

These three seventh graders, inspired by the opening of Robert De San Souci's [Brave Margaret](#), created these opening paragraphs to stories that have yet to be written. The writers' goal was to set-up a story that the reader would really want to know the rest of.

Looking over each paragraph's *organization* and **idea development**, decide which complete story of the three you'd want to read first. Be prepared to share your reasons with the class.

The lesson that inspired this writing can be found at the WritingFix website. Click [here](#) to directly access it.

### One in Particular

by Saintra, seventh grader



Can you? Can you hear it? Can you hear the sound of the explosions and sirens? There are so many injured people in here in need of help. What can I do? Who can I help? I want to save all of these people who have gotten hurt from going into the battlefield. Everywhere I am is a battlefield. Everywhere I go I see a man down. Everywhere I stand I can hear guns firing. I guess you can say taking care of these soldiers can be pretty brutal, but I'll persevere. Inside the tent of those who are hurt, all I see are men and women struggling to survive, in desperate need of medicine. I am the one who is in charge of the medicine as well as the one who cheers them up. Today seemed to be just another hectic and dismal day where I volunteered to be a nurse who takes care of the wounded soldiers fighting in the Iran War; then, I met one particular soldier.

### The Escape

by Diana, seventh grader

Jeff was just there, sitting on his bed, staring at the food on his spoon. He tried not to form a picture in his mind about the outside world of Germany's prison. He had walked all around the prison over twenty times. He felt the cool breeze coming from the one little indentation in a window on the other side of the bars. Feeling a little bit better because of the breeze, he watched a guard pass in front of him. This prison was packed so full guards that no prisoner could escape. Deciding to lie down, he hit his head on the deteriorating wall of the cell. Bits of stone fell to the ground. Jeff thought to himself, "If my head could make the wall crumble, so could something harder."



### Larry's Violin

by Miguel, seventh grader

Larry had a gift that touched the hearts of many. His story began at the Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority. Larry was a tall, pale man with green eyes that he inherited from his mother, and long black hair inherited from his father. When Larry's parents passed away long ago, he became homeless and spent countless nights sleeping in alleyways. He spent most of his time at the Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority Subway Station that was usually cold, damp, and riddled with large crowds. All Larry ever wanted was to be in an orchestra, so he took his only possession, a violin, with him everywhere. He had played the violin as long as he could remember, and had grown good at playing it. Though he knew the rosewood violin was a priceless, family heirloom, he never sold it. Instead he played it in the subway station, knowing it might be his ray of hope.



