

## THE STORY SHARING GAME -- SAMPLE INSTIGATING STORY

*Players are each to read one sentence. Therefore the story has been broken down into sentences rather than paragraphs. It's OK that some sentences will be long and some very short.*

### 'CHOCOLATE CAKE'



My dad's student from the college, who'd come over for dinner, looked at me and said, "You can't have any chocolate cake!"

I was one.

He thought he was making a pretty good joke.

I burst into tears.

While stammering his apologies, he almost burst into tears himself.

My dad told this story forever.

He would mimic us both: the student's goofy "You can't have any chocolate cake!"; my big "WAAAH!"

It was his favorite cautionary tale.

Joking with babies when you yourself are but a baby, who understands nothing until, suddenly, facing the tears you've caused, you understand everything.

By Jennifer Wortman From <https://100wordstory.org/chocolate-cake/>

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### 'MY DAD TRIED TO KILL ME WITH AN ALLIGATOR'

"In the summer of 1987, my father tried to murder me with an alligator.

The Pearl River is full of trash, Volkswagen-sized catfish, and a heckuva lot of gators.

Swimming in it ?

That was Pop's idea.

He was always doing fun stuff like that, to see if we would die.

Sometimes, he tried to murder us with other things, like gasoline, when we'd say to our Pop, 'The Leaves won't burn.'

In rural Mississippi, my brother and I were always burning things like leaves and garbage and carcasses, and sometimes he told us to put gas on the fire, because he believed a fire could teach boys about life.

Sometimes, he tried to murder us with recreational watercraft.

This happened on our way to fish in the Pearl River, where he enjoyed piloting our Venture bass boat at speeds typically reserved for cosmonaut training.

He'd cut perpendicular across the wake, launching skyward, the bow of our glittering boat pitch so high that it'd obscure the rising sun.

We'd slam back down on the water so hard it felt like we'd landed on the interstate.

To this day, I cannot injure my coccyx without thinking fondly of the man.

As a boy, my interests largely concerned the life of the mind, writing poems, reading about the origins of the Latin Vulgate, plowing through science fiction stories about Captain Nemo in his Nautilus.

The only thing I'd ever seen my father read was a booklet about how to mask your odor in the woods with bobcat urine.

Sometimes, it was hard to believe he was even my father. "

**By Harrison Scott Key** From: <https://www.outsideonline.com/outdoor-adventure/exploration-survival/my-dad-trying-kill-me-alligator-2/?scope=anon>