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Just Splashing Around

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Tip from the Coach

Work with others to develop a sense of fun and pattern in your writing.

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Equipment

- story starters
- writing materials

Trait Development

(*Your teacher may have you work with a small group to complete this exercise.*)

Read the story starter your teacher gives you. Consider the questions "What if . . . ?" and "What happens next?" Write two follow-up sentences to come after the story starter. Fold the paper over so your writing does not show. Pass the paper to the next person in your group. As each person passes his or her paper around, you will receive another story. Write two more sentences for that story, without reading what the previous person wrote. Continue writing sentences and passing the stories around until you have received your original story starter back. Unfold the papers and read the silly stories to each other.

Check Yourself

Discuss with others in your group how these mixed-up stories do or do not exhibit characteristics of the fluency trait. What factors affected the fluency? How were these stories easier or harder to understand?

My Notes

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Just Splashing Around *(cont.)*

Story Starter #1

Robert lay in bed staring at the water stain on the ceiling right over his head. The stain was oddly shaped, and he often imagined it was a map of a different country . . .

Story Starter #2

"Look!" John pointed a finger at the light flickering through the trees beyond the cabin window. Caleb didn't answer. Instead, he covered his head with his sleeping bag . . .

Story Starter #3

Once, very long ago, an old man lived in the remains of a castle. He could not speak, but those who lived in the countryside around knew of his helpfulness . . .

Story Starter #4

"I'm running away and never coming back!" Tara stomped her feet and ran outside. She slammed the door behind her . . .

Story Starter #5

Silently, I walked up to the edge of the crowd. The people were intent, watching some activity on the lake shore. I stood on my toes and tried to see over the heads of those standing in front of me . . .