



Imagination Writing

STORY STARTERS

What is it?

Story starters are the first sentence of a story, with nothing else to go on. The idea is to start writing and see where your imagination leads you. There are no rules or requirements—by the time you're done, it doesn't have to make sense, follow a plot, show character development or anything other elements of a "real" story.

Activity

Choose a story starter from the list below. They are broken out by age group, but feel free to mix and match, depending your own interests and who you're writing with. You can choose one you like the best, or print them out, cut them up, put them in a hat and pick at random!

- **If you're writing by yourself**, you can choose to
 - Set a timer (anywhere from five minutes to half an hour or longer)
 - Set a page limit (stop after only one page, or 10, or whatever you like)

- **If you're writing with others**, try it collaboratively!
 - Everyone chooses one story starter.
 - Everyone starts on their story and writes for a certain amount of time (5-10 minutes, for example).
 - When the timer beeps, pass your story to the person on your left. If you're online, visualize all of you in a circle in a certain order, then "pass" your story to the person on your left.
 - Take 1-2 minutes to read what the person wrote.
 - Set the timer for the same amount of writing time as before and continue on with this *new* story. Take it on a whole new path or stick to what the original writer had—it's up to you!
 - When the timer beeps, pass on the story to the person on your left.
 - Take a few minutes to read what the first two people wrote.
 - Set the timer for the same amount of writing time as before.
 - Continue for as many rounds as you wish.
 - I recommend no more than 4-5 rounds regardless of the number of people in your group.
 - Retrieve your original story and read what the others did with it!

Story Starters

<i>Younger Writers</i>	<i>Teen Writers</i>	<i>Adult Writers</i>
I had always wanted to fly—but not like this.	I saw a glint of gold on the sidewalk and bent down to investigate. It was the edge of a small box wedged beneath a lamppost. I picked it up and read the label. “Open at your own risk.”	Mrs. Jones’s neighbors would have been very surprised by what Mrs. Jones had in her freezer.
Uncle Pat looked at my unicorn and smiled. “I know what you did,” he said.	I first became suspicious when my grandmother picked me up from school wearing a black leather jacket and driving a sleek black sports car.	She swept her long blond hair off her forehead, staring at me with her piercing blue eyes. “Pretty please,” she cooed. “Just this one little thing...” And she handed me the gun.
My older brother came home much, much earlier than he was supposed to. How would I hide the rope, candlestick and revolver in time?	Mrs. Singh expected to find her cleaner in the house when she returned early from work; she just didn’t expect to find her dead.	The cauldron bubbled above the crackling fire. If only Samantha knew what was in it.
Karen felt the wind whip her face as she raced down the hill on her best friend’s bike. She could hear her name, like an echo behind her, and she laughed.	I shiver in the damp, drizzling night, cursing my phone’s dead battery. But it’s all good! I see a light ahead!	The werewolves attack at midnight. It’s 11:58pm. Two minutes is not enough time for what I need to do.
The airplane sputtered and sank low into the jungle.	Allison screamed.	Andy curls up into a ball, struggling to breathe.