Possible leads to read aloud to the class to demonstrate how setting, action, character, reflection, event, or dialogue can lead you into a story:

Avi. *The True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle*. Harper Trophy, 1990. "Not every thirteen-year-old girl is accused of murder, brought to trial, and found guilty. But I was just such a girl, and my story is worth relating even if it did happen years ago."


Howe, James. *The Misfits*. "So here I am, not a half-hour old as a tie salesman and trying to look like I know what I was doing, which have got to be two of the biggest jokes of all time, when who should walk into Awkworth & Ames Department Store but Skeezie Tookis."


Lowry, Lois. *The Giver*. Houghton Mifflin, 1993. "It was almost December, and Jonas was beginning to be frightened. No. Wrong word, Jonas thought. Frightened meant that deep, sickening feeling of something terrible about to happen."

Philbrick, Rodman. *Freak the Mighty*. Scholastic, 2001. "I never had a brain until Freak came along and let me borrow his for awhile, and that's the truth, the whole truth. The unvanquished truth is how Freak would say it..."
Great Leads

“If You’re reading this, it must be a thousand years from now. Because nobody around here reads anymore. Why bother when you can just probe it?”

“Our land is alive, Esperanza,” said Papa, taking her small hand as they walked through the gentle slopes of the vineyard.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.”

“When I was little, my uncle Pete had a necktie with a porcupine painted on it. I thought that necktie was just about the neatest thing in the world.”

“Now don’t y’all go touchin’ nothin’,” Stacey warned as we stepped onto the porch of the Wallace store. Christopher-John, Little Man, and I readily agreed to that. After all, we weren’t even supposed to be up here.
“And Cassie,” he added, “don’t you say nothin’.”

"In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort."

“I’m tired of remembering,” Hannah said to her mother as she climbed into the car. She was flushed with April sun and her mouth felt sticky from jelly beans and Easter candy.”

“You better not never tell nobody but God. It’d kill your mammy.”