

Transcript for Story On Podcast: Arya's Magic Day (Brainstorming)

Chapter 1: Opening

Hello friends! And welcome to Story On!

I'm Laura, your host and I am so glad that you are able to join us here today!

Story On is a new podcast about creating and sharing stories!

In every episode we will talk about different pieces of the puzzle that go together to make a great story and then I will share my own story with you!

I'm really excited to get started with you guys today but I have a small problem. I don't know what to write about!

I'm sorry, I meant to figure that out earlier but I just couldn't think of an idea! And, well, here we are.... Anyway, if it's ok with you, I'm just going to do a quick brainstorming session to help me think of an idea.

Just a general idea for a topic that I'd like to write about today.

Let me get out my lucky purple notepad and my special writing pen. Ok, got them.

Now I'm just going to write down any idea or theme that comes to mind. It can be anything.

That's the first thing you need for a story – just an idea!

I want to get a bunch of ideas down. Here I go.

Hmmmm outer space, skateboarding monkeys, oooh! undersea adventures, magic blueberries, a really long power outage, [yikes!] flying cars....ok, that should be enough.

Now I'm gonna look back at my ideas.

Hmmmm nahhh, not that one, not that one...Oh! That's the one. That's the one right there. Just what I'm looking for!

Now I'm just going to pop out and write my story real quick and I'll be right back.

[clock ticking]

Ok, here I am! I've got my story done! I'm not going to tell you guys which idea I chose, but listen carefully and I bet you can figure it out.

Now time for the story.

[fading chimes]

Chapter 2: Story

This is Arya's Magic Day.

(robotic voice from alarm clock): "Good morning, good morning, it is 6:00. Time to wake up. Today is Wednesday, October 7th. The weather is cloudy with sunny periods and an average temperature of 70 degrees. You have three events scheduled for today. Press next for more information."

"Ughhhhhh," moaned Arya as she rolled over in bed, stretching her arms, rubbing her eyes and whacking the off button on her alarm.

"Wretched Wednesdays," she complained.

The light shone in through a crack in her blind. Wednesdays were early ones. It was the day that she had to make breakfast for her family before they all headed off in different directions for the day. She yawned.

She could hear the shower running and knew that her dad was in there.

Arya rolled out of bed and stumbled into the hallway, almost colliding with her younger brother Cyrus.

"Morning time! Cloudy day!" Cyrus chirped cheerfully to Arya.

"Yep, I heard," Arya replied unenthusiastically.

She trudged to the kitchen to prepare breakfast so she was ready for her turn in the bathroom.

They lived in a small two-bedroom apartment, so getting everyone ready in the morning required a lot of coordination and turn-taking for their three-person family.

"It will only get more complicated when Cyrus gets older," Arya thought. "But at least he will be able to make breakfast some too."

Arya was 8 years old and lived in San Francisco with her brother, Cyrus (2.5) and her father, Isaac.

Isaac had been raising Arya and Cyrus as a single father ever since Arya could remember.

Despite working long hours as a lead scientist at a prestigious lab, he was an expert at juggling everyone's needs and schedules.

Lately he'd been working extra-long hours on a super-secret project. He couldn't even tell anyone what it was about.

Arya could tell that he was exhausted. She was determined to help in any way she could.

Arya opened the fridge. "Hmmm what to make for breakfast," she wondered. She wanted something easy that didn't require cooking.

"Vrrroooooooooom, screech!" Cyrus yelled out in the background, playing with his toy cars.

Arya's eyes fell upon a tub of yogurt and scanned the shelves for something to put in it.

She saw a small brown cardboard box with the letters I-N-V written in large letters. She scrunched her face, "What's in there?" she wondered.

Carefully picking up the box, Arya opened it and peered inside. "Perfect, blueberries!"

Arya scooped the yogurt into two bowls (one for her and one for Cyrus) and topped it off with a handful of unusually large blueberries.

Grabbing two spoons she called Cyrus to the table. "Ok, breakfast time buddy." Cyrus ignored her and kept playing. "Suit yourself," said Arya as she sat down to eat.

As she was about to take a bite, Arya saw her dad rushing down the hallway.

"Hurry up kids, time's a tickin'," he warned as he hurriedly poured his morning coffee in his biggest mug.

Arya looked at the clock. She had about 15 minutes before she had to leave to walk to school. She took a deep breath and shoveled her breakfast into her mouth.

"I'm next in the bathroom," she called with her mouth stuffed full of food.

Before long, and right on time, Arya was dressed and walking on her way to school.

She felt a little weird. Her stomach was kind of queasy. *I must have eaten too quickly*, she thought. She ignored the strange feeling and continued along towards her school.

She saw her best friend Olivia rounding the corner to the playground. "Olivia!" she called, "Wait up!"

She saw Olivia turn around and look towards Arya and give a quick glance in the other direction. Olivia didn't say anything or even wave back to Arya.

"Huh? That's weird. Why isn't she waiting for me? Why didn't she say anything?" thought Arya. "Maybe she's in a hurry," she reasoned. "I'll catch up with her later, I guess."

Arya continued on her walk. Arya's stomach felt kind of twisted. *Did I do something to upset Olivia?* she thought.

Thinking about the funny feeling in her stomach reminded her about the feeling she'd had just after breakfast. She realized that she didn't feel nauseous anymore but she did feel...different than usual. Almost...lighter? Her arms and legs felt kind of tingly? She shook her head.

"That doesn't make sense," she muttered to herself as she pushed open the doors to her school and stepped into the busy hallway.

As Arya made her way down the chaotic hall, she began to notice an unsettling pattern.

No one that she said hello to responded.

Instead, they seemed to scan up and down the hallway with a kind of confused look on their faces.

"This is so weird. What is going on?" Arya thought to herself.

Not a single person seemed to even notice her as she walked down the hallway. She found herself having to weave and dodge around everyone as they went about their business. It was almost as if she didn't even exist. Like she wasn't even there.

Jeez, this day is not off to a great start, she thought to herself as she took a seat at her table in Mrs. Lopez's room.

She put her head down on her desk and pulled her hood over her head. "I'll just pretend I'm not here till class starts," she decided as she closed her eyes and imagined herself walking on the beach, looking for shells with her dad and brother.

“Good morning, good morning!” sang an unfamiliar male voice.

Arya sat up and blinked as her eyes adjusted to the bright classroom lights.

“My name is Mr. Relish, you know, like the condiment.” Everyone chuckled. He was wearing a bow tie and dressed in bright colors. He looked like a fun teacher. “I’ll be covering for Mrs. Lopez today,” he continued, “as she’s out sick.”

“Oh great,” thought Arya. “Cause this day isn’t weird enough already.”

Mr. Relish was rattling off names as he took attendance.

When he called Arya’s name, she raised her hand. Mr. Relish looked around the classroom, not noticing her raised hand.

“Do we have Ms. Arya today, ladies and gentlemen?” he asked. Arya’s classmates looked at her seat.

Arya opened her mouth to answer but someone blurted out, “Her bag’s there but she isn’t.”

Arya was shocked. And confused. “Is this some kind of prank?” she wondered as she looked around.

But no one laughed or looked at her to confirm they were setting up the unsuspecting teacher.

Arya didn’t say anything. She just watched as Mr. Relish typed a note to the office, presumably wondering where she was when, in fact, she was right where she was supposed to be!

“What in the world is going on with today?” she thought, bewildered.

Arya thought back to when she’d seen Olivia on the walk to school and how she hadn’t answered and actually seemed like she hadn’t seen Arya walking behind her.

She also thought about how she had felt invisible as she made her way down the hallway.

“I mean, what are the odds that not a single person I’ve seen today would say hi back to me and now... this?” She looked down at her table. “I mean, I feel invisible, but I can’t really be invisible, can I?! That’s not possible in real life!”

Her gaze fixed on the shiny floor. She bent down towards it. She remembered being able to see her reflection in the floor other times. She folded her body right down so her face was just inches from the floor. She squinted and held her breath. She gasped. She felt the hair stand up on the back of her neck. She didn't see her reflection!

"Wait, don't panic," she told herself, "Maybe the lighting is weird or maybe the floor just isn't as shiny as usual."

Glancing around the room for other, more reflective surfaces, Arya saw the mirror above the classroom art sink. It was across the room from her. She couldn't see herself from her seat.

"Hmmm. Getting up in the middle of class to walk to the sink without a reason would definitely not be ok with the teacher. "What could be a reasonable excuse to go over there," she wondered.

She saw the container filled with freshly sharpened pencils on the counter next to the mirror. "That's it!" she whispered, "a pencil."

Arya took a deep breath and cautiously got up out of her seat. She was careful not to make any noise or move her chair or any objects just on the ridiculously off chance she was actually invisible.

"Am I totally losing my mind?" she wondered at this absurd thought. "I mean, I can see myself!" She looked down at her feet as she carefully and slowly walked over to the mirror. She looked around. No one reacted to her as she walked through the classroom. Not the kids or the teacher. "Unusual," she whispered to herself.

She began to feel quite nervous. What in the world would she do if she were invisible!? "Will I be like this forever?? How will I get my lunch from the cafeteria," she wondered frantically. She was already feeling kind of hungry. And it was pizza day!

Don't get ahead of yourself, she thought, trying to remain calm.

Ok, here she was right in front of the mirror.

She took a deep breath and raised her eyes slowly. Cupboard, sink, facet, wall under mirror....mirror. Arya gasped and quickly raised her hands to cover her mouth.

Standing in front of her as she looked for her reflection in the mirror was....nothing. No one. Arya was in fact totally, 100% and impossibly...invisible.

What in the banana split am I going to do now, Arya thought in disbelief. The bell rang. Recess.

Arya stood next to the sink, watching as her class quickly finished their snacks and hurried outside.

She looked to the door just in time to see Olivia glance at Arya's table before slipping out into the hallway.

"Olivia! I have to talk to Olivia!" Arya decided.

Arya quickly but quietly scrambled out of the room and onto the playground, being careful not to run into anyone or anything. Her heart was thumping in her chest as she ran towards Olivia.

Oh man, this is going to be so strange...how am I going to explain this to her? she thought. "Olivia is my best friend. She has to believe me. At least she loves mysteries. I sure hope she's learned lots from all those books she's always reading."

Arya caught up to Olivia right in front of the picnic tables under the shade of the trees. She was alone.

They had spent many hours playing silly games and laughing at those tables over the years.

"Here goes nothing," Arya muttered. "Olivia!" she called.

Olivia turned around quickly. "Arya?" she responded, looking around confused, and frowning.

"Yes, it's me. Don't freak out ok. And play it cool. Don't look around and try not to act like you're talking to anyone." Olivia nodded slowly and discreetly so no one would see. *That's my girl,* thought Arya.

"What's going on?" whispered Olivia as she tried to casually sit down at a picnic table while also looking around for where Arya may be. "Where were you this morning? I thought I heard you call my name when I was walking to school and then your bag was at your seat but you weren't there? Are you ok? And where are you? What is happening?!?" Olivia was certainly confused.

Arya took a deep breath. "I'm right here. I'm sitting across the table from you."

Olivia scrunched her face. "Is this some kind of prank?" she questioned, a little too loudly. "I don't know what you're up to, Arya, but this is getting kind of annoying."

Olivia was losing patience. Arya understood that she needed to tell Olivia what was going on. She took a deep breath.

(Arya): "Olivia, I'm invisible." Olivia was silent. "...I don't know what happened. I am really and truly invisible! I was fine this morning. I left my house and somehow on the walk to school, I seem to have turned invisible! I do not know how and I do not know why! But I do know that I can no longer see my reflection in the mirror and no one can see me but they can hear me! Isn't that so weird! Have you ever heard of anything like this happening before? I mean, I guess I have. But those are stories. Made up, fictional stories. This doesn't happen in real life! I mean, it's not supposed to, I mean...it can't right? What am I going to do? Olivia? Olivia? You'll help me, right???"

Olivia sat silently listening with a frown. "If you're invisible, prove it to me," she demanded. "How do I know that this is not one of your pranks that you love so much? What can you do to convince me that you aren't just talking to me through a microphone or something right now?"

Arya took a deep breath. "Totally reasonable request," she assured Olivia. *I mean, this is a completely unbelievable situation. I can understand why she would need some evidence,* Arya thought to herself.

"Look under the table," Arya whispered.

Olivia casually bent down with her leg outstretched as if she were about to tie her shoe. She froze. Her mouth opened wide.

"What in the...how are you...what...how....OMG you really ARE invisible!" Olivia stammered.

Arya had crawled under the picnic table and was picking up and moving around the rocks and pine cones scattered underneath. But when Olivia looked under the table, she could only see the objects moving around in the air as if they were floating.

"Phew, I was afraid I was going to have to pick up that old half-eaten apple," Arya chuckled. "So, yeah. I'm invisible. Now will you help me?"

"Wow, a real-life mystery! I am SO IN!" answered Olivia.

Arya silently cheered. *Yesss!* Ok, now to figure this out. They needed to be somewhere without people. They needed somewhere that they could really talk things through and do some serious problem solving.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but how about we get out of here and go to my place? I mean, leaving school without asking our teacher is a BIGGGG no-no the biggest! But I think in this situation, it's our best option," Arya suggested.

"Good thinking! And yes, I agree. Leaving school is SOOOO not ok but....you're invisible! Different rules apply here! Let's sneak through the woods and run there now! Hopefully that will buy us some time before anyone notices we're missing," Olivia agreed.

The two girls got up and quickly made their way into the thick woods that surrounded the school. They made their way through the tall pine trees and around the thick bushes until they got to the street.

They breathed a sigh of relief. No one was likely to see them, now that they've made it this far!

Soon enough, Arya had gotten the hidden key from under her doormat and was unlocking the backdoor to her house. Luckily no one else was home, just as they expected.

The girls went straight to Arya's room.

Olivia got a pen and paper. "Let's write down what we know and see if we can fill in the gaps," she said. They sat together on the cozy carpet next to Arya's bed.

"Ok," agreed Arya. "So, I woke up, and I was normal. Then when I was walking to school, I turned invisible."

"Right, but people can still hear your voice and you can still move objects and open doors and things like that," added Olivia.

"Yep," Arya agreed, "And I can see my body when I look down."

Olivia wrote: *Woke normal, turned invisible when walking. Can still see own body.*

"Did anything unusual happen on the walk to school?" Olivia wondered.

"Not that I can think of," shrugged Arya. "Although...hmmmm. I do remember feeling kind of tingly in my arms and legs at some point. And my stomach felt kind of queasy after breakfast...."

"Ok, that sounds like it could be a clue!" Olivia said encouragingly.

She added to the list: *queasy stomach, tingly arms and legs after breakfast.*

(Olivia): "What did you eat for breakfast?"

Arya gasped. "That's it! The kitchen!" Arya ran quickly to the fridge, opened the door and looked around frantically inside.

"What are you looking for??" asked Olivia, excitedly.

(Arya): "A...a brown box! I had yogurt with blueberries on top but the blueberries came from...this box!"

She pulled out the box with the letters I-N-V written on it. She opened the lid and showed Olivia.

Olivia looked at the letters, "I-N-V... could that mean INVISIBLE?!" Olivia was almost shouting.

"I thought the box was definitely unusual but I didn't think anything of it!" Arya continued, her voice raising in excitement.

"Does your dad still work at the lab?" asked Olivia. Arya nodded vigorously. "We need to call him! We may just have figured this out!" cheered Olivia. "I just hope we're right and that he knows how to fix it!"

"Only one way to find out!" said Arya, already beginning to feel relieved as she picked up the phone and waited for her father to answer.

(Dad): "Hello?"

"Dad!! Promise not to freak out...ok?" Arya began.

"Mmmmmm, delicious," Arya said as she took a big bite of her cookies and cream ice cream. "My favorite!"

Arya's dad Isaac and Olivia chuckled and exchanged uneasy smiles as they anxiously watched Arya's ice cream disappear.

Slowly, Arya's body began to reappear. A couple more bites and she was fully visible.

Isaac and Olivia high fived. "Can you see me?!" Arya asked excitedly?

"Yep, oh how I missed your cute little face," smiled Isaac. "No more bringing my work home from the lab!" he promised. "I still can't believe I brought the wrong box home! And thank goodness Cyrus was too busy to eat breakfast this morning! Could you imagine an invisible 2.5-year-old??!! We'd never find him!" he added, laughing.

Olivia nodded in agreement; her eyes wide as she imagined invisible Cyrus.

Arya put an arm around Olivia and an arm around her dad. "What an usual day" she said as she gave them both a little squeeze. "I think I'll take a break from making breakfast for a while."

"That's fair," replied Isaac.

They all laughed.

The End

Chapter 3: Discussion

And there you have it! My story about magic blueberries! I hope you liked it.

And I really hope that you will create your own story.

Before you start, take a few minutes to brainstorm some ideas. Maybe your story will be about a magical food like mine? Maybe a magic pickle?! Or broccoli!??

Hmmm Arya's magic blueberries turned her invisible. What other things could a magical food do? Make somebody fly? Give them super strength? Or grow really really small!

And how can you tell your story? Hmm you could draw a picture, write it down, record yourself telling it...there are so many choices!

And, if you want to share a story with us, we would really love that! Send your stories to me laura@storyonpodcast.com

That's our show for today! Thank you for joining us in our very first show! We hope that you had as much fun as we did and we really hope that you'll join us again soon!

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