

Writing stories

I hope that the following extracts will inspire you to write your own stories. You might decide to use the ideas as starting points or you might think that the one you choose sounds like the middle or even the end of a story. Have fun!

Tom and Kiera were bored. It was the last day of the holidays and it was pouring with rain. Just before Mum went to work the phone rang. Mum answered it.

"Oh dear," she said, "well, I hope you feel better soon." Mum looked at the children and then at her watch.

"The babysitter can't come and I'm going to have to go or I'll be late for work. Don't get into any mischief. I'll ask Mrs. Popper to call in on you at lunchtime."

Mum had been gone less than five minutes when the trouble started. (©2006 Val Rutt)

The strangest thing happened to me the other day. I was lying on the floor reading a book when I noticed a tiny hole in the skirting board. I crawled closer for a better look and as I peered into the hole I saw two sharp little eyes staring back at me. It was dark inside the hole so I put my face even closer.

Suddenly, the hole started to get bigger - or I started to get smaller - because the next thing I knew I was the same size as the hole and then it was bigger than me and then before I knew it I was standing eye to eye with a twitchy, whiskery mouse.

"And about time too!" Said the Mouse, "I've been calling you for hours. Now hurry up and follow me!" (©2006 Val Rutt)

No, you can't have a puppy and that's that!" said Dave's mum. He knew it was useless to plead; his mum would just get cross. But what was he going to do now? Upstairs in his bedroom, hidden beneath his bed was a soft fat puppy called Fudge. And Dave had no intention of parting with Fudge. Not ever. Somehow, he was going to have to convince mum that Fudge was a good idea. But first he needed to get some of his dinner off his plate and into his pockets because Fudge would be hungry. (©2006 Val Rutt)