

Writing a story about a strange subject.

Why not have a go at writing a story about a really obscure subject? For my example, I chose **feet!** (How obscure is that?!!)

You might want to write about your own feet. ("Why?" I hear you ask.) Do you like the way they look? Do they ache? What sort of shoes do you like? Can you always get a decent pair to fit?

Perhaps your main character has been walking and develops a blister. Does that have an effect on the storyline? How?

You might observe the feet of fellow passengers on a plane or train. ("I'm not that sad!" I hear you cry.)

It's up to you. Just write a story with feet in it somewhere. Look at my example below. It might give you inspiration.

Smelly Feet!

I knew they were still looking for me. They had to be. They wouldn't give up. They knew I was here and that escape from the forest would be difficult.

On one edge, the foot-hills emerged through the trees to turn quickly to steep mountainside. It would be tough going, and I'd be spotted easily when I moved out of the tree-line and onto the top of the ridges. I wasn't silly enough to appear over the horizon in silhouette.



To the other edge, a river tumbled down the mountainside, carrying its thick brown deposits of peat to the valley floor below. On the valley bottom, the trees gave way to farmland, where sheep and cattle grazed peacefully in the flood-plain meadows. Curlews rose, calling, from reed-studded pasture as the beasts moved around, searching for the sweetest grasses and herbs. They would see me there for certain!

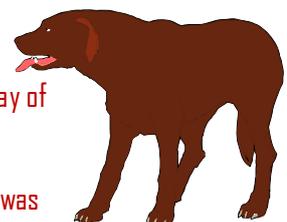
The only way of escape was to travel south, through more forest, until I could break through the tightening cordon around me. But they were there, I knew. They too would have realised that that was my best chance of escape from their clutches.

What would they do to me, should they catch me? I had killed one of their own. They wouldn't ask me back for supper! I thought of some of the more 'imaginative' ideas they'd have for my 'leaving party'. How long would it take me to die? Fore surely I would not live. What agonies would I have to endure before my body decided it had had enough and gave me peace?

I had been holed-up in the forest for two days now. I had no food with me but had managed to catch a couple of elderly rabbits with snares I'd made from beaten bramble stalks. I'd skinned them and eaten them raw, whilst they were still warm, as I couldn't risk a fire – not that I had the necessary tools to make one. The offal and bone left-overs I had thrown into a stream so that they wouldn't attract the attention of the dogs I knew were employed to find me.

I'd managed to throw the dogs off my scent by wading uphill through a stream, so that they couldn't follow my smell. Now what to do? There was no stream flowing south through the forest for me to follow. I'd have to make it on dry land. I could see no other way of escape from their deadly grasp.

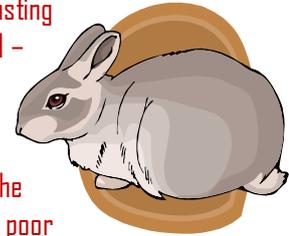
Eventually, my eyelids began to droop – I'd not had a lot of sleep – and I decided that it was



time to lie up for a while. I clambered up into the branches of an oak tree, making certain that the wind was right and that my scent would not waft on the breeze to the noses of the hounds. I startled a pheasant and it rose into the air with a great cackle. More alarm calls followed and I hoped they had not noticed them or imagined it was a roving fox to blame for the commotion.

As I sat there in the great fork, my body mimicking the lines of the tree, an idea came to me and I smiled inwardly. It was worth a try. What was to be lost? They'd find me soon if I stayed put, so, hey-ho, let's give it a try.

As the sun began to dip below the western hills, turning the sky into a red inferno and casting long shadows across the ground, I silently slid from my perch – well, as silently as I could – and picked up the two rabbit skins that, for no good reason, I had not thrown into the turbulent stream.



I collected some long grass stalks from a clearing, where a great tree had fallen and the sun shone through well enough to allow ground vegetation to thrive. These, I wound into a poor substitute for string. I took off my shoes and tied them together to carry with me. Now I took the rabbit skins and tied them around my feet with the grass string. I was ready.

Cautiously, I moved off south, through the forest, eagle-eyed for any movement, sense of hearing heightened, it seemed, to detect every sound. I stopped stock still at one point, as two men passed my by a short distance away. I slowly squatted behind the bole of a tree, close to the ground. When people are searching a forest, they tend to look at head height, rather than ground height.

When I was certain they'd passed, I moved off again. Slowly, slowly, taking care to place each foot so that I wouldn't snap a twig, I moved on through the inky blackness of night toward my freedom.

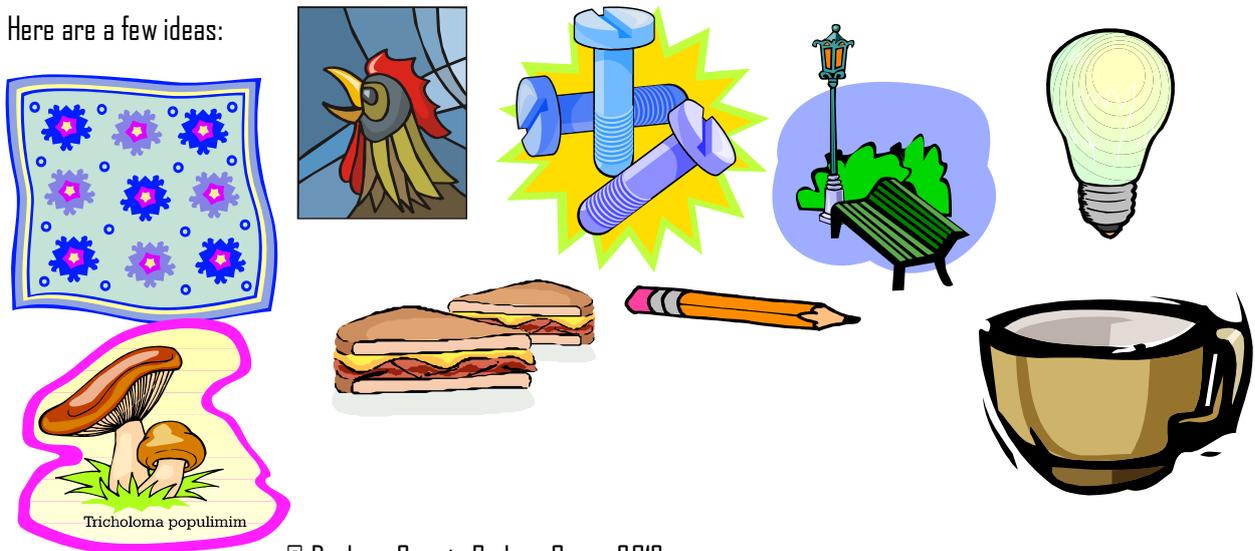
Eventually I knew that I was too far away for serious pursuit and I took off the rabbit skins from my feet and discarded them. They'd served their purpose. Let the dogs catch my scent. All they would smell was rabbits! "Thank you." I breathed, to the spirits of the rabbits who had saved my life. Do rabbits have spirits – I don't know?

Graham Temby 2012

Can you think of any more really weird ideas for stories? Think of the most obscure things you can imagine.

Why not swap ideas with a friend? You could write about their idea and they about yours. Go on, give it a try!

Here are a few ideas:



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