

BFF Resort

by Kirsi, seventh grade

"Please don't make me go!" yelled my little brother, Timothy. "PLEASE!"

That was my little brother all right. He never wanted to go to my best friend Katie's house because of her pesky little brother, Jacob. We call him Jake, and he always wanted to play with my big brother, Matthew, instead of Timothy. I enjoyed the torture, so he went anyway. *HA HA HA!*

Katie was waiting for me, well... not really... she was sleeping. I crept up stairs and--*FLUMP!*--I jumped on her bed. "Oohh... Jake, get out of my room," she said snoozily.

"Hello, Snoopy!" I said. She had no clue why I was there until I reminded her that I was going to sleep over, and we had made plans to stay up as late as possible. After the supper of hamburgers, pickles, kiwi, chips & dip, we went downstairs to watch TV on her plasma! But her brother followed--*GRRR!* When we got there, we decided to play WII instead.

"Don't pull your pants down, Jake!" I screamed. He was going to show me his Sponge Bob boxers or something!

We watched random things--well, whatever was on. We made cheesy macaliny (mac & cheese), chocolate strawberries, chocolate bananas, and we ate kiwis and peaches. We went up to Kate's empty (or so it felt) room. Her magazines covered her floor. Her nail polish sat on the thing-a-ma-jig by her bed, and we sat and painted our nails more than just the colors of the--uh, oh yeah--rainbow. We looked "steamin' hot!"

Next, we decided to plan our weddings: big cake, little ring, the colors--you know, everything! We even sketched out some dresses and stuff.

YAWN. I looked at the clock and *DANG* it was already 3 a.m. so we decided to go to bed.



The Summer of the Disappearing Trunks

by Thomas, seventh grade writer

I remember that trip to Florida. My family and I went to Cocoa Beach, and I remember playing in the sand. Most of the time, I just fiddled in the sand, just covering my body, building sandcastles, and putting crabs in sand caves and collapsing them.

I will never forget how I wanted to wander into the ocean, yet my dad said I couldn't because I just ate or something like that. *Simple Dad*. He would always say "no," or "maybe" which to him means "no."

Finally an hour passed, so I had waited long enough and I was ready to dive into the water. I sprinted to the water like it was the love of my life, but everyone knows that would be weird.

I was in the water! *Yes!* But I had no clue what horrible monster was coming... suddenly there was a *Wham! Dunk! Dunk! Wham!* It was my ugly brother! I knew he was a weakling, so I just slipped out and punched him, telling my parents it was a fish that hit him. *Hahaha!* I got away with it.

Of course karma would occur, but I wasn't scared. So I just swam like I was walking, gracefully. I just acted like a shark, ready to kill, waiting for my next victim, which would again be my brother. However, just before I could strike my brother, he ran in shore.

Then my whole family decided to go to an ice cream bar. Earlier they had asked if I wanted to go, but I didn't answer them because I was having so much fun in the water. I guess they took that as a "No."

Suddenly a wave caught me and smacked me around, and I started feeling water rushing everywhere. Then all I could think of was something missing. Something protective. My **SWIMMING TRUNKS!** The wave had ripped my swimming trunks right off of me!

The feeling I had was as if the world was suddenly split in half and I was in the middle. I was so embarrassed. I really couldn't make it to shore because my family was out eating, and my trunks were on the beach shore, the waves pushing them ahead of me before I could grab them. I was violated! All I had was an inner tube covering my dignity.

Suddenly I felt a tap. I turned around, with the inner tube shielding my dignity, to see a teenage girl who was asking to borrow the inner tube. I panicked. What could I do? So I shouted "No!"

I felt a tap again and started to shout again when I turned to see my step-mom holding my trunks. I was so relieved. The earth was glued back together, and no one could do anything to mess it up again.



Name Games

by Shaye, seventh grade writer



My family and I—one time—went to my Grandma’s house for lunch right before we went graveyard jumping. Graveyard jumping is what my Grandma calls it when we visit the graves on Memorial Day. Grandma made her famous Memorial lunch: chicken with some green stuff on it, an old pot of chili and beans, a bunch of rotten vegetables, and cookies in the shape of tears. Honestly, I don’t think anything except the cookies were edible, so I ate two or three cookies before I found out they were oatmeal; then, I just snacked around the house.

When we finally went graveyard jumping, we stopped at a very odd graveyard where the weirdest thing happened. I saw a girl (well...a baby picture on her tombstone) and the stone read ‘Kaylee Shaye T. 1996-1996.’ Suddenly all these different emotions came to me. Then my “concerned” brother came up to me and said, “Hey Shaye, are you supposed to be dead?” I was only six or seven so, of course, I believed him. Then these questions filled my head. *Was I dead? Was I a zombie? Was I a vampire trying to take over the world and end life as we know it?* The last one seemed a little farfetched for a kindergartener.

I was quiet the entire ride back to the house. When my mother finally noticed me, she came over and said, “Shaye, is something wrong?”

I had almost forgotten how to speak. “No, nothing at all, Mom.”

“Well, you look a little upset.”

“I’m fine ... just a little,” I tried to think of something that would make sense, “hungry.”

“You should’ve eaten more at your grandma’s house.”

Perfect. I couldn’t believe she bought that excuse even after she saw me scarf down a huge bag of potato chips. At home, I was still wondering about Kaylee. *Who was she? Was it me? Was I really dead?*

The next year we went back. I was more than eager to see Kaylee again. I was more mature, but I still wondered if Kaylee and I were the same person, and that maybe I was still a spirit.

This time I came prepared. I brought my baby picture. When I held it up to hers, they seemed almost identical. She had the same eyes, hair, and she was the same size. I couldn’t breathe.

The rest of the day went according to plan. My dad always drove, my mom got on to my brother and me, and Grandma and Grandpa cried, remembering their old friends. I was lying down in the back seat, wondering about me and Kaylee. That’s when my parents started talking about her.

“Dave, don’t you think it’s ironic how Kaylee and Shaye have the exact same name?” asked my Mom.

“Yeah, the only difference is that Kaylee’s last name is different by only a few letters,” my Dad said.

When he said those words, it was like angels singing. Words couldn’t describe my feelings even though I was a bit disappointed to find out I wasn’t a vampire.

That day I learned a valuable lesson. When you go to a graveyard, read the entire last name not just the first letter of it.

Here, three seventh graders share some summertime memories. Inspired by the George Gershwin song, *Summertime*, the students tried to convey mood and emotion in their memoirs and narratives. Read each story carefully, then with a friend talk about how each author tried to show emotion in these stories.

The lesson that inspired this writing was found at the WritingFix website: <http://writingfix.com>