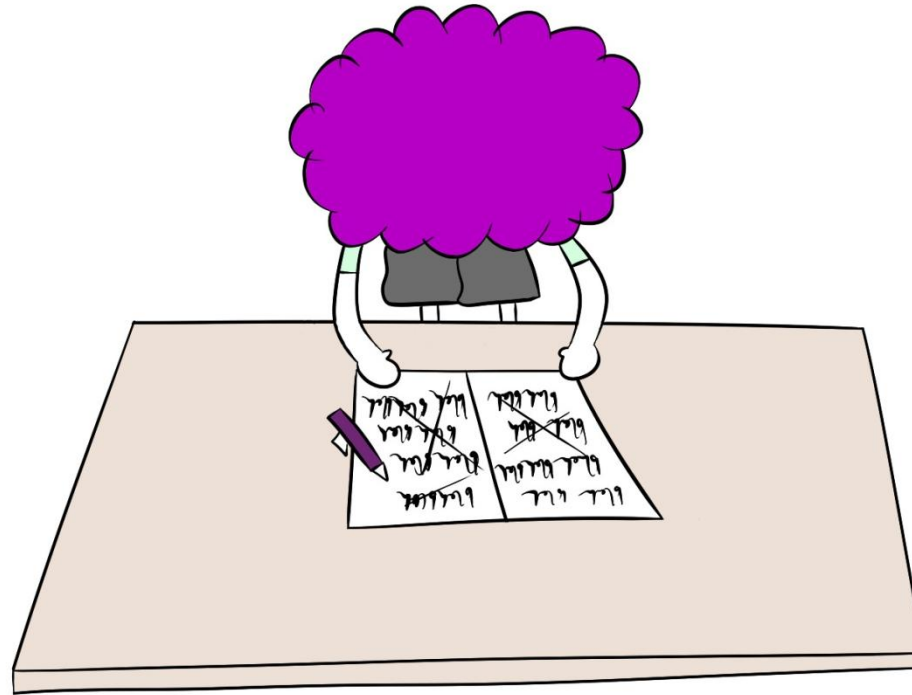


Ranterwriter



By Matthew Hogg & Alice Lin

The Ranterino in...

Ranterwriter

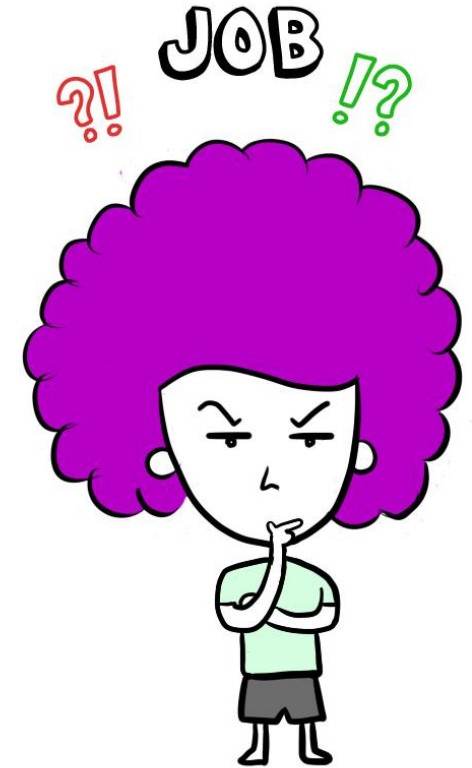
A story for Middle Primary
Word Count: 576

www.theranterino.com

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The other day the Ranterino was thinking
About what he wanted to do or be.
He said to himself,
'What job best suits me?'



DOXOR



‘I can’t be a doctor, that’s for sure.

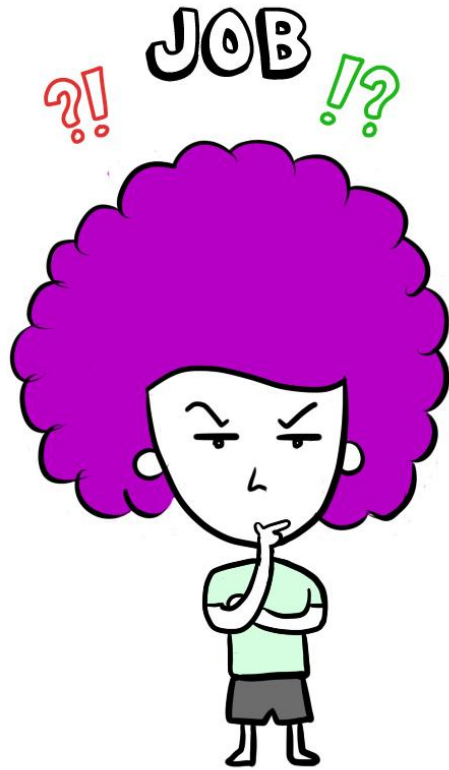
A doctor’s no good.

I don’t like to see blood.’

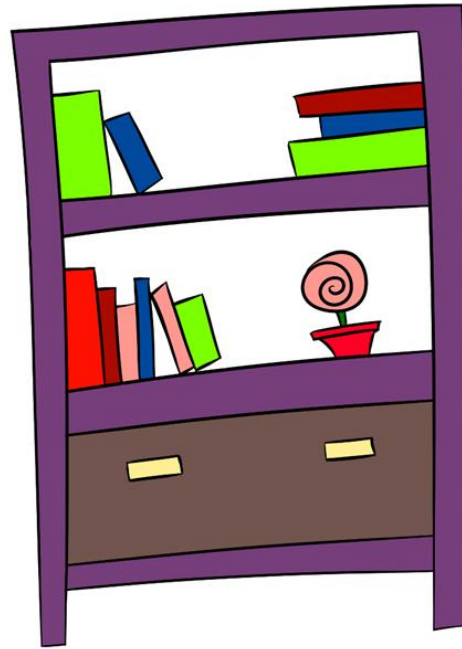
FIRE **X** FIGHTER

‘A firefighter job is not for me.
I don’t want to have fire fights
And I’m scared of heights.’





‘I need a job that is full of fun
But something I can do alone
And something I can do at home.’



He looked around his purple room
And saw the purple bookshelf.
'Ah Ha!' he said, smiling to himself,
'I can be a writer!
I won't see blood every day and it must be
Easier than a firefighter!'

He jumped up and out from his chair
And went over to his desk.

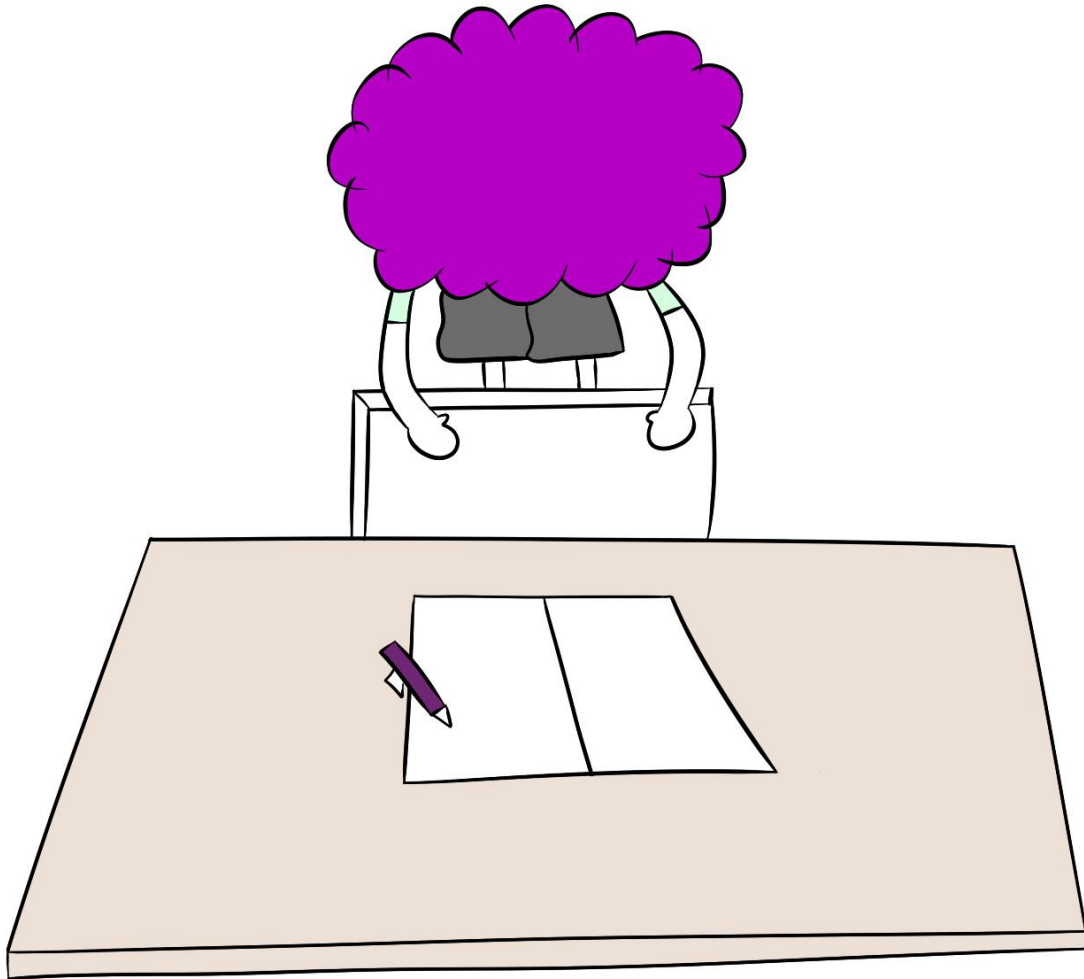
‘I need a pen and paper!
But the desk looks quite a mess.’



BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE...

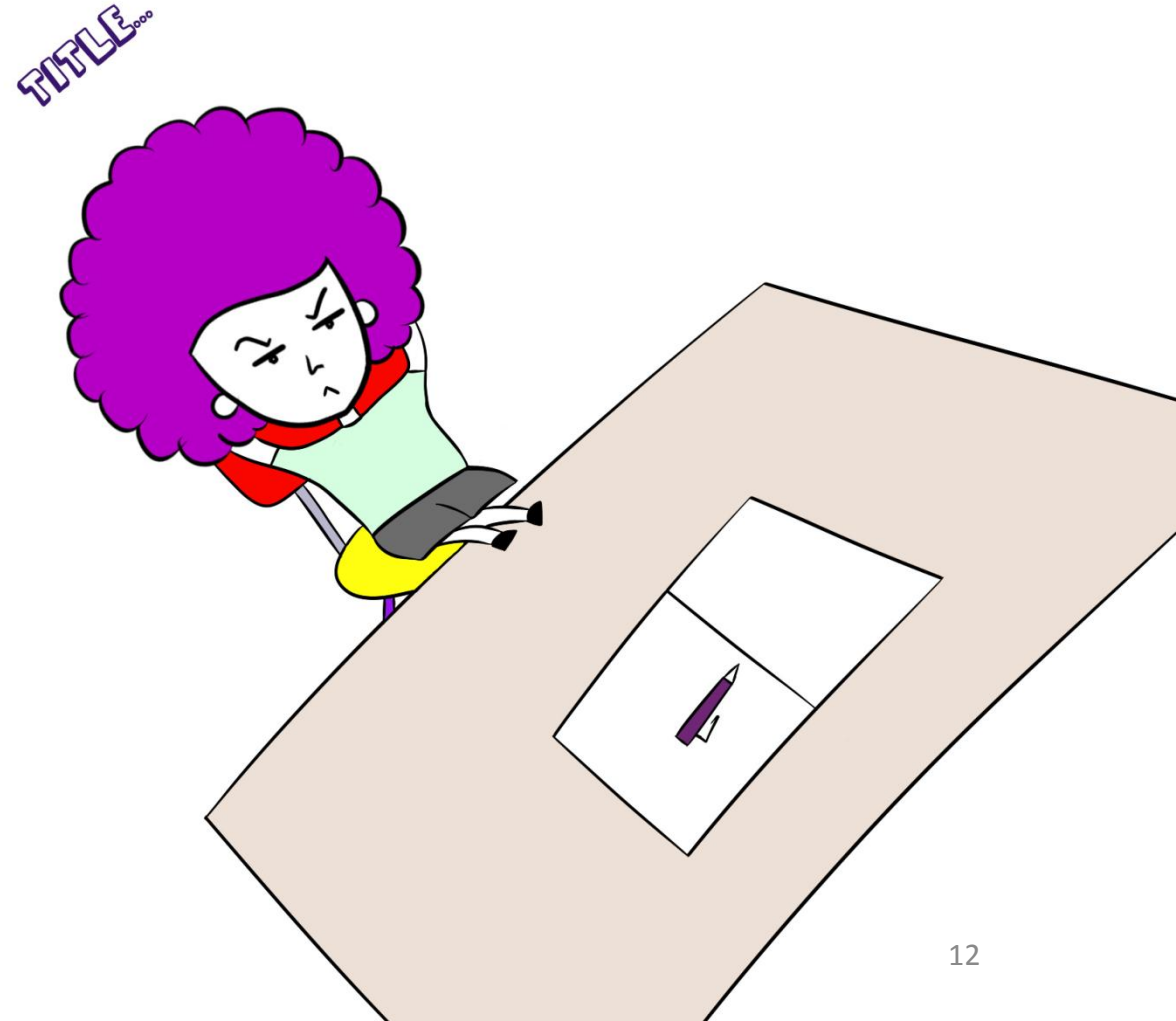
He settled down to be a writer
Instead of doctor or firefighter.
But as he sat and stared
At the paper, bright and white,
He thought to himself, slowly,
But I don't know what to write...

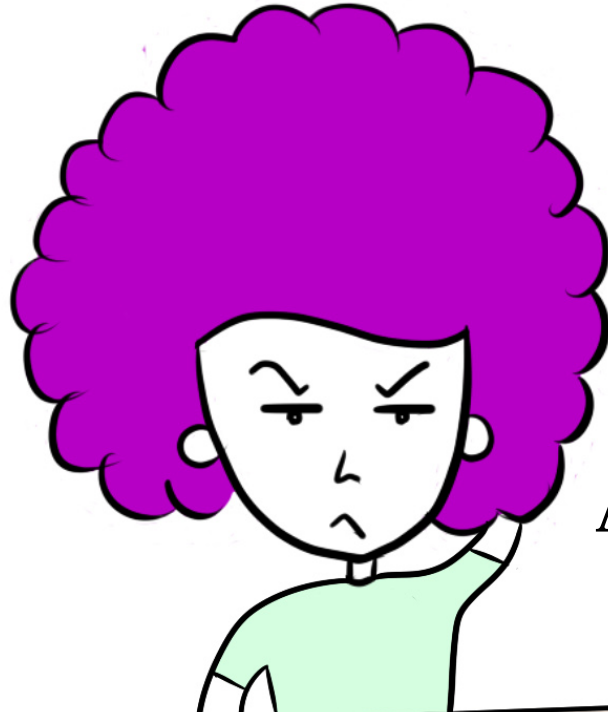
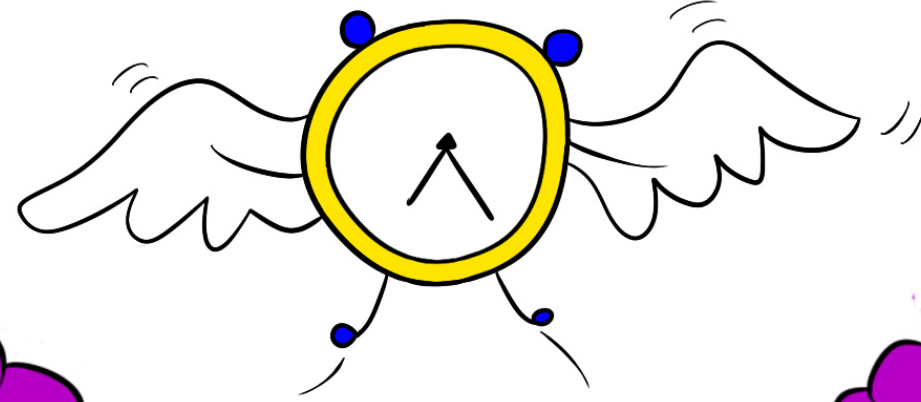




He sat there for a minute
And then a minute more.
He stared at the clean white paper
And opened up the drawer.
There was nothing inside, of course,
He was just fidgeting around.
Because he really didn't know
How writers got things off the ground.

‘I suppose I need a **Title** first,
Then I can write from there.’
He said this to himself of course,
While he played with his purple hair.

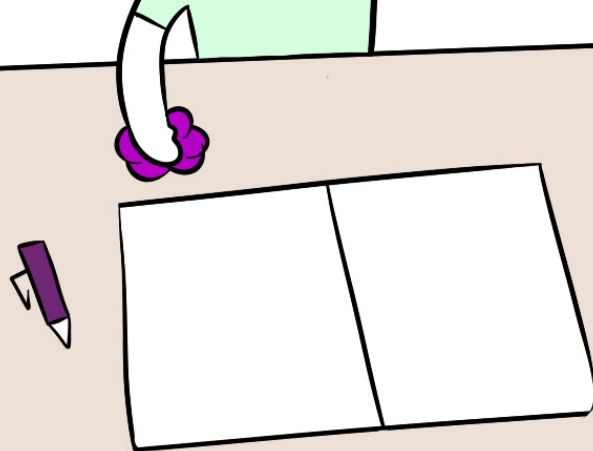




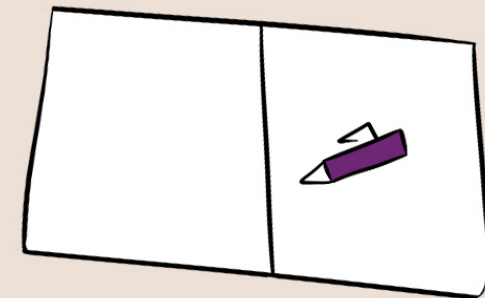
But minutes passed
into hours...

And then the hours
became days...

And still the Ranterino
was sitting there...



Playing with his
purple hair!



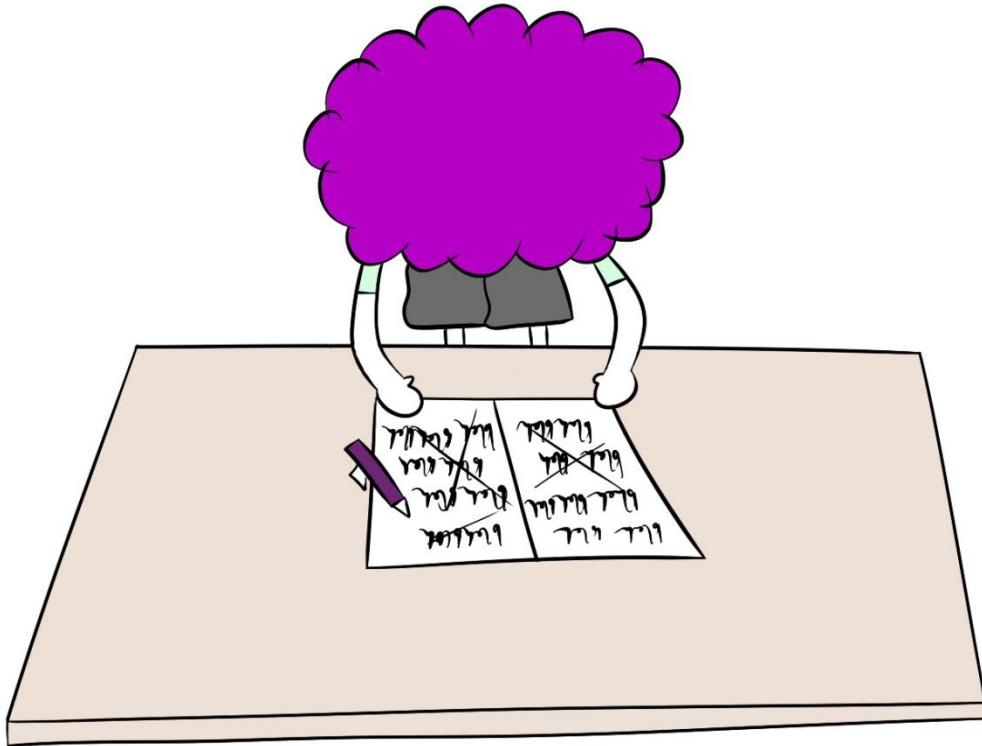
The weeks went by,
Slowly one by one.
They soon became
months
And then a year
was gone.



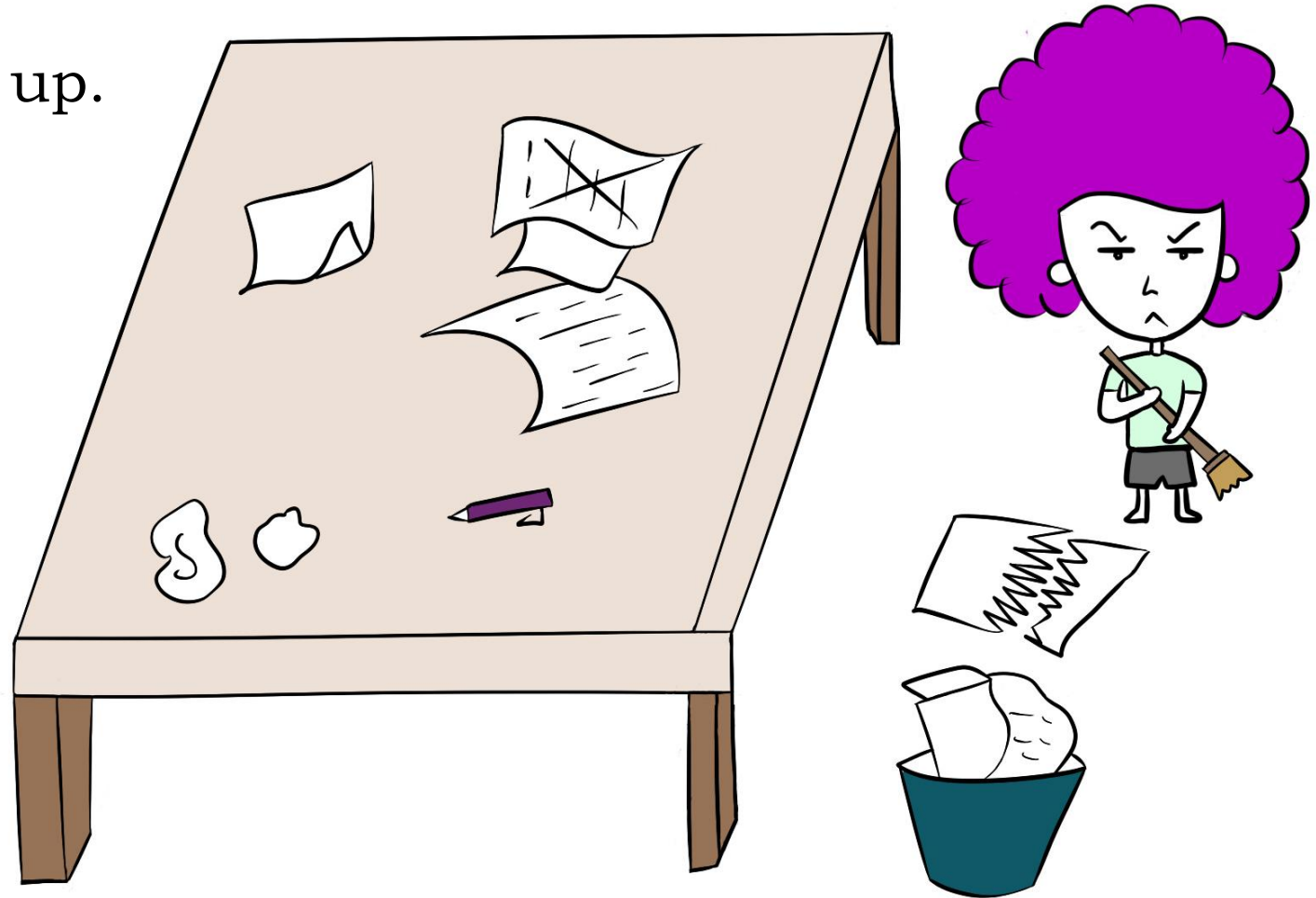
The Ranterino was weak and thin
Sitting at his desk.
His purple hair a sorry mess
And his clean white paper now
Also looked a sorry mess somehow.



There were lots of crossed out BLAHs
In fact, the paper was full of BLAH...
He'd spent so much time trying to write
And he hadn't got very far.



He looked at all the papers
Scrunched and crushed and thrown
All around the room.
He decided it was time to clean up.
He went and got a broom.



I THOUGHT BEING A WRITER WOULD BE EASY,
BUT THIS IS BAD FOR MY HEALTH!



He sat back down to try again,
Muttering to himself.
'I thought being a writer would be easy,
But this is bad for my health!'

‘The story of Blah!

No that’s not a good title...

The Beginning of Blah or just Blah, blah, blah...????

No, I cannot write a story that’s just about blah.

It’s always blah, blah, blah!

I need something else!

I need something fresh and new!’

And suddenly he had a great idea!

‘I know what I should do!!!!’





‘No more blah, blah, blah.
If I want to be a writer
My story must be strong.’
He wrote down a new title
Then looked at it a while.
‘Well, it’s not got one single Blah in it
But is it just a bit too long....????’

SHING DING
RING PING
TWIDDLE
TWADDLE
DIDDLE
DODDLE
POOP SCOOP

FWAR QWAR
AND THE
KWUN TONG
PING PONG
BILLY BOB
BOOMSONG
BY THE RANterINO



The End

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