

A New Beginning

The time had finally come, it took us six hours but we were there.
The new house. It was quite big, it had five bedrooms, three
bathrooms a massive living and a huge garden. I liked it.

We had to start a new school I knew it was going to be awkward
and embarrassing. Walking into a new school were you know
nobody and even worse I embarrassed myself by tripping over my
feet. I was nervous. It was awful. Through the whole day all I
could think about was going home. ✓

When I arrived home my parents were decorating the house, they
said that we were going to have a moving in party and just inviting
everyone. My stomach started to turn, I felt ill. I was dreading that
night, the hours were passing, more people kept turning up. I felt
like I was going to scream!

At the end of the night I settled, I started to talk to people and
eventually make new friends. I had a blast. The night was brilliant.
All I kept thinking was maybe this new beginning wasn't as bad as I
thought it was going to be! ✓

195 words

Brief / limited narrative but showing some
control of plot and character. There is some
development of plot but the brevity is limiting.
SSPS Band 2/1. 11/12

6+6/5

(12)

A Memorable Journey

It was 7am on a Sunday morning I really wasn't used to being up this early, well especially on a Sunday anyway. I layed in bed for a couple of minutes just to wake myself up, any normal day I would just want to stay in bed but today was different I was full of excitement because I was going to see my favourite boyband of all time later that day. The reason I had to wake up that early is because I had to travel all the way from Cardiff to Manchester because One direction were not coming to Cardiff on their tour so we had to travel all the way to manchester . We wanted to leave early so that we could get closer to the front of the stage so we left at about 8 o'clock. We were all so excited it was me and a few of my friends Lauren Tyra and Jess and Tyra's dad who was taking us up in his car we were still quite tired from waking up so early but none of us could sleep because we were way too excited. Normally to get to Manchester it would take us about 4 hours but it wasn't that easy this time because we had been traveling for 2 hours and then the car broke down on the motorway we were all worrying so much because we didn't think that the car would get fixed in time but luckily at about 12 o'clock somebody came out to help us and shortly we were back on our way to Manchester to see One Direction, so we thought we had been driving for another 1.45 minutes only to get lost in Manchester now we were definatly panicking because it was coming up to 2 o'clock and the doors opened up at 4 and we still had no clue where we were and how we were getting to the stadium. We definitely were not getting to the front it was 3 o'clock and we still weren't at the stadium but we finally knew where we were going but it was still half an hour away so by the time we got there it was already half 3 and the que was huge but we were just happy to have finally got there and when we were let in it was all worth it because it was the best night of my life and even though it had taken us 7 and a half hours instead of 4 we still got there in the end and still had an amazing time even though we weren't at the very front because it was the best concert I had ever been to and loved every second and even the travelling part was fun because I was with my friends which made it more memorable.

476 words

Some control of the narrative -
app. beginning but also some loss of control.
Unparagraphed. SSPS Band 2 - punctuation insecure.
(13/14) 7+7/6 (14)

A Memorable Journey

That morning I woke up with a dazed and blery vision. I was wondering how my brain could think of sutch weaired dreams. Then it hit me. "I get to hall bales for the first time in my life today," I screemed at the top of my voise. I was So exited I get to drive the brand new Class 520CIS, Which had front linkage and Massive tyres that could trample a car. ✓

I quickly scoffed my weetabix down my throte, bairly chewing them. I skiped round to the back yard to find that Dad had allready hooked up to the trailer for me. I lept up in to the cab, firing up all six cylinders of the 180 hp engein. I lept in to action powering up the lane with my 32ft trailer behind. ✓

I traveled 10 miles and only stalled it once. I was so prowed of myslef. I quickly loaded up my first load of bales from the 20 acre field that we had just brought. I quickly straped up the load forgetting the vitle front to back strap. This could mean that if I pushed my brakes a little to hard the bales will come thundering over my cab, but I didn't realise this at the time because I was so exited to get back out on the road.

I was crousing down the main road. As I came up to my first junction, luckly I braked slowley so the bales remained still. I then had the back roads ahead of me, which meant that if I met a car I would have to sit on my braks. At the time this didn't worry me because I was a confidn't driver, but soon my confidnce was to be knocked. ✓

As I approched a blind bend of a busy back road a sports car came flying arond the corner. I slamd my brakes on with all my force hoping that I could stop in time. ^ I didn't realise was that the top bales of my load had nothing to stop them. Befor I new it the 16 bales of the top layer of my load came hurtaling over my cab, Crashing in to the front of a brand new sports car. The driver backed in to the footwell of his car so the glass from the windscreen of his car didn't hit him.

I opend my eyes and had my second dazed view of the day. ✓ There was straw scattered everywhere, bales stuck in hedges and glass all over the road. It was not a good view. I new then I would never forget this journey. ✓

439 words

Well-developed and engaging narrative. 11+5

Clear expression and good touches of detail.

SPPS Band 1 - lots of basic errors in sp.

(16)

A New Beginning

It's been a year since I started watching, I new everything, where you'd go, what you'd do and who you'd do it with. I loved watching you'r long golden hair blow in the wind, I loved seeing you'r brown eye's sparkle with the sunlight and your smile that made me so happy. I didn't want to watch from a far any more but you wouldn't let me in, so I had to let myself in and now look what you made me do. Your body lying lifeless and cold, all the colour drained from your face. As I stand looking over you, it hit's me that I have actually killed you, in a panic, I rush to the door and leave as quick as I can without anyone seeing me.

not a sentence } A few day's have passed and I still haven't been back to the house but I need to go back, I need to get rid of that body I left in the house just lying there, I must go back.

As I'm walking down the street, people look at me as if they know something so I put my hood up and start walking as fast as I can. I am outside and I'm hesitant to go in but I have to, as I stand outsid the front door I take a big deep breath take the spare key she hide's under a plant pot and let myself in. ✓

As soon as I open the door, the rotting smell of her body hit's me and I just want to be sick I slide in through the gap I have open in the door; it won't open any further because of the mail build up. I slowly approach the back room where her body is led, as I get closer the smell gets stronger.

✓ I'm frozen I can't carry on all I can see is long golden hair hanging from the sofa, I take one last deep breath and I entre the room I come face to face with a lifeless body, I need to get rid of it, so I look around the house for something. I find an old sport's bag, I put her inside which wasn't easy as the sport's bag was smaller than her and as I moved her, the smell got worse. I finally get her in. I go to the back yard to see if she has a spade and luckily she does I take that and the bag and leave.

T ? I head straight to the nearest wood's and wait until it start's to get dark, I start diging, but how deep should I dig I don't have alot of time so her body is only about two feet down after I finish I leave with the bag and the spade and I burn them. ✓

It's been three or four year's and nobody found out about the girl and I now have a new beginning, I have a wife, two daughters and a dog. we still live in the area and every time I walked past the

sent.
constr?
?
house I just think to myself "she got what she deserved." I walk my dog with my two young girl's every day and I've only just realised that I walk over where she is burried with my children, which make's me feel sick because if my children found out they would probably hate me for the rest of thier lives and I couldn't live with that as I love my daughter's and would do anything to protect them, even if it meant killing! I got away with it once, I'm pretty sure I can do it again. ✓

610 words

A controlled and powerful narrative that has shape and pace. Some effective touches that take the reader into the mind of the narrator. SSPE Band 2 - lots of basic errors/omissions.

12 + 5

(17)

A New Beginning

The fire alarm went off at twenty two minutes past seven o'clock. It was a frosty Monday evening in December, just three weeks before Christmas Day. The disaster changed the family's lives, it was the end of life as they knew it. It was a new beginning.

I watched as men in uniform dragged belongings out of the red brick bungalow. The once white door was now a pale shade of grey and the windows looked as if they had been painted black. It wasn't the fire that had done most of the damage, it was mostly the smoke.

"It was an accident." I heard my sister say to the policewoman.

Georgia was wrapped in a fleece blanket. I couldn't help but be frustrated by this, she was being treated as if she was the victim.

The neighbours swarmed around her, offering sympathy and mugs of hot drinks. Me and Georgia had been more like best friends than sisters, I would never forgive her for this though.

The firemen carried my charred bed out of the house, a cloud of ash flew from the mattress springs as they placed it in the drive. I could smell the stench of burnt plastic even from where I was standing, it made my lungs feel tight. The heat from the house was still radiating from the walls, it felt like I was standing in the summer sunshine.

At the time I had been sitting in the living room, catching up on my television programmes while Georgia stayed in our bedroom. Our parents had just gone out for an hour or so, visiting old friends.

When I heard the alarm, I didn't panic. I just assumed that my sister had attempted cooking again and burnt another of her inedible homemade pizza. I calmly strolled through to the kitchen to assess the damage. I opened the oven and saw nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

Georgia ran into the kitchen, she looked terrified. "Fire!" she screamed.

She filled her bowl with water and ran to our room again. I followed her.

"Georgia, you know you shouldn't be played with fire!" I told her. I looked down the hall towards our shared bedroom. A carpet of smoke poured out from the door and gradually became denser, covering the ceiling.

"What have you done?" I asked her. My voice was hardly audible over her coughs and splutters as the smoke caught her throat.

our
family?

they/we?

effective
use of
detail

para's?

✓ I ran into our bedroom. The curtains were alight and the growling flames clawed at the walls. I grabbed the collar of Georgia's shirt and pulled her away from the wall of fire growing from her bed and up the curtains.

"Get out. Now!" I shouted at her. As she ran out of the room I caught a glimpse of the red marks up her arms and the tears trickling down her cheeks. ✓

T ? There was nothing I could do. I felt a wave of hopelessness wash ✓ over me as I realised that I would have to leave this room to burn so I don't get hurt myself. The heat became too much to tolerate, I ran out of the room, closing the door behind me.

I grasped the dog by the scruff of the neck and ran to the phone. As the phone rang I could hear the dog's frightened whimpers as I held her tight to my chest. ✓

The emergency services were on their way, all I could do was wait. We stood outside our home, watching the flames devour our possessions.

Nothing was going to be the same now. It would be a new beginning. ✓

601 words

Good control of plot and of character. Use of detail is really effective and some ambition in the vocabulary / sentence variety.

SSPS Band 2/3 - some comma-splicing/occ. errors.

13/14 + 10

(24)