

Inspired by David Shannon's wonderful book, [A Bad Case of Stripes](#), and a creative writing lesson at the [WritingFix website](#), these wonderful second graders wrote, revised, and edited the following stories, and their teacher shared them with us at our [on-line posting page](#).

Read each story with your class and talk about each student's strengths with idea development and voice. What "Bad Case" story are you inspired to write for class?

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## A Bad Case of Vegetables

by Shaylin, second grade writer

Lucy Leonerd loved vegetables but her friends didn't. At lunch she was surprised when she saw what was in her lunch box. There were vegetables everywhere. There were tomatoes, celery, and broccoli!

The next day when Lucy woke up, she turned into an orange, cold carrot. Leaves tickled her head and she got dirty. "Oh-no!" she thought. At school Lucy got teased. Then someone yelled, "Broccoli" and she turned into a big green broccoli. Later that day everyone was teasing her. The next day Lucy turned into a tomato!

Back at Lucy's house, Mrs. Leonerd heard a knock on the door. It was a sweet old lady who was as plump as a blueberry. "I'm here for Lucy. Is she here?" the lady asked.

"Yes, in fact she is," said Mrs. Leonerd. "Lucy?"

"Yes?"

The lady said, "I'm going cure your problem. Here are some vegetables."

"No!"

"Oh, OK," whispered the lady as she walked away.

"No! Wait! I really like vegetables!" cried Lucy.

"I thought so," the lady said happily. She plopped some vegetables in her mouth and Lucy was back to normal. And now Lucy doesn't care about what other people think.



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## A Bad Case of Fire

by Joseph, second grade writer

Once there was a dragon who wouldn't breathe fire because the dinosaurs would tease him and call him "Bill, the living fireplace."

Bill took a hike to cool off, and two T. Rexes ran away from him because they didn't know what he was. They were so scared they jumped off a cliff. Then Bill looked in a pond and saw his reflection. He was a fire-smoking, flaming, hot dragon.

Next, Bill turned red and started melting. Bill had turned into lava. Then he jumped into the icy cold water. When he came out, he was smelly grey smoke! He took a warm bath and finally breathed fire. He was normal again.

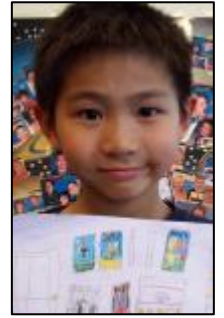


*Special note from Joseph, the author: "OMG----I had to listen to Elvis' "Hunk of Burning Love" while I was reading this story. It would be the perfect background song if you decide to make this into a movie."*

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## A Bad Case of Sour Milk

by Christopher, second grade writer



“Brenon B!” called Brenon’s mother.

“What?” said Brenon.

“You don’t want to be late for school do you?”

“No, but I am drinking sour milk,” yelled Brenon.

“No, you can’t drink that sour milk up in that room,” hollered his mom.

He replied, “But I spilled it in my room and it went everywhere-even in my underwear!”

“Just change and go to school!”

“But I think I look like a...a...a.....MILK CARTON!”

“What?” said his mom and she bolted into his room. Brenon had no legs, no hands and a giant cow puckering right in front of my face. “Aaaaahhhh!” hollered Brenon’s mom. “I don’t think you should go to school, mister.”

“But, but,” said Brenon.

“No buts!” called his mother, and then she called again, “And no sour milk! I am going to take you, mister, to the family doctor!”

When they got there, Dr. Ant checked him. He said Brenon should take gumball medicine, but it didn’t work. Brenon turned into a gumball! He was all different colors! So many colors--green, yellow, ivory, gold, silver, anchovy, mud, milk--just too many colors. Dr. Ant said, “It could be bouncy ball disease,” and Brenon turned into a bouncy ball! He turned into whatever people called out, like ice cream, toilet and many other things.

So Brenon and his mom went home, and soon everyone in the universe learned about him. All of them gathered in front of his house! They heard a knock on the door. There was a little old lady as sweet as pie standing there. She said in a sweet voice, “I would like to help somebody name Brenon.”

“Yes, that’s my son,” said Brenon’s mom.

She led the lady to Brenon, and the lady asked, “Would you like some sour milk?”

“No way,” said Brenon, “That is totally gross!”

“Are you sure?” asked the lady. She started to leave and then...

“Wait!” yelled Brenon. “I love sour milk!”

“I knew it,” said the little old lady and gave him a glass of sour milk.

Brenon turned back to normal and had a happy life for the rest of his days.