

Progression in Writing

Narrative



Year 1

I can write sentences in order to create short narratives.

Where did that door come from?
It was not there before. Behind the
door was a witch she was super kind.
She was good at making good. A little
mouse came out of the door and snipped
the witch's toe. A cat chased the
mouse and ate it all up. The witch
flew in the sky and went to the
doctors to protest her toe. The witch
was so happy that her toe was better.



Year 2

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

Where did that door come from? It wasn't there before. I opened the creepy, blue, moldy door and fell into a huge pile of gold treasure. What a beautiful sight! I slowly tried to stand up but the ship was rocking viciously. Suddenly, I heard a booming voice. I looked up and saw a giant looking pirate angrily making towards me. I tried to scramble back the wooden, heavy old door. It was locked! This couldn't be happening! What could I do? I speedily ran towards the creaky, wooden steps. There was a rotten, fishy, expired smell coming through the trap door. What a horrible smell it was! I slowly pulled the rusty hatch open as I scrambled out. I knew I was safe at last. I never went through a strange door again.



Year 3

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

I hadn't seen the door before. It definitely wasn't there last night. Cautiously, I inched towards it. The door had an enormous, black metal handle on it and it looked like it was incredibly cold. What was it doing in the basement of my house? I touched the handle to open it but it was extremely cold, so I let go of the handle.

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

There was no time to talk because the terrible footsteps were getting closer and closer. Then we started searching for 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 footsteps were in the room! Sweat was dripping and I tried to hold my breath. "WHAT IS THIS"? The Trenchbull roared. She went one step closer to the door and with an almighty push, me and Lavender shut Miss Trenchbull in the door and locked it.



Year 4

I hadn't seen the door before. It wasn't there yesterday when I came to fetch the paints for art. How did it get here? Holding my breath, I carefully reached one of my warm, sweaty hands out. As my hand touched the door handle, I felt snowflakes land on my eyelashes and fall to the ground. I didn't know what to do, I didn't if I should go through. Stupidly, I stepped through the door and found myself falling, then landing in a huge heap of snow.

Slowly, I stood up and gazed at my new surroundings. I saw leafless trees with snow on the edges of them and small paw prints in the deep, colourless blanket. Snowflakes were gracefully falling from the sky as I gazed at the new place. I heard a snapping, crunching noise and rapidly turned to face where the sound was



coming from. "Who are you and where am I?" I questioned. "You are in my mystical land!" The boy explained cheerfully. "And how did I get here?" "You came through the clouds, come on, I'll show you around, my name is Bill by the way."

Following him obediently, I turned to find the cloud I had come from had disappeared. I wondered, as he showed me around, how I would get home. A few hours past, once meeting and Bill and I had explored the steep-covered land. I had forgotten all about the door and how I would get home. At sunset, I decided to say bye to Bill and return to my land. "Bill, how do I get home?" I said in a shaking voice. "You need a unicorn horn to open the door before dark." He replied from the unicorn horn



tree in the middle of the woods." "Come on then, we have to hurry if I want to get home!" We quickly walked across the woods to their destination. "Not long now!" Bill said in an excited voice. When we finally arrived, it was almost dark. Carefully, I climbed up the tree hoping I wouldn't fall.

"Get the rainbow one!" Bill shouted from below. I grabbed it almost eagerly and slid down the tree. "Hurry it's nearly dark!" I shouted

Running 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 the steps.



I turned back and waved to Bill before slowly opening the door. I stepped in and found myself standing in the art

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

subord once again, I felt good to be back but I miss the mystical land.



Year 5

I paused for a moment while my thoughts caught up. My eyes intently focused on a door that had not been there previously. The door looked rich, powerful and like it had years of water damage. James Bond glared through the key hole only to be met with darkness on the other side. Delicately placing his ear on the door he heard dulcet murmuring but also arguing. James thought he heard someone mention the name George... that sounded familiar.

Without warning, a piece of wood spliced his hand. Being more careful he put his hand on the door (giving no attention to his fresh 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 felt brave and so, without thinking he twisted the door handle...



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

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

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



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



Year 6

After 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 shafts of the light, gleaming bright red. Mysteriously, as I edged towards the door, the handle, transparent as if it was made out of glass, began to rattle. Feeling curious, I shut my eyes, grabbed the handle and turned...

The voices hollering built up as the light slowly went away and a spotlight shone on one man (standing out above anyone else in the big top because he was flamboyantly-dressed) who tipped his gold-topped hat and boomed confidently, "Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, welcome to Barnum and Bailey's new circus world."

Within a single breath, the arena teemed with a variety of curiosities, bursting into song. I was overwhelmed at the sight of a lady with a luxurious beard; a mature man who was as



Short as a toddler and a walking skeleton - a man as thin as paper that made me feel a little terrified. The crowd was energised by the entire extravaganza not once failing 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 stopped for a split second; I flew out of my seat, knowing I had to find the door! In the distance, I saw a bright red sign above with an old, rusty door which was different to how I remembered it before 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.

