

These five eighth 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 access it.

### The Night in the Mall

by Cecilia, eighth grade writer

Who would have thought such a good man could do such a bad thing? Mark sat in his car, waiting to make his move. All that ran through his mind was all the money in the world. Mark had become a really greedy man after his first robbery in Japan. The only thing stopping Mark was the police outside the mall looking for him. Still all he could see were expensive jewels in his hands. Mark didn't worry about the people in the mall; he could care less even though he knew he was never willing to kill a person. If only Mark knew what lay ahead of him.



### Lost

by Nicholas, eighth grade writer

Her first thought as she woke from unconsciousness was, "Where am I?" She was surrounded by a vast expanse of dry land, with mahogany rock walls all around her. For some reason, these menacing walls reminded her of something, but she just couldn't wrap her mind around it. That's when she noticed her leg; actually, she didn't see her leg, she felt it. She felt the pain surging through her, felt the pain make its way up to her body, felt it consume her, and the gruesome sight of her femur pierced through the skin just made it worse. Jill knew she could make it out of this desolated canyon wasteland, but she would need the help of her dog, the best hiking companion she'd ever had. She thought, "But if I send my dog out, and he doesn't come back, I could die out here." The conflicting emotions and thoughts were racing through her mind before she made the decision to send her dog out. That was when everything flooded back into her mind, and the terror began.



### The Truth

by Sammi, eighth grade writer

Would you want to live in a cold, orphanage where you would always hear other crying? Try living there for sixteen years. Niki had sort of been an orphan her entire life. The only thing she had to remember her parents by was the old golden locket with a picture of her and her mother when she was a baby. But Niki didn't know where her mother had gone. The only thing she wanted to know was the truth. "Your father left your mother, Viki, when she was pregnant with you when she was 20. She didn't have the money to raise a child, so she had to put you in our orphanage," the orphanage director had told her. Niki had heard the rumors that her mother had re-married and was now living in Long Island. If only Niki could get the key to the filing cabinets where all the records were kept.



### Final Game?

by Conner, eighth grade writer

Dom Williams cut through the offensive line like a knife through warm butter. No high school defensive lineman had ever been as strong nor determined as Dom. He went to Spanish Springs High School and played on the Cougars football team. As long as his team had Dom, no other team had a chance. The only thing that could stop Dom was his grades. That mean Coach Carlos wouldn't let Dom play in the upcoming championship game unless he brought his math grade up. The only way he could do this was to get a B+ on his math final. If Dom didn't do that, the college scouts would never see him and he wouldn't get a football scholarship in college.



### At the Museum

by Tjaden, eighth grade writer

As his eyes skimmed over the letter again, his determined hands folded it up, and placed on the backseat of his 2002 Ford Sedan. His tall thin frame climbed from out the car, and walked carelessly to the new museum. The letter had said it all, that he was not safe, not trusted. It was signed by an old friend, one he had known all his life. The letter threatened and scared him. The only way he could be safe again would be to get the person completely. His ingenious plan had to work, or at least he thought it should. He slipped his hand into his pocket and felt the cool metal of the gun. He thought, *This is it*, and he walked in.

