

Once upon a time, in a land known as _____, there was a girl called _____ . She was determined to become a famous writer known throughout the country of _____ and even travelling to the magical land of _____. Alas, every time she wrote, her words were topsy turvy. They'd _____ across the page and _____ over the lines.

When her mother read her stories, she'd smile and say, "Well, _____, you are quite the writer."

_____ would close her eyes and sigh. "I know you can't even read it. It's all _____ and _____."

"Oh, you do speak nonsense. Why would you say such a thing?" her mother would say, trotting off to do whatever it is mothers do around the house.

But _____ knew, she didn't speak nonsense, she wrote nonsense and no-one would read _____ from her. Feeling like _____, she wandered down to the river and let the papers fall. Suddenly a goldfish popped up out of the water.

"What are you throwing in my river?" it demanded.

"My stories. They aren't worth _____ to _____. My own mother can't read them and I took so long writing them."

"Oh, no. Oh, no! Don't throw them in here!" the fish darted off and _____ watched as it brought back each piece of paper, sopping wet.

"I'm sorry. I know I probably shouldn't have _____ them into your river. It was _____ of me."

"No, no, no. You were as upset as a _____ and fair enough too. I had to bring your papers back very slowly so they wouldn't tear and I noticed something. Above the

water your letters might go _____ and your lines may look very
_____, but under the ripples of the water, they are perfectly readable! While I
was bringing them back, so slowly and gently, I could read them all and _____
_____ they were fantastic! Don't let your ideas go to
_____ because you struggle to write. Proof read my dear! Even the greatest
writers didn't get it right the first time. In fact, some authors died before anyone cared as much
as a _____ about their work! You must keep writing and one day maybe even
our grandchildren's grandchildren will read your work. _____ what others think
now!"

Feeling a little better, _____ thanked the kind goldfish. They talked for
hours about writing and famous authors while the papers dried on the river bank. Finally, they
were dry. The fish disappeared with a _____
_____ into the river, never to be seen or heard from again, but
_____ returned to her writing. The first time she wrote, she was rushed to
record every idea that came before it turned to _____. This time, she took her
time to copy down every word neatly. She showed it to her mother again and watched as her
eyebrows shot as high as a _____.

"_____, you have surprised me! This story is
so emotional, and real, and puzzling, and oh, _____, you have fairly made me
_____, " her mother praised.

_____ blushed, "thank you, Mum, but I didn't even know how to spell
some words!"

"Spelling? You have ideas like this and you worry of spelling? _____!
This is just another draft. Now you have done so well, I shall sit down with you to work out the

_____ and _____ of it all and it shall be worthy of
_____.”

“What about a book, Mum?”

Her mother smiled, “Now that will take some very hard work and I don’t think we are ready for that yet, but if you continue to take risks to communicate your ideas.

_____, you may just be able to write a book one day.”

Now, I should be ending the story here, but I can’t help but let you in on a secret, because it is so exciting. Over the years, _____ wrote many stories. Some of them were only first drafts and stayed that way without improvement and full of _____ words and _____ lines. Others, she worked on multiple drafts. It did take a lot of hard work, but the book was written and published and went all over the world. Sure, the early drafts looked like _____ and _____, but they were edited and refined and now withstand even the most _____ critic. _____ is very _____ to this day that she met that goldfish in the river.

THE END