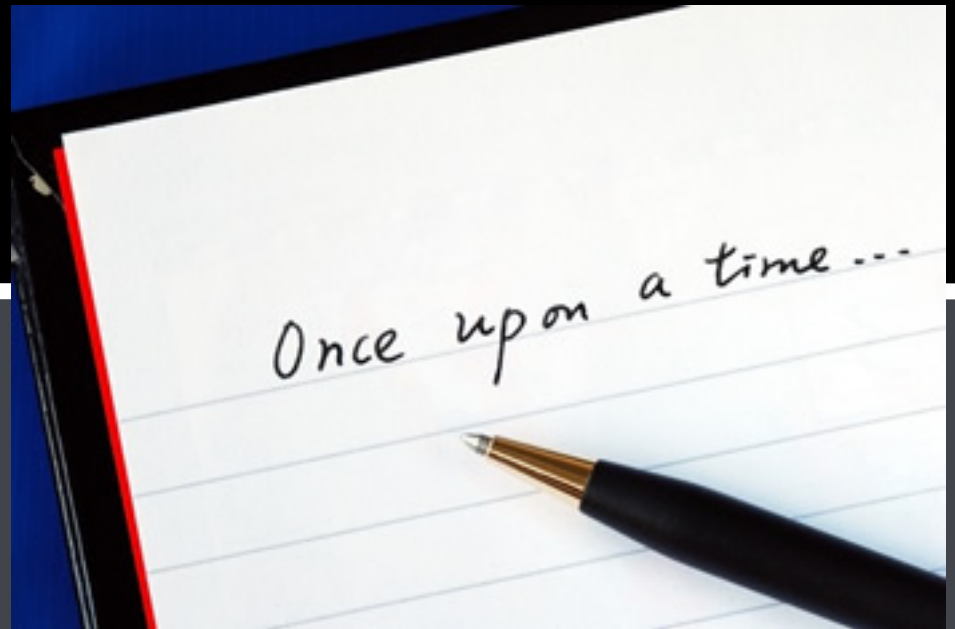


Inspiring Young Writers

And Exciting Young Readers



You can't force kids to do creative writing.

You can't force them to read books.

You can inspire them to want to tell stories.

You can inspire them to seek out new worlds...

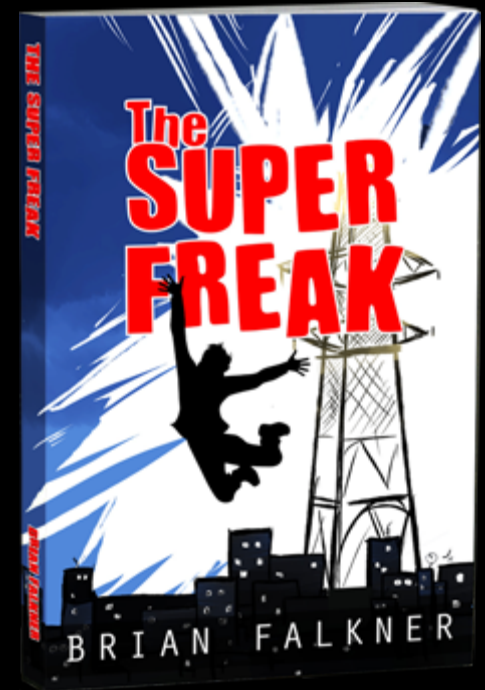
New Civilisations...

To boldly go..

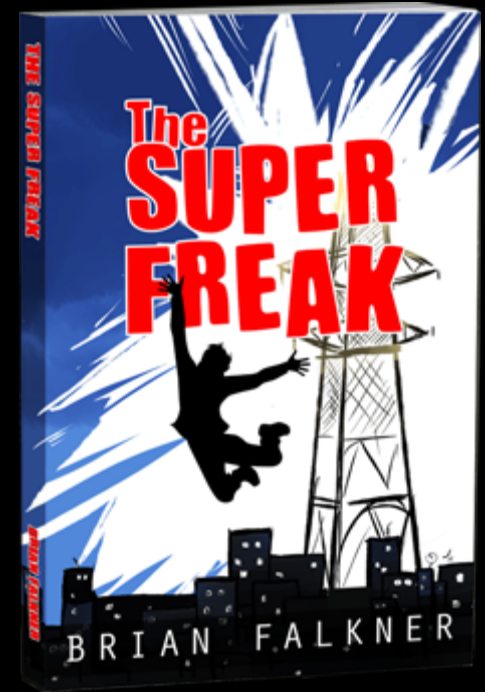
...where they have never gone before!



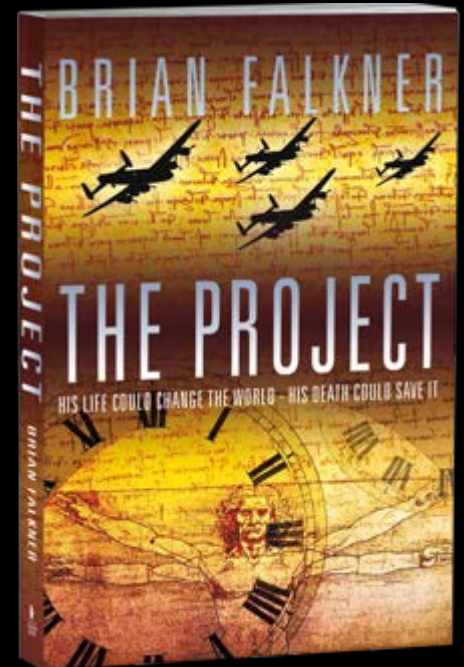
“The English language, I decided, was full of long, wise and wonderful words, that were rarely used, even by teachers. As a full-time native speaker of the language I felt it was my duty to use most of these words as often as possible, and all of them at least once in my life.”



The only thing you could rely on, the one thing that was always there, was a library. And the library was full of books, and the books were full of words. Long, wise and wonderful words.



Libraries made Luke nervous. They were full of books, and that seemed like far too much reading all concentrated in one place to him. As if it would reach critical mass and start a chain reaction and explode in a huge blast of words and sentence fragments.

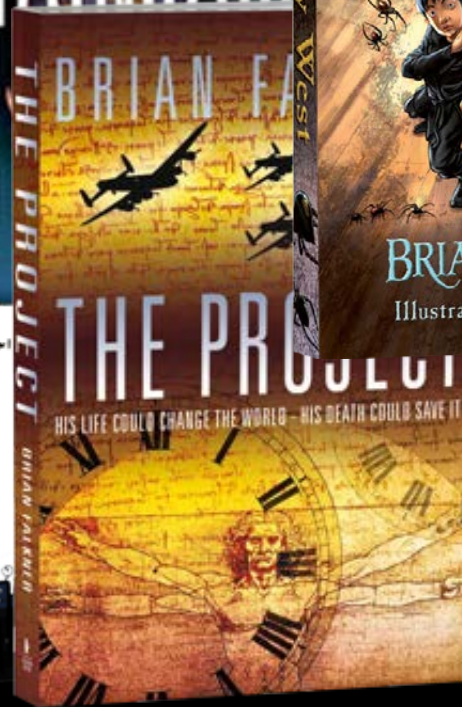
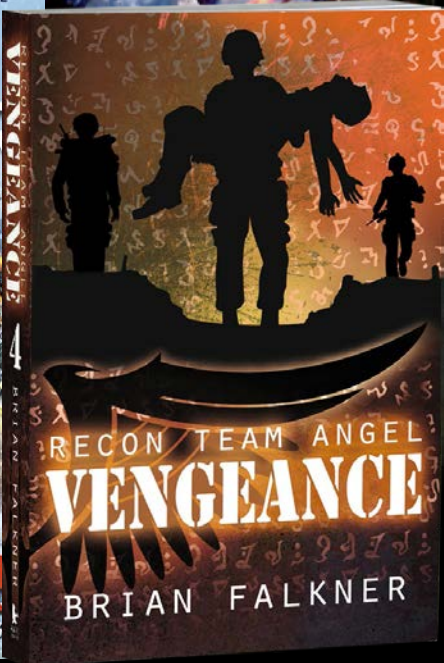
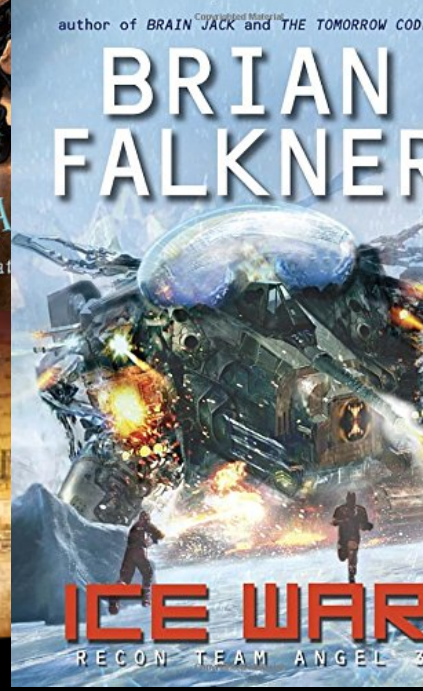
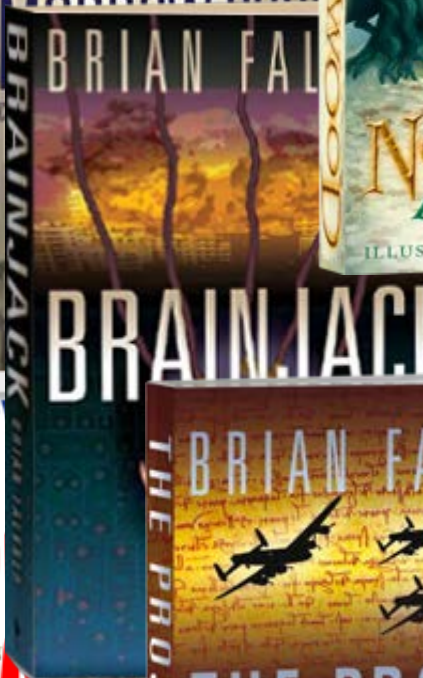
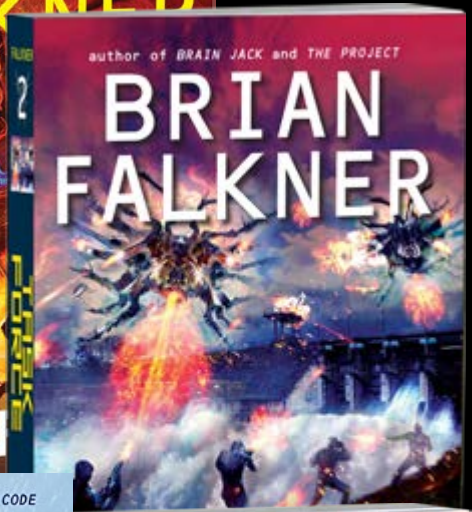
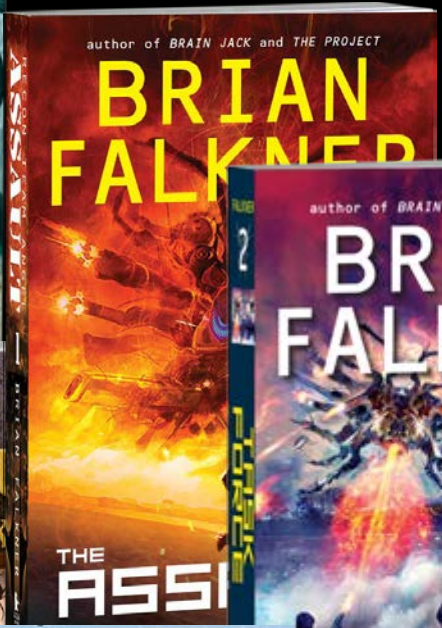
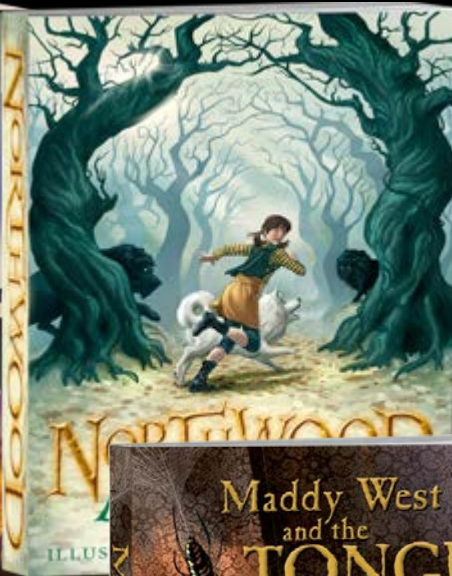
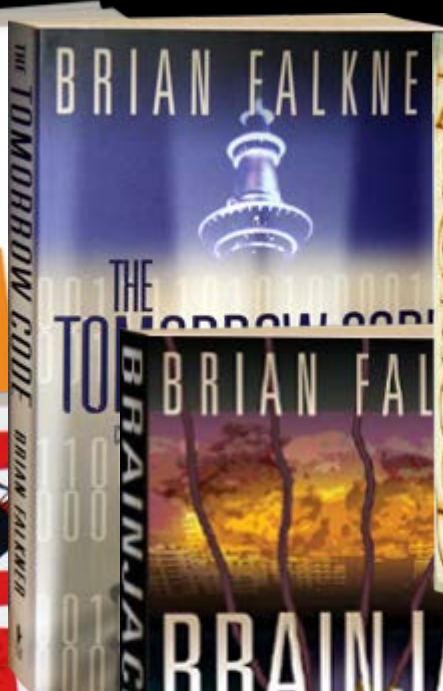


What inspired me to read?

And write?

My Dad





BATTLES SAURUS

Rampage at Waterloo



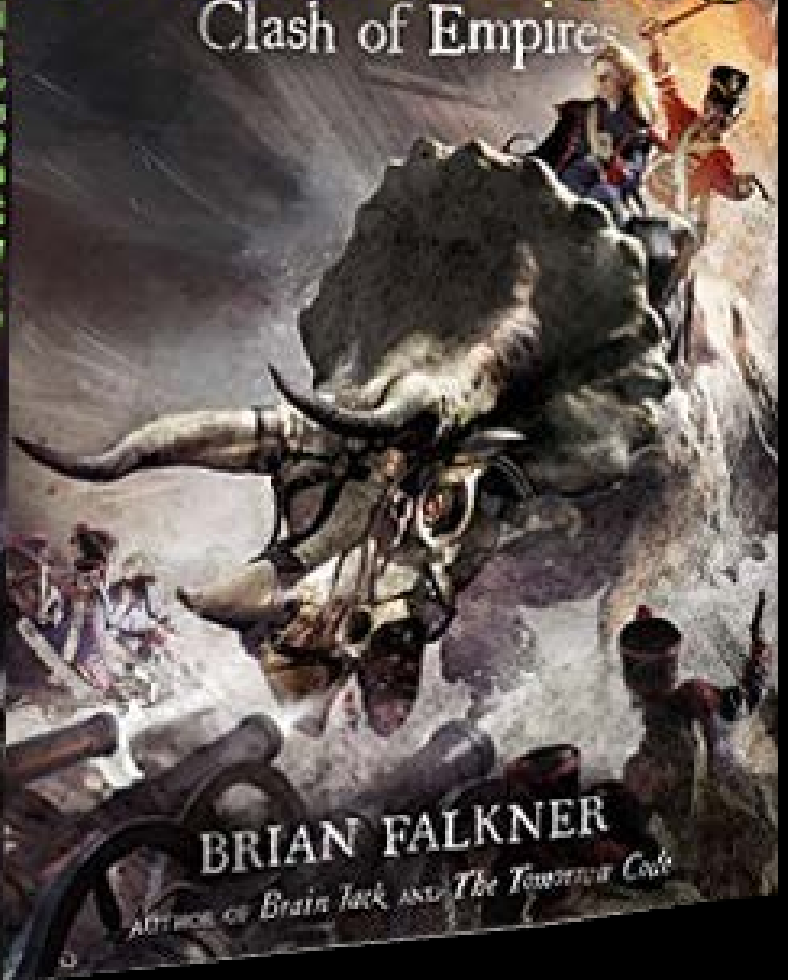
BRIAN FALKNER

NAPOLEON'S ENEMIES ARE IN DANGER OF EXTINCTION

BATTLES SAURUS

Clash of Empires

BATTLES SAURUS



BRIAN FALKNER

Author of *Brain Jack* and *The Towering Code*

Mellons Bay School



Alexander Dawson

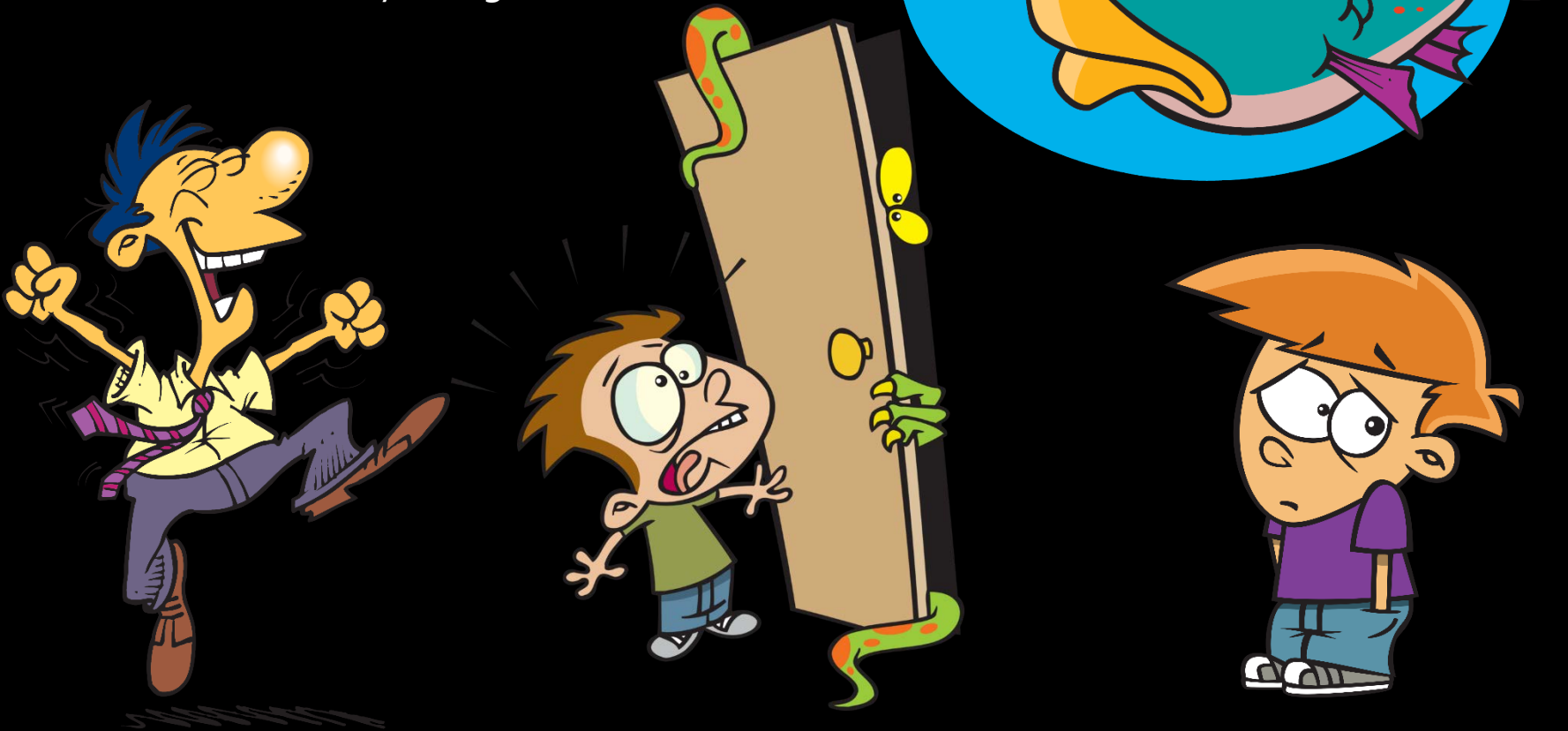


How do we inspire kids to read?

Do what an author does

Hook them into a story with curiosity

Connect with the story using emotions



“Where’s Papa going with that axe?” said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast.

It’s about a boy with a terrible secret

It’s about a prison camp where each day they must dig holes in the desert, and nobody knows why.

It’s about two friends who start to receive messages from the future. The first message is an SOS.

I think you'll really like this book...

It terrified me! I had to sleep with the light on!

I bawled my eyes out.

I laughed until it hurt...

Get kids to get kids to read

Get them to recommend books to each other.

Get them to share how the books made them feel.

Get them to make book trailers...



Book Trailers

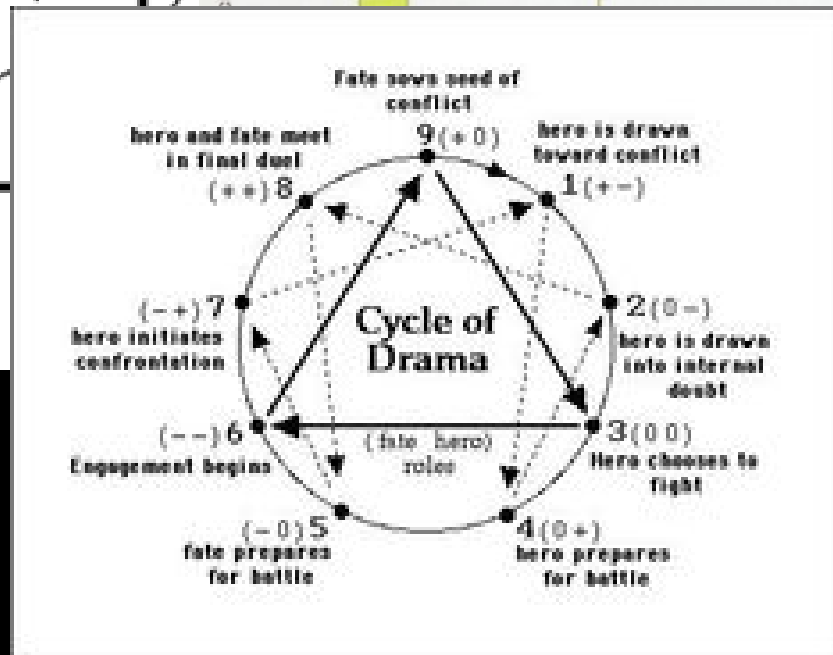
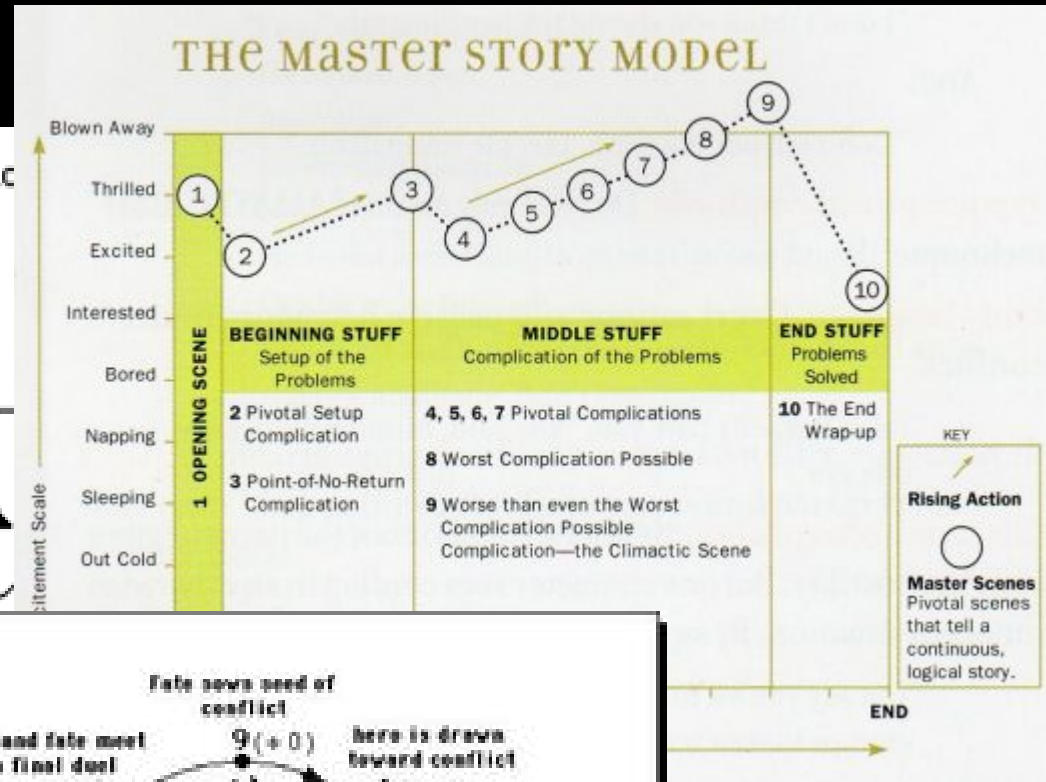
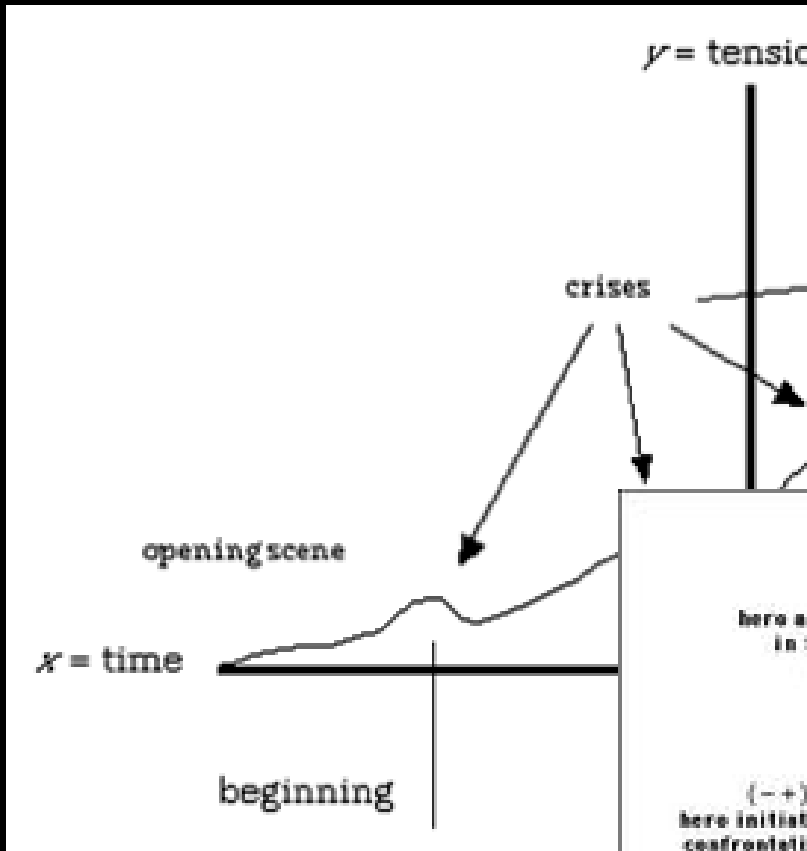
Fun to make

Technology

Makes them think about how to 'sell' the book

Writing

Make it Simple



Make it Fun

Writing is not a punishment

Writing is not a punishment

Writing is not a punishment

Writing is not a punishment

Writing is not a punishment

Writing is not a punishment

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR
With Brian Falkner

SCHOOL HOLIDAY CAMP



Write like a **Boss**
Write like a **Champion**
Write like an **AUTHOR!**

The internationally acclaimed school holiday programme for young writers that shows you how to write stories the way professional authors do.



Students say...

"the best fun ever!"
- Jamie, 12

"I learned things I never expected to learn."
- Rebekah, 11

"It expanded my understanding of myself as a writer and opened up a whole future of possibilities."
- Grace, 15

WRITE like an AUTHOR



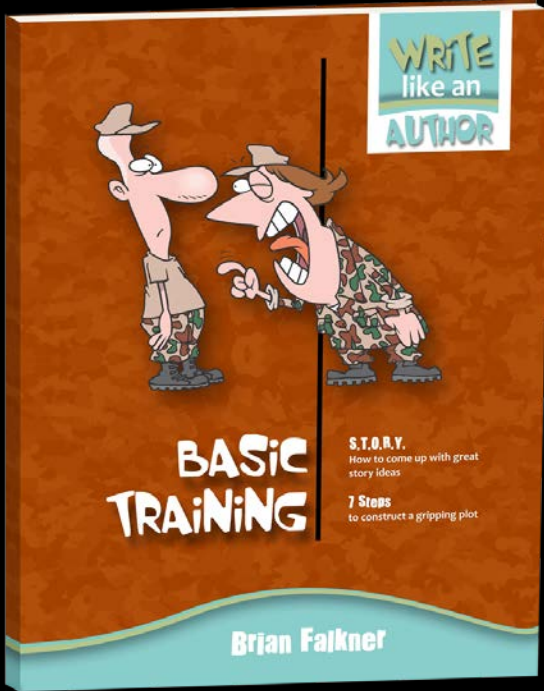
Writing camps

School holiday camps allow students a focussed writing time without other distractions.

Students focus on the goal of producing a story to the very best of their abilities, along the way learning all the skills they will need, with one-on-one mentoring.

It's not all work, we have lot of FUN!





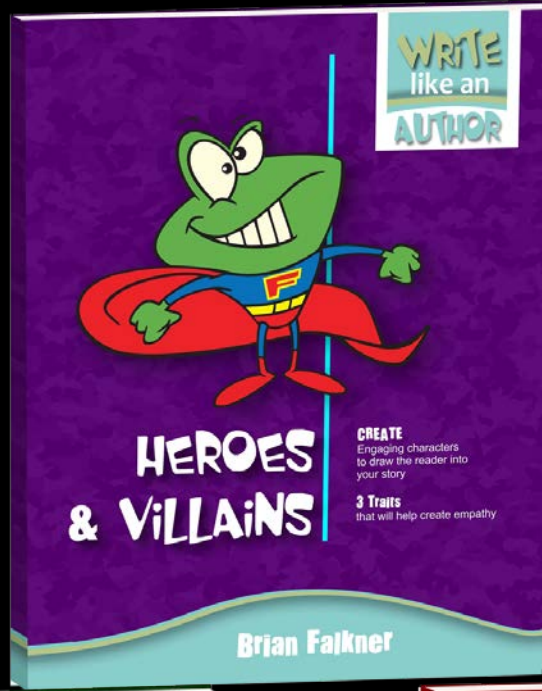
WRITE
like an
AUTHOR

BASIC TRAINING

STORY.
How to come up with great story ideas

7 Steps
to construct a gripping plot

Brian Falkner



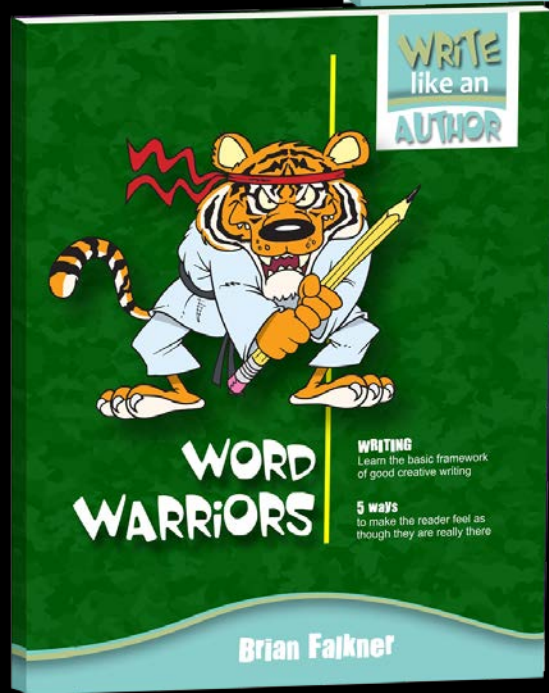
WRITE
like an
AUTHOR

HEROES & VILLAINS

CREATE
Engaging characters to draw the reader into your story

3 Traits
that will help create empathy

Brian Falkner



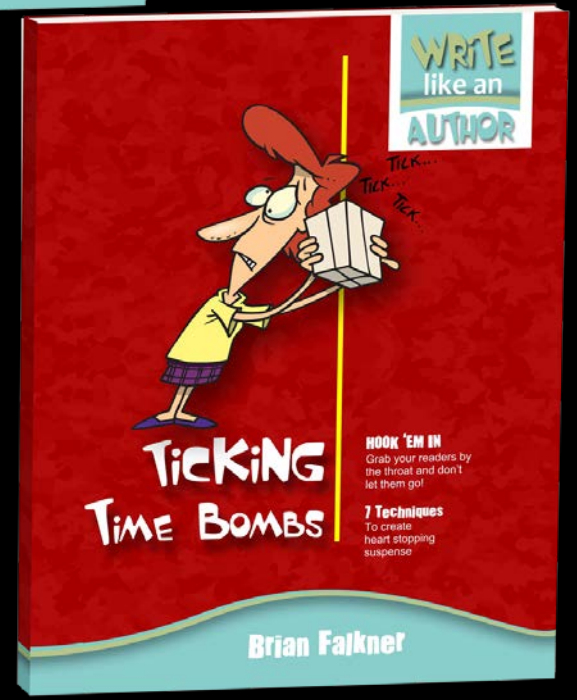
WRITE
like an
AUTHOR

WORD WARRIORS

WRITING
Learn the basic framework of good creative writing

5 ways
to make the reader feel as though they are really there

Brian Falkner



WRITE
like an
AUTHOR

TICKING TIME BOMBS

HOOK 'EM IN
Grab your readers by the throat and don't let them go!

7 Techniques
To create heart stopping suspense

Brian Falkner

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR



SPECIAL OPS

Advanced Training

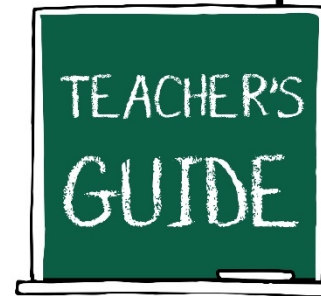
Tools and tips for advanced writers. Learn how to edit and polish your story

10 Tips

To get your story published

Brian Falkner

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR



Motivate

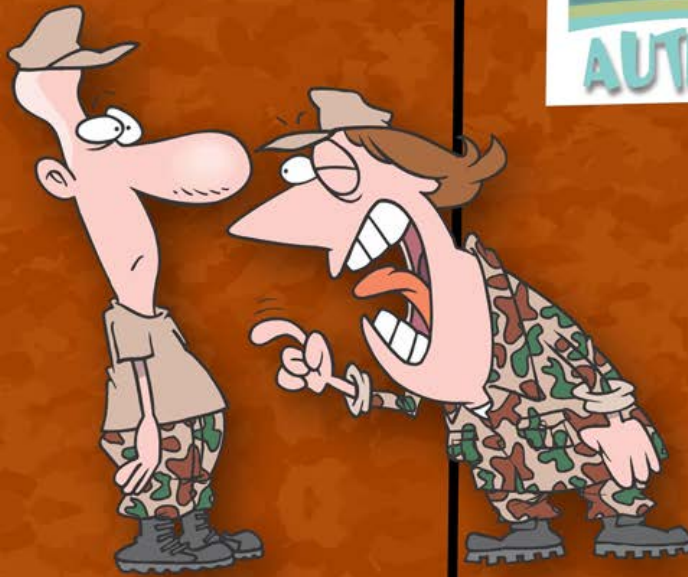
How to implement the course in the classroom

Inspire

Turn young writers into future authors

Brian Falkner
and Steve Gillis

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR



BASIC TRAINING

S.T.O.R.Y.

How to come up with great
story ideas

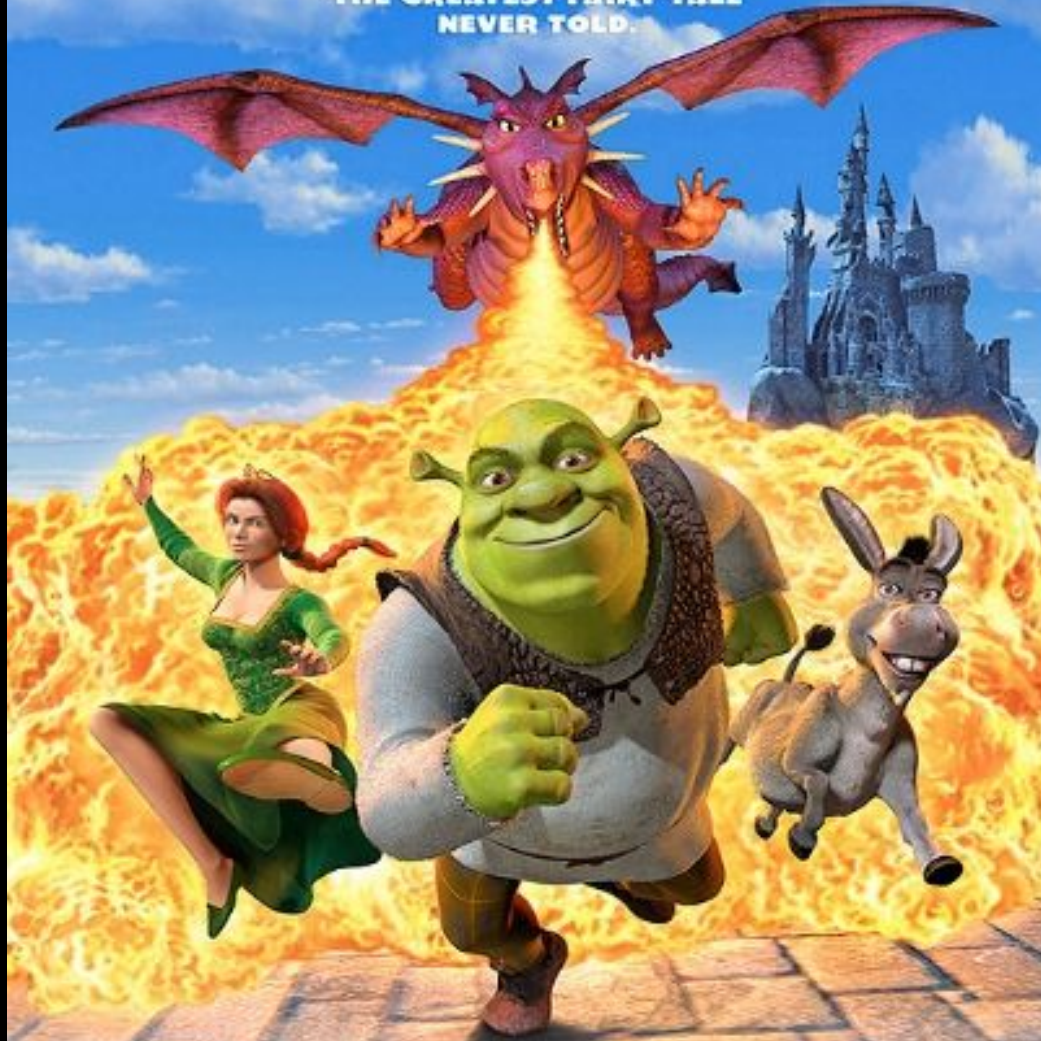
7 Steps

to construct a gripping plot

Brian Falkner

STORY

THE GREATEST FAIRY TALE
NEVER TOLD.



SHREK

COMING SOON

WWW.SHREK.COM

 IPDI

 DREAMWORKS
PICTURES

Walt Disney
PICTURES PRESENTS
THE
LION KING
SPECIAL EDITION



Now Available On  And Video.

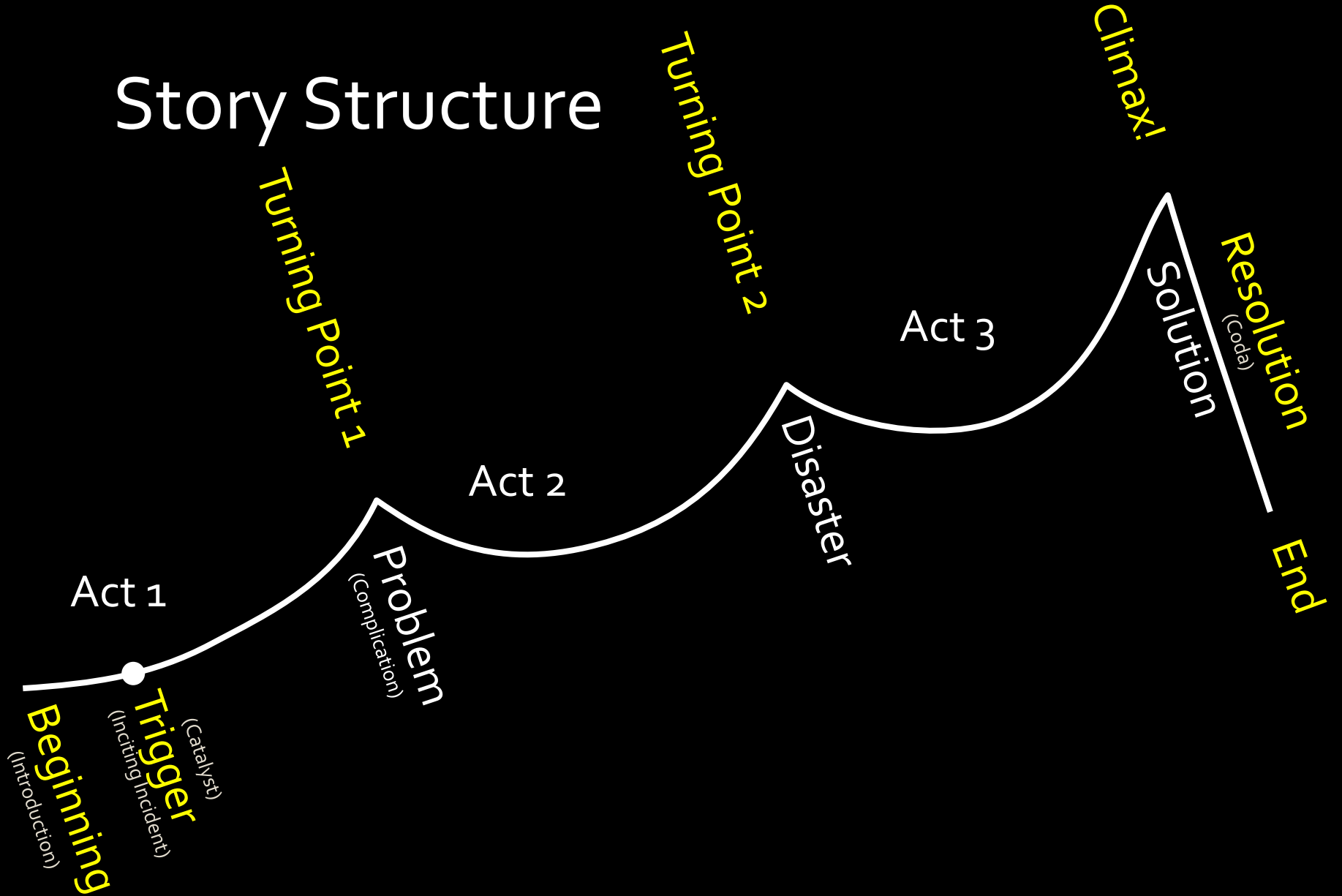
©Disney.



What is 'STORY'?



Story Structure



THE BEGINNING

There's a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood. She lives in a cottage by a forest. She is an only child, but often makes friends with the small animals and birds of the forest. She is a happy, bright little girl who cares about other people and creatures. She has a red cloak with a red hood that she was given for her birthday.



TITLE:
AUTHOR:
DATE:

TRIGGER

Her grandmother gets sick and her mother asks LRRH to take her some goodies.



PROBLEM

In the forest, she meets a big, bad wolf!



DISASTER

The wolf beats her to the grandmother's house, and gobbles up the grandmother!



CLIMAX!

The wolf is about to eat LRRH when a nearby woodchopper hears her screaming and rushes in!



RESOLUTION

They all live happily ever after.



THE BEGINNING

TRIGGER

PROBLEM

DISASTER

CLIMAX!

RESOLUTION

TITLE:
AUTHOR:
DATE:

Make it Visual

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR



HEROES & VILLAINS

CREATE

Engaging characters
to draw the reader into
your story

3 Traits

that will help create empathy

Brian Falkner



1. Humour

We like people who make us laugh

We care about people we like.

WRITE
like an
AUTHOR



WORD WARRIORS

WRITING

Learn the basic framework
of good creative writing

5 ways

to make the reader feel as
though they are really there

Brian Falkner

Make it Quick

The power of *****

Some houses, to Maddy, seemed to be happy, with fresh paint and *****.

And other houses seemed dour and sullen, watching you go by with a sour expression. Yet other houses seemed sad and tired, especially those ones all crammed together in long rows on long dreary streets.

This house looked mean. It looked angry. ***** Maddy thought as they bounced up a long winding, and ***** driveway through ***** gardens that had gone to rot and ruin. *****.

The power of *****

Some houses, to Maddy, seemed to be happy, with fresh paint and **bright windows like smiling eyes and little lace curtains puffing gently in the breeze.**

And other houses seemed dour and sullen, watching you go by with a sour expression. Yet other houses seemed sad and tired, especially those ones all crammed together in long rows on long dreary streets.

This house looked mean. It looked angry. *********, Maddy thought as they bounced up a long winding, and ********* driveway through ********* gardens that had gone to rot and ruin. *********.

The power of *****

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This house looked mean. It looked angry. **Perhaps ferocious was the right word to use,** Maddy thought as they bounced up a long winding, and ********* driveway through ********* gardens that had gone to rot and ruin. *******.**

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*******.**

The power of *****

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And other houses seemed dour and sullen, watching you go by with a sour expression. Yet other houses seemed sad and tired, especially those ones all crammed together in long rows on long dreary streets.

This house looked mean. It looked angry. **Perhaps ferocious was the right word to use,** Maddy thought as they bounced up a long winding, and **decrepit** driveway through **dark and overgrown** gardens that had gone to rot and ruin. **Black vines and creepers twisted their way up around trees and plants, strangling them.**

Make it Do-able

Break it down

Show them the bits

Put it back together.

The framework of writing

Narration

- To move the story from A to B

Description

- To give the reader a sensory reality

Dialogue and action

- To bring characters to life

Inner Thoughts

- To create empathy.

Kornfeld

I was sitting alone in the old hall, when Kornfeld walked in, saw me and demanded that I give him my lunch.

Kornfeld (with description)

I sat on the edge of the stage in the hall. Not the shiny, glass-walled new hall over by the communications building, but the original wooden hall, that now doubled as a gym, built when the school was built.

It was filled with long hard seats, polished wood on metal frames, but old, and cracked on the edges, to drive small splinters into the legs of small boys.

Light came from high, slatted windows, one of which was cracked and the wind outside made a frightened squeal through it.

The place smelled of sweat, and the wet socks of hundreds of kids. That smelly socky gymmy smell that gets in your nostrils and sets up camp.

Kornfeld entered. His shirt was torn across the shoulders and his trousers were too short.

Half way down the aisle he demanded that I give him my lunch.

Kornfeld (with dialogue and action)

I sat on the edge of the stage in the hall. Not the shiny, glass-walled new hall over by the communications building, but the original wooden hall, that now doubled as a gym, built when the school was built.

It was filled with long hard seats, polished wood on metal frames, but old, and cracked on the edges, to drive small splinters into the legs of small boys.

Light came from high, slatted windows, one of which was cracked and the wind outside made a frightened squeal through it.

The place smelled of sweat, and the wet socks of hundreds of kids. That smelly socky gymmy smell that gets in your nostrils and sets up camp.

Kornfeld entered **with a thud as the door slammed back against the frame**. His shirt was torn across the shoulders and his trousers were too short.

I tried to shrink into the gloom on the stage.

"Hey, it's the professor," his eyes lit up. He advanced down the aisle like a rumbling earthquake, pushing aside seats that he felt were in his way or just annoyed him for some reason.

"Giz your lunch, four-eyes, or I'll smash ya."

I waited until he was right in front of me, taller than me even though I was sitting up on the stage.

"Your ma forgot yours again, huh?"

"You don't talk about my mum," he seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "You..."

I cut him off. "I got an egg-salad sammy that I don't like. You can have that. And my apple. But you gots to say please."

Kornfeld (with inner thoughts)

I sat on the edge of the stage in the hall. Not the shiny, glass-walled new hall over by the communications building, but the original wooden hall, that now doubled as a gym, built when the school was built.

It was filled with long hard seats, polished wood on metal frames, but old, and cracked on the edges, to drive small splinters into the legs of small boys.

Light came from high, slatted windows, one of which was cracked and the wind outside made a frightened squeal through it.

The place smelled of sweat, and the wet socks of hundreds of kids. That smelly socky gymmy smell that gets in your nostrils and sets up camp.

It was a perfect place to get away from the aliens that inhabited this school. Except I knew that was wrong. They weren't the aliens. I was. Whatever reasons my olds had for coming to this country, they weren't good enough. These kids and I had nothing in common.

Kornfeld entered with a thud as the door slammed back against the frame. His shirt was torn across the shoulders and his trousers were too short. He had outgrown them again last summer I guess.

I tried to shrink into the gloom on the stage, but I knew that was never going to work.

"Hey, it's the professor," his eyes lit up, but it wasn't happiness to see me, I was sure of that. He advanced down the aisle like a rumbling earthquake, pushing aside seats that he felt were in his way or just annoyed him for some reason.

"Giz your lunch, four-eyes, or I'll smash ya."

Not this time, I thought. Not this time. If I let this monster push me around again, that would set the tone of the rest of my life. At least at this school.

I waited until he was right in front of me, taller than me even though I was sitting up on the stage.

"Your ma forgot yours again, huh?"

His mother didn't forget his lunch. His mother couldn't be bothered. Everybody knew that. In a way I felt sorry for him.

"You don't talk about my mum," he seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "You..."

This was the moment. My one chance to be me, or I'd be running and hiding forever.

I cut him off. "I got an egg-salad sammy that I don't like. You can have that. And my apple. But you gots to say please."

The framework of writing

Narration

- To move the story from A to B

Description

- To give the reader a sensory reality

Dialogue and action

- To bring characters to life

Inner Thoughts

- To create empathy.

Make it Fun



Make it Emotional

Make it Simple

Make it Fun

Make it Visual

Make it Audible

Make it Quick

Make it Do-able

Make it Fun!