

Here three sixth graders, inspired by the picture book [Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs](#) and the [Three-Meal Weather](#) Lesson at WritingFix, wrote the following stories. As they wrote and revised the finished pieces you see here, they worked hard on their **organization** and **word choice** skills.

Read each story and be prepared to discuss where you see each writer excel with organization and word choice.



Odd Day

by Ashley, sixth grade writer

One day in hot Arizona, during the month of July, something odd happened.

Alix was walking down the street to pick up the mail before breakfast. While on her way home, pieces of burnt toast came falling from the sky. After it stopped raining toast, there was a hailstorm of crisp scrambled eggs. By the time the hailstorm of eggs stopped, Alix had reached her porch just in time to take cover for the downpour of tasty, hearty chicken noodle soup. Over time, the downpour stopped and Arizona was back to normal...until lunch.

Then at precisely 12:05 p.m. it started to snow spicy, hot Cheetos. Fifteen minutes later, there was a rainstorm. It was raining sour Mountain Dew. When the storm calmed down, hazelnut peanut butter and butterscotch butter sandwiches fell from the sky. Once this happened, Alix went to get her mom so she could see all the food falling down from the sky. During the sandwich storm, there was also an apricot hurricane. The apricots were fruity and delicious. Alix and her mom came back outside with huge indigo bowls and collected all the food they could. The two of them became so full, they didn't think they could eat dinner even if it was fantastic.

Finally at exactly 6:17 p.m., there came a beef stew avalanche across town. The beef stew was salty, yet very scrumptious. Next there was a flood of turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy. The mashed potatoes were light and fluffy. The turkey and gravy were unfortunately tasteless or flavorless. The last thing to fall out of the sky was dessert. The wind blew in apple pie, ice cream, and fruit salad. Alix and her mom liked the fruit salad the best because the fruits were overripe and sugary. They disliked the apple pie because it was bland.

All in all it has been a very strange but delicious day.



Feastopolis

by Taylor, sixth grade writer

This might sound a little crazy, but where I live food falls from the sky. Whenever I travel anywhere else, I wait for the food to fall from the sky, but it never happens. When I ask somebody why the food isn't falling from the sky, they say I'm crazy. In Feastopolis, we have a population of 50,000 people, but it's very rural so we have plenty of room. Some features that we have are a Blue Raspberry Kool-Aid lake, and a sandy brown sugar beach. The soccer and football fields are made of delectable Sour Punch Straws.

Let me show you what last Sunday was like in Feastopolis. On that sunny morning at 7:00 a.m., everybody woke up to see what was going to fall out of the sky for breakfast. The townspeople came out to find delicious, beautiful bunches of food falling from the sky. These foods were buttery toast, pancakes smothered in warm, sticky, golden syrup. We also had some orange juice with a little bit of pulp and some fluffy, yellow eggs. When breakfast was over, everyone agreed this has been a wonderful breakfast.

After breakfast, my dog (Atreyu) and I watched a soccer game and afterwards we ate some of the field's Sour Punch Straws. Later on we hiked to Cool Blue Lake to swim and wait for lunch to fall. Lunch consisted of cheesy macaroni, some heavenly crispy chicken nuggets, some yummy crunchy, onion rings with a water bottle.

Last Sunday, after lunch, we went to see my mom only to discover she had gone to the store. (She had left a note on the refrigerator saying so.) Then Atreyu and I decide to go to the park, but when we were just half a block away, dinner comes falling from the sky. I couldn't believe I forgot that dinner falls at 6:30, and it was a good thing my mom told me to carry some plates and silverware in my backpack. I looked up to see things that would make a salad, such as crunchy carrots, leafy spinach, bits of lettuce, sprinkling cheese, some meaty ham and turkey, and my dad's homemade Italian dressing. We also had some delicious pepperoni pizza with some Coke. For dessert we had some chocolaty monster cookies and ice cold ice cream!

So, if you are ever wishing you didn't have to buy groceries, this might be the place for you. That was a typical day in Feastopolis. Hope you come to visit soon!



A Day in Foodville

by Alexa, sixth grade writer

I woke up in the morning and was very tired. It was a lovely, sunny day in Foodville, and everyone was gathering around city hall. I decided to jump out of bed and dress quickly.

As soon as I grabbed my plate, I ran out to join everyone. Before I knew it, huge, buttery pancakes fell from the blue sky. Right after that, at least a million pieces of brown, sizzling bacon soared through the city as wind. About five minutes later, a surprise downpour of milk flooded our city. When it was all over, I ran to sit with my family at the picnic tables. We all started to eat.

When we were all finished, my brother and I ran home and dressed for school. We were almost late, but we arrived just at the right time. At school, we learned how food falls from the sky. Once we got to lunch, my friends and I ran to sit outside. All of a sudden, enormous, pepperoni pizzas started drifting to the ground. Then salty, hot and scrumptious chips landed on our plates. Soon after, a drizzle of refreshing, cold Coke came down into our glasses. Our mom picked us up an hour later and took us home.

Once home, we did our homework. Then when everyone got done, we hopped into our Gatorade pool. When we were done swimming, we dried off and walked to the garden. There we waited for our dinner to arrive. It came at about 6:00 p.m. There was a loud rumble, and down came juicy, fat, and warm steaks. Next it started to snow silky, puffy, tasty potatoes. It was very delicious and soon after came a sweet, fresh rain of apple juice.

Once we were done, we watched T.V. for about an hour until it was 8:30 p.m. Then my brother and I dressed for bed. We crawled in bed about 9:00 p.m. As I looked over at my brother in his bed, I whispered, "This was indeed the greatest day in Foodville!"