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Grade 7
Writing Wild
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Meal

I, the rattle snake, slither my way coldly through the gargantuan grasses that stand before me. I am very hungry. The pains of hunger strike down my elegant body. I spot several dragonflies, a larger appetizer. I make my way to the grasses where the dragonflies are. Just before I can make it to my feast, a disheveled and possibly rabid raccoon steps into the path of my superior high class. Low to the ground, snake way, I decide that this lowly raccoon may not stay. I raise the end of my body and shake with all my might. It has no avail on the savage tall, but not elegant beast. I try to shake again, but the coon does not cave. I roll my body, tense, ready for the strike. I uncoil every muscle in my body and spring, fangs gleaming. Injecting the venom, I sink my jaws into the raccoon. The beast is instantly dead. I check it for rabies. It is clean. I chow down on a meal much bigger than dragonflies.