

Inspired by Judy and Ron Barrett's [Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs](#), these two fifth graders wrote the following original stories. Both students were working on the traits of **organization** and **word choice** as they wrote and revised the finished stories you see here.

With a partner, read over these two final drafts, and comment on both authors' organization and word choice.

Click [here](#) to access WritingFix's lesson that inspired this writing.

Left-overs

by Madison, fifth grade writer

"This morning," announced the weatherman, "there will be a 70% chance of hash brown, 90% chance of scrambled eggs, and a 40% of spinach oatmeal." I listened to the radio while I looked out the window, waiting for Mom to bring in breakfast.

Then, scrambled eggs started racing toward the ground. Salty and delightful. The hash browns floated gracefully into Mom's baskets. Crispy and wonderful. After that, it started sprinkling spinach oatmeal, Grandpa's favorite. I think that is icky and revolting!

"For lunch today," he went on, "there is a slight chance of tater tots, a definite chance of beef stroganoff, and a 50% chance of steak and cheese subs."

The tater tots pelted toward the ground. Unhealthy, but scrumptious! It drizzled beef stroganoff for about ten minutes. Meaty and savory. Then came the steak and cheese subs. They gracefully fell down from the clouds. Heavenly and nutritious.

"Finally," he said enthusiastically, "my favorite, lasagna! A 70% chance of it. An 80% chance of meatloaf, and a 100% chance of pork chops. Wow, that's a lot of meat!!"

The lasagna got carried in by the wind, splattering against the window. Delicious and appetizing. The meatloaf poured down. Tangy and yummy. Then came the pork chops. The wind changed directions so that the pork could come in peacefully, and not form a pork 'n lasagna tornado. Just the way I like it-spicy and spontaneous.

As I waited at the windowsill for Mom to bring in dinner, I heard her calling me from a distance, saying, "Wake up! It's time for dinner. WAKE UP!!"

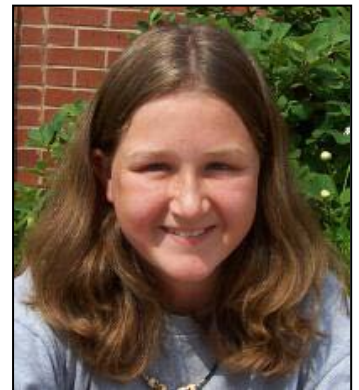
I woke up. I had fallen asleep at the window while I had been waiting for the rain to stop, so I could play outside. "What are we having for dinner?" I asked.

"Leftovers."

"Like what?"

"Hash browns, scrambled eggs, spinach oatmeal. tater tots, beef stroganoff, steak and cheese subs, lasagna, meatloaf, and pork chops."

I walked over to the table, sat down, and started eating!



The Problem in Friedsville

by Timothy, fifth grade writer

On a planet, nearly the size of Earth, there lays a little town known as Friedsville. In that town was a boy named Timo Schab. He was ten years old, but was very courageous. Timo's planet is not like Earth, mainly because his planet produces processed foods naturally. Usually, everything safely enters Friedsville and is able to be eaten without harming the citizens in any way. But weather changes.

On what seemed like a normal day, Timo and all the other Friedsvillians went outside for breakfast, ready to collect some food that fell from the sky. Timo hoped for waffles and juicy sausage. But what Friedsville received wasn't sausage or waffles, it was a downpour of oversized foods.

Giant, mushy oranges the size of a car pelted the city, acting like bombs as they exploded on the impact of the ground. "What's going on?!" yelled Timo as he ran back into his house. Burnt bagels the size of a small house blew in from the south and crushed houses scattering the debris of the house all over the city. There was not much Timo could do. He improvised and put on some toy armor.

Timo did not know how it could get any worse. But it did get worse. Very, very sour juice flooded lakes of yogurt. The rest of it covered the city. It was so sour that it was a very powerful acid. Timo's toy armor melted away, leaving him without protection.

When the juice started to melt away his shoes, Timo looked around, looking for a place to go. About one hundred feet away were people gathered on a hill. He started to run. Luckily, the juice started to stop falling, giving Timo a breath of relief. He made it to the hill, his shoes almost completely gone.

"I wish lunch and dinner will be better," Timo said desperately. Then he lay down and fell asleep.

"Timo, wake up!" screamed one of Timo's best friends, Don Drino. Timo sat up, looking around. At first, he thought he had gotten his wish. All the juice, bagels and oranges were gone and only a few houses had been destroyed. He looked up, and finally noticed that he had not gotten his wish.

It was never like it had ever been before. First, there were clouds of hot chocolate. But that wasn't the bad part, the clouds literally fell from the sky, hit the ground, and let the hot chocolate flow around in the city. At first everybody on the hill was safe.

Now here was the most unusual part. Frozen pieces of salad fell out of the sky, shattering into pieces. Everyone looked at each other in confusion, their jaws dropping. And super stuffed ravioli fell everywhere, pelting the citizens. Everyone on the hill was hit. "There has got to be something wrong," Timo suggested. "We need to get to the sky."

All of a sudden, a tiny earthquake started to rumble. The top of the hill started to open up. Timo went into the hole. Inside the hole was a personal spaceship. "I'll be right back," Timo said.

"Good luck," everyone muttered.

The engine started, making a loud gurgling noise. Then the spaceship left the hole and headed up toward the sky. Timo flew up over the clouds and threw a penny out the spaceship. He went back to the hill, into the hole. "I'll just have to wait until dinner," Timo said.

It was time for dinner, and everybody looked anxiously to the sky. A light snow of skim milk started to fall and all the children jumped for joy. Many different types of pizza dropped from the sky. Sausage, pepperoni, cheese, supreme, the works – you name it. And to finish it off, shrimp slowly floated down from the clouds.

Friedsville was finally back to normal.

