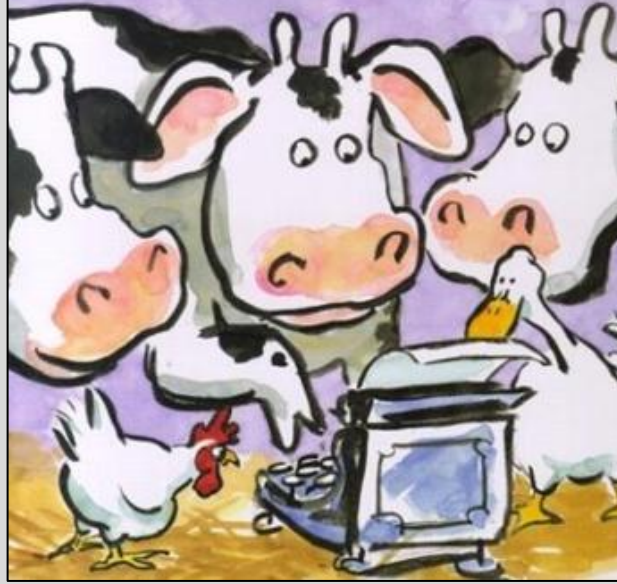


CLICK, CLACK, MOO Cows That Type

by Doreen Cronin pictures by Betsy Lewin



Inspired by Doreen [Cronin's Click, Clack, Moo, Cows That Type](#), these three seventh graders wrote creative letters from unlikely letter-senders. As they wrote and revised, these three young authors worked on their **voice** and **organization** skills.

With your class, read all three letters, then discuss where each writer showed his/her best strength with the two writing traits they worked on.

The lesson that inspired this writing can be found at the [WritingFix website!](#)

Crayon Box #9
Crayola, Pennsylvania

Dear Sammy,

Being a crayon is a tough life, especially for a blue like me. When you opened my box, there I was, standing right in the middle. Tall and sharp, and then you started drooling and I knew I was in trouble.

I still want to be friends, but friends don't shove each other up their noses. And if I was the four-year-old and you were a crayon, I wouldn't try to feed you to my turtle or color so hard the tip of your head breaks off. I wouldn't bury you in a cup to see if a crayon tree grows.

I know we have our differences, but I need to be treated a little more like an aquamarine than a navy. I hope this changes our relationship for the better. If not, I might have to run away. Where do you think your "favorite" green crayon went?

Your half crushed friend,

Blue
(by Elizabeth, 7th grade)



Dear Tristan,

I remember the good old days when you would come home from school, start me up and drive me through your track. Oh, you were really good to me. When I was slow, you would ride me harder, and when I was dirty, you would wash me and get all of the dirt out of the creases in my engine. Back then we would train every day together, preparing for your races on the weekends too. And once we won, you told me I ran great and helped clean up to the abuse of the track and jumps and corners.

But now I miss you. You got sponsored because you won that big race and your sponsor gave you a free 100cc dirt bikes, and I sit in the shed waiting for you come home and start me up to get the cobwebs out of me. Man, do I miss the days of us traveling the state, racing all the nationals and us ending up on top.

For now, I am an antique who sits alone, wanting to be raced while you are making it to the big time. But I do like to think I had something to do with that.

Sincerely,

Your first dirt bike
(by Tristan, 7th grade)



Dear Sally,

I remember the good old days, the days when you would come home from pre-school and run into your room just to pick me up and cradle me in your loving arms. I would look up and you would be there, looking back at me with a smile on your face. You would always let me sit at the dinner table with you. You used to try to shove the food into my mouth even though there wasn't an opening, but that's okay because I still loved you.

Then you would set me on your bed while you got your bath. I would always wait patiently. After your bath, your mother would come in and tuck you into bed and give each of us a kiss.

I miss those days. Now you are in college and don't play with me or let me sleep by your side. But, then again, you still take me out of the closet and tell me your worries, and you still hold me by you side and I comfort you while you cry.

Your best doll friend,

Barbie
(by Bryanne, 7th grade)

