

Here, two talented seventh graders worked on their **organization** and **voice** as they wrote these stories, which were inspired by Margie Palatini's Tub-boo-boo. Discuss where each writer's strength is evident with both these two writing traits. The lesson that inspired this writing was found at the NNWP's WritingFix website (<http://www.writingfix.com>).

Oh, That Oreo!

by Maddie, seventh grade story-reporter



Crazy! Absolutely, positively loco! That is the definition of my brother, Joaquin Ricardo Montoya Huevos Rancheros. He's always getting himself into predicaments, but today he took it a wee bit too far. Oops, sorry, I completely forgot. My name is Isabella Huevos Rancheros here in Chattanooga, Tennessee, also known as the city of the five-named people. It all started once upon an ol' Saturday, June 26th, at approximately 12:45 p.m.

Joaquin had just finished lunch and was treating himself to a delicious Oreo or two. As he opened the package, one of the mouth-watering Oreos fell onto the floor. As soon as it hit the floor, it wheeled out through Salsa's doggie door and onto the cobblestone path. "I got it!" he blurted.

Joaquin stood up, lunged forward, and bodysurfed all the way to the Radio Flyer wagon red door. When he got to the door, he slid smack dab into the dog door. *Thud!* "Oh," Joaquin said, "I...um...I can't get out." He decided to call for help. "Somebody, please! Somebody help me!" Joaquin pleaded as he waited for an answer.

Javier, our brother, was upstairs gelling his jet-black hair when he heard Joaquin screaming. "What the...?" Javier stuttered when he saw the predicament his little brother was in. "Joaquin! How in tarnation did you get stuck in this situation?"

Joaquin explained the story. When he was finished, Javier went over to pull Joaquin's ankles, hoping to get him unstuck. Well, the gel he had used on his hair stuck to Joaquin's little ankle, and now he was stuck, too.

"Oh, that Oreo!" Javier moaned.

Isadora was upstairs in her room when she heard Javier and Joaquin making quite a bit of noise downstairs. The moment she walked into the room, she saw the two boys stuck as could be in Salsa's dog door. "What's g-g-going on?" she stammered. "Javier! Joaquin! What the hot apple pie happened?"

After they finished telling her the story, her mouth dropped open really wide. The four packs of bubble gum she had been chewing fell onto Javier's back. She went to grab it, but her fingers couldn't escape the gum's stickiness.

"Oh, that Oreo!" Isadora shouted.

Malena Huevos Rancheros was painting her nails a fiery red color in the upstairs bathroom. As she heard the yelping downstairs, she raced down the steps, tripped over the carpet threshold, and landed right on top of Isadora. Her wet nails hooked on to the back of Isadora's shirt.

"Isadora!? Javier!? Joaquin!?" their mother questioned. "How the sweet raspberries did this happen?"

While the kids explained the story, Malena listened intently.

"Oh, that Oreo!" she groaned.

Seeing that something had to be done, the family of four screamed for help. Finally Papa Ignazio heard them yelling. He came out of the garage and entered the kitchen.

"Malena?! Isadora?! Javier?! Joaquin?!" he exploded. "What the Sam Hill happened?"

"Well..." Javier began and then told the whole story to his papa.

"Oh, that Oreo!" Papa sighed.

"Hmm," he pondered. "I just don't—" Just then, Papa tripped over his own two feet and, to catch his fall, grabbed a bowl of melted butter that Malena had set out to use for dinner later. As he was falling, the butter sloshed up, over the bowl, and onto everyone, finally getting them all unstuck.

"It's about time!" Joaquin sighed exhaustedly as he opened the Radio Flyer wagon red door, grabbed his Oreo, and ate it all up.


What a day ~ what a day ~ what a mess! Joaquin had done it again. This is Isabella Huevos Rancheros reporting, and just to remind everyone out there, be careful the next time you eat an Oreo! I know I will!

Wet Feet

by Stefani, seventh grade story-reporter



Hi, my name is Stefani M., and I am reporting live outside my house with a story that will blow you away! Have you ever had to go to the bathroom really bad? It happens to everyone.

Today, on TP  News, however, I will give you the inside scoop on how a simple trip to the restroom turned into an absolute nightmare. Hold on to your toilet paper, folks!

It all started at 2:00 a.m. earlier this morning. When my brother, Michael, woke up suddenly, he realized he needed to go number-one really badly. He dashed to the bathroom as fast as he could. He didn't even think about turning on the lights, which later proved to be one of the worst mistakes of his life. As he stumbled blindly through the bathroom, his foot sunk into something that was uncomfortably wet. Michael realized that he was now stuck in the toilet.

His screams echoed through the empty bathroom. All of a sudden, something hissed very loudly. "Who's there?" he inquired nervously.

Two yellow eyes peered out of the darkness. It was the cat, Felix, who had been sleeping peacefully in the bathtub before being rudely awakened.

"Oh, it's just you," Michael sighed with relief. "Come here, Felix. At least I'll have some company."

Felix jumped to the edge of the toilet seat and balanced there for a split second before plummeting into the cold water. He tried to get out, but his tail had gotten stuck next to Michael's foot.

"Oh, great," Michael whispered to himself, "now I'm stuck in the toilet with an angry cat."

Michael and Felix made as much noise as possible to try to wake someone up. They stopped to listen, but the house was eerily quiet. The two exhausted prisoners yelled a little bit more, and, to their surprise, they finally heard footsteps. When the door creaked open and the lights flickered on, Michael was glad to see Mom standing there.

She screamed, "It's 3:00 in the morning! WHAT IS GOING ON?"

"I'm so glad you're here!" Michael exclaimed. "I accidentally got my foot stuck in the toilet, and then Felix got stuck too!"

"I'll get you out," she replied. "Let me just stick my hands in there and... uh oh, I seem to be stuck as well."

"Oh, great," Michael thought to himself, "now I'm stuck in a toilet with an angry cat *and* a tired mom."

The soaked trio yelled at the top of their lungs, and to their delight, the butler, who was also named Felix, walked in.

Felix screamed, "It's 3:15 in the morning. WHAT IS GOING ON?"

"Well, first I accidentally stepped in the toilet, then Felix fell in, and then Mom tried to save us and she got stuck too," Michael explained.

"If I can just get my toes under there, maybe I can pry you all out. Oh dear, I seem to have lodged my foot in the... **OWWWW!!!** The cat bit me!"

"Felix, let go of Felix!" Mom commanded.

"Meow! Meow!" Felix (the cat) screeched as he let go of Felix's (the butler) foot.

"Oh, great," Michael said to himself, "now I'm stuck in a toilet with an angry cat, a tired mom, *and* a grumpy butler."

At this point, they were all too tired to yell except for the cat that was splashing around wildly. Luckily, I walked by the bathroom on my way to a midnight snack, so I was able to come to the rescue. Upon entering, I shrieked, "It's 3:30 in the morning! WHAT IS GOING ON?"

As they told me the whole horrifying ordeal, I quickly thought of a plan that was sure to help. I poured bubble bath into the nasty toilet water, and it worked perfectly. Michael, Mom, Felix, and Felix glided smoothly out.

"Wait, don't you have to go to the bathroom, Michael?" I asked.

"Not anymore," he replied with a grin.

Now was that an amazing story or what? The best part is it was all true! This was the most exciting thing to ever happen in Flushburgh, and now you know the real poop... uhh, I mean scoop. Could you have gotten that inside report from the other leading news station? Oops... I just realized I left my cat in the toilet, so until next time,

keep watching TP  News.