



Name: _____

Class: _____ Date: _____

Science or Fiction?

An activity of "A durian could charge your phone some day"

Durian batteries sound like something out of a science fiction novel, but they actually do exist!

1. Watch the following video to view some interesting inventions from around the world.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CQBY5WmwLew&t=152s>

- a) Pick an invention you like and explain why.

_____.

- b) Pick an invention you would not use and explain why.

_____.

Science fiction is a type of fiction that involves science and/or technology that is **more advanced than what exists today**. It can be any imaginary story that may include robots, space or time travel, or items that are yet to be invented. Many science fiction stories take place in the future. They tend to be less believable than regular fiction stories because the science or technology involved is not what we can find in the real world... yet.

2. Choose an object and give it a science-fiction quality. Draw what it does below and describe its unique features.

For instance, you could pick a spray can and imagine it contains "invisibility fluid" that could make anything it sprays on invisible. Or how about some pet food that could make animals start talking? Your object could even be alive. Let your imagination run wild!

3. Now, attach a story to this object. Refer to example below.

You may choose to include the following points in your story:

- how the object came about (create a fictitious, or made-up, history)
- describe what it does, or is supposed to do
- the characters in your story
- how the characters are affected by the object

- what happens in the end.

Example of a science fiction short story

“How many times have I told you not to let Beaky fly freely all over the house?” yelled Mum.

“I know, I know! He just needs some exercise, Mum,” I replied.

“YOU need to exercise some discipline on your bird. He’s got droppings all over the sofa and dining table!”

“Sorry Mum. I’ll clean up,” I said with a sigh. Cupping my budgie gingerly in my hands I popped it back into its cage. Then, I grabbed a rag and some cleaning solutions to do the job.

Seriously, I needed to make my current project work, and fast! I had been working on my biggest experiment for the last couple of years. Formula 3434. Designed to help animals understand more complex forms of human language, like “please poop in the toilet” or “throw all uneaten food into the bin” or “help me find my spectacles which I’ve probably dropped behind the TV”. It was going to change the world. I just knew it. It contained some of the rarest minerals, bubbled over in my basement laboratory for months. Now, I just needed to add the finishing touches. Four drops of Zema 8, and two capsules of Blygog K. There. It was done.

Carefully, I poured the solution through a miniscule funnel, into the high-pressure aerosol can. I fought to contain my excitement, lest my trembling fingers spilled a single drop of the precious liquid. I screwed on the nozzle and emerged from the basement, dizzy with anticipation.

“Beakyy!” I whispered. The little budgie tilted its head to one side, blinked and looked on blankly. “You are going to be the luckiest bird in the world!” I giggled gleefully as I opened the cage door.

“Tom, have you cleaned up the mess?”, Mum eyed me suspiciously from behind the cage as I lifted the bird.

“You gave me a fright!” I yelped. “Yes! I cleaned up ages ago!”

“Then why are you taking it out again...?”

Sometimes, mums could be most annoying. Exasperated, I hissed, “Shh! Just watch, Mum. You are about to witness the most amazing thing you’ve ever witnessed in your life!”

I aimed the aerosol directly at Beaky and squeezed the trigger. It let out an unexpectedly huge whoosh of purple fumes that filled the entire cage and beyond. What on earth...!

It took a while before the fumes cleared. When I next looked at Beaky, I swore I could see a total change in its expression. Outwardly, it looked just like Beaky, an ordinary budgie. But I knew right away that something was different — that intelligent gleam in its eye; the way it suddenly stood upright and looked me questioningly in the eye. Yes! I clasped my hands in delight.

“Haha, you are going to love this next part, Mum! Check this out!” I crowed, “Beaky! Pick up all the seeds that are scattered around your cage and throw them into the bin!”

Beaky flapped its wings. Then it screeched, “WHAT IS GOING ON, TOM?? WHY HAVE YOU GROWN SO BIG??!!”

I nearly jumped out of my skin. Then, a horrible chill ran down my spine.

I looked at Mum. She tilted her head to one side, blinked, then looked on blankly.

Oh dear. I was in really big trouble this time.

Compose your science-fiction short story on a fresh sheet of paper. Have fun with your imagination!