

Student Writing Sample

I went to my friend's house for dinner. I knew we were having steak but I was kind of worried about the other things. I don't like very many vegetables and my mom doesn't make me eat things I hate but she says I have to eat things at other people's houses to be polite. The smells from the kitchen were pretty good, lots of garlic, which I really like. We sat down at the table and I looked at the dinner. A big platter of steak, a bowl of mashed potatoes, salad, bread, and Brussels sprouts! I hate Brussels sprouts. My mom fixes them for Thanksgiving and they're horrible. All mushy and icky tasting. These were brighter green, though, and cut in half. Sam's mom must have seen the look on my face because she asked me if I liked Brussels sprouts. I said, "not really." She said, "Why don't you try one? This is a special recipe." So I took one. When I stabbed it with my fork it didn't feel soft and mushy. I took a deep breath and ate it. It was kind of crunchy and garlicky. Believe it or not, I asked for more. And that's how I learned to like Brussels sprouts. I'm going to ask Sam's mom to give my mom the recipe.