

Story Prompts

I headed out to check the mail this morning, only to find a glowing purple hole in the ground where our flower garden used to be.

I haven't always been able to talk to butterflies. It started five years ago, in fact.

If I could, I would shrink myself down, perhaps to the size of an ant. I would set a piece of birch bark adrift on our creek and hop on for an adventure.

WE DECIDED TO GO INTO BUSINESS AT A YOUNG AGE. WE FOUND A BUILDING JUST AT THE EDGE OF TOWN THAT WOULD BE THE PERFECT SPOT.

I stared at the ticket. In three days I would be halfway around the world for a whole month.

My grandmother loved second-hand stores. "You never know what kind of magic may still be lingering in this stuff," she'd whisper conspiratorially as we wandered between shelves.

I had been pestering my family for months to let me have a dog.

I'm still not sure how we talked our families into it, but my cousin and I are exchanging places for the summer.

We are going to take a special vacation for my birthday. I have to choose which I would rather do: spend a week living on a glass-bottom boat or in a treehouse in the rainforest.

I heard a little noise and turned around. There it was!

I couldn't believe his time machine actually worked.

We were all playing hide-and-seek when I found it. I had hidden behind a massive oak tree, pressed up against its rough bark, when I began to notice it held the outline of a door.

I grabbed a book off the shelf and sat down in a far corner of the library to read. As I flipped through the pages, a handwritten note fell into my lap.