

## Advice to a writing response group:

Imagine that Danielle, Jessie, and Katie—whose *scientific mishap* stories are below—are in your writing response group. You all have been asked to write your own adventure story, and Danielle, Jessie, and Katie are close to being done with theirs. They have asked you for some last minute advice to help them get an even better grade on their stories.

Danielle, Jessie, and Katie know their teacher will be grading their stories strongly on **organization** and **idea development**. Give each writer one piece of advice to make both their organization and idea development even better in their final drafts. Write your advice for each writer directly on this page, somewhere near each story below.

If you have time, also be prepared to share one excellent writing technique you saw Danielle, Jessie, and Katie use that you will borrow when you write your own scientific mishap story.

### What's organization?

- There is a strong introduction to the piece of writing.
- The writing comes to a satisfying conclusion.
- Transitions are used to move the idea along logically.
- Paragraphs are written with purpose
- The introduction somehow links back to the conclusion.
- The title is effective.

### What's idea development?

- There is an appropriate balance of showing *and* telling.
- Having quality details are more important than having quantity details.
- A unique idea is being written about, or a unique writing approach has been used.
- All of the ideas seem to all fit together as part of the whole of the story.

## Molphin

by Danielle P., ninth grade writer

My first day at work as a marine biologist in the lab was a day I will never forget. As I walked into the double white doors of the lab, I knew something was not quite right. Everything was spilled on the floor: the algae collections, the dolphin blood samples, and everything else. Animals were out of their cages, fish out of their tanks. I yelled to see if anyone was there. I walked around to look at the damage. I noticed there was a light misty smoke at the bottom of my feet.

I heard a loud noise and turned around quickly to see what it was. I turned around a bit too quick, especially with all the chemical samples on the floor. I fell and before I knew it the misty smoke and chemicals took over my body.

I looked down at my body and saw that my skin was absorbing the chemicals. Suddenly, I blacked out. When I came to I couldn't move. I could hardly breathe, and I saw I had a really long nose and fins. Someone finally splashed a bucket of water on me. I looked around and noticed I had combined into a half man, half dolphin, a molphin, the first in history. My coworkers took me to a tank, and I have lived there ever since.





## Mandingo

By Jessie T., ninth grade writer

As I was making a batch of gingerbread cookies, I ran out of vanilla extract. I went to look in my dad's laboratory, seeing as he always uses the ingredients in there, I thought I could find a substitute. All I had found was a goopy pink liquid with a name on the label I couldn't even pronounce. I figured it would be just as good, seeing as it smelled similar to vanilla. So I mixed it into the batter concoction and plopped it into small puddles on a cookie sheet and set them in the oven to cook. Unable to help myself, for a treat I licked the spoon before I washed the dishes.

All of a sudden from the other room I heard banging and lots of steam rushing from the room. Just as I walked in, the oven door flew open and a dozen pink flamingos burst out and knocked me over. As I was lying on the floor with all of these exotic birds surrounding me in my kitchen, it hit me that I had just eaten some of the mixture!

Of course, as I stood up I slowly began to feel my legs become limber and more skinny. Then my neck grew, my body became stout, and I could see a beak in front of my face. Then my body puffed and pink feathers appeared all over me. It seems I won't be eating cookies anytime soon. I'm on an all-fish diet now, and I'll stick to recipes without any substitutes!

## The Evil Scheme and the Woboon

by Katie M., ninth grade writer

I was finishing my studies for the evening in my lab near the Amazon. When my helpful companion, Winnie, walked in with a jumble of liquids and test tubes in his hands and a sneer on his face. I ignored the matter and went to check the specimens I was testing when suddenly a red mist engulfed the room around me and I went unconscious.

I had awoken with only the mere memory of the incident and nothing else. My eyesight was blurry and I felt like I needed some fresh air. As I fought to stand up, I noticed my knees were different and something long and fuzzy was lying at my feet. Horrified, I ran to the restroom to see myself. When I looked in the mirror, no words could come to my mind to describe what I felt.

My feet now resembled a large pair of hands and my body was now covered in thick brown animal hair that encircled a blue face. A long wagging tail extended from my spine and my face was that of a girlish baboon. I had become a woboon! At that point my only instinct was to run and hide, so I ran to the jungle and hid in the trees hoping their leaves would cover me so that nobody could see me. As I sat in the tree, I felt a sense of freedom and happiness I had never felt before. I decided to have some fun with my new self. I started leaping through the branches. As I did this, I thought to myself, "I could get used to this!"

