

These writers worked on their **organization** and **word choice** as they wrote for WritingFix's "Three Meal Weather" writing lesson. Discuss each story's strengths in organization and word choice with a partner.

Direct link for the online lesson that inspired this writing: http://writingfix.com/Picture_Book_Prompts/Cloudy1.htm

Tummytown

by Maria, eighth grade writer

One day, on a crisp fall morning in Tummytown, everyone had to get up early to rake leaves before breakfast started to fall. It took them that long because their tummies were so round they could barely move. "This is my favorite part of the day," someone said.

At precisely 9:00 a.m., as always, the townspeople started to waddle in to the park. They stood there, waiting for the river to flow in. It was different every day. "I wonder what it's going to be today," said Hung Ray. He was the loudest, heaviest, and most random person in all of Tummytown.

Suddenly breakfast started. Grape juice rushed in through the river. "Grapealicious!" shouted Hung Ray excitedly. He pulled out his massive cup, along with his plate that was nine times the size of everyone else's, and theirs were huge. Just moments later, pancakes started flopping down from the sky as sticky syrup oozed up from the cracks in the path in the park. Next, the mouth watering smell of bacon arrived as it sizzled down onto their plates. Hung Ray's plate was piled up miles high, and he even ate it all.

While they all waited for 12:00 p.m. to come around, they went back to their homes. That is, everyone except for Hung Ray. He just sat in the park singing to pass the time as he waited for lunch time. At 11:55 a.m. people began rolling into the park, but even though they had eaten so much breakfast, they were still hungry. "3...2...1...LUNCH!" Hung Ray counted down. Yellowish clouds gathered over the park. Sour, refreshing lemonade began pouring down. They all stuck out their glasses. Then hot dogs and buns shot down into their mouths. "Just the way I like it!" mumbled Hung Ray. Next salty curly fries sprung down to their plates. Packets of ketchup followed them. They followed the same routine as when breakfast was over, but this time Hung Ray went home to take a quick snooze before dinner.

Once it was time for dinner, everyone was ready and waiting in the park. Piles of spaghetti dropped onto plates. Everyone looked at Hung Ray's plate; he had only five piles on it compared to his usual ten. "What? I'm eating light tonight," he explained.

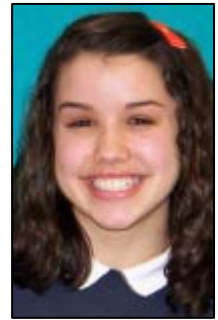
"Oh, all right then," they all responded.

Then root beer began fizzing down into everyone's cup. At last, for the very first time all day, they were getting dessert. The wind blew in a smell of chocolaty goodness. "Brownies, brownies, brownies!" Hung Ray predicted. Sure enough, brownies came tumbling in.

"Yummmmm!" the whole town shouted.

When they all had finished, they began to rake up all the leftovers to save for a midnight snack. "Yes, this is my favorite part of the day," Hung Ray said, just as he had done in the morning. All of the people looked at him. "What? I have to get some exercise in each day."

They all laughed.



Delectaville

by Tara, eighth grade writer

After throwing up all day, Jayla wanted very badly to have a feast of tasty food. She was terribly hungry but knew that if she ate anything, she would throw it right back up. Instead of eating food, she decided to just think about it. While imagining all different kinds of food, Jayla fell asleep. She dreamed about a town where superb food came from the sky, ground, and out of absolutely nowhere...

The morning dawned bright and orange in Delectaville. All the citizens happily began their days knowing that a wonderful breakfast, lunch, and dinner were on the way. At 9:00 a.m. sharp, all the residents of Delectaville ran outside, ready for their first meal of the day. First, tangy orange juice rained down from the sky. Next, doughy, sticky, scrumptious cinnamon



rolls tumbled down the streets. To end the fantastic breakfast, ripe bananas plopped down from the sky. Full and satisfied, the citizens went back to their daily activities. Throughout the morning, the sky changed from the bright orange color to a spectacular violet hue.

Exactly at noon, the citizens of Delectaville came rushing outside, hungry for another appetizing meal. To begin lunch, purple grape juice sprinkled down from the clouds. Next, salty, warm pretzels fell from the sky. A drizzling of cheese dip soon followed. Then, flavorful green beans sprouted from the ground. Finally, crunchy red apples came rolling down the highest hill in Delectaville. Once all the people had had their fill, they went back to work, looking forward to dinner. As the afternoon progressed, the sky turned from the violet hue to a snowy white.

When the town clock struck 6:30 p.m., all the residents came eagerly outside, ready for their final meal of the day. To start off dinner, cool and refreshing milk poured down from the fluffy clouds. Next, warm lasagna came sliding down the streets. In addition, lettuce for salads sprouted from the ground. Then to top off the tasty meal, juicy strawberries fell from the sky into the rich chocolate river. With the delectable taste of chocolate-covered strawberries lingering in their mouths, the full citizens happily went home.

When Jayla awoke from her dream, brilliant rays of golden sunlight were streaming through her window. After being extremely sick the day before, she was feeling much better. Hopeful to get something to eat, she called for her mom. Her mother agreed to let her eat a piece of buttered cinnamon toast and water. Jayla was happy to have the toast, but was excited that she would soon be able to enjoy all the wonderful food that she had dreamed about from Delectaville.

Potbelly Village, Mexico

by Sienna, eighth grade writer

It was a beautiful, majestic morning. The sun was just rising over the arid desert mountain tops. Its rays were silently creeping over the ground and shone brightly on the wet grape juice dew that lay undisturbed on the sugar cane leaves. All was peaceful and quite melodious after the birds started to sing. While this was happening, the villagers of Potbelly slowly awakened. As they started their morning routines, bowls of farina (Spanish oatmeal) angelically drifted from the sky. Then, medium-sized avocados came rolling down the street as a light shower of salt slid down from the heavens, a perfect combination. As this occurred, the town's well filled up with fresh guava juice. The villagers were delighted and quickly guzzled down their wonderful breakfast so they could get to work.

When the sun shone directly over the village and the heat was at its fiercest, all of the villagers prayed for water and food to sustain them until they were done with their work. They waited and waited. They thought they were out of luck and started to panic and wrangle with each other. Through all of the noise and racket, no one noticed the dark, heavy storm clouds that were rolling in. They were utterly surprised when a storm of mini-enchiladas poured down on them. As the storm progressed, it worsened, and lightning began to strike. With every blinding electrical blow, explosions of mini bowls filled with white rice and black beans filled the air. The villagers were frightened and fled into their huts until then storm was over. After a while, the storm lightened, and a rainbow of milk took over the sky to finish off an alarming lunch period.

As the sugar cane farmers came from the fields, tacos came two-by-two down the dirt road, rolling to each household's doorstep. A gentle breeze of refried beans swept through the village as sweet bread drifted down from the setting abyss. This was accompanied by American Coca-Cola, which popped out of the well and landed in the people's hands. The villagers were excited, for they didn't get treats like Coca-Cola a lot. They were very grateful and wondered what dinner would be like the next day.

Later that night, fried ice cream crept down from the wispy clouds in the distance just as a shooting star filled the atmosphere with brilliant, sparkling light and an occasional burst of brownies here and there. Then a magnificent whipped cream fog covered the town and made dessert complete. When more than half of the village was asleep, a gentle, quiet shower of white grape juice fell from the clouds to conclude an interesting day in Potbelly Village, Mexico.

