

Transcript for Story On Podcast: Becoming a Therewolf - Starting with a Hook

Chapter 1: Opening

Hello friends! And welcome to Story On. I'm Laura, your host and I am so glad you are able to join us here today!

[splashing]

Here fishy fishy. Here fishy fishy. Come get it. Come check this shiny hook out!

Oh, Sorry. Don't mind me...just doing a little fishing here.

I've got this gleaming hook with some fancy razzamajazz on it to catch their attention down there so the fish want to get closer and closer to find out more about this hook by...taking a bite of it! [chomp]

Ok, that's not true. I'm actually not fishing.

I'm sitting here in my super professional recording studio that is definitely not just my living room that is littered with my kids's toysYeah definitely not [toy squeaks] Hey! Where'd you come from!?

Anyway....Today we are talking about how to create a hook at the beginning of a story. When you start your story with a hook, you will catch the reader or listener's attention and they will want to hear more of your story. It's a way of making sure your story is interesting.

There are a few ways you can do that.

You can start your story with a question.

So, if you're writing a story about a goblin, and wanted to try this technique, you could begin your story with something like "What would you do if you were walking down the street, and you saw a goblin drive by in a car!?"

Talking directly to your audience is unexpected and engaging. I bet they'd want to hear more about that story!

Another technique is starting with dialogue. That's a fancy way to say your characters are talking.

It kind of jumps right into the story and gets our brains scrambling to figure out what's going on.

Are you ready for a cool word?

You can create a hook by starting with onomatopoeia. Not only is that word impressively long to spell (o-n-o-m-a-t-o-p-e-i-a) but it's a very effective technique.

Onomatopoeia is when we use a word to imitate a sound. Take animal sounds, for instance. Baaa, woof, purrr - those are all onomatopoeia.

They're all special words that we use in an attempt to copy a sound. Other examples are things like bang, haha, poof...you get the picture.

Now, when you listen to my story, pay special attention to the technique I use to hook my listeners. Do I ask a question, start with dialogue, or use onomatopoeia?

Now, time for the story! [Witch's cackle]

Chapter 2: Story

This is Becoming a Therewolf

"Ow ow oooooowwwwwww!" Fuzzy hopped around on one foot, holding her other foot with her hand-paws.

She'd been running through the woods chasing a squirrel, not exactly watching where she was going. She hadn't seen a big rock right in her path.

"Ouch. That smarts!" she said to herself as she took a few steps forward, limping.

She rubbed her belly. Squirrel chasing tended to make her quite hungry.

Fuzzy sniffed the air, searching for a snack.

"Mmmm berries!" [upbeat music] She ran quickly toward the delicious smell, weaving around trees and leaping over rocks and roots at great speed.

She was so focused on the delicious aroma, that she didn't notice another smell. It was also kind of sweet, perhaps a bit sticky...and slightly sweaty.

Suddenly, Fuzzy heard two loud screams. [children screaming]

She turned quickly to see two small human children standing, mouths open, eyes wide as they cowered together behind a tree.

One of the children screamed, "Ahh a werewolf!"

Fuzzy put her hands on her hips. "Werewolf?! How rude," she responded. "I Know exactly where I am. I'm in the Shadowmire woods, next to the Blackmoon river, on my way to get some cloudberryes."

The children screamed again. "Let's get outta here!" They took off running.

"Well goodbye to you too." Fuzzy shouted as they disappeared from view.

She continued towards the berries...not so enthusiastically this time. She dragged her paws as she walked, her claws scraping at the ground with each step.

Fuzzy couldn't get that word out of her head. "Werewolf? Why did they call me a werewolf, as if I'm lost? My sense of direction is impeccable. I couldn't get lost if I tried! Why I always know exactly where the moon is at howl time. There's nothing and no one I can't find just by following my snout. I bet I can even find those berries with my eyes closed!"

She squeezed her eyes shut and began jogging, her powerful sniffer snuffing the air as she scampered over bushes and under branches.

"HA!" she shouted, triumphantly moments later. She opened her eyes. Directly in front of her was a large cluster of bushes covered in bright orange cloudberryes.

"See! I found the berry patch with my eyes closed! Now who's a werewolf!? Huh?" She chuckled, "Werewolf?! More like a 'There'wolf!"

Fuzzy bent down and began chomping away at the berries. Mmmmmm tasted like victory. She ate and ate until her belly was quite full. Then she plopped down on a large rock by the river with a thump.

She rested her chin in her hand-paws. Werewolf? Why had that word bothered her so much?

Those stinky human children didn't know her, or anything about her. But why couldn't she shake this strange feeling? Like maybe there was some truth in that word.

Yes, Fuzzy could find her way around with her eyes closed. She could track down smells from miles away. She always knew where the moon was.

But, was there a part of her that always felt somewhat lost? Perhaps there was.

Fuzzy sighed. She leaned forward and looked at her reflection in the water.

Her furry grey body, her pointy ears, her long snout. She picked up a small rock and threw it in the water. It landed with a large splash.

[sad music] Being a child of the moon wasn't easy. She was always alone. Most creatures were scared of her. And the ones who weren't scared...well, they weren't the greatest company...(I'm lookin' at you, Bigfoot).

She didn't have a place to call her own, she just roamed around from spot to spot, never quite feeling at home.

Fuzzy jumped to her feet. "Home!" Perhaps that's it! Perhaps if she were to find a special place to call her own, she would feel better!? Perhaps she really was a 'where'wolf and she really did need to become a 'there'wolf. One who had a home to call her own!?

Fuzzy grinned. She began skipping along the river. She hopped happily from large rock to rock, her long bushy tail wagging with each powerful jump.

"Home, home, gonna find a home. Looking for a home for meeee-eee. Home, home, gonna find a home. A 'there'wolf I will beee-eee," she sang cheerfully.

Before long, she came upon a cave. It was on the dark side of a small hill that was partially covered in huge rocks.

She went slowly into the dark opening of the cave. It was pitch black in there, but she didn't mind the darkness.

Her eyes glowed red as her night vision activated. She scanned the walls and floor.

First step in finding a home of her own was to make sure it wasn't already someone else's! *So far so good*, she thought to herself as she walked toward the back of the cave.

Suddenly, she heard a pitter patter of teeny tiny feet. Also, squeaking sounds.

Fuzzy looked down to see a family of mice running towards her, their teeth bared. They were holding tiny little branches that were sharpened on one end. They were basically little mouse-made swords!

"Hey, hey! I'm not here to cause any trouble!" Fuzzy called out but the mice continued running towards her, squeaking and waving their little swords in the air. They were ready to defend their home.

"You can have your dark, wet cave! I don't want it anyway! It smells like dragon's breath in here!" She turned on her heel and booked it outta there.

Fighting a family of mice for a home was not in her five year plan.

Fuzzy continued on her way. Her eyes quickly readjusting to the light.

Sensing movement in the tree above her, Fuzzy stopped walking. She closed her eyes. It helped her to concentrate. Scratch scratch, munch munch.

She jumped up and down in celebration. A squirrel! A good chase was just what she needed to get her spirits up again!

Fuzzy whistled up to the squirrel. [whistle] “Ok, little fella. I’ll give you the count of three and then I’m comin’!” The squirrel looked down at her and continued cautiously munching its acorn.

“One, two, three!” Fuzzy’s claws extended from her paws [ding] and she leaped onto the trunk. She began climbing.

The squirrel dropped the acorn and jumped from branch to branch down the other side of the tree. It let out a kind of screamy sound. [squeaking] Fuzzy chuckled as she ran and climbed after the squirrel.

This went on for a while. But I’ll spare you the details...Let’s just listen to this squirrel chasing music instead.... [electronic music]

After a while, the squirrel turned toward Fuzzy, stood on its back legs and seemed to be telling Fuzzy something.

“Huh? Sorry, I don’t speak squirrel!” she replied, surprised. Then, Fuzzy watched as the squirrel ran up a tall tree and scrambled into a huge nest.

Several baby squirrel heads popped up, chittering and chattering. One of the babies threw a little acorn down at Fuzzy. It bopped her on the snout as she looked up, stunned.

“Youch! Ok, ok, I get the message now!” she called up. The squirrel had run back to its nest. To its home. And its family.

That reminded Fuzzy that she was in the middle of a search for her own home. Right.

Fuzzy turned and continued walking. Then, she stopped. Something had caught her eye at the base of a tall tree. Some kind of wooden structure was up there. And there was a makeshift ladder leading up the trunk.

“What in the rotten toenails is that!?” she questioned.

Fuzzy began climbing quickly up the ladder.

She soon found herself in an old tree house. It was nestled high above the ground, amongst a thicket of tall trees. Although it was definitely old and a bit raggedy, it was lovely.

The air was fresh, the view was spectacular.

Fuzzy jumped up and down as she inspected the treehouse. It had a couple of wiggly nails but seemed secure enough.

Feeling a bit sleepy, Fuzzy laid down for a nap. [lullaby music] Being a child of the moon, she didn't sleep for long stretches of time, like us humans do. She simply napped a few times during the day and was awake for most of the night. But she basically just slept whenever she felt like it.

And right now, she was feeling like a nap.

"Nap test!" she said exuberantly. She curled up into a fluffy ball and it wasn't long before she was fast asleep.

And it wasn't long after that, that she woke up with a start.

The wind was blowing like an angry giant. She was being pelted with colorful leaves as they fell from the trees. It was very unpleasant. She shivered from the cold breeze. A drool icicle hung from her razor sharp fangs!

"Brrrr. I'm about to turn into a furry popsicle! This won't do! Big fail on the nap test, tree house. Big fail!!" Shivering and sleepy, Fuzzy climbed down the ladder and continued on her way.

Before long, a strange smell tickled her snout. An unfamiliar aroma. Fuzzy sniffed the air. What was that? She sniffed the air again. She didn't recognize this scent.

It smelled like a combo of stinky feet, disinfectant and crayons!?! As she ran toward the smell, Fuzzy noticed the trees growing thinner.

"This must be the edge of the forest!" she said excitedly. She'd never been this far West.

The strange smell grew stronger and stronger until Fuzzy found herself standing in front of a large brick building. There was a huge empty parking lot, lots of colorful climbing equipment, and a big sign that read "Nocity Elementary School".

“What is this place!?” Fuzzy wondered, as she circled the building, searching for a way in.

At the back of the school, she discovered an open window. Fuzzy scampered inside and found herself in the middle of an empty classroom. She took a deep breath. There was that intriguing smell again!

She ran excitedly around the school. There were so many rooms! And each one had so many unique objects to discover!

The gymnasium had tons of balls. She had an absolute blast chasing them all around the huge room as they bounced off the walls. “So much bouncing!!!”

The cafeteria was full of delicious food and drink. She ate and drank until her belly felt like it was going to pop! “Just. One. Last. bite...”

In the office, Fuzzy discovered the PA system where she was delighted to find that she could sing into the mic and hear it echo loudly throughout the entire building. [he did the mash, he did the monster mash. The monster mash, it was a graveyard smash.]

But, Fuzzy’s most favorite place of all was the utility closet. It was small and cozy and ...where the water heater lived.

The water heater made the most wonderful hums and purrs and heated the closet to a perfect 72 degrees.

As Fuzzy curled up for her first nap at this wonderful place, a wave of calm washed over her.

For the first time in her 1243 years of life, Fuzzy felt like she was home. She finally belonged somewhere! She was a ‘there’wolf. And it felt incredible.

As the days went on, Fuzzy heard a new sound. The laughter of happy children.
[children laughing]

This lovely sound filled the halls and classrooms several days a week, during Fuzzy’s long naps. This wonderful sound would enter her dreams, bringing a peaceful smile as she slept, cozy and warm, in the utility closet.

At night, Fuzzy roamed the halls and played throughout the school, until howl time.

Then, she would crawl out the open window, onto the roof and look toward the moon. Fuzzy would smile wide, and let out a happy “Ow ow owwww.”

The End

Chapter 3: Discussion

And there you have it! Fuzzy became a therewolf, just like she wanted!

Ok, so remember, we are talking about starting stories with a hook today! Think back to the very beginning of my story. It started with “Ow, ow, ooowwww!” That’s onomatopoeia!

Maybe you thought at first that it was a wolf howling at the moon? I thought a werewolf howling from stubbing her toe would be a silly and interesting start for my story.

What did you think?

Do you have an idea for a Halloween story?

Can you use onomatopoeia to create a hook in the beginning of your story!?

Give it a try and make sure to share your story with a friend, your family, or me! You can always send me your stories laura@storyonpodcast.com.

[cheerful closing theme song begins]

That’s our show for today! We hope you liked it!

Today, I would like to say a special thank you to Josephine for being the voice of the scared kid in the woods! Thanks Josephine!

If you would like to support Story On, you can give us a five star review wherever you get your podcasts, and you can also tell your friends about us!

We’ll be back next week for another Halloween story! Until next time!

[music fades]