Step 4.
Dynamic Dialogue

Don't tell anyone but authors 'cheat' when we write – especially when we write dialogue.

Normal conversations go like this:
'Hi.'
'Hi. How are you?'
'Good. And you?'
'Good.'
'I was thinking of going shopping.'
'Oh. What for?'
'My mother gave me some money for my birthday and I need a new jumper.'
'Sounds great. Count me in.'

In real life conversations we often talk in clichés and ramble a lot. However, reading takes effort, so to keep things moving fast, writers cut straight to the action.

'Hey, my mum gave me some money for my birthday. Want to go shopping?'
'Sounds great. Count me in.'

TOP TIP.
Give kids a starting line to help them avoid the boring parts. Are they writing a conversation between a ghost and a flying pig? Suggest where to begin.
'Hey! Watch where you're going!'
“Dad, are you sure there are fish in the sea today?” asked Stephen from the other side of the rocks.

“Yes, of course there will be son.” replied Dad.

“Dad?” repeated Stephen.

“Now what?” demanded Dad.

“Are there sharks in the water?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think so.” Dad said thoughtfully as he wriggled his rod in the water.

“Dad, are there whales in the water?” said Stephen nervously.

“No. I don’t think so.” answered Dad.

“Dad, are fish strong?” Stephen said shakily.

“No, not really.” Dad replied

“Dad, I think there’s a whale on my line!” called Stephen while tugging on his rod.

“Hold on to the rod. I will be there as fast as I can.” Dad yelled.

“Dad, I think the whale wants something to eat. Can I give him my rod?”

“No!” yelled Dad, but it was too late, the rod was gone….

“Dad, can I borrow your rod?”
Who wants to help me catch a nice, plump, juicy chicken? We are starving here and I know a way underground- unless you want to run for it and BANG!! BANG!!" Mr. Fox yelled making sure everyone heard, almost like a show off.

"Me! Me!" shouted Ash, the small fox.

"Oh, alright then." Mr. Fox said a little softer.

"What’s the first thing we do?" Ash said enthusiastically when they arrived.

"Well, we find a chubby fat chicken first." Mr. Fox explained.

"Really, all chickens are yum. Can’t we just get any?" Ash complained.

"It’s your very first time and it’s probably my hundredth time, so why don’t you listen please." Mr. Fox snapped.

"Okay, okay, I’m listening," Ash groaned.

"Thank you. So, when we have found a chicken we sneak up on it, extremely carefully. Now be brave, don’t be scared." Mr. Fox whispered softly, as if the chicken was going to hear what he said.

"This is so tedious." Ash said

"Who taught you that word? Anyway, then we quickly get the chicken in a flash." Mr. Fox continued as he quickly grabbed a chicken.

"Okay." Ash said, now listening.

"Then we get our claw and stab it to death, understand?" Mr. Fox said courageously with the chicken in his arm.

Ash laughed. "Sorry chicken my father killed you but it was worth it."

"Now we can eat." Mr. Fox laughed, still laughing at what Ash said.

"I’m happy I know how to catch a chicken." Ash replied.

"All because of your great, fantastic, intelligent, wonderful DAD!" Mr. Fox yelled.