

Story Construction

Writing a story is an art and an enjoyable task. While writing a story you should describe the events one by one. Try to make the starting and end of story interesting. Some stories are given below, read them and learn how to make a story.

Archie

Although it may seem impossible for Archie to exhibit a personality you will find that he is usually saying what he shouldn't and is getting unexpected reactions from the crowd wherever he goes. Nothing ever bothers Archie. He's a happy go-lucky little guy who really isn't serious about anything. His outlook is one of that's okay with me whatever it is. If he is right about an issue, he becomes elated with himself. If it is revealed that he is wrong, that's okay too. He never gets hungry, never has bills to pay, never gets tired and never sleeps. You see, Archie is a puppet.

He plays many roles. One day, he's a baseball player. Another day he's a South American bandit, a leader of the parade or a stock broker. Sometimes, he's a teacher, trying to teach what he doesn't know. Other times, he's a student, trying not to be taught. He seldom gets his facts straight or understands how to conduct himself. Most of what he says has little or no value. But, he doesn't care. Archie is an entertainer. He just has fun and helps others to do the same. He gives a thrill to small kids and entertains adults of all ages. He has a lot of help though. His help comes from those whom he entertains. From time to time, it's good to stop for a while and just relax with a little bit of fun and laughter. That's what Archie is all about.

As you continue to read, you will see how Archie's antics in entertainment came to be and the positive and wholesome affects that the reading of good short stories can have on the entire family.

A Smart Blond

One afternoon, a beautiful, young blond lady entered a major bank in New York City and asked for a loan of \$5,000. When asked why she wanted the money, she explained that she needed the money for a trip to Europe. She would be in Europe for no more than two weeks. The bank manager explained that the young lady would need something of value to be used as collateral to secure the loan.

The lady pointed out of the window at a car. She asked, "Will that new Rolls Royce be sufficient?" "Well, of course it will be," replied the bank manager. "However, I will need to check to be sure that you are the owner." The manager departed to his office to make a quick telephone call and then returned to where the lady was seated. "Everything is in order," he said as he approached the lady. "It will be necessary to take possession of the car at the same time." She agreed as she handed him the keys. Upon receiving the cash for \$5,000, the lady left the bank. By this time, many of the bank employees were standing near the manager in awe of what had just happened. The manager gave instructions to one of the employees to drive the Rolls Royce with extreme care to the secured area of the garage and to park and lock it. After this task was done, the keys were returned to the manager two weeks later. As the bank employees were about their respective duties, the young lady entered the bank and approached the bank manager. "I have just returned and I want to pick up my car," she said. The manager ushered the lady to his office, took the necessary papers from his desk and told the lady that there was an interest owing on the loan of \$15.38. She reached into her purse and took out the exact amount, which included the \$5,000 and the additional interest payment. After concluding the business, the bank manager stood to his feet and said, "After you left the bank two weeks ago, my employees and I were very curious. I had checked out you thoroughly. I learned that you are a multi-millionaire. Why did you want to borrow \$5,000?" The lady replied, "Where else in New York City could I leave my Rolls Royce totally secure for two weeks for \$15.38?"

Danger Dead Ahead

One night the look out of a large battleship spotted a light off in the distance. He called down to the captain that there was a light dead ahead. The captain told the signal man to send out a message: "Change your course 30 degrees to the south/" a moment later the reply came back: "Change your course 50 degrees to the north." The captain was somewhat startled by this response, sent: "Change your course 30 degrees to the south, I am the captain!" Again, a moment later, the reply came back: "Change your course 30 degrees to the north, I am a seaman, third class." Completely enraged by this insubordination, the captain sent the message: "CHANGE YOUR COURSE 50 DEGREES TO THE SOUTH. THIS IS A BATTLESHIP!!" Quickly the response came back: "Change your course 30 degrees to the north. This is a lighthouse."

The Frog and the Crocodile

Once, there was a frog who lived in the middle of a swamp. His entire family had lived in that swamp for generations, but this particular frog decided that he had quite enough wetness to last him a lifetime. He decided that he was going to find a dry place to live instead.

The only thing that separated him from dry land was a swampy, muddy, swiftly flowing river. But the river was home to all sorts of slippery; slithering snakes that loved nothing better than a god, plump frog for dinner, so frog didn't dare try to swim across.

So for many days, the frog stayed out, hopping along the bank, trying: to think of a way to get across.

The snakes hissed and jeered at him, daring him to come closer, but he refused Occasionally they would slither closer, Laws open to attack, but the frog always leaped out of the way. But no matter how far upstream he searched or how far always leaped the frog: wasn't able to find a way across the water. He had felt certain that there would be a bridge, or a place where the banks came together, yet all he found was more reeds and water. After a while, even the snakes stopped teasing him and went off in search of easier prey. The frog sighed in frustration and sat to sulk in the rushes. Suddenly, he spotted two big eyes staring at him from the water. The giant log-shaped animal opened its mouth and asked him, "What are you doing, frog? Surely there are enough flies right there for a meal."

The frog croaked in surprise and leaped away from the crocodile. That creature could swallow him whole in a moment without thinking about it! Once he was a satisfied that he was a safe distance away he answered. "I'm tired of living in swampy waters, and. I want to travel to the other side of the river. But if I swim across, the snakes will eat me/" the crocodile harrumphed in agreement and sat, thinking, for a while "Well, if you're afraid of the snakes, I could give you a ride across," he suggested. "Oh no, I don't think so/" frog answered quickly. "You'd eat me on the way over, or [to underwater so the snakes could get me!"

"Now why would I let the snakes get you? I think they're a terrible nuisance with all their hissing and slithering! The river would be much better off without them altogether! Anyway, if you're so worried that I might eat you, you can ride on my tail/" The frog considered his offer. He did want to get to dry ground very badly, and there didn't seem to be any other way across the river. He looked at the crocodile from his short, squat buggy eyes and wondered about the crocodile's motives. But if he rode on the tail, the crocodile couldn't eat him anyway. And he was right about the snakes—no self-respecting crocodile would give a meal to the snakes.

"Okay, it sounds like a good plan to me. Turn around so I can hop on your tail"

The crocodile flopped his tail into the marshy mud and let the frog climb on, then he waddled out to the river. But he couldn't stick his tail into the water as a rudder because the frog was on it - and if he put his tail in the water, the snakes would eat the frog. They clumsily floated downstream, until the crocodile said, "Hop onto my back so I can steer straight with my tail." The frog moved, and the journey smoothed out. From where he was sitting, the frog couldn't see much except the back of

Crocodile's head. "Why don't you hop up on my head so you can see everything around us?" Crocodile invited. "But I don't want to see anything else," the frog answered, suddenly feeling nervous.

"Oh, come now. It's a beautiful view! Surely you don't think that I'm going to eat you after where halfway across. My home is in the marsh— what would be the point of swimming across the river full of snakes if I didn't leave you on the other bank?" Frog was curious about what the river looked like, so he climbed on top of Crocodile's head. The river looked almost pretty from this view⁷. He watched dragonflies darting over the water and smiled in anticipation as he saw firm ground beyond the cattails. When the crocodile got close enough, the frog would leap off his head towards freedom. He wouldn't give the crocodile a chance to eat him.

"My nose tickles," the crocodile complained suddenly, breaking into the frog's train of thought. "I think there might be a fly buzzing around it somewhere, or a piece of cattail fluff swept into it while I was taking you across the river." "I don't see a fly," the frog said, peering at the crocodile's green snout. It seemed odd that anything could tickle a crocodile through its thick skin. "Would you go check my nose for a piece of cattail fluff, then?" the crocodile begged, twitching his nose. "I'm afraid I'll sneeze and send you flying. I don't want to feed you to the snakes." A tear seeped out of his eye, as if he was holding back a mighty sneeze. The bank isn't too far, the frog thought. And it's the least he could do to repay him for bringing him over. So he hopped onto the crocodile's snout and checked the nostrils. Just a little closer, and he could jump... "I don't see-" he began. Just then, with a terrific CHOMP! the frog disappeared. The crocodile licked his lips in satisfaction and gave a tiny half-sneeze. "Good, I feel much better already," he smiled, and turned around to go back home.