

Write a story in class with random words thrown in at 3 minute or so intervals. Add the words to your story with in two sentences of hearing the word.

These are the words used in this exercise:

Poignant

Fleshy

Salamander

Reality

Atypical

Shenanigans

Provocative

Snarl

George and the Broken Tea-Cup

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George was a hairy little beast. He had eight legs and at last as many eyeballs. He was an equal portion of mischief and mayhem. Frequently he could be spotted dancing in contortions on the shop windowsill's broad base. Multi colored ribbons, scarves, braided bracelets were all out for the public's eye to catch, wonder and buy.

She that is Kumo, the mistress of the shop and of the spider was human. George was not. She stood at a height that left plenty of room for a spider's web to hang from a door and never be disturbed. She had a very poignant smell of roses and apples. Her hair was a chestnut brown, like George's fuzz, but her hair was longer. She only, regrettably to George, had two eyes.

George thought Kumo should have more eyes, or at least more limbs than her four. To make up for these deficiencies however, she had the most amazing thumbs that worked wonders on opening jars and doors. She was also most talented at scratching just the spot between his head and his body. Her two eyes were also were at least, a pleasant shade of blue-gray.

Today, his mistress Kumo was going to take him to see a salamander at the Lava Lake clan's festival of summer. George was very excited. They had to wait until dark because the light hurt his many eyes when the light reflected off the hot desert sands the salamanders loved.

George was doing his very best to be patient. So far had only knocked over Kumo's teacup once. Of course there was also that little problem with the monkey boy. The tavern keeper's brat son kept pulling down his best webs! The little hairless ape

deserved the scare when George had leapt down from the rafters above the window and got right into his face for a kiss!

Atypical day to say the least! How George longed to leave for the clan's party! There would be pies, cookies, dancing...

CRASH...

Make that two teacups. Crap. George shouldn't of been trying out his new dances! He was in trouble again! He tried to hide the teacups broken bits in his web, but they sparkled too much! He tried to put them under the rug but they poked out too much! He tried to put them back together but he couldn't get the glue bottle open without Kumo's thumbs!

George wanted to get wet. Kumo had salt water drip from her eyes when she was sad. George wanted to be sad like Kumo. Instead he curled up on the edge of his web above the windowsill and snargle-clucked in the saddest tones he could manage. The teacup, her last, was ruined. What was her going to do?

"You need to be human!" said a tiny voice. The voice came from the shadows in the corner of the room. It was a tiny voice, not like his Kumo, but more like the monkey boy. High pitched. Whiney.

Suddenly George found himself falling. He landed on the floor with a much heavier thump than he was used too! He tried to get to his feet but found some of them missing! He only had two arms, two legs... Thumbs! He had thumbs! He raised his hands to his face, two eyes... one nose. He was like Kumo! Now he could fix her teacup!

"More... Provocative that way.." The voice twittered. Clothes appeared around George, covering up the parts he was pretty sure Kumo didn't have. They were itchy, restrictive. George did NOT like the Clothes. He pulled at them but they wouldn't come off like they came on.

"Very nice- now you can get the girl!" the voice said before it faded into nothing but laughter until that too was gone.

Girl? George didn't want a girl! He had Kumo. He wanted to fix the teacup for Kumo! Weird, funny voice that didn't make sense. He would fix the teacup and then go back to being a spider not the fleshy, squishy person. He only gave a moment to look for the voice before he moved over to the pieces of teacup he broke.

He sat down at the table and opened the glue. It took a few tries, and glue did spill everywhere. But with a bit of trial and error, and lots of mistakes, he got the teacup sort of looking like a teacup again. Perhaps his Kumo would not be so angry since he tried so hard to fix it. Glue, was very sticky. George started pulling his fingers apart and together as the glue started to stick. After a while he realized he wasn't turning back into a spider.

Good, because the glue would make a horrid mess in his fuzz, but bad because he didn't want to be a person.

He sniffed, finding wet stuff on his face. He wanted to be a spider again. This wasn't fun! He wanted to go to bed. In the stories, when the hero goes to bed, sometimes things are better for him in the morning. He rubbed his cheeks and tried to get rid of the wet stuff.

"Where is that big ugly spider?" A whiney voice, this one was familiar. The little monkey boy was back and in his little hand one of those wooden swords boys his age used to play with. George hopped up to his feet, surprising himself by making a growly noise that was not like his angry noise. It was like Kumo's angry noise. He grinned and looked down at the boy. He tried to glare, just like Kumo did when he broke her first teacup. He even put his fists on his hips and leaned down a bit to look at monkey boy.

"Oh Wow, your really big m..m...mister!" Monkey boy even looked afraid! Perhaps being a human was not so bad after all! He always wanted to quake when Kumo looked at him like that!

"Norman!" Monkey boy's mother was yelling at him from across the street. It didn't take her much time to see George's glare. She stalked across the street and grabbed Monkey Boy by the arm. "Norman Enough of your shenangans! I'm sorry sir.. Oh..My.." Monkey Boy's mother batted her eyelashes at George and gave him a look that he knew he had see Kumo give Chocolate.

George felt weird. He backed up, his hands falling to his sides. He wasn't a weaving, or something to be bought and eaten like chocolate! Humans were weird! Too weird! Why did that mean voice give him fleshy bits? He wanted to be a spider again! Right now! He stomped his foot and hit the window shutter to fall over the wares. He ran to Kumo's bed and threw himself on it burying his head into Kumo's apple and rose smelling pillow. The last thing he snarled, as he went to sleep, was that he better be a spider when he woke up or little voice was going to pay!

Kumo woke him up for dinner a few hours later. She was fleshy and George was fuzzy. George was very happy to be a spider again! Kumo didn't let him go to the festival. She was very mad her bottle of glue was spilled out all over the floor... But that was okay with George! He wanted to stay home and be in his web anyway!