

**Title of Session:** Story and Plot  
**Creator:** Janet Beasley  
**Curriculum:** NOVICE

**Definition:** Every story needs conflict. The story is your tale of conflict. The plot is the sequence of events in the story.

**Goals:** By the end of the session enthusiasts will be able to write a short example describing the story and the plot separately.

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**Tools:**

Snack foods such as candy bars, apples, or cheese crackers (it's up to you)  
Recyclable shopping bag

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Flipchart or wipe off board and markers

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**Ice Breaker:**

- Put the snacks (unseen) in the recyclable bag and set it aside
- Separate enthusiasts into pairs
- Have each pair decide who is going to be the “story” and who is going to be the “plot” of the duo
- Have all the “story” enthusiasts meet you in a corner somewhere and let them choose a snack from the recyclable bag and keep it concealed.
- Have each pair role play a scenario on the spot: The “story” person tells the “plot” person what they have – how special it is, how yummy it is, how pretty, how enticing, etc. The “plot” person must try to coax it from the “story” person. The “story” person should present conflict that causes the “plot” person to have to keep going until he/she can get the snack in their hands.

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**Activity 1:**

**What is the difference between story and plot?**

The story is your tale of conflict, because every story needs conflict. The plot is the sequence of events in the story.

**Example of Story:** *Taken from the trilogy “Passion and Prowess” Janet Beasley YA Epic Fantasy*

The people of the lands of Spinnley and Dawtington did not speak to one another, their children did not play together, and the merchants never saw fit to trade commerce. These

two lands were natural born enemies, almost continually at war with only a few years in between. Each time a new ruler was named another battle began in a quest to conquer the other's land until they tired of battle and ceased to fight, because no one ever won. Over the years the battle field had become stained. It wreaked of spilled blood, was littered with rotted body parts and bones, and broken weaponry, but luckily was located far enough away the common people of each land could not see or smell the remnants of such.

Princess Miranda of Spinnley and Prince John of Dawtington knew they were destined to be together. The moment their eyes met on the battlefield they fell in love. They longed to marry and raise a royal family in a castle of another land, a new land they could call their own. Should Miranda and John marry and build a new land, Spinnley and Dawtington would both either become lands of pure mayhem, or parish as the chain of royalty would be broken. But who would marry such enemies?

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Horses thundered and pounding footsteps sounded as the bulk of the action traipsed beyond him and his victim. John raised his sword with both hands for the mighty kill. But the deep green eyes with long lashes staring back at him from behind the enemy's face guard caused him to hesitate.

"Kill me." The female voice startled him. "Go on! Do it. You have defeated me, but be quick about it."

John continued to stare. He could not take his eyes off of the creamy pale, shadowed face behind the metal. He lowered his sword and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Miranda, princess of Spinnley. And you?"

"I am John, prince of Dawtington." He leaned closer and asked, "Why are you in battle? And why do you not fight back?" He paused then added, "You're not only royalty, but also a girl. You have no business here."

Miranda squinted and said, "And you, PRINCE John, are you not royalty yourself? Why are *you* here? And you are not only royalty, but you are also a mere boy."

"I'm not a boy. I'm 16!" He backed down and thought before he spoke. "It seems we are both warriors at heart, both here in secret. And if you're like me you're longing for an escape from this madness and continual fighting between the lands." He leaned in. "Did

you believe you could come to this battle and meet your death so you would not have to rule such a land when your day comes? For that is why I am here.”

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“No!” John pushed her helmet back down. “We must remain in our secrecy out here. Allow me to mimic your demise. Fall limp, and I shall carry you away deep into the forest where no one will see us.”

Miranda gasped and closed her eyes.

She felt John fall limp atop her, his shiny metal head piece banging into hers. She remained limp and waited for the Spinnley soldier to move on before she whispered, “John. John. Are you still with me?” She felt John’s warm blood drip from his back and onto her hand.

A slight moan came from John’s lips. He whispered back in her ear, “Yes. I am with you now...and always.”

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**Do the conflicts (story) always have to be between characters?**

No.

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- For example, though John and Miranda are destined to meet at some point, you could set John up in a situation in one chapter, then the next chapter you could throw Miranda into another plot of her own. Now you can ping-pong back and forth between the two plots until John and Miranda meet. Their plots may be going on simultaneously or may be going on a couple of weeks apart, and you may have started with the sequence of events from two weeks ago that involves Miranda, then move on to John. It may even be a case where the separate sequences of events intertwine without the characters knowing until they meet. In these examples, do the actual plots remain in chronological order? Yes. Do the actual plots need to be told chronologically chapter to chapter? No.
  
- Another example of plot that lends itself to not being in chronological order would be a sequence of events that happened prior to the actual story you are writing. For example, as we stated John and Miranda are destined to meet, yet have sequences of their own they must conquer. But what if something happened in the past – something before they were even born – that sends both of them in different ways before, during, and after they meet? In this case you may choose to deliver the plot right up front, or maybe not until the middle of the manuscript. The past sequence of events could even be told by dropping hints throughout the story as the characters get closer to meeting. Who knows, the past plot might entail both John and Miranda to have to figure the major friction from their pasts together along the way, and not reveal the final answer(s) until the very end.

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### Activity 2:

- Read aloud the example and have enthusiasts decipher story from plot. (Example from *Hidden Earth Series Volume 2 Planet Land ~ The Adventures of Cub and Nash* – author Janet Beasley)

## Chapter 4

### I'm a What?

It was not long and they arrived at Bristol's cabin. It looked rustic from the outside, and the boys could not wait to see the inside. When they stepped onto the wrap around porch Bristol stomped on a board and the front door opened. "Well, what are you waiting for? Go on in and make yourselves at home. I'll be in in a minute, gotta feed Pancake or he gets kind of cranky."

The boys walked on in and found the place to be much tidier than Bristol himself. There was a hanging kettle half full of what looked to be beans and franks bubbling, cooking over glowing coals in a fireplace. "Mmmmm....mmm those smell good." Nash looked around. "I wonder if there's a spoon or something, I'd like to give those a try."

"Are you crazy? We just met the old man. That may be all he has to eat for the next few days. Besides, I know you're full from the extra three or so chocolate chip cookies you stuffed in your mouth just before we got here. Where's your manners for Maycly's sake?"

"I guess you're right. But that doesn't mean they aren't tempting."

They heard the stomp and the door opened again. "I see you've found my lentils and red caps."

"Lentils and red caps?"

"Sure. It's my very own secret recipe. Some of the best butter beans you'll ever find stirred up in some sweet barbeque sauce and spices with mushrooms that have been marinated in red sauce and added at just the right time. Oh, there's a few onions chopped up and some tomatoes diced, there's a few...wait a minute...I'm not going to tell you everything or I'd be giving away my secret!" The boys laughed. Bristol dished them each out a bowl and they sat down at the round pine table to eat.

"Where's the silverware?"

"Silverware? Shoot, people like me don't use silverware - just makes for more dishes to wash!" Bristol picked up his bowl and began to slurp his beans, using his fingers to get the ones stuck to the sides. The boys followed his lead, beside themselves not having to use silverware.

Cub drank the last of his beans, licked his now orange lips, and wiped his mouth on his now orange sleeve. "Thanks Bristol. That was delicious! It's so cool you let us call you Bristol and don't make us call you 'Mr. something'. Makes us feel all grown up." Nash agreed on both accounts.

"Well it's good to see you warming up to me a little better and not worrying so about your folks worrying." Cub still knew he was in big trouble, but for some reason he did not want to leave now, if ever. He had already grown fond of the cabin and getting to live like an adult at the age of ten.

Nash tilted his chair back on its hind legs and tried to balance but it was just not working; something he always tried at home and got scolded for.

"Don't lean so far forward sonny. Here watch." Bristol tilted his log chair back on two legs and balanced perfectly. "See? Now try it again."

Nash tried Bristol's technique and his chair balanced instantly on its back legs. "What's so funny? I did it on my first try and I'm *still* doing it! I'll bet you can't even do it at all!"

Cub caught his breath and spoke. "Yeah well, *you're* not doing it at all...but you're sure giving Buck and Trixie a workout!" The Sprites could not hold the front legs of Nash's chair up any longer. They let go and darted out of the way as the chair came crashing down and Nash's face landed in his bowl that he had not quite licked clean. When he came up his now orange face brought laughter, even to himself.

"All right boys, enough of the fun for now. It's time to tell you, Cub, why you're here."

"What about me? Am I here for a reason too?"

"Well Nash, not on purpose, but I suppose being you came through to the Lower West with Cub you can help keep an eye on him for me." Nash slugged Cub in the arm and Cub returned the favor.

Trixie spoke up. "We'll take care of the bowls and tumblers while you guys go on in the sitting room where it's more comfortable." She nodded to Buck and they began to

clean up the table. It took both of them to fly either one bowl or one tumbler to the sink at a time. They would then skate around the soapy dish in their "sponge slippers" to get it clean and finally fly the dish to the rinse water, so they would stay busy for a while.

Cub and Nash sunk deep into the fluffy cushion on the couch.

The rocker creaked when Bristol took a seat. He reached down in the vase beside the rocker. "Dandelion stem to chew on?"

"Sure!" After hearing the old man's tales during the meal, both boys had become so fond of him they wanted to do everything he was doing. "'Cause when I grow up, I wanna be just like you."

"But I thought you liked acting grown up already?"

"Well, you know what I mean." Nash was rather embarrassed at his last statement.

Bristol twirled the dandelion stem a few times in his mouth as he thought before he spoke. "Cub, has anyone ever told you anything about the future?"

"Let's see...my momma once told me that if I kept crossing my eyes they'd stay that way, and my daddy told me if I kept shoving watermelon seeds up my nose - when I got older vines would grow out of my ears. But that's all I know about the future."

"Well now there's a couple of things I've never heard tale of so I guess you'd best mind them on that." Bristol looked at Nash who was just shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "What would you say if I told you that you could bust a rock in to pieces just by pointing at it? Would you believe me?"

"I guess so."

Bristol reached into his pocket, pulled out a rock and sat it on the book table. "Go ahead boy, point at that rock."

Cub was not sure as to whether he was being taken for a trick or not. Nash silently coaxed him. Cub lifted his hand, pointed his finger at the rock, and the rock...just sat there.

"Oh sorry about that. I forgot one important thing. When you point at it, you've gotta say the words, 'Be now dust.'"

Cub looked first at Nash, then at Bristol. He curled his lips in and took a deep breath. He pointed and said, "Be now dust." At that exact moment a small sparkle escaped his finger tip, sped to the rock, and when it hit, the rock exploded into dust.

"No way!" exclaimed Nash.

Cub tossed Nash a smug look as he blew his finger tip like a smoking gun. He figured Buck and Trixie were in on it anyway. But when he saw them skating on a soapy dish not even paying attention his stomach did a flip.

"Do it again!" Nash loved magic of any kind, and to think that his best friend might be able to do magic was more than exciting.

"I can't. There was only one rock."

"Not a problem. Point at the table and say 'Dust now return.'"

Cub resituated himself on the couch and did just that. This time the dust particles collected, the rock resumed its shape, and the small sparkle of a fire ball returned into Cub's fingertip causing his wrist to snap back.

"What was that all about?" Cub asked. "I thought for certain this was a trick, but I swear I'm really doing this." He paused. "Right?"

"You surely are. I told you you had a purpose. Would I lie to you?"

"I'd hope not!"

Bristol got up out of his rocker and went to the large treasure chest against the wall. The boys heard him mumble a few words and watched as the locks undid themselves. He lifted the lid with caution. A few moths flew out and he waited for them to clear. He reached in and pulled from it a rather old looking book and blew the dust from it. He hurried to the couch and squeezed his way between the boys.

Cub reached for it. "That's the coolest looking book I've ever seen!"

"Ah-ah-ah don't touch. This is Nash's job. Nash, would you please dial the knob on top of the book three times to the left, three times to the right, then push on the knob. Nash could not resist his chance at doing magic. When he pushed the knob the eight flat gears, one pair each on a corner of the book, slowly turned; two pairs clockwise, the other two pair counter-clockwise. The book spoke. "Whose has awakened me? For it was not the hand of The Carrier. To you I shall not reveal what lies within. I now must wait for The Carrier. If The Carrier does not come to me before I return to sleep in a very few minutes, I shall remain asleep for 117 years. And even if The Carrier attempts to open me during that time, I shall not respond until my rest is complete."

"No! No! The Carrier is here. Cub, quick, turn the knob left and right three times each, like Nash did. Hurry before the book sleeps again!"

"But you heard the book. It wants The...The...Carrier. I'm just Cub."

"Oh no you're not. You are The Carrier of the element. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Carrier of what element? What in tarnation are you talking about?"

"Just do it Cub!" Nash was even getting antsy.

"First tell me what The Carrier is or I won't do it!"

"All of this bickering could have been avoided old man if you would have not played games with me." The book sounded angry. "You have two minutes before I close my eyes and find my sweet slumber."

"Two minutes? Cub! C'mon! Just do it!"

Cub frowned and moved his hand toward the knob. "Before I touch this thing, I've got to know what The Carrier is. I'm scared."

"There's no time to explain. Seriously. Believe me when I say it's an extremely important thing to be. There's only four of you. Now turn the knob and push!"

"One minute," said the book in a solemn tone. Its gears were slowing by the second. "When my gears stop at the designated point, then I will be asleep. The last matching gear teeth of each pair will begin to glow as they near their coming together and I will be sealed for 117 years."

"One minute! You heard the book. Get moving!"

Cub's palms began to sweat and his breathing turned shallow. He turned the knob right and left three times each then pressed it just before the glowing gears' teeth aligned.

The gears stopped and the book spoke. "Ah! The Carrier *is* among you." The gears began to turn in reverse.

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Write the next three writing prompts on your flipchart/wipe off board

- Three "story" writing prompts to choose from:

1. Martin, a private investigator, has been assigned by his best friend Nick to the case of Jen and her assumed stalker. Jen has a secret lover and they are planning to take a cruise in the near future, unbeknown to Nick.
  2. Nell has decided to become a nurse, but her paranormal friend wants her to become a super model. Nell's best friend is all for the nursing degree, but Nell's boyfriend is leaning toward super model, not knowing the evil ghost is leading her to do this.
  3. Josh, the leader of the captives, has to free the tiny creatures that have been taken by the villains because the villains want to wipe out their race. The villains have cast a spell on the tiny creatures and Joey must then get them back to safety before the stars light or they will wither. The shortest route is through the land of ogres who do not welcome trespassers.
- Enthusiasts should write a short piece (no more than 500 words) from the “story” of their choice above and add “plot” into the story.
  - Read each one aloud and critique as time allows

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**Discussion:**

- What are some of your favorite conflicts?
- What kinds of actions bring exciting reactions?
- What obstacle would you put in the way of a villain?



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**Creator:** Janet Beasley

**HANDOUT:** NOVICE

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Princess Miranda of Spinnley and Prince John of Dawtington knew they were destined to be together. The moment their eyes met on the battlefield they fell in love. They longed to marry and raise a royal family in a castle of another land, a new land they could call their own. Should Miranda and John marry and build a new land, Spinnley and Dawtington would both either become lands of pure mayhem, or parish as the chain of royalty would be broken. But who would marry such enemies?

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Horses thundered and pounding footsteps sounded as the bulk of the action traipsed beyond him and his victim. John raised his sword with both hands for the mighty kill. But the deep green eyes with long lashes staring back at him from behind the enemy’s face guard caused him to hesitate.

“Kill me.” The female voice startled him. “Go on! Do it. You have defeated me, but be quick about it.”

John continued to stare. He could not take his eyes off of the creamy pale, shadowed face behind the metal. He lowered his sword and asked, “Who are you?”

“I am Miranda, princess of Spinnley. And you?”

“I am John, prince of Dawtington.” He leaned closer and asked, “Why are you in battle? And why do you not fight back?” He paused then added, “You’re not only royalty, but also a girl. You have no business here.”

Miranda squinted and said, “And you, PRINCE John, are you not royalty yourself? Why are *you* here? And you are not only royalty, but you are also a mere boy.”

“I’m not a boy. I’m 16!” He backed down and thought before he spoke. “It seems we are both warriors at heart, both here in secret. And if you’re like me you’re longing for an escape from this madness and continual fighting between the lands.” He leaned in. “Did you believe you could come to this battle and meet your death so you would not have to rule such a land when your day comes? For that is why I am here.”

John straightened and waited, glaring, and finally the girl answered, “Yes. I did. But now that I have looked into your eyes...I cannot lie, I do not want to give up my life for an ancient battle that seemingly never ends. Not when I know there is someone like you among the enemy.” She began to remove her helmet.

“No!” John pushed her helmet back down. “We must remain in our secrecy out here. Allow me to mimic your demise. Fall limp, and I shall carry you away deep into the forest where no one will see us.”

Miranda gasped and closed her eyes.

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**Do the conflicts (story) always have to be between characters?**

No.

- Conflict can happen between character and elements (rain, snow, sleet, mudslide, hurricane, earthquake, etc.)
- Conflict can come between character and structures (buildings with tight security, burning, condemned, etc.)
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Absolutely! You’ll see this in TV shows, book series, or even movies with sequels.

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**Story** - Joe is a detective (or so he thinks), and Bud, a chemist, is his partner. They are not officially on a police force, but more so work on their own to help solve crimes in their mid-sized town. After the crew of officials has been to the scene of the crime they

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**Example:**

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“Dan! Eric!” Chelsea’s shouts had come involuntarily. “There’s no opening!”

At her words Dan instantly use his ability to levitate and float as high as he could. She then saw Eric twist and turn, and he soon became a raging human flame. The ghost slid around Eric and slammed in, or perhaps through (Chelsea was not certain), the sealed opening.

When the commotion settled and the boys had returned to normal Dan walked over to Chelsea, who was still part of the wall, slapped the stony surface within inches of her face and shouted, “What are you doing here?”

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Her decision was confirmed. She watched Eric pull a knife from his boot. Slowly he approached her and gently put the knife to her throat. He said, “Now tell us what you’re doing here. Is the treasure in here? TELL ME!”

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### Activity 2:

- Read aloud the example and have enthusiasts decipher story from plot. (Example from *Hidden Earth Series Volume 2 Planet Land ~ The Adventures of Cub and Nash* – author Janet Beasley)

### Chapter 4

#### I'm a What?

It was not long and they arrived at Bristol's cabin. It looked rustic from the outside, and the boys could not wait to see the inside. When they stepped onto the wrap around porch Bristol stomped on a board and the front door opened. "Well, what are you waiting for? Go on in and make yourselves at home. I'll be in in a minute, gotta feed Pancake or he gets kind of cranky."

The boys walked on in and found the place to be much tidier than Bristol himself. There was a hanging kettle half full of what looked to be beans and franks bubbling, cooking over glowing coals in a fireplace. "Mmmmm...mmm those smell good." Nash looked around. "I wonder if there's a spoon or something, I'd like to give those a try."

"Are you crazy? We just met the old man. That may be all he has to eat for the next few days. Besides, I know you're full from the extra three or so chocolate chip cookies you stuffed in your mouth just before we got here. Where's your manners for Maycly's sake?"

"I guess you're right. But that doesn't mean they aren't tempting."

They heard the stomp and the door opened again. "I see you've found my lentils and red caps."

"Lentils and red caps?"

"Sure. It's my very own secret recipe. Some of the best butter beans you'll ever find stirred up in some sweet barbeque sauce and spices with mushrooms that have been marinated in red sauce and added at just the right time. Oh, there's a few onions chopped up and some tomatoes diced, there's a few...wait a minute...I'm not going to tell you everything or I'd be giving away my secret!" The boys laughed. Bristol dished them each out a bowl and they sat down at the round pine table to eat.

"Where's the silverware?"

"Silverware? Shoot, people like me don't use silverware - just makes for more dishes to wash!" Bristol picked up his bowl and began to slurp his beans, using his fingers to get the ones stuck to the sides. The boys followed his lead, beside themselves not having to use silverware.

Cub drank the last of his beans, licked his now orange lips, and wiped his mouth on his now orange sleeve. "Thanks Bristol. That was delicious! It's so cool you let us call

you Bristol and don't make us call you 'Mr. something'. Makes us feel all grown up." Nash agreed on both accounts.

"Well it's good to see you warming up to me a little better and not worrying so about your folks worrying." Cub still knew he was in big trouble, but for some reason he did not want to leave now, if ever. He had already grown fond of the cabin and getting to live like an adult at the age of ten.

Nash tilted his chair back on its hind legs and tried to balance but it was just not working; something he always tried at home and got scolded for.

"Don't lean so far forward sonny. Here watch." Bristol tilted his log chair back on two legs and balanced perfectly. "See? Now try it again."

Nash tried Bristol's technique and his chair balanced instantly on its back legs. "What's so funny? I did it on my first try and I'm *still* doing it! I'll bet you can't even do it at all!"

Cub caught his breath and spoke. "Yeah well, *you're* not doing it at all...but you're sure giving Buck and Trixie a workout!" The Sprites could not hold the front legs of Nash's chair up any longer. They let go and darted out of the way as the chair came crashing down and Nash's face landed in his bowl that he had not quite licked clean. When he came up his now orange face brought laughter, even to himself.

"All right boys, enough of the fun for now. It's time to tell you, Cub, why you're here."

"What about me? Am I here for a reason too?"

"Well Nash, not on purpose, but I suppose being you came through to the Lower West with Cub you can help keep an eye on him for me." Nash slugged Cub in the arm and Cub returned the favor.

Trixie spoke up. "We'll take care of the bowls and tumblers while you guys go on in the sitting room where it's more comfortable." She nodded to Buck and they began to clean up the table. It took both of them to fly either one bowl or one tumbler to the sink at a time. They would then skate around the soapy dish in their "sponge slippers" to get it clean and finally fly the dish to the rinse water, so they would stay busy for a while.

Cub and Nash sunk deep into the fluffy cushion on the couch.

The rocker creaked when Bristol took a seat. He reached down in the vase beside the rocker. "Dandelion stem to chew on?"

"Sure!" After hearing the old man's tales during the meal, both boys had become so fond of him they wanted to do everything he was doing. "'Cause when I grow up, I wanna be just like you."

"But I thought you liked acting grown up already?"

"Well, you know what I mean." Nash was rather embarrassed at his last statement.

Bristol twirled the dandelion stem a few times in his mouth as he thought before he spoke. "Cub, has anyone ever told you anything about the future?"

"Let's see...my momma once told me that if I kept crossing my eyes they'd stay that way, and my daddy told me if I kept shoving watermelon seeds up my nose - when I got older vines would grow out of my ears. But that's all I know about the future."

"Well now there's a couple of things I've never heard tale of so I guess you'd best mind them on that." Bristol looked at Nash who was just shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "What would you say if I told you that you could bust a rock in to pieces just by pointing at it? Would you believe me?"

"I guess so."

Bristol reached into his pocket, pulled out a rock and sat it on the book table. "Go ahead boy, point at that rock."

Cub was not sure as to whether he was being taken for a trick or not. Nash silently coaxed him. Cub lifted his hand, pointed his finger at the rock, and the rock...just sat there.

"Oh sorry about that. I forgot one important thing. When you point at it, you've gotta say the words, 'Be now dust.'"

Cub looked first at Nash, then at Bristol. He curled his lips in and took a deep breath. He pointed and said, "Be now dust." At that exact moment a small sparkle escaped his finger tip, sped to the rock, and when it hit, the rock exploded into dust.

"No way!" exclaimed Nash.

Cub tossed Nash a smug look as he blew his finger tip like a smoking gun. He figured Buck and Trixie were in on it anyway. But when he saw them skating on a soapy dish not even paying attention his stomach did a flip.

"Do it again!" Nash loved magic of any kind, and to think that his best friend might be able to do magic was more than exciting.

"I can't. There was only one rock."

"Not a problem. Point at the table and say 'Dust now return.'"

Cub resituated himself on the couch and did just that. This time the dust particles collected, the rock resumed its shape, and the small sparkle of a fire ball returned into Cub's fingertip causing his wrist to snap back.

"What was that all about?" Cub asked. "I thought for certain this was a trick, but I swear I'm really doing this." He paused. "Right?"

"You surely are. I told you you had a purpose. Would I lie to you?"

"I'd hope not!"

Bristol got up out of his rocker and went to the large treasure chest against the wall. The boys heard him mumble a few words and watched as the locks undid themselves. He lifted the lid with caution. A few moths flew out and he waited for them to clear. He reached in and pulled from it a rather old looking book and blew the dust from it. He hurried to the couch and squeezed his way between the boys.

Cub reached for it. "That's the coolest looking book I've ever seen!"

"Ah-ah-ah don't touch. This is Nash's job. Nash, would you please dial the knob on top of the book three times to the left, three times to the right, then push on the knob. Nash could not resist his chance at doing magic. When he pushed the knob the eight flat gears, one pair each on a corner of the book, slowly turned; two pairs clockwise, the other two pair counter-clockwise. The book spoke. "Whose has awakened me? For it was not the hand of The Carrier. To you I shall not reveal what lies within. I now must wait for The Carrier. If The Carrier does not come to me before I return to sleep in a very few minutes, I shall remain asleep for 117 years. And even if The Carrier attempts to open me during that time, I shall not respond until my rest is complete."

"No! No! The Carrier is here. Cub, quick, turn the knob left and right three times each, like Nash did. Hurry before the book sleeps again!"

"But you heard the book. It wants The...The...Carrier. I'm just Cub."

"Oh no you're not. You are The Carrier of the element. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Carrier of what element? What in tarnation are you talking about?"

"Just do it Cub!" Nash was even getting antsy.

"First tell me what The Carrier is or I won't do it!"

"All of this bickering could have been avoided old man if you would have not played games with me." The book sounded angry. "You have two minutes before I close my eyes and find my sweet slumber."

"Two minutes? Cub! C'mon! Just do it!"

Cub frowned and moved his hand toward the knob. "Before I touch this thing, I've got to know what The Carrier is. I'm scared."

"There's no time to explain. Seriously. Believe me when I say it's an extremely important thing to be. There's only four of you. Now turn the knob and push!"

"One minute," said the book in a solemn tone. Its gears were slowing by the second. "When my gears stop at the designated point, then I will be asleep. The last matching gear teeth of each pair will begin to glow as they near their coming together and I will be sealed for 117 years."

"One minute! You heard the book. Get moving!"

Cub's palms began to sweat and his breathing turned shallow. He turned the knob right and left three times each then pressed it just before the glowing gears' teeth aligned.

The gears stopped and the book spoke. "Ah! The Carrier *is* among you." The gears began to turn in reverse.

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Write the next three writing prompts on your flipchart/wipe off board

- Three “story” writing prompts to choose from:
  4. Martin, a private investigator, has been assigned by his best friend Nick to the case of Jen and her assumed stalker. Jen has a secret lover and they are planning to take a cruise in the near future, unbeknown to Nick.
  5. Nell has decided to become a nurse, but her paranormal friend wants her to become a super model. Nell’s best friend is all for the nursing degree, but Nell’s boyfriend is leaning toward super model, not knowing the evil ghost is leading her to do this.
  6. Josh, the leader of the captives, has to free the tiny creatures that have been taken by the villains because the villains want to wipe out their race. The villains have cast a spell on the tiny creatures and Joey must then get them back to safety before the stars light or they will wither. The shortest route is through the land of ogres who do not welcome trespassers.
- Enthusiasts should write a short piece (no more than 500 words) from the “story” of their choice above and add “plot” into the story.
- Read each one aloud and critique as time allows

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### **Discussion:**

- What is your preferred conflict(s) to write about?
- How do you bring about exciting reactions to conflict in your story?
- What is the most creative obstacle you can think of to thwart a villain?

**Title of Session:** Story and Plot

**Creator:** Janet Beasley

## **HANDOUT: ADVANCE**

### **What is the difference between story and plot?**

The story is your tale of conflict, because every story needs conflict. The plot is the sequence of events in the story.

### **Example of Story: *Taken from the trilogy “Passion and Prowess” Janet Beasley YA Epic Fantasy***

The people of the lands of Spinnley and Dawtington did not speak to one another, their children did not play together, and the merchants never saw fit to trade commerce. These two lands were natural born enemies, almost continually at war with only a few years in between. Each time a new ruler was named another battle began in a quest to conquer the other's land until they tired of battle and ceased to fight, because no one ever won. Over the years the battle field had become stained. It wreaked of spilled blood, was littered with rotted body parts and bones, and broken weaponry, but luckily was located far enough away the common people of each land could not see or smell the remnants of such.

Princess Miranda of Spinnley and Prince John of Dawtington knew they were destined to be together. The moment their eyes met on the battlefield they fell in love. They longed to marry and raise a royal family in a castle of another land, a new land they could call their own. Should Miranda and John marry and build a new land, Spinnley and Dawtington would both either become lands of pure mayhem, or parish as the chain of royalty would be broken. But who would marry such enemies?

### **Example of Plot: *Taken from the trilogy “Passion and Prowess” Janet Beasley YA Epic Fantasy***

In the heat of the battle John spun from slicing an enemy's belly, knocking into another enemy soldier. The force caused the enemy to lose balance, stumble over a dead body then fall backward to the ground. John lunged, pinning the soldier to the ground, his knees clenching around the enemy's neck.

Horses thundered and pounding footsteps sounded as the bulk of the action traipsed beyond him and his victim. John raised his sword with both hands for the mighty kill. But the deep green eyes with long lashes staring back at him from behind the enemy's face guard caused him to hesitate.

“Kill me.” The female voice startled him. “Go on! Do it. You have defeated me, but be quick about it.”

John continued to stare. He could not take his eyes off of the creamy pale, shadowed face behind the metal. He lowered his sword and asked, “Who are you?”

“I am Miranda, princess of Spinnley. And you?”

“I am John, prince of Dawtington.” He leaned closer and asked, “Why are you in battle? And why do you not fight back?” He paused then added, “You’re not only royalty, but also a girl. You have no business here.”

Miranda squinted and said, “And you, PRINCE John, are you not royalty yourself? Why are *you* here? And you are not only royalty, but you are also a mere boy.”

“I’m not a boy. I’m 16!” He backed down and thought before he spoke. “It seems we are both warriors at heart, both here in secret. And if you’re like me you’re longing for an escape from this madness and continual fighting between the lands.” He leaned in. “Did you believe you could come to this battle and meet your death so you would not have to rule such a land when your day comes? For that is why I am here.”

John straightened and waited, glaring, and finally the girl answered, “Yes. I did. But now that I have looked into your eyes...I cannot lie, I do not want to give up my life for an ancient battle that seemingly never ends. Not when I know there is someone like you among the enemy.” She began to remove her helmet.

“No!” John pushed her helmet back down. “We must remain in our secrecy out here. Allow me to mimic your demise. Fall limp, and I shall carry you away deep into the forest where no one will see us.”

Miranda gasped and closed her eyes.

She felt John fall limp atop her, his shiny metal head piece banging into hers. She remained limp and waited for the Spinnley soldier to move on before she whispered, “John. John. Are you still with me?” She felt John’s warm blood drip from his back and onto her hand.

A slight moan came from John’s lips. He whispered back in her ear, “Yes. I am with you now...and always.”

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**Does the conflict (story) always have to be between characters?**

No.

- Conflict can happen between character and elements (rain, snow, sleet, mudslide, hurricane, earthquake, etc.)
- Conflict can come between character and structures (buildings with tight security, burning, condemned, etc.)

- Conflict can be found between character and animals (fictitious beasts, lions, dogs, insects, etc.)
- Conflict can come about when a character eats or drinks something that is poisonous or mind altering
- Conflict can take place when a character has to change direction i.e. Traveling down the road and there is a detour that leads them into danger
- Conflict can take place in a science lab when an experiment goes wrong
- Conflict can spark during events: small or large (battles, sports, family gatherings, school activities, funerals, séances, etc.)

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