in math. Mrs. Higgins was passing back our math test, and I got a 71%. Can you believe that? I used to be so good in math. It was time for Language Arts and we were writing a story about a bad day. When I was done, I brought it up to the teacher. She said it was great, but I wrote it in print. I had to rewrite the whole story over again in script. "You've got to be kidding me!" I shouted. By the time I finished rewriting the story it was lunchtime and recess. Before you knew it, it was time to go home.

I had softball practice after school so I got my cleats and visor on, I grabbed my mitt and water bottle and I headed for practice. I hit first because we were practicing for a game. When I ran to first base, I slipped in the mud pile and fell in. "Oh no, I ruined my diamond jeans," I said. I cried. For the rest of practice I played in muddy clothes. When mom came to pick me up from practice, she was mad because I ruined the jeans she got me and they had cost \$100. When we got home, I just hopped on my bike and rode around because I didn't want to get sick from my brother and sister. As I rode out the driveway, my shoelace got caught in the chain of my bike. I scraped my knee and bumped my head on the curb. Good thing I had my helmet on. My head really hurt! I blurted out, "You've got to be kidding me!"

I went inside, took a shower, got my pajamas on and went to sleep. That was a bad day. I hope tomorrow will be better!

