

I Woke Up With a Superpower

In my opening paragraph I describe the weird or strange phenomenon that took place BEFORE the character realised he had a superpower. Notice I don't tell the reader that the phenomenon has directly caused the superpower – leave your reader guessing.

Last Thursday, there was an almighty thunderstorm. I jumped out from under my Spiderman duvet and peeked out. Lightning struck up and down my street, as if a knife was slashing open the darkness. The thunder was so loud it seemed like the whole street was cowering in terror behind drawn curtains. My dad rushed into the room and commanded that I get away from the window immediately, get back into bed and go to sleep. How could I with what sounded like warring ancient gods rampaging outside my window!

In the second paragraph I describe how the character begins to realise that he is different, that there has been a change.

The next morning, I went down to breakfast, but something felt different. I felt different, changed even, as if something was fizzing deep inside me. Everything was the same: Mam and Dad were complaining about last night's storm (apparently it was very localized, weirdly only affecting one or two streets around us), my sister looked as sulky as ever and my dog, Scuff, still sat expectantly, wagging his tail, hoping for a scrap to fall from the table. Reaching for the half-full jar of marmalade, it happened. I didn't touch it, but it flew into my hand. No one else noticed. The same happened when I went to pick up my orange juice. I was so shocked that the glass had shot towards me that I spilt the juice all over the kitchen table. This time, Mam, Dad and my sister noticed. Apologising, I made a hasty retreat back upstairs.

In the third paragraph I try to describe the character's thoughts and feelings. The character has a lot of doubt and unanswered questions.

What had just happened down there? I sat stunned on my bed. It must have been a freak chance, a random glitch in some space-time continuation or something like that. Or just my imagination. Before the storm, I had been reading my Iron Man comic – I love comics. As I reached over to it, the comic glided steadily towards me. What! How!? These things were not possible. These things were the stuff of a writer's imagination. Impossible, yet the question had to be asked...could I actually will things to move?

In the fourth paragraph I change the setting and describe how the character begins to learn about his superpowers.

Over the next few days my mind opened up to a university of possibilities. I spent most of my time on the wasteland behind my old primary school, just a few streets away from home, where no one would really notice me. There I discovered what I could and could not do. No matter the shape, size or weight, I could will things towards me. I could will things away from me. I could even control the speed at which they travelled. But my superpower (what else would you call it?) had no effect on living things. One afternoon, beside a burnt-out shell of a Ford Fiesta, I had spotted a scrawny rabbit nibbling at a wilting tuft of grass. I reached out my right hand towards it, willing it to me. It glanced over to where I stood, paused for a moment and ambled away.

In the fifth paragraph the character talks directly to the reader (e.g. ...I hear you ask; To be honest with you...) and tries to describe how it FEELS to use his superpowers and how he feels about the future.

What does it feel like? I hear you ask. As I have learnt more about my powers and become more able to control them, I can now only describe the painless feeling as like a thousand suns burning within me or maybe like being held at the point where a lightning bolt strikes repeatedly, over and over and over again. For now, there is one more week of the summer holidays and then Year 8 begins. To be honest with you, I'm a little scared. Will I be able to control my powers in front of everyone? What exactly am I supposed to do with these powers?

I finish with four simple sentences.

My phone beeps. It's Mam. Dinner is on the table. I'd better go.