Creative Writing I

Dialogue and Paragraph Breaks Exercise

Notes:

* How do you feel when you open a book and see a page that has NO breaks in it at all?
* The function of paragraphs:
* What are some reasons you can think of to start a new paragraph?

Some times when paragraph breaks are needed:

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Example:

“I knew it wouldn’t last.” Miles shakes his head and gazes at Damen…”I knew it was too good to be true. In fact, I said exactly that the very first day. Remember when I said that?”

“No,” Haven mumbles, still staring at Damen. “I don’t remember that at all.”

“Well, I did.” Miles swigs his Vitamin water and nods. “I said it. You just didn’t hear me.” (Evermore, pg 61)

Remember:

Example:

“Are you angry with me?” Jill asked.

Tina glared at her.

“Oh, come on. Don’t give me the cold shoulder.”

“Leave me alone” Tina replied, storming off.

Also, this means:



I can feel Damen’s gaze—heave, warm, and inviting, and it makes me so nervous my6 palms start to sweat and my water bottle slips from my grip. Falling so fast, I can’t even stop it, all I can do is wait for the splash.

But before it can even hit the table, Damen’s already caught it and returned it to me. And I sit there, starting at the bottle and avoiding his gaze, wondering if I’m the only one who noticed how he moved so fast he actually blurred.

Then Miles asks about New York, and Haven scoots so close she’s practically sitting on Damen’s lap, and I take a deep breath, finish my lunch, and convince myself I imagined it.

* Explain how the passage above follows our reason #2:



I mean, I have all the usual things like a bed, a dresser, and a desk. But I also have a flat-screen TV, a massive walk-in closet, a huge bathroom with a Jacuzzi tub, and separate shower stall, a balcony with an amazing ocean view, and my own private den/game room with yet another flat-screen TV, a wet bar, microwave, mini fridge, dishwasher, stereo, couches, tables, bean bag chairs, the works.

It’s funny how before I would’ve given anything for a room like this.

But now, I’d give anything just to go back to before.

(*Evermore, pg 15)*

* Explain how the passage above follows our reason #3:



Example:

“Give me a few minutes to get changed, then meet me in the kitchen,” Tina said.

Jill nodded and went back to her book.

Half an hour later, Jill still hadn’t joined Tina in the kitchen.

Practice

Directions: Read the following passage and draw a paragraph symbol http://blogs.smithsonianmag.com/design/files/2013/07/picrow.jpg where you think a new paragraph should be made.

Since Miles was smart enough not to hang out and wait, I drive to school alone. And even though the bell already rang, Damen is there, waiting next to his car, in the second best spot next to mine. “Hey,” he says, coming around to my side and leaning in for a kiss. But I just grab my bag and race for the gate. “I’m sorry I lost you yesterday. I called your cell but you didn’t answer me.” He trails alongside me. I grab hold of the cold iron bars and shake them as hard as I can. But when they don’t even budge, I close my eyes and press my forehead against them, knowing I’m too late, it’s useless. “Did you get my message?” I let go of the gate and head for the office, envisioning the awful moment when I’ll step inside and get nailed for yesterday’s ditching and today’s tardy. “What’s wrong,” he asks, grabbing hold of my hand and turning my insides to warm molten liquid. “I thought we had fun. I thought you enjoyed hanging out with me?” I lean against the low brick wall and sigh. Feeling rubbery, weak, completely defenseless. “Or were you just humoring me?” He squeezes my hand, his eyes begging me not to be mad. And just as I start to fold, just when I’ve almost swallowed his bait, I drop his hand and walk away. Wincing as memories of Haven, our phone call, and his strange disappearance on the freeway rush over me like a tidal wave. “Did you know Drina went to Disneyland too?” I say, and the second I say it, I realize how petty I sound. “Is there something I should know? Something you need to tell me? I press my lips together and brace for the worst. But he just looks at me, gazing into my eyes as he says, “I’m not interested in Drina. I’m only interested in *you.”*