

Here, three savvy sixth graders share their final drafts of their Silly Animal Problems Stories. Juan, Layla, and Raelynn work on the traits of idea development and organization as they wrote and revised these stories. Read each story, then talk with a partner about where you think each writer excels with both idea development and organization.



No Stripes

by Juan, sixth grade writer

“Rooaaarrrrrr” fumed Tom, King of Tigers, as he flashed through the desolate jungle midnight to find his son huddled next to his mother. Something seemed wrong. His son didn’t seem normal. The problem was he had no stripes, no glory, and with no stripes came no fear. When the others saw Tim, they disrespected Tom. They thought he shouldn’t be King because of his disgraceful son.

Seven months later, Tim learned how to stalk prey by himself while the other cubs were playing. No one liked Tim. He was left out of every gathering and game. Tim didn’t care. He had his father but no mother now because two months ago his mother, Tina, had gone to gather food in the gloomy night and never returned. His father never spoke again.

One day while gathering food, Tim bumped into something. It wasn’t a tree or a bush but a seven foot high Asiatic bear named Buck. Buck growled “You is lost, stranger. If you is, this my territory. Say stranger, you related to Tom? If you are, tell him I killed Tina.”

Tim felt a tear run down his face. Buck raised a gargantuan paw and swung. He had barely grazed Tim’s fur coat. Tim went in to a pounce position, jumped and with one great slice to Buck’s face, blood splatter covered his fur. He had done it. Tim had won against Buck. When Tim stopped to get water, he noticed spots on his fur. Tim had earned spots. When he returned, he told the village of his great victory and became king of the jungle.



Carl, the Un-Funny Clown Fish

by Layla, sixth grade writer

One very sunny-blue day at Rainbow Reef, Carl a clownfish was trying to tell one of his “very funny jokes.” His very best friends, Puffy Puffer fish (a brown puffer fish with white little polka dots), Cora (the jelly fish, very pink and squishy), and Flora Mantaræ (a navy-blue manta ray with big white polka dots), were not very pleased with his jokes. His first joke was, “What do you call a cat on the beach at Christmas time?”

“We don’t know?” they groaned. (He told the same jokes every time)

“SANDY CLAWS! Get it?” He was on the ground, rolling in laughter.

“Ha ha! That was very funny,” they all said sarcastically. Puffy even said, “Yeah, I’m laughing my head off.”

“How’s that even possible?” asked Carl, still rolling and trying to make another “very funny joke”

Puffy was so tired of the same “very funny jokes” all the time, so she offered “Hey Carl, uh, meet me at the park tomorrow at 11:00 sharp!”

“OK, but what are we going to do?” he asked.

“You’ll see,” she said mysteriously, then swam off.

The next day Carl met Puffy at the park. She shoved a huge book into his fins called How to be Funny by Marlin Finnister. “Why do I have to read this? I already think I am super funny,” asked Carl.

“JUST READ IT!” exclaimed Puffy.

“OK, OK,” said Carl.

The next day Carl met Puffy at the park “I didn’t understand it one bit.”

“AHHHHHH!!!” exclaimed Puffy.

Carl thought she was angry with him because she swam away. “I’m sorry that I didn’t understand it!” But then he realized that she wasn’t screaming about him. She was screaming because there was a diver right behind him trying to capture him in fishing net!

All he could think to do was tell jokes. He tried three or four he had learned out of the book but none of them worked. So he told his favorite joke of all. “What do you have after you sit on the beach? Sandy cheeks!”

The diver laughed so hard that he ran out of oxygen in his tank and had to swim to the top as fast as he could to get air. He never came back down ever again. Carl had saved everyone’s fins from the diver so from now on they always laughed at his jokes, even if they weren’t funny.



Roarless

by Raelynn, sixth grade writer

The sun rose above the hilltops, and the sky turned a glorious pink-orange color. King the Lion, ruler of the Savannahs, was prepared to wake the animals from their slumber. His wife, Laila the Leopard, was snoring soundly and sleepily. King was also ready to scare her, to make her tremble with fear and then laugh ridiculously.

King slowly opened his mouth, pushing his voice to roar. "Meep," his voice squeaked. An eyebrow was raised, he was startled, so he tried again. "MEEP!" He could not make his voice loud enough, not fierce enough! Sighing, King turned around and pawed at Laila's tender muzzle. She awoke from a dream, eyes fluttering.

"Yes, King?" Laila questioned, "I thought you were supposed to *roar* us awake."

In response the "kitty" just slowly shook his head, with a disappointing frown forming on his lips. "This morning I tried to scare everyone awake, but I didn't. I wasn't able to, sadly! For some ominous reason my voice won't be louder than a peep when I try."

Laila nodded. She understood. She was also full of pity, a humorous pity that made her want to chuckle. The sky was now transitioning from its pink hue, to a graceful light blue. It was later in the morning now, so Laila roared for King instead. Everyone woke up, from rabbit to every feline sibling.

King disappeared into a dry, grassy meadow, sulking. What happened? Could he roar no longer? Seemingly, no, he could not.

Minutes passed, and Renee, one of the rude rabbit children, saw King in the meadow. She hopped over curiously to King. "Girly alarm this morning! What, you make your wife do everything? Roar, lion! Let me hear you roar! That is...if you CAN!" mocked Renee.

King was insulted, and his eyes narrowed. "I will not tolerate your behavior, you child!" King declared and lifted his mouth open. "Meep!" Nothing, just the sound of a whisper again.

Renee was on the grass, eyes closed, rolling with laughter. "You sound like me! A little, childish sound! Ha ha!" She bounced away, all giggly.

The made-fun-of, baby roar lion decided to transfer himself under the shade of a dying oak tree. Depressed, weeping, he lay down.

"Aye, mate! You don't need'a be a cryin' now!" snickered Cameo the Chameleon, who lived on a branch in the tree.

King's ears perked up. He was startled, and his golden eyes wandered about.

"Up here, ya' furry beast!" Cameo directed, quite rudely.

King's eyes looked up and spotted the yellow-orange lizard. "You're YELLOW!" hollered King. "What do you think is oh-so funny, you stupid lizard?"

"I think it's too hilarious that a big beastly fella' like you is weepin' over something so dumb!" Cameo answered. "I heard ya' tiny peeps from these holes in my head!"

King's cheeks flushed angrily, and he opened his mouth with the tiniest sound coming from it, even less than a whisper. Cameo turned more yellow, like the sun, and laughed insanely.

Laila decided to walk up to King quietly, and made a loud roar. King sort of expected it, so he wasn't too afraid. Sighing, he asked, "Please...Help me?"

Laila was shocked. "M-me? Help *you*?! The King of Savannahs?!" He nodded, with a half smile, half frown. She smiled in a weird way, dragging him with her, King's face hung in the dust. "Open your mouth," Laila guided.

"Well duh!" King joked.

"Don't be so rude, now say...uhm...GRAAAH as loud as you can!"

"Grah!" was what came out of his wide jaws. It was so quiet, not much more than the purring of a house cat.

Laila sighed, and they tried for hours and hours. Every time they tried, King's "roar" only grew a bit louder. Very slowly, but it did. By the time it was dawn, King was done. His roar was nearly as loud as a rock concert's speakers on full volume.

Everyone was asleep. This was the moment King had been waiting for since just yesterday.

The sky, a pink-orange color, was waiting for King's awakening.

And when he did, all the animals of the Savannahs ran away screaming.

The lesson that inspired this writing can be found at the WritingFix website:
http://writingfix.com/Picture_Book_Prompts/Dogbreath1.htm