

Sample Fiction Writing Ages 8-12

Ms. Helen came swooping into the room and called for everyone to take their places. The angels came in first, then the wise men and drummer boy came in last. The shepherds were on the far side of the stage pretending to sleep when they weren't poking each other with their sticks. The rest of us lined up in the back until our cue. Isaac kept tapping on his drum from the back of the line. It must have gotten on Ms. Helen's nerves too.

"Isaac! Stop tapping the drum or I'll take it away!" she said and then turned back to the stage.

"Will that make me a wise man?" he asked.

"You'll be very wise if you stop tapping that drum," Ms. Helen said without looking back.

"That's not what I meant," Isaac said. He looked a little confused. Ms. Helen didn't seem to notice. She gave the cue to the angels. I was first in line, so I began dancing and humming as I came towards the stage.

"I love the dancing," Ms. Helen said, "but I don't think the angels were humming 'Here Comes Santa Clause' as they appeared to the shepherds." I was so busy dancing that I really hadn't paid attention to what I was humming.

"Sorry," I said to her. By that time we three angels were in our spots, and it was my turn to say my lines.

"Don't be afraid!" I yelled. "I've got good news!" Two of the shepherds were still pretending to be asleep, but I could see them trying not to laugh. That just made the angry come up inside, so I decided I'd make it impossible for them to sleep.

"I SAID DON'T BE AFRAID!"

They peeked up at me and giggled but still pretended to sleep. If yelling didn't work, I'd get their attention another way. I knelt down on the floor beside them with my fists clenched and hissed, "Get up or I'll give you a reason to be afraid!"

"Shepherds!" Ms. Helen said. "What seems to be the problem? Get up!"

"I think Drew broke my leg when he hit me with the stick," Jase said, holding his leg.

"Faker," I said. "Get up!"

"I'll take his place!" I heard Isaac say from the back.