

Video:

Write Now! Persuasive Writing Prompts: Describe Your Perfect Childhood Day

Practice your copywriting skills with this prompt from The Professional Writers' Alliance (PWA).

With this Write Now! exercise, practice your storytelling and power of description.

This video by Jen Adams is all about becoming a master storyteller. By using vivid descriptions, bright adjectives, and powerful emotions, your persuasive writing skill will skyrocket. *(Or read the transcript below.)*

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All right, so one of the first stories that you're able to tell yourself is actually the story of your perfect day. A pair of linguists were studying their daughter, they wanted to see how her language skills developed, and so they were recording her in her crib at night. And the stories she was telling herself to go to sleep was the story of her ideal day.

Now, you don't have to go all the way back to when you were two, or even younger. Think about when you were five, what was your perfect day like? Did you spend it with friends? Were you with your family? What did you eat? What did you wear? Where did you go?

Write it down, and then read it over, maybe laugh a little, reflect on those days, and then bring it up to when you were a teenager. When you were 15, what was your ideal day? If you could do whatever you wanted without your parents telling you what to do, maybe without having to go to that first job, how would you spend that time? Bring it to life on the page.

And then, just for fun, bring it up to now. What is your perfect day right now? And I think, once you've written that out and you're looking back on all your perfect moments, you'll be able to step forward and write whatever you want today for the perfect life you're about to have now.

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Write Now! persuasive writing prompts are presented by the Professional Writers' Alliance (PWA) — a professional association just for direct-response industry writers. [Learn about the many benefits of a PWA membership.](#)

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17 Responses to "Write Now! Persuasive Writing Prompt: Describe Your Perfect Childhood Day [video]"

My perfect day when I was very young, I'm not sure of my age, I may have been 9 or 10. It was summer and raining outside. I loved to go swimming, but rarely got to unless my grandfather came to visit and took me and my siblings. My parents never did, my mother never drove and my father was only home on weekends. It must have been a Saturday because my dad was home. Anyway, I put my swimsuit on and went outside and got drenched by the rain! I didn't stay out long, because it was also storming. But, I took the chance to get soaked. I loved it!

Rosey – over a year ago

My perfect day, when I was a child was endless amounts of playing outdoors, making mud pies. The smell of fresh cut grass and having butterflies dance around my head.

My perfect day as a teen....NO homework, no chores.....just being outside with my friends and looking for four leaf clovers. My perfect day now, being outside with my daughter playing two-square 2.0 (our own version of two-square) the smell of flowers blooming in the distance and the hint of a breeze in the distance.

Guest (Whitney) – over a year ago

My perfect day as a 5 year old was my first cherry pie. Grandma let me help her put it together. I remember picking the pie cherries off the tree in the backyard. The whole process was so amazing.

When I was 9 we moved to the country and I got my first horse. Needless to say that to was amazing.

Today, after 27 year with horses, I got to choose getting on that horse and riding up high in the mountains, horse camping, and the absolute feeling of pure freedom

Musick – over a year ago

When I was about ten, my perfect day was to accompany my mom to the market. She shopped for groceries. I "feasted" on the gorgeous colors and scents of flowers for sale.

As a teenager my perfect day was to spend Saturdays with my cousins. We would take the bus into town and have savory meat pies and juice at a favorite cafe.

Nowadays my perfect day is when I can read, write, and blog about the stories I'm reading.

A lovely prompt - a wonderful way to recall bygone days! Thank you.

lisa25 – over a year ago

reading the stories of when I was a young person, the feeling of freedom is in every story, short and filled with a story in every sentence, Good job to all I see only women write the stories some difficulty would be abused children to write the story.

Bill W.

Guest (william I Wilson) – over a year ago

My favorite childhood memory was when my mom bought me a bug catcher. I was fascinated with bugs and I still am to this day. Most people give little thought or respect to insects and bugs, but they are very important for our environment. Fast forward to the present. Our bee population is suffering due to weed killer and other poisons sprayed by farmers and homeowners alike. Respect mother nature.

Guest (Lyn Loren) – over a year ago

My perfect day as a kid was waking up to the smell of freshly cooked eggs and playing all day with my childhood friends. My perfect day as a teenager was going to Toy's R Us. I wanted to buy almost all the inventory available upon arriving. Dinner would be next door at Pizza Pipes, which to this day was the best pizza I've ever had The perfect day for me today would be to start my day in prayer and affirmation. Have a career that I love. And go home to spend quality time with my wife.

Ludwig – over a year ago

I had stalked bus no 64 for days now. I knew it existed. It was on the map, I saw the bus number written on placard at bus stop. I just never had seen the bus itself. You see, I had, by then, driven all the other bus lines in my town, I knew all the routes and all the buses, except for the mysterious bus no 64. So when I finally saw the bus on the distance my heart dropped! It exists! It really is no 64. I couldn't believe my luck! I hopped on the bus and for the next half an hour my eyes were glued to the surroundings. Wow! I was thrilled to be finally on the bus no 64. Its hard to explain but there was just something magical in driving into the unknown... for a 6 year old.

Guest (Kendrick) – over a year ago

Woah! That escalated quickly! Just a minute ago I was picking my nose but it felt now like a year had passed since... trat..trat..trat...tra...

I instinctively fell to the ground.

I'm not hit! Phew. "Move, now!" somebody yelled. "Oh okay then", I jumped up and ran to the next foxhole.

Trat..trat..tra.. tra..

I stumbled and fell to the bottom of the hole. Did I make it? Check..no hits, still, great!

Where are the others? "Heeyy!, over here!" No response, just bullets whizzing over my head.

Alright, fine I'll man this myself!

Suddenly there were two of us in the hole. "Shit, hes not with us!", I pulled the trigger, "click" Nothing, "wtf?"

"Hahaha" he laughed... and shot me in the head. My gun had jammed and I was dead. Paintball is tough

Guest (Kendrick) – over a year ago

I woke up and glanced out of my window. Gosh how I loved the sight of my garden! On the backdrop of a blue lake there were all my favourites there. Apple trees, plums, cherry's, pear trees.

And on the distance - an oak tree. It was still quite a small one, had to be as after all I planted it myself, not too long ago. But it had a very special meaning to me. You see it was going to be my family tree. Hundreds of years from now, when Im gone, my offspring will sit under that tree and think back of me - their great-great grandfather who planted this tree and created the garden of abundance around them. Every morning, when I wake up, I see the tree and my heart fills with joy. And as such.. every day is a perfect day.

Guest (Kendrick) – over a year ago

One perfect day of my childhood was when I had 6 years old. First you have to know, my family is city people, so it was hard to get along between each other, on our daily life. Our solution for that, was to go every summer to the beach to take a break from the city and a time for us. My parents, my brother and me used to spend almost a week over there, for that we had to travel 4 hours by car. On each travel, we always used to go to a place close to the beach, where there was polls, with slides and games to play for kids, but parents could be hanging around. Those trips were special for me because my dad and me used to play on those pools and games, all day long. And that... was gold for me!

Barbara Vazquez – over a year ago

My perfect day at five years old was filled with picking strawberries in the garden and chasing ducks. I would spend the day with my brother riding our bikes up and down the hill. After a whole day of eating wild berries, we would push our bikes home at sunset.

My perfect day as a teenager was filed with playing with my dog Tofy. We would lay in the yard or walk down to the river to dip ourselves in the cool running water. Tofy would spend his time chasing monkeys as I looked for tadpoles.

My perfect day today, is spending my early morning writing. I have no rush to go anywhere as I always work from home running my writing marketing business. My lunch hour is spent at the gym and my afternoons are walks with my wife and kids at the beach.

Dodi – over a year ago

As a child, I was deprived of sweets and junk food so a day where ice cream, soda, pizza or non sugar free candy was involved were favorite days!

A visit to a snowy mountain in Nevada near Las Vegas was an awesome childhood day. My older brother took my younger older brother and I to Mt Charleston. We had some snow discs, I believe they were called, those big circular colored plastic

snow sledding object. We had a blast sledding down the mountain over and over again!

Guest (Carrie Elise) – over a year ago

Summer sun, shorts, & sandals standing on the neighbor's front porch singing "Jennnn - i - ferrr", "Stefffff- aaa - kneee" until pony/pigtails came dancing out the door. Away we'd go, cartwheeling, skipping, dancing our way down the block to the candy store or ice cream shop.

Nary enough coins between us to split something 3 ways, nor a care in the world about it, adventure was the real treat we sought.

Ten years later, different city, different girls, different modes of transportation. Hairspray & make-up, meeting up with boys on mopeds, hearts aflutter in first love adventures.

Approaching 50 years, each day holds adventures, big and & small. The wisdom & mindfulness to be present for every single one, the greatest part of all.

Sara Scribes – over a year ago

For a five year old, a good home holds enough adventure for dozens of perfect days. After rotting my brain with Trix and cartoons, my imagination demanded I venture into the yard, where every stick was the trusty rifle of me: Davy Crockett... but this Davy had a mommy who made PB&J. When dad got home, I would leave my toy ridden room to for catch on the lawn, followed by the eternally perfect pairing: burgers and Star Wars. Despite my protests to stay up, my parents would then send us kids up to bed, giving them the freedom to finally watch Frasier.

Guest (RJRath) – over a year ago

The best days I've had during childhood included spending time with my crush, getting ice cream, watching a bunch of TV, playing with family and friends, going to my grandparents' and spending time with my cousins.

As a teen, my best days would include watching movies in class, going to youth nights at this church and listening to my favorite songs.

As of now, I guess my perfect day would again be spending time with my cousins and catching up with them, then spending time with the Lord by praying and reading my Bible. Lastly, it would be spending time writing without interruptions.

Leslie Loo – over a year ago

Rain pouring down and thunder crashing. Lightning flashed in the distance, lighting up the dark and starless night. It would have been a nightmare to most, being stuck outside on an old, crumbling apartment porch. But to the little 5 year old curled up in her mother's lap, it was the best time of her life. She shared root beer floats and stories with her mother, relishing the very rare moment that she got her mom to herself. It was their special thunderstorm ritual. Sometimes they would sit in silence and just enjoy being together. I remember it vividly as if it were yesterday, though its been a little over a decade since then, but the fondness of the memory keeps reverberating through my head. Now, at nearly 18, I still remenise.

Guest (KeyKat) – over a year ago

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American Writers & Artists Institute

220 George Bush Blvd, Suite D

Delray Beach, FL 33444

(561) 278-5557 or (866) 879-2924