

Ms. Haygood’s fourth grade class—inspired by When Sophie Gets Angry—Really, Really Angry... by Molly Bang—were inspired to write about times they became angry. As they created rough drafts and revised drafts, the students worked very hard on their idea development and their voice.

Look over these three samples with a friend. Discuss where you see the best evidence of idea development and voice in each of these narratives.



Broken Chair

by Jeremy, fourth grade writer

I felt like I was on fire and I’d destroy anything in my way. “Rrrraahhggg!” I yelled in a rage. I was now seeing red. My hair felt on fire as I yelled what sounded like a battle cry. “Rrrraahhggg!” I screamed again. “How did this happen?” I thought as time slowed down.

I had been playing Club Penguin and rocking around in the computer seat when I crashed down to the floor. “It’s going down,” I thought with a smile.

My mother came running. “Did you break the chair?” she growled. “Go to your room,” she ordered before I could even answer. I tried to object, but she pushed me there. I tried to tell her the truth, but she grounded me for a day. Now I was truly mad, and that brings us up to date.

After that, I ran around the house, then outside, then back in, and stormed to my room. There I jumped on my bed and started to read. Soon I escaped in my book, and by the time I finished it, I felt back to normal. Boy, was I relieved. I was now water, not fire.



The Missing Skittles

by Emma, fourth grade writer

I felt like going outside and staying where nobody could see me. It all started when Joe came in and said, “Emma, did you take my Skittles?”

I answered back with a big “No.”

Joe yelled to Mom and said, “Mom, Emma took my Skittles.”

“I did not, Mom. Gosh. I did not go in his room.” I stomped into my room and screamed into my pillow. I tried to read a book or knit, but I just couldn’t do it with this “candy” thing going on. So, I went downstairs and said to Joe and Mom, “I’m sorry,” even though I did not take his candy. I knew my mom would still be mad at me, and I couldn’t stand to have us so unhappy.

Soon my little sister came down and said, “Mom, Joe, I stole the Skittles.”

Everything shot out of my mind for a moment. I was shocked. I thought to myself, “Why didn’t she say that in the first place? But then I felt relieved because I didn’t have to worry about it anymore.

Mom said, “Next time, Amaia, you should tell the truth first.” Then she turned to me and said, “Emma, I’m really sorry that I thought it was you, and next time I’ll believe you if you say you didn’t do something.”

Then Joe said he was sorry too.

I was so glad that this problem was over. Thank goodness. I felt better knowing my family was back together again.



Toothpaste Mess

by Maddie, fourth grade writer

Crash, bang, roar! This is what I felt like when my brother blamed me for something I didn't do. It all started on Saturday morning, and I was just finishing my dance workout when Mom called me by my full name, **Madeleine Jo Anderson**.

Uh, oh. I turned off the music and walked into the kid bathroom. "What?" I asked her.

"Come clean this mess," she ordered, pointing to my brother's sink. Inside were globs of toothpaste---everywhere.

"I didn't do it though," I protested. "I haven't even brushed my teeth yet."

"That's two times you've lied now. Your toothbrush is wet. To your room," Mom growled as she pointed to my room. "Now!"

"Ahgggggg! You always don't believe me!" I screamed. Inside my room, I opened my window and climbed into the frame. Then I thought to myself, "Since I wasn't in there, who could have done it?" Then it hit me. It hit me so hard I almost fell out of the window. Ben did it.

"BEN!" I roared.

"What?" came the twit's reply.

"Why did you blame me for your toothpaste job?"

"I didn't..." he started.

"Ben!" I threatened

"Okay, fine. I did. I'm sorry."

I smiled, "Good. Now go spread the word."

"Fine," he said in a defeated tone. Then he left. I knew he wasn't going to spread the word, but it just felt good to know the truth.