

Directions: Creativity is great for your brain and your spirit, especially when you're bored and need a change of pace. Below you will find a story starter for every day we are out of school. Use it to begin a short story, and write for as long (or as short) as you like. Share with me when you're done so I can see how it turned out!

Genres to consider: comedy, action/adventure, science fiction, drama, romance, horror, historical fiction, sports

Details to consider: sensory descriptions, flashback/flash forward, dialogue, character development (static/dynamic), mood/tone

Editing considerations: sentence variety (a mix of simple and complex sentences), variety in 'speaker tags,' (don't always use 'said' but opt for more expressive words like 'shrieked,' 'mumbled,' etc.), caps/punctuation in your dialogue, characters' names always capitalized.

Feel free to email me any time you have questions about your work!

Mr. Parmenter



April 5: I lay on my back on the soft green grass, the broad blue Carolina sky spread out like an impossibly beautiful painting above me. All of a sudden I saw what looked like a tiny dark speck, growing larger and larger as it fell towards earth.

April 4: At first I thought I was imagining it, the gentle scratching at my window. Then there it was again. I pulled up the blinds and saw a tiny gray squirrel outside my window peeking in at

me.

April 3: “Daaaaaaaviiiiiiiiid!!!!!!” my mom yelled from downstairs. “Will you please come down here? I’m going to the store and I need you to watch your little sister Bella.” I rolled my eyes from the security of my room. My mom had no idea how Bella acted when she was gone.

April 2: Nobody knew exactly why the new girl Sylvia started school in the middle of October. All of a sudden she was just there, sitting in the back of every class with her hood on, refusing to talk more than just a few words. The only thing we knew was that she had the most unusual light yellow eyes.

April 1: I was standing in the frozen food section at Walmart looking at the Tater Tots when all of a sudden a pirate came running down the aisle waving a sword and chasing a parrot.

March 31: The hike started like any other. From the trail’s beginning, the mountain looked steep but manageable. As I settled into a comfortable rhythm with only the sound of my breath and feet scuffing the ground, I had no hint of the horror that lay ahead.

March 30: I was working as a cook for the king when one day I was called into the royal throne room. As I walked nervously through the massive halls, I saw dozens of tiny mice scurrying in the shadows. When I arrived, the king told me he was so tired of the mice infestation that if I would design a nonlethal mouse trap that would capture all of them he would reward me with riches beyond my comprehension. I immediately got to work designing a masterpiece. Here’s how it worked...

March 29: The buzzing of my phone woke me at 8 AM. I yawned, stretched, and rolled over, catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror--only to discover that during the night I had somehow sprouted an enormous pair of wings.

March 28: I found the tiny bottle in my garden at the beginning of spring. It was thick glass, had a cork at the top, and was filled with a dark green liquid which glittered in the sun. Written on the bottle with flowing cursive script were the words **Super Powered Fertilizer--Exercise caution!**

March 27: The scoreboard read 78-76. We were down by 2 in the championship game with only four seconds left on the clock. The coach looked down at the end of the bench, where I’d been sitting for the whole season. “Hey, you!” he yelled. “You’re going in!!”

March 26: I was riding my bike around the neighborhood when a flash of silver in the sky caught my eye. I stopped and stared as a disc-shaped object with tiny black windows hovered silently in the sky.

March 25: Mr. Nibbles was the best hamster anyone could ever ask for. He was energetic and affectionate and loved to eat. I should never have taken him outside to run around in the grass.

March 24: At first I was sure it was one of those scam emails, a message from Coca Cola CEO James Quincy which said I'd been randomly selected to suggest the newest flavor of Coke. But when it was followed up a couple days later by an official-looking letter delivered by FedEx, I knew it was for real.

March 23: The doorbell rang just after 2 in the afternoon. When I opened the door, there was nobody there. *Must be those neighborhood kids. Don't they have anything else to do?* I thought to myself. But as I began to shut the door, something caught my eye. Lying on the welcome mat was what appeared to be a brilliant golden egg, roughly the size of a grapefruit.

March 22: It seemed like the best summer job anyone could ever hope for. Three days a week, 7 AM - 12 PM at Donald's Donuts, all the donuts I could eat. Boy was I wrong.

March 21: The house at the end of the street had always struck me as a little strange. Its curtains were always closed, and I'd never seen anyone go in or out. In fact, the only sign of activity was a thick stream of bright green smoke that continuously billowed from the chimney.

March 20: A violent bump punctuated by a half dozen screams shook me awake. "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen!" came the panicked voice of the flight attendant over the airplane's speaker. "Does anybody know how to fly an airplane?" Not sure if Microsoft Flight Simulator counted, I slowly raised my hand into the air.

March 19: The dog appeared on my front porch one beautiful spring evening. He was curled up on the Welcome mat--nearly tripped me when I went to get the mail. When he saw me, he sprang to his feet, whining anxiously and peering into my face, then trotted down the steps before turning to see if I was following him.

March 18: Mayra exchanged an uneasy glance across the classroom with her best friend Lina. Something was definitely not right with their science teacher today. His voice had a dull, monotone quality, and his left arm kept twitching oddly. As the students listened to his explanation of cell division, a tiny wisp of smoke escaped from Mr. Balay's ear.

March 17: At first it looked like a shadow. But when I moved the vines aside with one hand, I could see it was a cave that led down, down, down into total blackness. From the depths I thought I heard a faint cry.

March 16: When I got to school I noticed my locker was slightly open, the lock hanging from the door. Inside there was an ornate wooden box with a series of shapes carved on the top--a star, circle, square, and diamond. I pressed the diamond and a whirring noise came from the box...

