



Inspired by Keiko Kasza's picture book, [My Lucky Day](#), and an [online lesson](#) at WritingFix's persuasive writing page, these seventh graders created the following stories, working on their voice and idea development as they wrote and revised.

Read the following stories, then work with a partner and discuss where all three story-tellers show their best skills with voice and idea development.

The Turkey's Thanksgiving

by Madisyn, seventh grade writer



It was an early, brisk morning on Thanksgiving Day. A turkey was on his morning walk on the farm when he noticed a house with two kids playing in the front yard. A man came outside and told the children to head to the store and buy a big fat turkey for dinner. That made the turkey angry.

"Oh no, I cannot let those devious kids eat my unfortunate siblings and friends. I have to do something." So the turkey waddled up to the house as fast as he could and--*Ding-dong!* The wooden door creaked as it opened. "Hello, sir," said the turkey. "I'm just going around the neighborhood to wish everyone a Happy Thanksgiving."

The father wore a conniving smile on his face, "Well, come on in, Mr. Turkey. It's freezing outside. Mr. Turkey, you can have a seat on your couch!"

"Okay sir."

"You know what, that couch isn't comfortable. Why don't you sit in this pan of scorching, hot water?"

"Okay mister, but ..."

"But what?"

The turkey smiled. "You don't want a turkey all by itself. Don't you want to stuff me with stuffing?"

"Yes, fine, but where will we get stuffing from?"

"Where from? Why, my farm."

So they got in the car and drove to the farm. When they arrived the turkey ran inside, grabbed a box of stuffing and ran to the pigs, cows, hens, chickens, goats, and sheep, telling them his plan of having his own Thanksgiving dinner. All of the animals giggled when they heard. Then turkey ran back to the car with the stuffing box.

When they arrived back at the house, the family told the turkey to climb in the oven. "Mister, I would love to get in the oven, but just one more thing..."

"What?"

"Wouldn't you like me to have more meat on me? Well then, I would like a big huge pancake dinner!"

After the family cooked him a huge pancake dinner with bacon, eggs, and toast, he said, "Mmmmm, thank you. That was the best food I've ever eaten."

"Now that you're fat, get in the oven."

"Okay, but let me go outside and go to the bathroom first."

When the turkey went outside, full of their pancakes and food, he dashed all the way back to the farm!

Coyote's Dinner Protests

by Megan, seventh grade writer



Melvin, the turkey, had just escaped, escaped from that awful prison of a farm with all those awful turkeys. He was free, free as a bird and walking down a dirt road. A big, bad coyote snatched him from behind, grabbing hold of his neck. Freedom gone!

"Look at what I have here," the coyote growled. "A yummy looking turkey and it's all mine." The coyote's grip wasn't tight at all, but it was definitely firm.

The turkey said, "I'm skin and bones, a pathetic farm turkey. I wouldn't taste good. So why settle for turkey when you can have some rabbit? Soft, tender, delicious rabbit? Rabbit meat just melts in your mouth. Yum!"

"I hate rabbit," the coyote snarled. Walking through a door and into his kitchen, the coyote started preparing the turkey. "Time to cut your head off, bird," the coyote said as he held a knife to Melvin's throat.

"Mr. Coyote, sir, have some hot and spicy chicken wings instead. Chickens are stupid. NO loss to the world."

"I don't want chicken. I want turkey. Now shut up!"

"Wait, wait! You should pluck my feathers first, so it's easier to chop my head off."

So the coyote did exactly that. *Pluck, pluck, pluck.*

"Mr. Coyote, I know of this pig. *Ow!* His name is Lars. *Ow!* He--*Ow!*--is the biggest, fattest pig in the country. *Ow!* He'd make a better--"

"Be quiet before I eat you raw!" the coyote shrieked. "I wanna pluck you, stuff you, and shove you in my freaking oven! So be quiet!"

Sometime later, the coyote belched with satisfaction from his turkey dinner and went to sleep.

Meanwhile Melvin, the turkey, floated up to Turkey heaven, finally having some type of freedom.

The Tale of the Clever Turkey

by Gurpreeti, seventh grade writer



One day, a hungry hunter was preparing for Thanksgiving Day. He sat in his rocking chair, polishing his gun, when he was startled by a knock and a shout at the door. "Yo chicken, what's crackin'?"

"Chicken?" the hunter thought. "Man, if there were any chickens here, I'd have eaten them already!" When he opened the door, there stood a yummy-tastic, plump turkey.

"Oh dang!" squawked the turkey. "Wrong house!"

"Ooh danngg!" replied the hunter. "You're just in time." He grabbed the turkey by the neck and hauled him inside. "My lucky day! I mean, how often does a Thanksgiving dinner come knocking at the door?"

The turkey squawked some more. "Let me go!"

"Sorry dude," the hunter replied. "This isn't just any dinner. It's my Thanksgiving feast! Now get in this oven!"

It seemed useless to struggle. "Okay, okay," sighed the turkey. "I will, but there's just one thing."

"What?" growled the hunter.

"Well, I'm a turkey, you see. I play in dirt and run around all day. I am kinda filthy. Shouldn't you wash me first?"

So the hunter worked hard to start up the shower to let the turkey wash himself. "Okay, now hop in the oven," the hunter said, wiping some sweat from his head.

"Well, there's just one more thing," said the turkey.

"What now?" the hunter replied, wiping his forehead.

"Well, you see, I'm not as big as my other friends. You shall need to fatten me up."

So the hunter hopped to his feet, working hard to make some stuffing for the turkey to eat, and the turkey gobbled it down. "Okay now, get in this oven!"

"There's just one last thing," said the turkey.

"What? What?"

"My nails and beak are awfully long. You should trim them first."

The turkey did have a point, so the hunter got out his wife's grooming kit and began to groom.

"This is like being at a spa!" laughed the turkey, closing his eyes. "Keep trimming." After a minute, he said, "Where did that hunter go?" The turkey looked and looked. There the hunter was back in his rocking chair, sleeping from exhaustion!

So, the turkey opened the door and left. "Who shall I outsmart next?" wondered the turkey.