A **narrative hook** (or hook) is a literary technique in the opening of a story that "hooks" the reader's attention so that he or she will keep on reading. The "opening" may consist of several paragraphs for a short story, or several pages for a novel, but ideally it is the opening sentence.

Narrative Hook	Example
The Puzzler—raises questions	I'm never really sure if it's a real memory or just something that's
that puzzle the reader	become more solid over time. But I'm sure that my brother once tried
	to murder me.
The Salesperson—stops the	So you want to know all about me? Well, stay there and I'll begin
reader in their tracks and	
addresses them directly	
The Hinter—the subtle	It wasn't as if we hated each other. I don't really think he knew what
approach, drops hints so the	he was doing. I wasn't much better.
reader has to put the pieces	
together	
The Weatherman—sets the	The sky was a shade of midnight, the pavements shined with drizzle
atmosphere	and reflected lights from lamp-posts and car headlights. I splashed
	along in my cozy rainboots.
The Painter—paints a visual	My apple red rainboots shone as they splashed through the puddles
image of the scene	on the black tar pavement. Multi-colored cars raced past, cutting
	through the drizzle and the dark of the winter night.
The Comedian—the funny	Being splashed by a car moving so quickly that you are soaked to your
approach	underwear is really funny. Unless it happens to you.
The Interrupter—brings you	"I can't believe he did that! What happened next?" Liz demanded
in during a conversation.	
The Scientist—uses an	Shock has been known to kill ten year olds. It can cause their brains
interesting fact or piece of data	to explode and their heart to stop dead still. These facts came to
to begin	mind as I stood dumfounded in front of my fourth grade classmates.
	I wish I had stayed in bed!

"Novalee Nation, seventeen, seven months pregnant, thirty-seven pounds overweight—and superstitious about sevens—shifted uncomfortably in the seat of the old Plymouth and ran her hands down the curve of her belly."—Where the Heart Is, Billie Letts

"Dust cakes our faces, invades our sinuses, and stings our eyes. The heat bakes the mosture from us with utter relentlessness. Our body temperatures hover at a hundred and three. Our ears ring. On the edge of exhaustion, we get dizzy as our stomachs heave."—House to House-A Soldier's Memoir, David Bellavia with John R. Bruning

"I was left back when I was twelve because I had a baby for my fahver."—Push, Saphire (The novel that inspired the film, "Precious")

"My high school friends have begun to suspect I haven't told them the full story of my life."—A Long Way Gone, Memoirs of a Boy Soldier, Ishmael Beah

"This is how Mortimer Tate ended up killing the first three human beings he'd laid eyes on in nearly a decade:"—Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse, Victor Gischler