

Writing about ourselves and our lives can be a really fun and empowering thing to do. Pick a story-starter and see what words come out.

## STORY-STARTER A

Everybody has stories about a time that they had to be brave or overcome their fear. Doing difficult things helps us to become the people we are.

When were you last really brave?

How did it feel to be really scared and nervous but to do it anyway?

Where did you feel the feelings in your body?

How did you feel afterwards?

**Write a story where YOU are the hero.** Think about the things that make a story exciting:

- suspense
- detail
- things going wrong
- the hero doing something that is very important to them.

### Example:

*In the playground a group has gathered but I can't see who is in the middle. Everyone is shouting and jeering noisily, like a pack of laughing hyenas. I walk up and stand on tiptoes to see what is going on. In the middle is my friend, looking like they are about to cry. I feel angry, a flame of rage lights in my stomach, but I am scared too. Who am I against all these others? But I need to save them. I take a deep breath and push my way in. I take my friend by the hand, turn to the crowd and say...*

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# STORY-STARTER B



The place where we are from and the places we have been all help to shape our character. Think of a place that means something to you. Your bedroom, a relative or friend's house, a favourite spot in a park or garden, a place you have visited on holiday? What happens there that makes it so fun?

Close your eyes for a few moments and really imagine yourself in your place. What can you see? What can you touch? What can you hear? What can you smell or taste? What do you feel? Where do you feel it in your body?

**Write a description of your place and what happens there**, paying attention to each of these senses.

- **SEE**
- **TOUCH**
- **HEAR**
- **SMELL/TASTE**
- **FEEL**

## Example:

*My bedroom looks a right old mess, but it is my mess and I like it like this. Jumpers, comics and Lego all over the floor. The window is open, and my Batman curtains are flapping in the breeze. It smells of midnight feasts and old socks in here. When I get into bed, I feel my bedsheets cool against my skin, my pillow always feels just right against my tired, snoozy head. I feel tired. I hope I have that really cool dream where I can fly and shoot monsters again.*

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