

Progression in Writing

Narrative

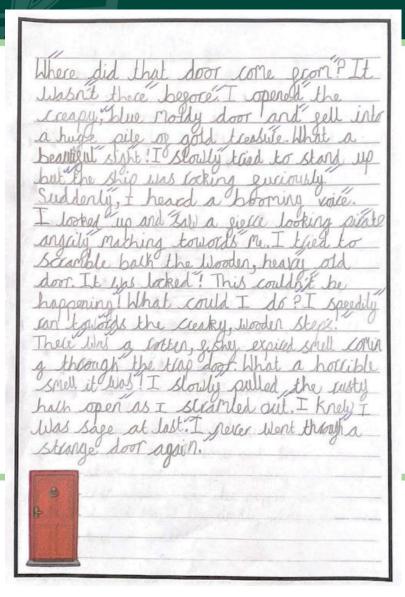


I can write sentences in order to create short narratives.

Where die that door some grow?
It Wasnot Her begare. Behind the
Loor was a witch she was super kind.
She was good at mareine god. A little
Mouse sume out of the door and shopped the Whitch is too. A cat chased the
Show in the sky and went to the
doctors to Protest her toe. The white
Was so happy that her too Was botter.
To the state of th



I can write a simple coherent narrative about my own and others experiences (real or fictional.)





I can introduce setting, character and begin to use plot in narratives.

I hadn't seen the door begone. I it definetly wasn't there last night. Cautionsly, I inched towns, it. The door had an enormous! black metal hants on it and it looked like it was incredibly cold. What was it doing in the basement of my hand! I tarked the handle to open it but it was extenly cold so I let go of the handle.

When I opened the door, a light glashed on that blinded me and I recognised the place. It was The Tronchbull's office. I turned round to get out but it shut as quick as lightning and I gelt petrified. Then I started to hear gootsteps coming my way and the one place to hide was in the deadly shokey. When I opened the door, I leapt back in shock as Lavender gell to the gloor "What are you doing in here?" I gasped.

There was no time to talk because the terrible gootsteps were getting closer and doser. Then we started searching gor a hiding spot and then suddenly an idea popped into my head. We hid behind the deadly chokey door and then we waited.

The door suddenly opened and the terrible goodsteps were in the room! Sweat was driping and I tried to hold my breath. "WHATSTHIS"? The Trunchbull roared. She went one step closer to the door and with an almightly push; me and Lavender shut Miss Trunchbull in the door and locked it.





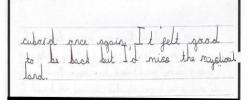


I hadn't seen the door begore. I t wasn't there yesterday when I igame to getch the paints for art. How did it get here Holding my breath, I carefully reached one of my warm, sweaty hards per of smy hand touched the door hapdle, I gelf snorfplakes fund on my I didn't know what to go, I didn't should go through. I tupidly, I estepped through, the door and found myself, galling, then landing in a huge heap of snow. Slowly, I stood up and glared at my new surroundings. I saw leagless trees with snow on the edges of them and small, pay prints in the oleep, colourless Jajanket Franzlakes were gracefully falling from the sky as I gared at the new place, I heard a snapping, crunching noise and rappidly turned to gace where the sound was

coming from. Who are you and where am I! I grestioned. You are in my mystical fund!" The bay explained cheerfully explained. "And how did I get here?" You came through the clouds, come is bill by the way." tollowing him, schediently, I turned to had disappeard. I wondered, as he showed me ground, how I would get harre of per hours past, ance meeting and Bill and I had explored the sleet about the door and from I ground get pome. If of supset, I decided to early layer to Dily and return to my land "Bill, how do I get home! I in, a shaling spice. "You need a uniform town to open the placer begans dark." He replied from the unicorn horn

tree in the middle pg the woods." "Lone on ther, we have to hurry is, want to get home!" We guishly walked across the woods to their destination. "Not long now!" Bill said in an excited troice. When we finally parriced, it was almost, - dark. I aregula ralinbed up the tree hoping I wouldn't the rainbour one!" Bill, shouted gram below I graphed it almost eggothesely and slid down the tree. Hurry it's rearly dark!" I shouted Kunning to the cloud I dropped from I pointed the horn at it. I saw steps form and a large hole appear, saying bye to Bill, I sprinted up turned back and waved to Bill begone slowly opening the door I stepped in and found mysely standing in the art

I can describe setting, character and plot in narratives, including a beginning, middle and end.







I paused for a moment while my thoughts cought up. My eyes intently gocused on a door that had not been there previously. The door looked not powerful and like it had years of water damage. I ames B and glaved through the key hade only to be met with darkness on the other side. Delicately placing his ear on the door, he heard duloet numuring but also arguing. I ames thought he heard someone mention the name George. . . that sounded gamiliar.

Wilhout warming, a piece of wood spliced his hand. Being more careful he put his hand on the door (giving no attention to his gresh cut) and peered inside so he could hear what was behind the mysterious object. The unknown person

repeated the same words like a television on rewind and James kept replaying it in his mind. Young Bond yelt brave and so, without thinking, he twisted the door handle.

There is ground of James was a strong, muscular man whose lips curled in disquest upon seeing the bay. The man exclaimed, "What are you doing here boy?"

"I was strolling around and accidently went the wrong way!" I ames lied nervously. Knowing that trouble was browing, "Well then get to dass-you don't want to be late on your first day, boy! "Muscles replied aggressively.

"My names not boy, it's Bond: James
Bond." In response, the tough-looking
man grabbed James vixiously by the arm
causing a jott of pain and pushed him
forably down the corridor, out of the
mysterious room.



I can select language appropriate to the purpose and audience of my writing.



Agter pacing quietly into the room, I stood in silence while I collected my thoughts. Behind the thick dust circle, I noticed a door which was not there previously. The door shimmered in the sharts of the light, aleaning bright red, Mysteriously, as I edged towards the door, the handle transparent as if it was made out of glass, began to rattle. Feeling wrious, I shut my eyes, grabbed the handle and turned...

The rewers hollering built up as the light story went away and a spotlight stone on one man (standing out above anyone else in the big top because he was glamboyantly. dressed) who tipped his gold topped hat and boomed considertly. "Ladies and gentlener boys and girls, welcome to Barrer and Balley's new circus world."

Wither a single breath, the area teamed with a verety of writerial into song. I was overwhelmed at the sighter a lady with a livarious beard; a mature man who was as

Short as a toddler and a walking Skeleton - a man as this as paper that made me gell a little terriped. The crowd were energised by the entire extravagana not once zailing to clap and cheer at the impressive exhibition

"We hope you enjoyed the extravaganza and we hope to see you again! thundered within the bed circus. My heart slopped yor asplit second; I glewout of my seat, knowing I had to jind the door! In the distance, I saw a bright red sign above withou old, rusty door which was diggerent to how I remembered it begore and then I twisted the handle...

I can write effectively for a range of purposes and audiences, selecting language that shows good awareness of the reader.

