

# The Lead Board

(define your own species of lead)

Find any great leads lately in your reading or living? Put them up on the lead board. Try coming up with your own classifications or use some I've used below.

**A Big Potato Lead** *Jump into the middle of your story and leave the reader wanting more.*

And suddenly everything stops.

***Runa*** Alison James

I was six years old when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength.

***Rules of the Game*** Amy Tan

Every so often that dead dog dreams me up again.

***Dog Heaven*** Stephanie Vaughn

"You must not tell anyone," my mother said, "What I am about to tell you."

***No Name Woman*** Maxine Hong Kingston

**A Snapshot Lead** *Create a picture in the reader's mind.*

Abraham Lincoln wasn't the sort of man who could lose himself in a crowd. After all, he stood 6 foot 4 inches tall and to top it off he wore a high silk hat. His height was mostly in his long bony legs and when he sat in a chair he seemed no taller than anyone else. It was only when he stood up that he towered about other men.

***Lincoln: a photobiography*** Russell Freedman

The doorman of the Kilmarnock was six foot two. He wore a pale blue uniform, and white gloves made his hands look enormous. He opened the door of the yellow taxi as gently as an old maid stroking a cat.

***Smart Alec Kill*** Raymond Chandler

My father came home from work on weeknights long after we had eaten our supper and gotten into our pajamas. The six of us watched from the living room while he sat at the kitchen table to have his supper. My mother sat down his dinner before him, steam rising from the plate she'd kept warm over a pot of boiling water. Loading his fork with his knife, he bent to his dinner, not looking up from his plate until he had pushed it away from him empty.

*Daley's Girls*

Catherine Brady

**A Talking Lead** *Maybe you want to start with a line or two of dialogue.*

“Where is he?”

Barney hopped from one foot to the other as he clambered down from the train, peering through the white-faced crowds flooding eagerly to the St. Austel ticket barrier. “Oh, I can't see him. Is he there?”

*Over Sea, Under Stone* Susan Cooper

“Where is Papa going with that ax?” said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast.

*Charlotte's Web*

E.B. White

**Thinking Lead** *Start with a thought inside a character or you.*

Mother taught me to be polite to dragons. Particularly polite, I mean; she taught me to be ordinary polite to everyone. Well, it makes sense. With all the enchanted princess and disguised wizards and transformed kings and so on wandering around, you never know *whom* you might be talking to. But dragons are a special case.

*Talking to Dragons*

Patricia C. Wrede

As a boy, I never knew where my mother was from--where she was born, who her parents were.

*The Color of Water*

James McBride

Up until I turned twelve years old the kind of friends I had were what you'd expect. They were my own age more or less. Most of them were born here in Serenity along with me. And all of us went to the same school together.

*Onion John*

Joseph Krumboltz