

Here, two fifth graders worked on their **voice** and **organization** as they wrote these monologues. Read both stories, then talk with a friend about where you see good voice and organization skills in these persuasive pieces of writing.

### Marshland Man-Eaters

by Kimberly, 5<sup>th</sup> grade writer

Hey, all you mysterious creatures of the backyard marsh. I know you want to sneak inside my room and eat me, but you can't, even if all the doors and windows were open. "Why?" you ask. Because I'm too small and as stringy as a string bean, but I can assure you my fat brother is a plump juicy steak. Trust me, I have some proof and experience so stay where you are, mysterious man-eating marshland monsters, and listen to me.

Ok, first of all, my brother is younger than me. Whoa, whoa, whoa! Listen to what I say before you get too hasty. I'm just trying to say he's an easy meal. I'm a really smart kid, and my brother...well, let's just get to the point. He's in kindergarten and below grade level. Can you believe it? And he's so gullible. He's a plump, juicy steak, ready to hop in the pot and be cooked!

Oh, so I'm not convincing enough? Well all right then, you wouldn't want to hear how he's plumper than anyone, I know. Oh well, maybe later. Oh, so you **are** interested. Okay, well, he's not that tall—Hey, knock it off! Don't you dare get a knife! I have more to share with you! Where was I? Oh yeah—instead of growing taller like most kids his age, he grows wider. He's a plump little pig all right. So you want him or not? More proof? Okay, one more point.

He's juicy. Did I mention that? He sweats a lot. Think of it like this: you don't need to salt him because he salts himself. And a little scrape bleeds for half an hour, and when his scabs get bumped, they bleed for twenty minutes. Yeah, he's that juicy! Not enough? Well, I guess I have to make a confession then. I chewed on his finger a while ago. He was slow to notice, but if he hadn't squealed, I would have eaten him. And trust me, he was good! You'll enjoy eating this delicious little boy. Do you want that plump, juicy, gullible steak now?

If you don't, I guess you'd rather endure my stringiness than enjoy my brother's steakiness. Well, if you decide you need me, I will be right here in my room on my bed.



### "Please?" A *Don't Eat Me* Story

by Danielle, 5<sup>th</sup> grade writer

Hey you! Yeah, I see you there, you big beastly bear, lookin' at me and lickin' your chops. Well, see here. I have a bad after taste. I taste horrible. You definitely don't wanna eat me. I can prove it. Listen up!

For starters, I have hair. I may taste good at first, but you can't block out the stringy, brown mass that is my hair for very long. Think of when you find just one single hair in a piece of food. It makes you lose your appetite. And what would you do with my body once you do decide I don't taste good? Will you leave me in your house to rot and stink up the place? I don't think so. I guess you could put me outside for the coyotes and flies, but then they'd howl and buzz throughout the night, and you wouldn't get any sleep. I guess you could carry my body far from your house, but you'd get really tired before you got me far enough away. You'd get eaten by the coyotes alongside of me.

You know, I definitely don't come boneless. You can't go to a store and buy me all in a package and ready to go. You can't take me to a butcher. Yep, that's right. My bones make me as crunchy as an eggshell in a soft pancake. It's like eating a delicious donut, only to find the next bite has a piece of plastic stuck in the frosting. It's the same case with me. I have a bunch of organs, bones, and billions of tiny cells that I like to call blood. Disgusting!

Wait! I know your secret. You don't like a lot of racket. You definitely don't wanna eat me. Know why? It's because I have dogs. If they see you using me as an appetizer, they'll bark their loudest and growl. My dogs and you could be best friends if you don't eat me. They can be very playful. I can tell you are lonely. We could be friends too.

So don't eat me! If you are still considering eating me, I'll warn you. My pups can also be very unfriendly. So stay away....please?!

