

These four students worked on **organization** and **idea development** as they wrote these stories. Read each story, then talk with a partner about where each writer shows good control over these two writing traits.



The Fireplace that Screamed
by Kalama, 2nd grade writer

There used to be a screaming fireplace in my living room. He made me bump into all the walls in fear. Before I sat down to get warm, I would always hope that when I opened my eyes he would be gone.

I even tried to get rid of all of his wood once. When it was time to get warm, I feared that his smoke would tackle me down to the ground.

Finally one day I decided to use the heater instead of the fireplace, and he never scared me again.



The Red Eye
by Noelle, 3rd grade writer

There used to be a monster in my smoke detector. He made me very scared. He had one red eye.

Before I went to bed, I always hoped he wouldn't be there. I even told my mom to hit him with something. When it was time to go to bed I tried not to look at him.

Finally one day I decided to get a yellow sleeping mask and he was gone forever.



My Mean Fireplace
by Iris, 3rd grade writer

There used to be a freaky fireplace monster in my huge living room. He made me want to touch the fire, and he had brown scary lips and a yellow eye.

Before I went to the living room to watch TV, I always hoped that my mom had gotten rid of him. I started hating to go to the living room and so when I wanted one of my toys, I sent my sister. When it was time to sit by the fireplace on a cold night, I checked if the monster was there, and he was looking at me mysteriously.

Finally one day I decided to get rid of him. I was mad by then that I showed him my water hose that I just bought and he was gone forever.



Dragon Problems
by Kendalynn, 3rd grade writer

There used to be a dragon in the neighborhood. Anytime he felt like it, he'd pick our house up and shake it. It made me feel afraid, scared and like I wanted to crawl under a rock. I was not getting any sleep because of him!

Finally, I yelled at him. I said, "GO AWAY!"

He started to cry. I told him it was okay. Now anytime he gets mad, he only does a little rumble, but when he does, I pretend I am on a roller coaster ride.