

Inspired by Rod Clement's story, [Grandpa's Teeth](http://writingfix.com/Picture_Book_Prompts/GrandpasTeeth1.htm), these two fourth graders worked on their *idea development* and *organization* skills as they brainstormed, drafted, and revised these stories. Read both stories and be prepared to talk about where you see both writers succeed with idea development and organization. The lesson that inspired this writing can be found at the WritingFix website: http://writingfix.com/Picture_Book_Prompts/GrandpasTeeth1.htm

My Stolen Homework

by Elizabeth, fourth grade writer.



Seven words were all it took for a person to know something special was missing: "Please get your Social Studies homework out."

Those were the words of my teacher, Mrs. Pritchard. I picked up my blue homework folder with the fancy-looking gold imprint that read 'Parent/Teacher Communication Folder' on the bottom to take out my homework. But wait! To my shocking surprise, it was gone! Thoughts were racing through my mind. What devious, terrible, and monstrous person could have taken it? A bully? A real robber? The thought made me shudder. Then, as if a person had pulled a file from my brain, a light bulb popped over my head. I knew who had done it: Mrs. Pritchard. My instincts told me she was the one because she loves Social Studies so much.

Immediately, I charged up from my somewhat clean desk and to her 'mini office'. "Yes, Elizabeth?" Mrs. Pritchard asked.

I loved listening to her teaching and all, but I reminded myself to be angry at her. "You know what you did, Mrs. P," I said accusingly.

"Why, I don't know what you're talking about Elizabeth," she responded.

"Mrs. Pritchard, you know your exact ferocious actions," I blurted.

"WHAT?" she snapped.

I sighed. "You know you stole my Social Studies paper, Mrs. Pritchard!"

Mrs. Pritchard looked shocked and concerned at the same time. "Elizabeth why would you think such a thing?"

"Well, if my hunch is correct, you LOVE Social Studies and that's why you'd take it." I thought about this theory over again, to make sure it made sense. I thought I should dig through my desk again to be safe. I went back to my seat and asked my partner, John, to help me. We started to take out every single pencil, paper, book, pouch, folder, and even the solid back to the desk. It was quite a lot of work.

"John, we've taken everything out. We've gone through every square inch of this desk. Thank you for your help, but I'm going to have to go to Plan B," I said, feeling rather defeated.

After about an hour of organizing (and drilling the back of the desk on), I went down to the office of our school principal, Mrs. Clor, to tell her Plan B. Her office was contemporary and very inviting. I took a seat and waited for her secretary to call me back. When I was called in, I informed her of the case of the missing assignment. "Mrs. Clor, please question all children with Social Studies homework. Even the Kindergartners," I pleaded.

"Elizabeth what are your reasons for asking this?" she asked.

I hesitated for a moment. "Well, I lost my Social Studies homework, and can't find it, so I think Mrs. Pritchard stole it, and just want to be sure," I blurted out.

"Wait, slow down. What?" she asked, looking somewhat shocked.

"I think Mrs. Pritchard stole my homework," I repeated. It was hard to say it, and I didn't want it to be true.

By now, I think Mrs. Clor was really shocked. "You think Mrs. Pritchard stole your homework!" she suddenly shrieked.

"Please calm down Mrs. Clor," I said.

Mrs. Clor still seemed very upset. "All right then, we better get to the bottom of this!" I felt relieved. "So that means you'll do it?" I asked.

"Well, of course," she responded.

"Thank you Mrs. Clor!" I said. I then skipped down the hall, feeling like a weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

On Friday, I learned that at least half the school had been questioned. My mind was racing. I started thinking of another plan. With nothing but a blank, racing mind, I felt I had no choice but to give up on ever solving this crime.

During second recess, I went down to Mrs. Clor's office. "Mrs. Clor, it's been a week, half the school has been questioned, and no paper has turned up. Just give me an F on that paper," I conceded.

"Elizabeth, you're doing just wonderful in that subject. I'll talk to your teacher about it," she said kindly.

"Thanks, Mrs. Clor," I said sadly. I was still devastated. That paper had counted for 70% of my grade. I stood up and happened to glance behind her desk. I spotted a familiar patriotic style, red, white, and blue paper.

"Mrs. Clor!" I gulped.

"What, my dear?" she asked with a smile.

"*You stole my paper!*" I exclaimed. I rushed for the phone and called the police. When they came, they handcuffed her and put her in the police car. Mrs. Pritchard came out and looked at me.

"Sorry I blamed you Mrs. P.," I said sheepishly.

"It's all right, Elizabeth, it's all right," Mrs. P said tenderly.

Looks like it's time for our school to find a new principal.

My Brother's Crime

by Alex, fourth grade writer

"Ahhhh! Mom, call 911! Call a lawyer! Call National Security! Call anyone!"

My video games were missing. I kept my games on this table in my bedroom. Erik, my brother, always went in my room when I'm not there, and I think it was him. I never let him play my games, and I think he stole them because they're the most popular and expensive games that everyone wants.

I looked under my bed, on the table, downstairs and upstairs, but nothing. I think he is playing them right now with his friend at his friend's house or in his secret lair. Or maybe in an underground house. So I had the police and the S.W.A.T. team start investigating.

One night later, I saw him riding on a new motorcycle on the street. I thought to myself, "Erik can't drive, or can he?" The next morning I told the police and S.W.A.T team that I saw him, and they investigated every house on that road.

Finally one night I found my brother sneaking into my room and putting back the games. He still had to serve community service, and he hated it but that's what he got for stealing my video games.

