

Writer's Move

"So how do you drink a really cold Coke?"

She smiled, raised the Coke to her lips, and tipped the bottle up.

She gulped, and gulped, and gulped, and gulped, and gulped. The ice on the bottle's sides melted down toward her - and she gulped, and gulped, and gulped.

When she finished, she took the bottle away from her lips - she was still smiling - and she sighed, and then she squared her shoulders and kind of adjusted herself like she was in a batter's box, and then she let out a belch that even my brother couldn't match, not on his very best day.

It was amazing. It made the birds fly out of the maples in front of the library. Dogs asleep on porches a couple of blocks away probably woke up.

She put the bottle down and wiped her lips. "That's how you drink a really cold Coke," she said. "Now you."

So what would you do? I lifted the Coke to my lips, tipped the bottle up, and gulped, and gulped, and gulped. It was fizzing and bubbling and sparkling, like little fireworks in my mouth.

• **Repeaters** • **Hyperbole** • **Show, not just Tell**

• **Long and Short Sentences** • **Simile** • **Sensory words**

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Writer's Move

It got quiet again, but silent children are like a rising river.

Sooner or later the water spills over the banks.

As the low talking spread, a few kids kept saying, "Shh...SHHHH," but the shushing couldn't hold back the flow.

He looked down at his piano, and that's when he saw the rubber bands – one on the keyboard, and the other hanging on his sweater.

Mr. Meinert's eyes narrowed. His lips twitched and slowly twisted into an angry frown. There was a hushed moment of calm, and then the storm.

"WHO?" he boomed. "WHO DID THIS?" Eyes flashing, he snatched up the rubber bands. Pinching them between his thumb and forefinger he shook them out in front of his face.

Hart hadn't budged from his chair. His desk was like his lifeboat, a safe place to watch from. Only four other kids besides Hart were still sitting at their desks. Two of them had begun doing homework, and the other two kids – Colleen and Ross – were arguing. Colleen Hester was almost yelling at Ross Eastman, and he was shaking his head and making a face back at her. Hart didn't care much for either of them, especially Colleen.

Too bossy. As Hart watched, Colleen and Ross stood up and walked down front to Mr. Meinert's desk.

Examples from The Last Holiday Concert

• **Show, not just Tell** • **Long and Short Sentences**

• **Simile** • **Sensory words** • **Metaphor**

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