

WEEK 3: Tension

Use this worksheet to plan a few more of the basics of your story. This week we are building tension or suspense in a scene. Building tension or suspense in a scene helps keep the reader on the edge of their seats, so to speak. It is the drama of the story. Try using any of the techniques from this week's lessons to show an increasing struggle.

Part of your writer's toolbox should contain examples of development. Keep these worksheets for submission each week and for class discussion.

1. State the sentence: This is the story of X who wants Y.

This is the story of Jalisa who wants to find out what is making that noise inside the house.

2. Next, take **one** of the two scenes from week 2 (if you have feedback, refer to it first). Write **one full scene** of the encounter with the approved obstacle/resolution and the struggle to overcome it, using **one tension-building technique**. Word count (700 words max). Fill out the boxes below.

Obstacle/Resolution: Jalisa's basement door is jammed, found a locksmith company near her location to fix the broken basement door.

Tension-building technique used: Tension of the task

Write out the full scene from beginning to end. Include dialogue, narration, and internal thoughts. Use the tension-building technique in the scene.

The warmth of the sun awakens me as the light reflects the rose curtains. *Whew, I barely got any sleep last night. I'm still exhausted, guess I will get used to the new home soon.* Ring..., Ring... cellphone call from Devon, my soon to be ex. *Ugh, what gives you the pleasure of this call,* as I walk down the stairs into the kitchen.

Devon Flemings was my boyfriend of five years; he has been my superman through the pain I endured with the passing of my grandma. Devon also helped me on dealing with family trauma. He's the love of my life, yet lately the arguments have gotten worse. "Good morning love, I went to get groceries and to see the new city. Let me make breakfast I'm sorry," said Devon.

I must sit down and have a talk with him, these arguments must stop. Using my left hand turning clockwise, counter, and pulling towards me the basement door could not open. *Hmm, strange the door was fine last night, I will just google a locksmith in the area.* In walks Devon sitting the groceries on the table island approaching me with a kiss on the forehead. "Hey baby," I got the food are you ready to feast," said Devon.

Just don't burn the place down sweetie I said jokingly. Baby when we were unpacking did you noticed the basement door would not open, I said to Devon. "No, it opened just fine last night," said Devon. Okay, I'm going to search on google to see if there is an Andy Locks near us, I said to Devon. Boom! Found it, the store is only 10 minutes away, Lets go for a drive.

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I grab my wallet and keys as me and Devon walk out the door, to my surprise I notice my right tire has a huge gash. "Great now there is two matters to deal with I said," while rolling my eyes at Devon. "Oh no," what is it break the items today" said Devon. "I'm just going back in the house, "I'm so over today, and barely got any sleep from last night," I said. *I can't believe that I just moved in and already things are going to shit, can this day get any worse?*

As I walked back towards the house instantly rain begins to fall followed by a clap of thunder, BLAH DA BOOM!

"See it's just not my day, I'll try again tomorrow, today just will not let me be great," I said to Devon. "Girl get back out here; you just can't decide when to do things" said Devon. "Please don't start with me today, I had enough of you last night trying to tell me how to set up things for the house," I said to Devon. "Well if you wouldn't have thrown out my chair the argument would have never began," said Devon.

Why can't he just let me be, I'm getting so fed up with this man. "So, Jalisa which issue are you going to fix," said Devon." "What I need to fix, don't you mean what we have to fix," I said to Devon. "Your mouth has been getting so slick Devon and I'm getting so sick of this," I said. "How about I just leave then, if you are so sick of me," said Devon.

"Go where Devon, we just moved in; you don't know where to go," I said. I stormed up to the upstairs bedroom shutting the door behind me hard. "Pow," Goes the door and in comes Devon. "All this arguing is not going to fix the door or the flat tire" said Devon. *The smart-ass comments won't fix it either, I want to slap him in the face.*

"ZZZ" A noise makes above the ceiling and the house becomes dark.

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