

# A story about a Story

"They'll be due on Thursday." Mrs. Holland, my English teacher, finished. I sighed heavily, looking disdainfully at my story plot. It wasn't too bad...

That weekend, I spent half of Sunday writing and putting together the plot that I'd written up for my story to be entered in the competition in the Albury Library. I thought the plot had been pretty good...it was about a girl named Azure Freefall...with orange and blue hair...and azure blue eyes. She lived alone in a town that always rained. She was depressed and an orphan. She lived on a lonely road, the old freeway to the town of La Nina...in a small and neglected bungalow. And then...I realised the ending was REALLY cheesy. What? Her wild, spiky haired friend makes it sunny for the first time in the history of La Nina...whilst playing a rainy day game. And then everything becomes alright.

'Argh,' I resisted the urge to tear the 8 paged story from the book, 'I might as well just hand this in. Cheesy ending and all.'

But that Monday in English again, Mrs. Holland told us quite sternly, "Don't get carried away and write pages and pages. The word limit is 1500."

My face flamed red, and I sneakily showed my friend who was sitting beside me the 8 pages of writing. She laughed silently at me, her golden hair half braided as she struggled to hold onto the loose bits of hair.

During that lesson, everyone had their heads bent over and their pens and keyboards scratched and clicked away as they wrote and typed. But me...I had my eyes wandering out the window, scanning the oval from the two-storey English building. Trees with steadily growing green shoots stood tall, gnarled and slowly moved to the rhythm of the wind.

God, what's wrong with me? I usually have ideas for stories practically blowing up in my head from being shoved into my small head together. I was always in class staring out the window dreaming up scenarios in my head of tornados created by wizards concealed amongst the student body. There was even that one time that I was imagining what it would be like if a plane crashed into the school and set the school alight...burning down the teachers' lounge...along with all the assessments and assignments due that term.

I look back out the window. An old tree...a story about a tree spirit? Nah, I've already done a story like that before. Hmm...Oh! The Year 10's are out there...a story about...school life for a year 10? No way, that'll just be all assessments, assignments and absolutely PAINFUL school drama. I hold a certain dislike for chick flick themed stories.

I wrote about four more plots between Monday and Wednesday.

Plot one, was about what life might be like for a boarder at my school. My school is not just a day school you see, you can board there too. And it was about me and my friends

boarding there...and sneaking into the canteen for a midnight feast. Now that was a REALLY good idea. I was thinking of all sorts of things to happen.

First, we'd have to get past security...also known as...Mrs. Holland. She suits the job of a security guard.

Second, we find my friend's mum who is a teacher at the school sleepwalking. We solve that issue by locking her into the girls' bathroom.

And lastly, we find our Sensei (Japanese teacher) in the cultural centre, obviously trapped.

But off course, we get caught by Mr. Newbold, our junior school headmaster.

Oh, but just like my obvious good luck, a story as such would take about 3 times 1500 words. So that was out of the question.

The next one was about a quiet town on a lonely hill surrounded by thorns. Yeah, BIG BLACK AND SHARP thorn bushes.

And to make it even more mysterious...when you turn 25 in that town...you disappear and everyone forgets who you are. No one bothers leaving the town; they don't realise something's wrong.

Except for this one girl...

But whilst the plot was so and so, I just couldn't bring myself to actually start the story. This story showed signs of turning into some saga that would take up about 3 English books. That was a risk I wasn't willing to take.

I suddenly started thinking about my favourite books; 'Malory Towers' and 'St. Clares' by Enid Blyton. What about a story about a boarding school! And it could be in a beautiful farm land, surrounded by golden wheat for miles around...blue skies with fluffy white clouds. The school should be old, and it will be used by children of farmers who can't send them to the city to study.

I got the picture of the school really well. It was vivid; it was there in my mind, as real as me. But writing about it, the adventures there, the mischief and fun...I couldn't do it.

Enid Blyton is an AMAZING author. She writes so well about school life in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, capturing everything so well. That's the reason why 'Malory Towers' and 'St. Clares' are my favourite books. I got my setting well...but no story line.

Whilst in class on Wednesday, I remembered a character profile I had once done. About a Vampire boy and I had even drawn a picture to go along with it.

I almost screamed and poured out my sorrow and turmoil to Ms. Foley, who's usually our Geography teacher but was taking us due to Mrs. Holland being away. I received her

permission to get my profile from my locker, and I almost ran like some psychopath on the loose in the first Olympic Games. Down stairs, through bushes and through the year 7 and year 11 girl's locker room.

When I got back to our classroom, I began to write. This new story was now about a 300 year old Vampire named Vincent Meyar, who promises to himself that he'll never 'become weak' and fall in love. But then whilst 'mingling in the human world,' in order to train himself to 'control his blood thirst,' he begins to see many good human traits. He however, puts them down.

He then meets Ella Yale, a human girl who is constantly bullied. She has a large padding over her cheek after they beat her up. When he out of curiosity inquires about her wound, she speaks to him with happiness at 'making a new friend at last.'

After their chance meeting, Vincent is slightly surprised and dismayed, to find he in that short time had started to take a liking to Ella.

I really like this one. I thought that I'd finally done it! My story was done. But I was slightly disappointed that I couldn't add more detail. As a result, whilst I had a great story line, there was nowhere for imagination. No details or 'colour' to my story. If I had let my usually descriptive writing flow, my simple story would've probably become the new 'Twilight Saga.'

My short lived triumph was now crawling into a garbage dump.

Whilst at tuition, my Tutor Claire and I were just talking, since it was the last lesson before the holidays. I was just talking to her about my 'story writing block' and how I didn't have ANY ideas for my story. She smiled quite sympathetically at me as my mum's silver Kluger drove up in front of the tutoring house.

"You really are having problems with story writing aren't you?"

"Yeah..." I groaned, laying my head on my arms on the table, my wavy black hair spreading out everywhere; like me, it looked like a dead tired, black octopus.

I thought back over all the failed stories. Well, stories that failed being fewer than 1500 words...

"OH MY GOSH!!!!!" I screeched, and Claire dropped the load of books she was carrying over to her shelf, and they fell to the floor with several loose papers fluttering around like lifeless, cream coloured and unusually shaped butterflies. I scrambled to pick up all the books, whilst Claire tidied up the papers.

"YOU ARE AN ABSOLUTE GENIUS!!!!!!!!!" I almost screamed, and exclamation marks flew all around my head and nearly poured out my ears like boiling, scathing, hellishly stinging red magma.

"Well thankyou..." muttered Claire, though she looked confused, but pleased at the same time.

"I'm gonna write a story...about me not being able to write a story!!!" I squeaked, knowing that if I screamed, Jacqui who was taking her Group Italian class next door, would ninja kicked the door down assuming that I'm being murdered by laughing gas that had been stolen from the hospital, and turned into screaming gas.

"Huh...should be interesting. Might even be quite funny-"

Halfway through her sentence however, I'd already raced out the room, down the corridor and out the door to my mum's car. And the moment I got home, I threw my life story from Friday last week and onwards to today into words typed across a Word Document.

And so ends my story, of how I was unable to find a topic to write about for the competition, but made a story from that dilemma anyway.