

# Genealogical Crime Mystery



## Creative Writing Course

# Session overview

## **Week 4 - Dialogue and Interactions**

- Review previous task
- Writing realistic and engaging dialogue
- Developing relationships through dialogue
- Historical dialogue
- Assignment: write scenes in the past and present day using dialogue

# Examples of historical setting...

Jennie Fairs Week 3

Past setting

**1880 Gull Point, New South Wales, Australia**

The morning sun cast a golden light across Gull Point, its soft rays reflecting off the gentle waves lapping at the shore. The breeze was light, cool with the scent of salt and seaweed, rustling the dry coastal grasses. At first glance, the scene was one of serene beauty – a quiet moment where land and sea met in peaceful harmony. But today, there was something different, something unsettling that broke the calm of this coastal stretch.

Tom Callahan, a fisherman from nearby Belmont, had walked this beach countless times, his boots crunching against the coarse sand, his eyes trained on the horizon as he scouted for signs of fish or the occasional ship passing in the distance. But today, as he rounded the rocky outcrop near Gull Point, something caught his eye – something that made him stop in his tracks.

Modern setting

**2024 Sutherland, New South Wales, Australia**

Sandra Cunningham sat at her kitchen table, surrounded by the remnants of a life packed into boxes. At sixty-two, recently widowed, and having moved closer to her children, she expected this new chapter would help ease the grief of losing her husband. There was no rush to unpack everything. The essentials – kitchenware, bathroom items, clothing – had been dealt with first. The remaining boxes, hurriedly and haphazardly packed with her husband's belongings, would wait. Some of them, she knew, held items handed down through generations of his family, relics of a past she wasn't sure she was ready to face.

However, her thoughts were consumed by one carton, in particular. Crammed within was a small timber box with brass hinges. While packing for her move, she had looked briefly inside the box and sifted through faded envelopes, brittle photographs, and yellowed papers. A folded death certificate had held her attention. A child, unknown to her, buried long before her time. The name and place, meaning nothing. Why had her husband's family kept this? Why was this child's death certificate mixed among their possessions? It would become a small, silent puzzle in a family history filled with too many unanswered questions.

Opening 1

**Happisburgh, Norfolk, England**  
**Saturday 31- January 1953**

The village of Happisburgh (pronounced "Haisboro" for reasons which no-one could now remember) is tucked away on the north east coast of Norfolk, about half way between the Victorian seaside resort of Cromer and the rather less genteel port of Great Yarmouth to the south. It stands on a high cliff overlooking the sea, a position which had not gone unnoticed by the Royal Air Force when a site was needed for experimental high frequency radar to detect low flying aircraft as well as ships at sea. As a result, its population of a few hundred souls, largely engaged in farming and long-shore fishing, had swelled during the War by the addition of engineers, mechanics and radar operators as well as the cooks, drivers and admin staff required to service the 24-hour operations. They were all gone now and the holidaymakers, who had flocked to the Hill House Hotel before the War, had not yet returned even though some years had passed since the villagers had celebrated V-E Day on Whimpwell Green.

It had been a quiet Christmas. Meat, butter, sugar and eggs - all the things you needed to prepare a proper Yuletide feast - were still rationed and only a lucky few had access to illicit sources of supply. No-one felt much like celebrating anyway. Two of the lads who came home from the War - and several did not - had been taken away again to fight in Korea, a place the villagers had never heard of. The King was not long dead and Mr Churchill was back in charge in London. The new Queen seemed to have stepped nimbly into her role as monarch and her Christmas message - broadcast live on the radio from Sandringham, her home on the other side of the county - had gone down well. But the New Year came in with a dreary inevitability that felt as drab as the utility clothing that everyone was still obliged to wear.

Despite all this, Benjamin Roythorne was looking forward to the dance that night.

\*

# The Great Galveston Storm

## Chapter One

**8<sup>th</sup> September 1900, Galveston City, Galveston Island, Texas, USA**

The city of Galveston sat serenely under a brilliant and clear September sky. Known as the *Wall Street of the South*, this wealthy city was a bustling hive of activity. In direct contrast to the sleepy bayous on Texas's opposite southern shore, each of the port's wharves [how many?] were heaving. Fishermen along the piers hauled in their nets for the final time of the day, as long lines of dock-workers emptied the last bales of cotton [is this right?] from horse-drawn trolleys onto the awaiting steamships. A few streets behind the port, along this twenty-seven-mile spit of land, well-dressed Victorians strolled the city's lively centre, conversations blending with the calls of street vendors and the distant hum of passing trolleys and carts.

On the opposite side of the island, past several neat blocks of elegant and smart homes, was a narrow strip of sandy beach which faced the vast, open Gulf of Mexico. Despite being just under three miles from the busy port on the north of the island, the beach on the south was tranquil, with only a murmur of a sea breeze wafting over the balconies of the beach-front properties. One building, standing alone on the shore was St Mary's Orphanage, a three-storey wooden structure that housed ninety-three of the city's abandoned children. Standing on the balcony of the second floor was sixteen-year-old Ernest Gorton.

# The Great Galveston Storm



## Chapter Two

14<sup>th</sup> September 2024, Rye, East Sussex

Morton Farrier was relaxed. He was enjoying a rare moment of peace and solitude, sitting alone in the lounge of his sixteenth century home, The House with Two Front Doors. He was sitting in his favourite armchair beside the window, with a fresh cup of coffee in his hand, watching a group of tourists ambling past the house on Rye's famous Mermaid Street. It was a rare moment of calm for him. His wife, Juliette had taken their two children to visit her mother for the day, leaving Morton with a list of chores that he would think about tackling at some point later in the day. Maybe. Right now, it was his time. He sat back, put his feet up and sighed.

Another tourist stopped on the cobbled street and stared at the house. It was a common occurrence for visitors to the quaint English town to take photographs of the ancient homes with unusual names. But this tourist, a lady who appeared in her forties with shoulder length dark hair, headed over to the steps leading up to the two front doors. Again, not unusual. On many occasions Morton would have to step over tourists having their pictures taken whilst sitting on his front steps. Morton realised that she wasn't a tourist just as she reached out for the brass door knocker. Brilliant, he thought, his moment of calm over.

# Dialogue

## What is the purpose of dialogue?

- **Character Revelation:** Dialogue exposes character traits, motivations, and secrets (*especially those whose perspective we are not seeing*).
- **Plot Development:** It provides clues and misdirections in a mystery, essential for pacing.
- **Help explain things that the reader might not know**, *i.e. Morton explaining to Juliette what 902 centimorgans means*
- **Setting the Tone:** Good dialogue can immediately convey the era, social class, and background of the speaker.

# Dialogue

## Dialogue in Two Timeframes

- Your dialogue needs to sound authentic for both periods, ensuring that each era feels distinct and believable.
- The modern-day language may include contemporary slang, abbreviations, and directness
- Historical dialogue requires careful attention to era-appropriate language, syntax, and politeness.

# Dialogue in the past narrative

- The key to writing historical dialogue is accuracy (**through research!**), but avoid overdoing it. While you want your characters to sound authentic, **readability is crucial**. Historical characters shouldn't sound like they're reciting Shakespeare (unless appropriate).

*LAST Middlemus I 'member well,  
When harvest was all over ;  
Us cheps had hous'd up all de banes,  
An stack'd up all de clover.*

*I think says I, I'll take a trip  
To Lunnun, dat I wol,  
An see how things goo on a bit.  
Lest I shu'd die a fool!*

- The best way to check if your dialogue sounds natural is to read it out loud. If it feels awkward or stilted when spoken, it probably needs adjustment.



# Dialogue



**Every character should have a distinct voice. Pay attention to:**

- **Word choice:** Is this person formal or casual?
- **Sentence structure:** Do they speak in short, choppy sentences, or are they more verbose?
- **Mannerisms:** Do they have particular phrases they always say?

**Realistic dialogue avoids heavy exposition. Instead of overloading your dialogue with information, scatter clues subtly.**

- **Example:** *"I heard Grandpa's old house was up for sale again."*  
This introduces the old house without an obvious info dump like: *"Grandpa's house, the one we haven't seen in 20 years, is up for sale."*

# Dialogue in the past narrative

## Balancing Authenticity and Readability

- **Too complex:**

*"Pray, good sir, would it not be within the realm of possibility to procure the item of which we spoke during our prior correspondence?"*

- **Better:**

*"Might I trouble you to acquire the item we discussed in our last letter?"*

# Dialogue in the past narrative

## Dictionary:

Reduplicated plural – ghostses

Rabbits – ‘what the rabbits! Why, it’s never you out in such weather as this, surely!’

Surelye – frequently used Sussex word, added to the end of any sentence to which particular emphasis is required.

A – the prefixed a- as used in the Sussex dialect, generally adds slight force or intensity – a-dry, a-lost, a-bed.

Adle – stupid – ‘he’s an adle-headed fellow.’

Agoo – ago

Agwain – going.

All-on – incessantly – ‘he kept all-on making a noise.’

Amost – almost

Anywhen – any time

Atween – between

Awhile – for a time

Balderdash – obscene conversation

Bannick – to beat – ‘ill give him a good bannicking.’

Be – a common prefix to verbs, conveying a reflective and intense power – be-smear’d, be-muddled|

Beat the devil round the gooseberry bush – to tell a long rigmarole story without much point.

Beazled – completely tired out

Begrudge – to grudge

# Dialogue in the past narrative

Harriet set the food and drinks onto a tea tray and made her way upstairs, this time ensuring that her feet fell on each and every noisy board, so as to be sure to alert the woman of her arrival.

‘Butter-my-wig, if it ain’t the newest of draggle-tails come into my room,’ Widow Elphick chided. She was sitting up in bed wearing a cream petticoat. ‘Miss Rutherford be sparing you the day, has she?’

Harriet bit down on her lip and placed the tray beside the bed. ‘Beer, water, bread and cheese for you,’ she said warmly, hastening towards the door.

‘I be a-talking to you, you filthy little wretch. You be thick of hearing?’ Widow Elphick shouted, making Harriet stop dead. ‘Least you could do is a-look at me.’

Harriet turned unhurriedly and faced her.

‘I be asking you—did Miss Rutherford spare you the day?’ Widow Elphick repeated, slowly enunciating each word.

‘I ain’t never been working for Miss Rutherford,’ Harriet answered, desperately trying to hold back the anger from her voice.

Widow Elphick laughed maniacally, rocking back and forth before stopping abruptly. ‘Well what do a young girl be a-doing outside a house of ill-fame in the middle of the night, if she ain’t no draggle-tail?’

# Dialogue in the past narrative

Harriet set the food and drinks onto a tea tray and made her way upstairs, this time ensuring that her feet fell on each and every noisy board, so as to be sure to alert the woman of her arrival.

‘**Butter-my-wig**, if it ain’t the newestest of **draggie-tails** come into my room,’ Widow Elphick chided. She was sitting up in bed wearing a cream petticoat. ‘Miss Rutherford **be sparing** you the day, has she?’

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# Perspective

## Chapter Eleven

4<sup>th</sup> March 1956, London

Alexander Emmett closed the door to his flat in Lancaster Gate and stepped down onto the lamp-lit pavement. He walked the few paces to his car—a silver Austin Healey—with a confidence bordering on arrogance. He wore a smart pin-stripe suit from Bond Street, complemented by his customary bowler hat. Alexander sought his reflection from the car window and was gratified with the dashing appearance of the man looking back at him; he was exactly the image that Alexander wanted to project. He was as certain as he could be that tonight the invitation, which he had courted for several years, would be forthcoming. He didn't know from where or from whom, but he was sure that it would come. Why else would he have been invited to this party? He splayed his thumb and forefinger over his freshly trimmed moustache, removed his hat and climbed into his car with a smile.

The car was cold and struggled to start. Alexander shivered, switched on the headlights and glanced up at the dense clouds that had hung low over London for the past two days and were now obliterating what little moonlight there might otherwise have been.

The drive to Cambridge Square, along the edge of Hyde Park, took just five minutes. He could have walked quite easily and, in fact, would have enjoyed the stroll, but making an entrance in his new car was part and parcel of the image. He parked the Healey close to the house, reached for his bowler hat and then stepped from the car, guessing and hoping that he was being watched from an upstairs window.

Alexander strode with an air of distinct entitlement, as though this were his neighbourhood, and those people, now entering the house, dressed in their finest attire, were his people.

The truth did not matter.

An erudite young lady, wearing an emerald evening dress with a white fur draped around her shoulders, entered the brightly lit porch of number one Cambridge Square on the arm of a dapper gentleman twice her age: her husband, no doubt, Alexander suspected. He said, 'How do you do?' to the couple, then followed them inside, where a butler, in the traditional black and white livery of his station, checked Alexander's name against the guestlist, took his hat and coat, and ushered him up the stairs into the extravagant apartment of the government minister, Harold Austin.

Alexander smiled and was about to say that it wasn't his usual environment, either, but stopped himself short. 'People here are pretty harmless. Mostly normal.' He laughed, as one gently teasing his own kind laughs, then sipped his champagne. 'Alexander Emmett,' he said.

'Ellen Ingram,' she responded, shaking his hand.

'Nice to meet you, Ellen,' Alexander said.

'She's certainly something, isn't she?' Ellen said, perhaps intuiting his thoughts, or perhaps simply expressing the shared consensus of the room about the woman openly flirting with Harold Austin.

'Our dear Foreign Secretary certainly thinks so, yes,' Alexander replied.

'So, what's your line of business?' Ellen asked him.

'Journalism. Freelance,' he said, turning his back on Harold and Flora, and facing Ellen fully for the first time. Had Flora Sterling not been present in the room, this young lady, with her short brown hair neatly framing an attractive face, might have garnered more attention. 'And yours?'

'Boring clerical work,' she said, with a gentle rolling of her eyes. 'Typing, filing, running errands... That kind of thing.'

'I see,' he said, sipping his drink. She did the same and for a moment neither of them spoke.

# Developing relationships

Ellen turned her back on the room, once again facing the grand piano. Her facial expressions and body language slid into what appeared to be a contented enchantment, lulled by the pianist's dulcet tones. Her eyes, however, were firmly fixed, as they had been before Alexander Emmett had interrupted her, on the large photograph behind the piano. Specifically, on the clear reflection afforded of Miss Flora Sterling.

Ellen's role in A4, the specialist section of MI5, had brought her to the party that evening. Technically, she shouldn't be here, as A4 only operated during the day Monday to Friday. Given that the main part of their role was to follow people suspected of spying and to build a web of contacts for those individuals, Ellen found such restrictions to be unfathomable and often took the initiative, such as she was doing now, of working outside of those outdated, limiting rules. Soviet spies and their contacts did not, as the restrictions placed upon A4 might have suggested, operate only on weekdays during normal business hours.

Flora Sterling had recently come under the suspicions of MI5, after she had been spotted meeting with Nikita Sokolov, ostensibly a second secretary at the Soviet Embassy in Kensington, but who was also known to be a Soviet spy-recruiter and handler. Her superiors were, Ellen knew, on the verge of ending the surveillance into Flora, believing that since no other evidence had come to light, the meeting between her and Nikita had been an innocent one. And yet, Ellen thought to herself, here she was cavorting—no, openly flirting, in fact—with the Foreign Secretary and also with George Kennedy Young, the director of the Secret Intelligence Service operations in the Middle East. A honey-trap of some kind was being set; of that, Ellen was sure. But for whom was Flora Sterling setting it?

In the photograph's reflection, Ellen surveyed the room, unable to locate Flora. She was no longer with Harold Austin; Ellen could see him introducing George Kennedy Young to the journalist with whom she had just been speaking. Alexander Emmett.

She observed Harold walking away from the pair, searching among his guests for Flora, Ellen suspected. Her eyes tracked back to George Kennedy Young, who was now leading Alexander over to the window. She watched as he pointed something out in the street below, then—with the deftness of a professional magician—passed something small to Alexander, before turning on his heel and leaving the room.

'They're getting on very well.'

Ellen turned with surprise; Alexander was back and had caught her eyeline trained on the reflection of Harold and Flora. 'An unlikely pairing,' she said, embarrassed to have been caught out, observing them.

'Isn't it just,' he agreed. 'Probably a good thing *Mrs* Austin is out of the country at the moment, or else she might not have agreed.'

'I don't suppose so,' Ellen said, sipping the last of her champagne.

'Would you like another?' he asked. 'Only, I haven't told you about my grandparents and *their* deaths, yet,' he said with a wry smile.

She laughed, relieved to see from his face that he was joking. Maybe he wasn't like these other people, after all. 'No, I need to be getting on my way,' she answered. It was time to leave, lest she should be noticed. She drew in a breath, then said, 'It was nice to meet you, Alexander.' She was pleased to see disappointment on his face.

'Oh, leaving so soon?'

'Early start at the office in the morning.'

'I hope to see you around, some time,' he said, presuming to kiss her on the cheek.

'That would be nice,' she replied. 'Enjoy the rest of the evening.'

'I will. Goodbye.'

'I'm just going to take one final look to see if my friend has turned up,' Ellen lied, providing an excuse for not walking directly to the exit, which would necessitate passing closely to Harold and Flora. She took a convoluted route, pretending to search among the crowds for her imaginary friend.

Ellen reached the exit and left; her work for today was done. She was certain that Flora Sterling was indeed laying some kind of a honey-trap, most likely for the malleable Foreign Secretary. But to what end, exactly?

# The Galveston Storm - Research


GALVESTON  
& TEXAS  
HISTORY CENTER

Rosenberg Library Search

ABOUT ▾ VISIT ▾ RESEARCH TOPICS ▾ COLLECTIONS ▾ DIGITIZED COLLECTIONS ▾ MUSEUM NEWS CONTACT

## Oral Histories

Home > Research > 1900 Storm > Oral Histories



*John W. Harris III (1893-1999)*

- [Oral History Interview of Emma Beal \(1889-1972\)](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Emma Beal \(1889-1972\)](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Henry J. Bettencourt and Margaret Rowan Bettencourt](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Hyman Block](#)
- [Oral History Interview of William Mason Bristol](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Wilbur Goodman](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Rosa Tod Hamner](#)
- [Oral History Interview of John W. Harris](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Louise Hopkins](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Ellen Edwards Nilson](#)
- [Oral History Interview of Katharine Vedder Pauls \(Mrs. Cortes\)](#)



**Interview with:** Katharine Vedder Pauls (Mrs. Cortes)

**Date of Interview:** February 3, 1970

**Interviewed:** Susan Atherton

**Transcriber:** Shelley Henley Kelly

The following is an excerpt from an interview with Katharine Vedder Pauls. Topics for the interview included **life in Galveston before and after 1900**. The interview was done for the Community Research Committee of the Junior League. The interview consisted of 55 pages of which 16 directly concern the 1900 Storm. Only those pages are available here. To view the rest of the oral history, please contact the Galveston and Texas History Center.

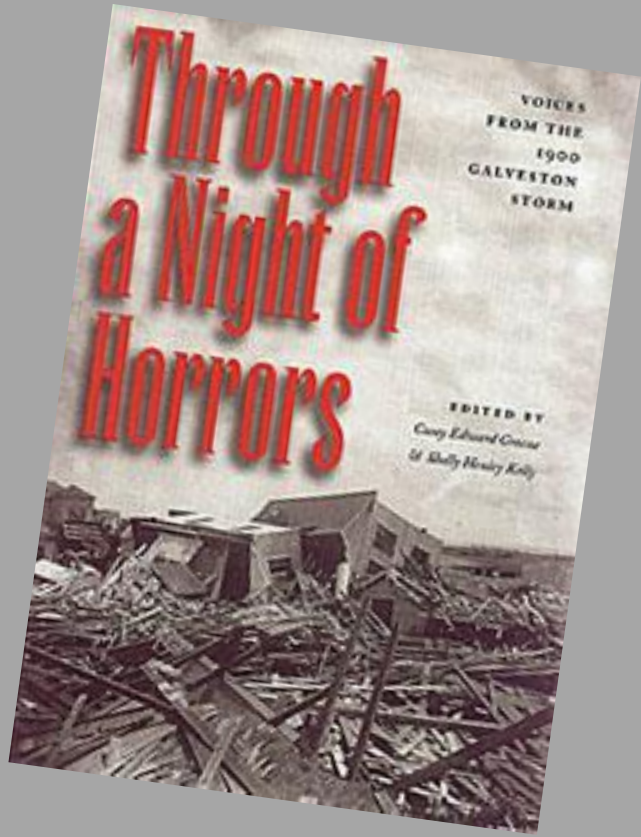
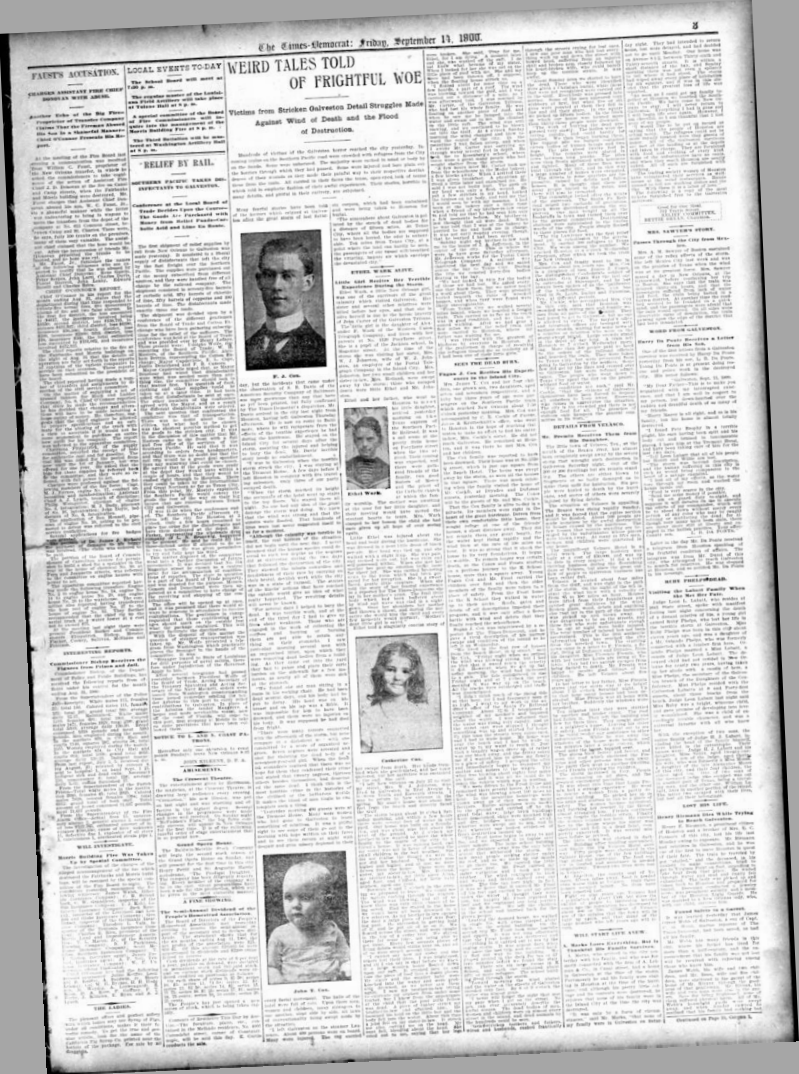
Across the street on the south side of Avenue S lived Dr. Rogers, his wife and two sons and Captain Munn, his wife and mother-in-law. **South on 53rd were the Collums, a middle aged couple with a house full of cats and parrots.** Still nearer the beach, Captain Lucian Minor, his wife and four children.

All these families were friends and had many good times together. Bathing parties with dancing and refreshments on the bath house roof garden, **watermelon feast and other community gatherings were held for the young people while hugo, whist, and poker were evening entertainment for the adults.**

My father had made a loan several years before to the owner of a livery stable and unable to continue business, the man turned over to my father the remainder of his assets. These included several fine saddle and carriage horses, a small palamino pony Star, and a gray donkey named Whiskers. **A carriage (a Victoria), two sulkys, a donkey cart and a hearse** completed the transaction. The Vedder children, Lola, Jacob and Katharine--myself--were the envy of the neighborhood **when they played funeral.**

My father and his friends ran many a race with the sulkys or gigs as they called them. My mother drove the victoria with staid old Beulah hitched to it, while my brother and I rode bareback on little gray Whiskers. Life at Denver Resurvey promised to be ideal, but at the end of eight short months disaster struck in the hurricane and tidal wave of September 8, 1900.

# The Galveston Storm - Dialogue




# Exercise

## Chapter One

8<sup>th</sup> September 1900, Galveston City, Galveston Island, Texas, USA

The city of Galveston sat serenely under a brilliant and clear September sky. Known as the *Wall Street of the South*, this wealthy city was a bustling hive of activity. In direct contrast to the sleepy bayous on Texas's opposite southern shore, each of the port's wharves [how many?] were heaving. Fishermen along the piers hauled in their nets for the final time of the day, as long lines of dock-workers emptied the last bales of cotton [is this right?] from horse-drawn trolleys onto the awaiting steamships. A few streets behind the port, along this twenty-seven-mile spit of land, well-dressed Victorians strolled the city's lively centre, conversations blending with the calls of street vendors and the distant hum of passing trolleys and carts. On the opposite side of the island, past several neat blocks of elegant and smart homes, was a narrow strip of sandy beach which faced the vast, open Gulf of Mexico. Despite being just under three miles from the busy port on the north of the island, the beach on the south was tranquil, with only a murmur of a sea breeze wafting over the balconies of the beach-front properties. One building, standing alone on the shore was St Mary's Orphanage, a three-storey wooden structure that housed ninety-three of the city's abandoned children. Standing on the balcony of the second floor was sixteen-year-old Ernest Gorton.



Who would you have speaking in this opening of chapter one? From whose perspective? [*you can switch perspectives within a chapter, but must make it obvious*]

Think broadly about what they might say to help the reader understand character, location, time period and the central mystery.

Then start to think about specifics. What exactly are they going to say and how are they going to say it?

Remember that plot, dialogue and character **MUST** push your story forward!

# The Galveston Storm – historical setting



**Who would you have speaking in this opening of chapter one? From whose perspective?**

**Think broadly about what they might say to help the reader understand character, location, time period and the central mystery.**

**Then start to think about specifics. What exactly are they going to say and how are they going to say it?**

**Remembering that plot, dialogue and character MUST push your story forward!**

- The chapter will be shown from Ernest Gorton's perspective only. It will see him interact with Mother M. Gabriel [55 year old French Mother Superior]
- The scene & dialogue will establish Ernest's character and 'ordinary life' in the orphanage
- Include some interactions with other children (some who will later perish) and other staff
- Probably move the action in the same chapter to the port, where we meet Clara Mantzel and her father. Dialogue will show Ernest and Clara's relationship and again establish a base-line 'ordinary life' [to later juxtapose with storm & aftermath]
- Try and end the chapter on the central mystery – something to do with the locket

# Dialogue in the modern day



hours. I think it was called Evie's Bakery?  
'Eva's,' Maddie corrected, shaking their hands. 'I recommend the brunch flatbread.'  
'That's my lunch choice taken care of, then,' Marsden said with a grin. 'Anyway, goodbye for now.'

38

LH Sounds British. 👍

LH  
Britishism.  
14/07/2024 21:33 👍

LH Sounds a little British. Maybe "Let's do it then." 👍

LH This sounds British to me. "Going out" 👍

LH Sounds more American. We seldom say shall 👍

LH No longer in the picture is more American. 👍

# Developing Relationships

Morton put Grace to bed at eight o'clock and then padded quietly down to the kitchen.

'Sorry, but do you mind if I have a wine?' he asked her.

Juliette mock-snarled. 'What happened to us both not drinking for the pregnancy? That didn't last long.'

'It's a fair point,' Morton conceded, pouring himself a large glass of red anyway. 'I'll do better for the next baby.'

'Excuse me? I presume you're carrying it, then?'

Morton laughed. 'What do you want to drink?'

Juliette turned her nose up. 'Something exotic... Water, please.'

Morton made her a drink and then sat down opposite her at the kitchen table. He took a necessary amount of his wine, fired up his laptop and then said, 'Where to start?'

Juliette shrugged. 'From a point I'll understand.'

'Right, so you remember Vanessa Briggs came up as a really strong DNA match?' he began.

'Yes,' Juliette confirmed with a nod. 'Nine hundred and two centimetres,' she added, clearly proud of the recollection.

'CentiMorgans,' he corrected, 'But yes...'

'And she's your half-aunt, daughter of a relationship your grandfather had at some point after his wife died in childbirth with your Aunt Margaret?' Juliette checked.

'Yes, exactly that.' Morton drew in a long breath. 'Well, after that, *another* DNA match came up at 2,220 centiMorgans.'

Even Juliette, with her limited experience of genealogy gasped at the figure. 'That's high.'

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# Dialogue

- Don't be repetitive! If you're going to show a character doing something, don't tell us about it, too!

i.e. 'I'm going to look at the 1900 US Census, to see if I can find this person three months prior to the storm,' Morton said.

Morton looked at the 1900 US Census to see if he could find this person three months prior to the storm.



# Dialogue attribution...

Said Synonyms	
announced	bellowed
claimed	fumed
declared	joked
disclosed	mumbled
remarked	muttered
replied	pleaded
revealed	screamed
stated	shouted
suggested	whispered
told	yelled

- Try not to over use alternatives to **said**
- Try not to over use adverbs, especially with dialogue attribution...

'The best form of dialogue attribution is **said.**'

## Stephen King's example:

'Put it down!' she shouted.

'Give it back,' he pleaded, 'It's mine.'

'Don't be such a fool, Jekyll,' Utterson said.

In these sentences, shouted, pleaded, and said are verbs of dialogue attribution. Now look at these dubious revisions:

'Put it down!' she shouted menacingly.

'Give it back,' he pleaded abjectly, 'It's mine.'

'Don't be such a fool, Jekyll,' Utterson said contemptuously.

# Exercise



- Think about the opening chapter with your **genealogist character**
- If you haven't already introduced them, make some notes about how you will do this – where do we meet them first?
- Who do we see them talking to first? Husband/wife/partner? Sibling? Client?
- What is the main focus of this scene that you need the reader to understand? How will the dialogue convey this?
- **Remember: the story is the priority – get to your mystery ASAP!**

# Assignment



To write scenes in the past and present day using dialogue

**Part 1: Develop your opening scene in the past narrative, introducing the main character(s) and including some dialogue**

- Use research of the time period, combined with what you already know about your character(s) and their background

**Part 2: Develop your opening scene in your present day / alternative narrative with your main genealogist character, including dialogue**

- Use your character sketches from week 2 and the notes you just made to guide you
- Try and read some fellow students work and offer constructive criticism
- Name your document ***your name week4***
- Upload by Sunday if possible


## Things to consider:


- Balancing description of the scene and characters with dialogue
- Use dialogue to show us character development or to move the story on
- Try and avoid large blocks of dialogue that don't develop story or character
- Try to think about dialogue attribution
- **Remember your central themes and plot are key!**





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Any questions?

