

Inspired by Margie Palatini's The Web Files, these two fifth graders wrote original mystery stories. Brian and Emily worked especially hard on their **voice** and **idea development**. Read both stories, then talk with a partner about where you see both of these writers use voice and idea development well.

Link for the lesson that inspired this writing: [http://writingfix.com/Picture\\_Book\\_Prompts/webfiles1.htm](http://writingfix.com/Picture_Book_Prompts/webfiles1.htm)

## The Cat File

by Brian, fifth grade writer

**11:15 a.m. Monday, January 12, 2009**

This is the family room. I was sleeping. On the rocking chair. With my family. I'm Bob, and I'm a cat. The television was on. It was boring. Very boring. Then I got the call.

*DUM-DA-DUM-DUM...DUMMMMMMMM*



**12:02 a.m.**

I am at Puss in Boots' cottage.

Puss reported some trouble. "Meow! Meow!" he meowed.

"Just the facts, Puss. Just the facts," I purred sternly.

"I'm missing my boots! Someone took my boots! I was taking a bath so I slipped my boots off. I put my boots near the cat door, and when I came back, they were gone! The Big Bad Wolf is always the bad guy, so you should go find him in the forest. I wouldn't be surprised if he's the burglar. He is every other time."

*DUM-DA-DUM-DUM...DUMMMMMMMM*

**1:15 a.m.**

I'm in the forest. Deep in the forest. I've just lured the wolf here with meat. Pig meat. Bacon, to be exact. I stopped for fish on the way.

"Everyone knows you're guilty, so turn yourself in!" I demanded.

"Why am I always being accused of the crime? Yes, I may have totally demolished two of the three pigs and Granny, but I was hungry. Why would I take some stinky boots, anyway? I've heard Pinocchio is looking for some real boots so he can feel like a real boy. Also, the gingerbread man needs some boots to run faster."

*DUM-DA-DUM-DUM...DUMMMMMMMM*

**2:02 a.m.**

So, we may have partners. Partners in crime. I went to a factory. The cookie factory. There I saw the Gingerbread Man and Pinocchio.

"I'm innocent! Innocent I tell you!" squeaked the wooden one.

"I'm just a fast-running gingerbread man," said the tasty one.

"I wanna be a real boy," the toy randomly commented. "I didn't do it!"

Right then, I saw his nose grow and I remembered my fairytales. He was lying! I also noticed that cookie boy was wearing leather boots! I cuffed them.

*DUM-DA-DUM-DUM...DUMMMMMMMM*

## Epilogue

The Gingerbread Man was tried and convicted for stealing, he returned home, and was eaten for a bedtime snack. Pinocchio was arrested for the same reason and was turned into fireplace wood. The cat's boots were returned. Case closed.

*DUM DE DUM DUM. DUM DE DUM DUM DUM!*

# Mystery of the Eaten Porridge

by Emily, fifth grade writer



## 11:37 a.m. Downtown.

This is Hummel. Detective Hummel. It was a cold January Day. A boring one. Until we got the call.

Papa bear bellowed into the phone. "Our beary nice cottage was robbed! Porridge was eaten! Our comfy cushioned chairs were sat in and broken!"

*Dum-da-dum-dum...dummmmmmmmmmmmm*

## 12:18 p.m. In the woods

"Hello, Owl. Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"Hoo-hooo... I was sleeping in my cozy, toasty tree."

"So, you don't know what happened to the porridge and the comfy cushioned chairs?"

"I don't have a clue. I was watching T.V and dozing off once in a while yesterday, which was my day off. But I did see Goldilocks' mom outside yelling at nothing! Which woke me up from my sleep!"

"Okay, thank you for your time. Sorry to bother you have a nice afternoon."

"Don't mention it."

I quickly hurried away.

*Dum-da-dum-dum...dummm*

## 1:04 p.m. The other side of the woods

"Where were you when porridge was tasted and eaten, chairs were broken and beds were slept in?"

"I have no clue what you're talking about!" Goldilocks' mom hollered.

"No need to get excited, ma'am."

"I was at my house making a cake. I haven't even left the house today."

"Mr. Owl told us differently. He said you were outside yelling at nothing."

"I was yelling at Goldilocks 'cuz she was complaining about going to run a few errands for me. And when she came back, she wasn't hungry. She said she was starved when she left the house."

*Dum-da-dum-dum.....dummm*

## 2:10 p.m. Back into the woods

"Have you eaten any porridge today, Goldilocks?" I asked.

She whined, "I was out running errands for my mother. I nearly starved! I was at the store and walking in the woods I was so tired and weak. I burnt my tongue on that disgusting porridge!" Goldilocks hissed.

"Take her away!" I hollered out.

*Dum Da Dum dum ...dummmmmmmmmmm*

## Epilogue

Goldilocks was charged with tasting and eating porridge, sitting and breaking chairs, and sleeping in the bed. With this, she has to make the bears porridge everyday for a month and isn't not allowed to eat porridge for six weeks. CASE CLOSED!

*Dum De Dum Dum. Dum De Dum Dum Dumm!*