




Bring the Story to Life

Use one of the writing prompt provided to type a story. Change the font styles, size, and color of various words in the story to give them emphasis. Add clipart figures throughout the story to make the story come alive. Use the picture tool to remove the background of a picture so just the subject or character in the picture is seen. Set the wrap text to tight so the words wrap around the image.

Example:

BOOM.  They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake. "Where's the cannon?" he said stupidly. There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands -- now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them. "Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you -- I'm armed!" There was a pause. Then --**SMASH!** The  door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor. A **giant** of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair. The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door, and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little. He turned to look at them all. "Couldn't make us a cup o' tea, could yeh? It's not been an easy journey..." He strode over to the sofa where Dudley sat frozen with fear. "Budge up, yeh great lump," said the stranger. Dudley *squeaked* and ran to hide behind his mother, who was crouching, terrified, behind Uncle Vernon. "An' here's Harry!" said the giant. Harry  looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile. "Las' time I saw you, you was only a *baby*," said the giant. "Yeh look a lot like yet dad, but yeh've got yet mom's eyes." Uncle Vernon made a funny rasping noise. "I demand that you leave at once, sit!" he said. "You are breaking and entering!" "Ah, shut up, Dursley, yeh great prune," said the giant; he reached over the back of the sofa, jerked the gun out of Uncle Vernon's hands, bent it into a *knot* as easily as if it had been made of rubber, and threw it into a corner of the room. Uncle Vernon made another funny noise, like a mouse being trodden on. "Anyway -- Harry," said the giant, turning his back on the Dursleys, "a very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was

a large, sticky chocolate cake with a giant. He meant to say thank you, was, "Who are you?" The giant



Happy Birthday Harry written on it in green icing. Harry looked up at the but the words got lost on the way to his mouth, and what he said instead chuckled. "True, I haven't introduced meself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of

Keys and Grounds at **HOGWARTS.** and shook Harry's whole arm. "What about that tea hands together. "I'd not say no ter summat stronger if on the empty grate with the shriveled chip bags in it and he fireplace; they couldn't see what he was doing but when he drew back a second later, there was a roaring fire there. It filled the whole damp hut with flickering light and Harry felt the warmth wash over him as though he'd sunk into a



He held out an enormous hand then, eh?" he said, rubbing his yeh've got it, mind." His eyes fell snorted. He bent down over the

hot  *bath.*