You will have the next three lessons to write a story…

Last week, we gave you an opening paragraph. Your task is to use a *flashback* to go back in time and tell the background story.

All of you have planned a story, using this opening paragraph:

Edward knew that the hammer was somewhere in the shed. He had always tried to keep the place tidy but somehow never quite managed it. As he had grown older he had collected more and more things that had somehow become precarious piles around the shed. His wife, Irene, used to call it “junk”. For Edward however, it was treasure.

As he moved a rusty saw, he spotted the old box. He knew at once what it was.

As he slowly opened the box, he remembered the day he was given it.

Some of you have also planned a story, using this opening paragraph:

Slowly and deliberately, he made his way over the granite rocks that had once formed part of the precipitous cliffs that towered behind him. The Atlantic wind was pushing him back towards the path, reluctant to allow him onto the grey sands.

Jonas glanced down at his watch. He had been wearing it when he had last climbed down into the cove.

After the opening paragraph you have been given, you will go back in time to previous events.

You should have planned a story and written a description of the scene where your flashback will start…

Here is one description of the opening scene that we received:

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

Take the time to read it.

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

It is not perfect – varying sentence openings would have improved the paragraph.

It is however, a fantastic first attempt…

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

What do you think the author has done particularly well?

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

Nothing much has happened.
This is important…

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

The author has concentrated on creating a mood and an atmosphere.

It was massive! The rocky walls of the cove formed a dome over their heads and the stalactites hung down from the ceiling like icicles. They glowed in the dark, lighting the cavern in a turquoise haze. Moss clung to the wall and vines climbed all sides of the cavern. The floor was cold and sticky and the air was warm but damp. The entrance was covered by some vines making it nearly impossible to see. They daren't speak because they knew that even the slightest whisper would echo around the cave, giving their position away. A wooden table with velvet high-back chairs sat on the right hand side. And a royal blue bed with curtains and a TV took up the left side. But in the middle was something the boys never would have dreamed of…

This person has created a very different mood, but the description has set the scene very well..

The place was electric, fans were chanting and the sound of the race cars as they zoomed passed reminded Edward of his dad. There were clear blue skies, not a raindrop in sight. The sun was shining and there was a lovely smell of freshly cut grass, it was perfect for a day to go out and watch racing. Some of the children had mini race cars that they pushed along the grass. There were dogs playing on the grass, people having picnics, everybody was happy. You could smell the petrol as the cars went in for a pit stop.

Good stories, draw the reader in…

They don’t give too much away to begin with.



The biggest mistake that people make in writing stories is that they try to fit in too many events … and don’t describe any in detail.





Bring your writing to life…
focus on the detail!

Go back and review your story plans.

Choose what you will focus on if it is too complex or if too musch happens

Create an atmosphere and write a fabulous story.

You have the next three lessons to write your flashback.

You have the next three lessons to write your flashback.

You don’t need to send us your work until Wednesday … but if you want us to comment on parts that you have written, you can send us your work.

Redraft your opening scene and get writing.