

Wednesday 24th June 2020

L.1 – To write a narrative

Today you will begin writing your narratives on
‘The Piano’ We are going to focus on
paragraphs 1-3 today and then finish them
tomorrow.

Remember...

- Use your plan and think about what you are going to write before you start!
- Look over your plan for each paragraph carefully before you write.
- Read over each paragraph after you write it and think:
 - Does it make sense?
 - Is there anything I can do to make it better?
 - Are there any spelling or punctuation errors?
- Use our success criteria!
- Think of your previous writing targets and really try to include them.

Precious memories flood my heart and pulse through my veins as I sit down to play my beloved grand piano. The very thought of the music I'm about to play invokes a river of nostalgia - the room seems to echo with my life's most vivid moments. Erupting within me, I encounter tangible visions amid the melodies.

Firstly, her ghost resonates in the corner of my eye as my fingers glide over the keys. She's here with me - in a spiritual duet - I know it! Countless moments shared while alive means I can't mistake her presence now, or the mellow feelings of serene peace she brings me. As my tender wife fades and the warm tunes come back into sharp focus, a new, almost opposite vision consumes me.

Putrid smoke fills the air, a burst of rapid-fire surrounds us, sirens wail and low-flying planes swoop in to drop their hot destruction. We hide behind a still-standing wall and await our fate.

The next moment feels like it's happening all over again: bravely, my war time comrade moves into the open, 'crack,' a single crystal-clear shot rings out. He's hit; he's down - never to awake! Cradling him in my arms leads me to the awareness of my fingers – they continue to express the sounds of my haunted soul.

In the thinning darkness of an empty room, the man, who was seated serenely at the ebony-black piano that was glistening in the growing light, began to play softly. As his gnarled and wrinkled old fingers danced expertly off the black and white keys, the music began to bubble with all the beauty and clarity of a fresh mountain spring, flooding the desolate room with its gentle life-giving power and sadness: sadness because- although his wedding ring glinted and winked like a smile in the darkness- he was all alone.

Shutting his tired eyes, he could almost imagine his dear wife sitting next to him, as she did years ago. Her delicate fingers, dancing with his, playing a melodious tune, he couldn't forget those days. But he opened his eyes as she kissed him tenderly, the joyful memory faded away- leaving the man alone again.

Glancing in shock upwards, he felt the icy fear of a cruel war knot itself around his stomach as he remembered. He longed for the image of his absent wife; yet he was trapped in a far more sinister memory. Charging with determination pulsing through his veins, he ran- panting desperately above the wailing and shrieking of bullets and shells- to a ragged, bomb-ravaged stone wall, pock-marked and scarred by violence. With guilt crushing him, he remembered how he had fumbled with his belt distractedly and nodded at his friend to go, and how the cruel bullet had torn so violently through his friend's body. He held him as the life drained out of him, fading away from his body like a distant melody.

