

# Creative Writing Prompts: Finish the Story

Do you find it difficult to start writing a story from scratch? Sometimes a blank page can feel intimidating. The story starters below should help you to come up with exciting ideas and feel more confident in your writing. Pick one, cut it out, stick it at the top of your page and get writing! Take the story in any direction you want to; it's your creation.

The clouds had turned a murky grey colour. Thunder rumbled. Alice shakily pulled her hood over her head and quickened her pace. Splish. Splash. The rain began to fall. Over the noise of the raindrops, she could still hear the heavy footsteps behind her.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you'd please stand and raise a toast to the star of the show... The marvellous Miss Maria Moddle!"

The applause drowned out my fears. I could do this. I took a deep breath, displayed my most confident smile and leapt onto the stage.

It was unlike any other place I'd seen. Sleek, silent vehicles swept past me, hovering above the ground. Buildings stretched up to the stars, casting shadows over the scene. Blobs of colourful, luminous light glowed in mid-air, making the whole city feel like a giant lava lamp.

You know that feeling where you are too tired to stay awake but your body refuses to sleep?

That was my dilemma at 11:59 on a seemingly normal Wednesday night.

"Wasn't expecting to see you here!" Jamal exclaimed, his eyebrows raised.

"I wasn't expecting to be here," muttered Sam, "but here I am."

Hastily, he scurried into the room, ducking into his seat while glancing at the clock. 9:02am. Late.

Strawberry ice cream dripped down my hand as I waited for Kiran to arrive. They'd be strawberry puddles before long! Where was she?

“Did you hear that?” Cassie whispered, clutching my hand like she was squeezing a stress ball.

“No,” I replied, peeking out of the wardrobe through the gap, “but they can’t be far away now. Time’s almost up.”

There she sits on a wintery afternoon, cocooned in blankets, cradling a cup of tea, watching the news. Who would suspect she carries out secret spy duties? Who would know her loyal sidekick is her beloved goldfish, Marilyn?

My dog, Maddi, kept close to my side. I think she, too, could sense something odd was happening.

“Let’s check in here,” I said softly, pushing open a door.

Empty. Completely empty.

Sluggishly, she made her way down the stairs. All that swimming yesterday had left her exhausted. It was worth it though; she’d finally caught a glimpse of the hidden kingdom below.

Kites. Kites of every shape, every colour, every pattern imaginable, filled the sky. It was like a patchwork of floating creatures, weaving and bobbing between one another.

But Jon’s just wouldn’t fly.

