

Developing your topic

By Finding a focusing Line:

As you read your seed entry you are looking for a line that helps you answer the question, "Why is this topic important for me?"

"In that moment, I was filled with a sense of adventure that I rarely felt during everyday life."

Write the line at the top of a new page, use it as a starting point to reflect even more about the significance of your topic.

By Sketching:

Writer's can sketch different elements of their story to help them SEE the story in their minds before they write. First, ask yourself, "which elements of the story are important for me to sketch?"

- Significant scene
- Significant character
- Setting that you want the reader to see clearly
- Object that you want the reader to see clearly

By thinking deeply about conflict:

What problem or trouble is the main character having?

Conflict with:

- Another character
- Something in the world (winning a game, climbing a mountain)
- Themselves - internal conflict (dealing with a part of themselves that is causing a problem)

Questions to ask about your story's conflict

- What is the main character's conflict?
- Why does the character have this conflict?
- Why is resolving the conflict important to the character?
- What is preventing the character from resolving the conflict?
- What needs to happen for the character to resolve the conflict?

By Finding a focusing Line:

Apple Picking

Last weekend I went apple picking with Tonya, Orlando, Orlando and Kayla. While we were driving to Honey Pott Hill Orchard, my niece said, "This looks like the Hunger Games!" "This is where I grew up," I said. "It's called The Woods!"

Once we got to the orchard I was so happy to be back to a place I used to go every year when I was growing up.

It was such a great feeling being able to share a part of my history with my niece and nephew. Now my history will also be their history.

Focusing line: "Now my history will also be their history."

By Sketching:

Blueberry Picking

When I was little I used to take long walks with my grandma to pick blueberries. We would walk deep into the woods behind her house. The air always ~~felt~~ smelled salty because the ocean was so close that I could hear the waves through the trees. We would pick blueberries for what seemed like hours. We would chat for part of the time and just pick in blissful silence the rest of the time. When we got home we would wash and pick through the blueberries. My grandma would get out the flour, salt and crisco to start to make the dough. She made dough while I washed the ripe berries. Then she'd let me roll out the dough into a ~~big~~ big circle. We'd assemble the blueberry pie and then await the deliciously, juicy, dreamy smell of the pie sailing through the air.

Sketching: Grandma
: The woods

By thinking deeply about conflict:

Stuck in water

Every year my dad and I go camping in the Berkshires. We meet our family friends and spend a week. One day we all went down to the river.

Jimmy, Jeff and I got in the rafts to leisurely go down the river. My dad and Jimmy's dad left us to go fishing. "Meet you at the end!" my dad called out to me. The 3 of us got in the raft and set out on our way. Parts of the river were calm and lazy. I would put my head back and let my face warm in the sun. Some parts were rocky and my heart beat a little faster, but it was ok.

Finally, we made it to the end. We all got out and Jimmy took my inner tube to shore. I stayed in the water splashing around. My dad arrived and warned me to get out. "They're releasing the dam soon," he urged. I said ok but still splashed around. Then the water got higher...

and I was nervous that I wouldn't be able to get out. I tried walking to the shore but the water was rushing so hard that I couldn't move my feet without falling. I was so scared that the river was going to grab me and take me with it. Everyone was on the shore yelling with worry and trying to help. "Just one foot at a time," my dad screamed. Jimmy and Jeff tried to come back and help me but the water was too strong. I slowly and carefully put one foot in front of the other and tried with every muscle to keep my balance. I was so nervous but I focused on moving my feet and finally got to shore. I made it! everyone hugged me and was glad I was safe and sound. I was so scared but in the end I was so proud of my self for staying myself. and having the courage to help

focusing line