



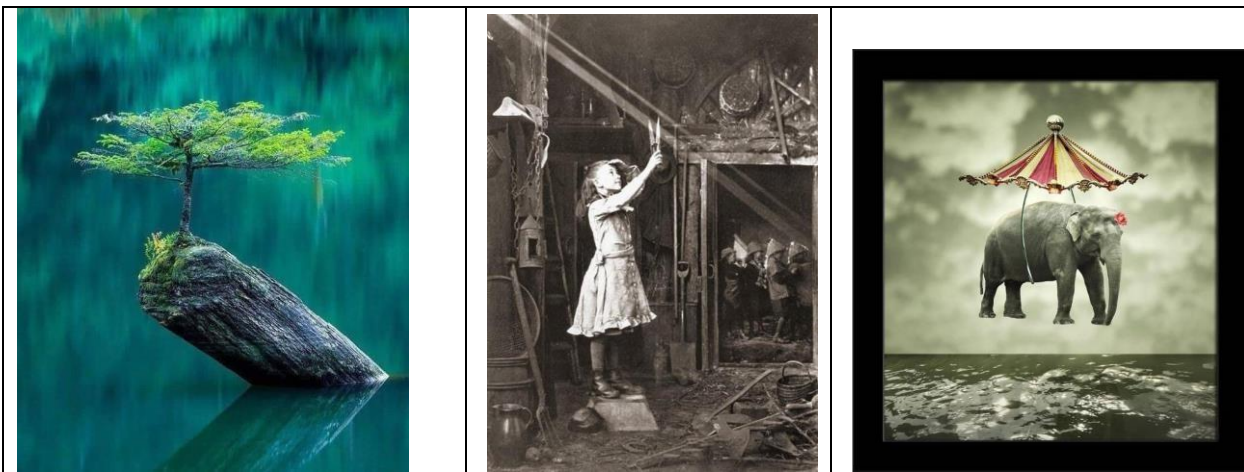
100 Word Story Middle School Challenge

100 word stories are exactly that-complete stories that contain a beginning, a middle, and an end told in EXACTLY 100 words. When writing 100 word stories, the author must carefully consider each and every word to determine the value of the word and of the syntax itself. Writers must be creative in their use of language, structure, words, and ideas; they must use everything they know about writing to accomplish the goal of an engaging 100 word story.

Directions:

1. Select one of the images below and write a 100 word story inspired by the image. (The title does not count towards your 100 word total.)
2. In order to be entered into the contest, you MUST submit your story in TWO places.
 - a. Complete this Forms. <https://bit.ly/100wordform>
 - b. Add your 100 word story to the Padlet. https://padlet.com/erica_fox/100wordstory
3. Once your story is approved, it will appear on the Padlet.
4. On Padlet, read the stories posted and vote for the best stories by clicking the heart.
5. You may enter as many stories as you would like.
6. The final day to enter a story and to vote is at noon on May 15. The story with the most LIKES will receive a gift card. If there is a tie, the winner will be drawn randomly.

Six Inspiration Images





Two Sample 100 Word Stories

First Winter

Breathless, she steadies herself against the front door, turns to survey all she's done. A clear path shoveled through the snow. She realizes she's smiling, unforced.

Her son hoists the head onto a snowman, the ground around him rubbed with snow angels. "Good job, Mom!" he calls. She does a little bow.

There's nothing of the past in this moment. No fearful future. Just the truth of clean, right-angles of concrete; the V of winter geese barking overhead; sky, cloudless and shockingly blue; melting snow dripping off the roofline. Her heart, bucking hard inside her chest, reminding her she's alive.

Names

In the beginning, it was snuggle-butt and cuddle-squirrel, sugarcane, kitten breath and squishy-bear. But with each passing year the names took on a more absurd nature and slimy-cheeks appeared one day like briny water in the hull of our foundering ship hopelessly snagged on some unseen rocks. I once called her squid finger, apple tooth; she referred to me as her little crustacean. Finally, towards the end, it became, oh my furry tarantula, poison muffin, jagged little rock; squirmy snake — where's my squirmy little snake? She would lift her head from behind a laptop but only for a second.