

Hello!

Here's the rough draft of the short story I wrote in 30 minutes. Hopefully this is helpful to you.

Please support my efforts by subscribing to my channel ([www.youtube.com/c/AndresTheWriter?sub\\_confirmation=1](http://www.youtube.com/c/AndresTheWriter?sub_confirmation=1)) and, if you're able, by donating to <https://paypal.me/AndresTheWriter>. Even a dollar is good karma for you!

Thanks so much, and if you'd like to read more of my work—or if you need editing/writing help—please visit my website: [www.andrescruciani.com](http://www.andrescruciani.com).

Thanks so much!

Andrés The Writer

## **HOW DO I PLOT MY STORY**

**STEP ONE:** start a timer for 30 min.

**STEP TWO:** choose a prompt.

The door busted open and in walked...

**STEP THREE:** brainstorm.

The door busted open and in walked the killer.

The door busted open and there was my mother.

The door busted open and in walked a man in a mask.

The door busted open and in came the ghost.

The door burst open and in walked my sister, who had not spoken for ten years.

The door burst open and in came the dog I'd lost fifteen years ago, haggard and old.

The door burst open, and I grabbed the gun.

The door burst open, but there was no one home.

The door burst open. Its wood splintered. There she was, lying on the floor, dead.

The door burst open, and I opened a can of tuna.

The door burst open, and the clown died.

The door burst open, and my brother fell on the welcome mat.

The door burst open, but it was too late. The hostage taker was dead. So were the hostages.

**INTERRUPTION:** If you haven't already done so, if you're finding these resources helpful, please take a moment to like, subscribe, and then click on that little bell that pops up.

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**STEP FOUR:** Turn your idea into a *problem*. That is, have a character chasing a want (i.e., a motivation). Make sure your idea, your problem is neither too big (WWIII) nor too small (tripping on a curb).

A man is looking for his lost dog, but he can't find it.

[Notice that I've strayed from the prompt—that's okay! The whole point of a prompt is to get your writing juices flowing.]

**STEP FIVE:** Plot! Write a line about your beginning, middle, and end.

Beginning: Man loses dog.

Middle: Man tries to find dog, but does not.

End: The man doesn't find the dog.

**STEP SIX:** Describe your characters & setting. Have 2-3 details that make your characters and setting stand out. Think about using all of your senses: sight, sound, smell, touch, taste. Amateur writers often forget about every sense but sight. And give your characters names. People have names!

**Setting:** Brooklyn

Downtown Brooklyn. Brownstones line the streets. It smells of wet leaves and truck fumes. Dusk lingers over the man's head.

**Main character:** Geronimo Fitzgerald is skinny as he hasn't eaten in days. It's not that he doesn't like eating, but he spent his last paycheck, and now he's still waiting for the next one. His face is stubbled and his eyes dark. His clothes are old and ragged, and he looks like a man who only comes out at night. He smells of mothballs.

**Secondary character:** Golightly is a small mut of a dog, with only one floppy ear and his fur matted. Still, Geronimo takes better care of him than himself, and Golightly smells of shampoo.

**STEP SEVEN:** WRITE! Below is my rough draft.

## **WHAT HE LOST**

To see them together was to know love.

Geronimo Fitzgerald had little. He worked at a warehouse unloading some boxes from trucks, loading others. He lived paycheck to paycheck, and often he would run out of money before the next one came. And on those days, he would starve.

Geronimo was unsightly. He had ragged clothes and he smelled of mothballs and he looked like he never shaved though every morning he did. His razor was just old. When he had an extra dollar—after the bills and necessities—that's what he would spend his money on: the tiny luxuries that make you feel like a man, a woman, a human. How little he splurged, and yet how little he still had.

There was something dark about Geronimo. He wore a black coat and his eyes were dark and he did not walk: he loped. He looked a man who emerged only at night, though he worked during the day and he woke up early. He was an unmemorable man, the kind of man you forget a few seconds after passing. Yet Geronimo had a love in his life.

They walked down the nicer streets of Brooklyn. Him and Golightly. Geronimo rented a basement apartment for too much money, just for this, these evening strolls through brownstone-lined streets, under tall oaks whose acorns crunched under their feet and whose wet leaves Golightly would pause to sniff. How patient Geronimo was.

He walked Geronimo without a leash. A mutt of a dog. With only one ear and matted hair but he smelled always of shampoo; Geronimo made sure of that.

He cherished those strolls. Under the evening oaks, toward the glistening Hudson across which ferries scuttled. A sky like a muted backdrop, gilding the houses and the cars and the old shoes in which Geronimo walked. The wet leaves glistening. The old eyes of Golightly looking up, waiting for his master to give him the go ahead to cross the street. What love. How Geronimo cherished those evenings. To have taken them away would have been to have killed him.

And so it was no small affair that on the evening of November 16th, an evening like so many others, Geronimo arrived to his apartment to see the door open.

His basement was dark, but he did not turn the light on because he already knew.

Still, “Lightly,” he called, a voice so little used.

In darkness he searched his apartment, though where was there to search? And what was he looking for? He knew already what he did not want.

He scurried in the dark. A mouse of sorts. A rodent like so many others. He took off his coat and he took off his shirt and he sat on his frameless bed and it sank beneath him as he sat there bare-chested. His skin old and wrinkled and sagging over what he’d once worked out with pride. Muscles gone. Age. Time. He began to cry.

He stepped into the cold evening’s air. A sky clouded over. A fletch of moon. A child on a bicycle ringing his bell.

“Lightly!” he called to no one and none. “Lightly!”

His voice did not echo.

**STEP EIGHT:** Lastly, and *super importantly*, proofread! I’ve left a number of errors in the rough draft above. If you find them, please post them in the comments of the video!

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*By the way, a few people have asked me about the pen I used in a previous video. It’s the Lamy Scala, a beautiful pen. If you’d like one, here you are!*  
<https://amzn.to/2wM4u3B> (It’s a referral link, FYI.)