

# LEADS

**TYPICAL:** Boooooorrrrrinnnnng! ☹

It was a day at the end of June 2010. My whole family (including my mom, dad, brother, and me) was at our camp at Rangeley Lake. We arrived the night before at 10:00, so it was dark when we got there and we unpacked. The next morning when I was eating breakfast, my dad started yelling for me from down at the dock at the top of his lungs about a car in the lake.

**ACTION:** A CHARACTER DOING SOMETHING

I ran down to our dock as fast as my legs could carry me, my feet pounding away on the old wood, hurrying me toward the sound of my dad's panicked voice. "Scott!" he hollered again.

"Coming, Dad!" I gasped, and picked up my speed.

**DIALOGUE:** A CHARACTER OR CHARACTERS SAYING SOMETHING

"Scott! Get down here on the double!" my father hollered.

"Dad?" I yelled back. "Where are you?" I was sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast our first morning at our Rangeley Lake Camp, and from someplace outside my dad was calling for me.

"Scott! MOVE IT! You're not going to believe this!" Dad's voice urged me. I gulped down my milk, pushed away from the table, and bolted outside, slamming the broken screen door behind me.

**REACTION:** A CHARACTER THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING

I couldn't imagine what my father could be hollering about already at 7:00 in the morning. I thought hard and fast about what I might have done to get him so riled up. Had he found out about the cigarettes I'd hidden in my backpack? Or the way I'd talked to my mother the night before, when we got to camp and she'd asked me to help unpack the car? Before I could consider a third possibility, my dad's voice shattered my thoughts.

"Scott! Move it! You're not going to believe this!"

# BA-DA-BING!

**Where did your feet go?**

Were you standing, sitting, laying down, running, etcetera?



**What did you think?**

What were you thinking at that moment in time?



**What did you see (smell, hear, taste or touch/feel)?**