**Examples of Writing Voices**

Voice in writing is like a writer’s personality: each writer’s voice is unique. The best way to find your own writer’s voice is to experiment and try out some other voices. This sheet with examples can be a reference for you, but I also encourage you to study the voices of authors you like.

**Example #1**

Wind. Explosions of light. Wind. Choking dust. Wind. Ringing in his ears, pain. Wind. He kept going, his eyes glued to Minho just a few steps ahead of him. He didn’t feel anything for Jack. He didn’t care if he was permanently deaf. He didn’t care about the others anymore. The chaos around him seemed to siphon away his humanity, turn him into an animal. All he wanted was to survive, make it to that building, get inside. *Live*. Gain another day.

* James Dashner, *The Scorch Trials*

**Example #2**

Harry didn’t understand. He felt weak and shivery, as though he were recovering from a bad bout of flu; he also felt the beginnings of shame. Why had he gone to pieces like that, when no one else had?

Professor Lupin had come back. He paused as he entered, looked around, and said, with a small smile, “I haven’t poisoned that chocolate, you know….”

Harry took a bite and to his great surprise felt warmth spread suddenly to the tips of his fingers and toes.

* J.K. Rowling, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*

**Example #3**

3. The Shark Suit

Although designed for protection against shark bites, this mesh bodysuit can stand up to the toughest undead jaws. Made of either high-tensile steel or titanium, it provides twice the protection of chain mail with half the weight. Noise, however, is still a factor, as well as physical discomfort and decreased speed and agility. Shark suits might come in handy if hunting the dead underwater. (See “Underwater Battles,” pages 144-54.)

* Max Brooks, *The Zombie Survival Guide*

**Example #4**

He looks down and begins rummaging through the overstuffed bag in his hand. Oh no, I think. Please, for the love of all that is not impossibly lame, no. But yes, he’s searching through his bag for candy. He’s going to give me candy, like I’m still five years old and can’t say his name. And he’s going to do it right here on this walkway in the absolute center of town.

They’re butterscotch hard candies. They’re one of those old people’s candies, like gumdrops, but it’s true, I loved them -- when I was five.

Finally the bag pops open -- and he gives me one piece! All that, and I get one piece. I mean, I don’t like them as much as I used to, but all that for one butterscotch?

“Thanks,” I say, more for the effort than for the candy. His face is red from wrestling with the bag, and I imagine him sitting alone later, dentures out and slowly chain-sucking the rest of the butterscotches to death.

* Michael Northrop, *Rotten*

**Example #5**

While she listened, Belle made me a turkey sandwich and gave me about ten chewable vitamin Cs because she thought I sounded nasal. When she went to the bathroom, I sneaked a little bunch of grapes, which I love but can’t ever have, because Mom doesn’t like the way the grape pickers are treated in California and she refuses to buy them.

When she finally got there, Mom hugged Belle and told her, “I owe you,” like I was some repulsive burden instead of the person who had very helpfully unpacked three boxes of green bananas and scoured the refrigerated section for expired dairy items. Then Mom bought a box of strawberries, even though I know she thinks Belle’s strawberries are overpriced and not very good. She calls them SSO’s, which stands for “strawberry-shaped objects.”

* Rebecca Stead, *When You Reach Me*

**Example #6**

They murdered him.

As he turned to take the ball, a dam burst against the side of his head and a hand grenade shattered his stomach. Engulfed by nausea, he pitched toward the grass. His mouth encountered gravel, and he spat frantically, afraid that some of his teeth had been knocked out. Rising to his feet, he saw the field through drifting gauze but held on until everything settled into place, like a lens focusing, making the world sharp again, with edges.

* Robert Cormier, *The Chocolate War*

**Example #7**

The three women moved along the street under the black trees, past suddenly locked houses. How soon the news had spread outward from the ravine, from house to house, porch to porch, telephone to telephone. Now, passing, the three women felt eyes looking out at them from curtained windows as locks rattled into place. How strange the popsicle, the vanilla night, the night of close-packed ice cream, of mosquito-lotioned wrists, the night of running children suddenly veered from their games and put away behind glass, behind wood, the popsicles in melting puddles of lime and strawberry where they fell when the children were scooped indoors. Strange the hot rooms with the sweating people pressed tightly back into them behind the bronze knobs and knockers. Baseball bats and balls lay upon the unfootprinted lawns. A half-drawn, white-chalk game of hopscotch lay on the broiled, steamed sidewalk. It was as if someone had predicted freezing weather a moment ago.

* Ray Bradbury, *Dandelion Wine*

**Example #8**

The hot lunch is turkey with reconstituted dried mashed potatoes and gravy, a damp green vegetable, and a cookie. I’m not sure how to order anything else, so I just slide my tray along and let the lunch drones fill it. This eight-foot senior in front of me somehow gets three cheeseburgers, French fries, and two Ho-Hos without saying a word. Some sort of Morse code with his eyes, maybe. Must study this further. I follow the Basketball Pole into the cafeteria.

* Laurie Halse Anderson, *Speak*

**Example #9**

The lunch ladies scurried about, gathering everything they needed. They dumped the eggs, food coloring, milk, and baking soda into a large vat and began to mix thoroughly.

Then somebody poured in the vinegar….

(Note: Please shake this book back and forth uncontrollably when you read the following word. Also, shout it out as loud as you can. Don’t worry, you won’t get in trouble.)

“KA-BLOOOOOSH!”

* Dav Pilkey, *Captain Underpants and the Invasion of the Incredibly Naughty Cafeteria Ladies from Outer Space*