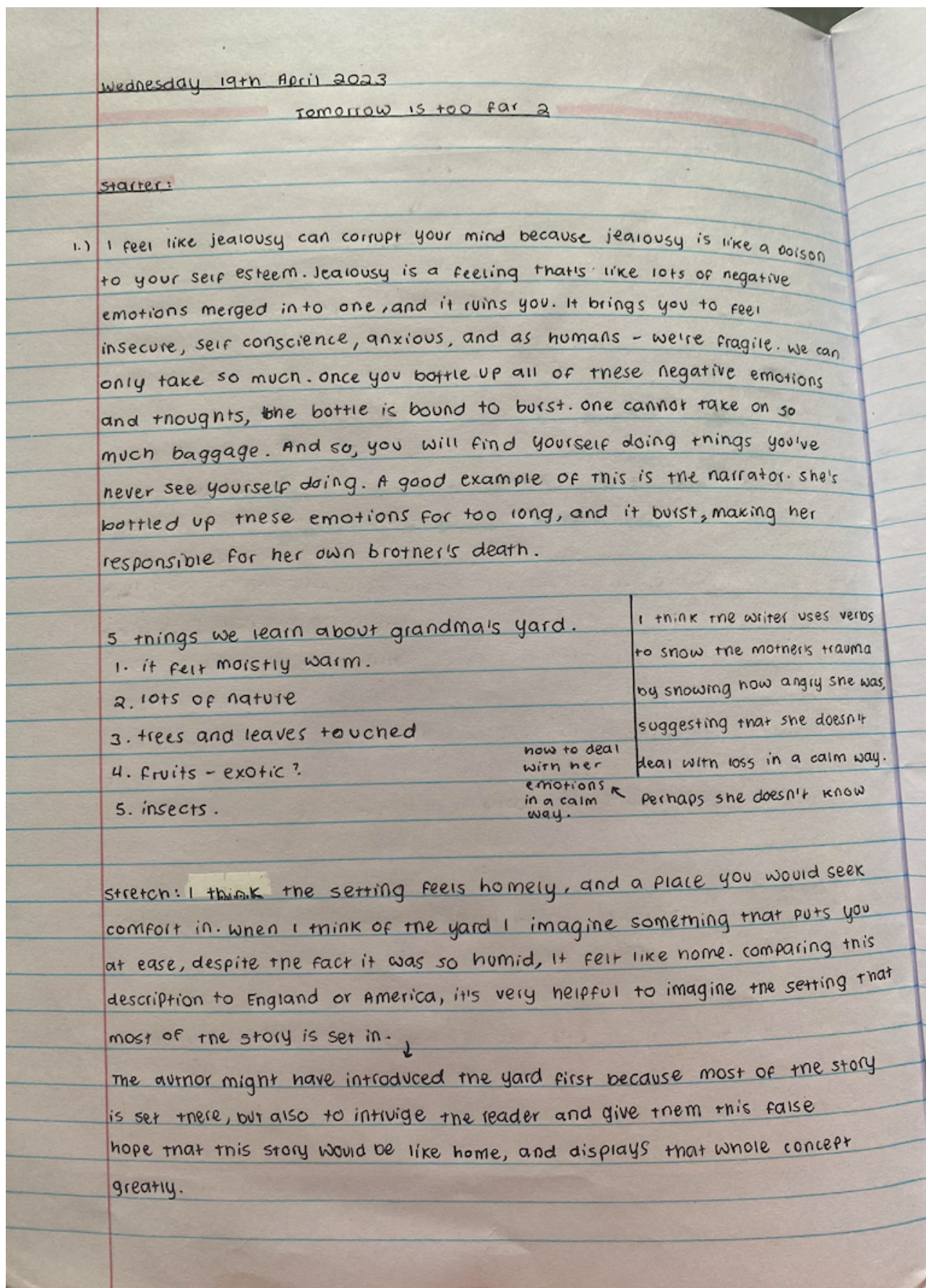
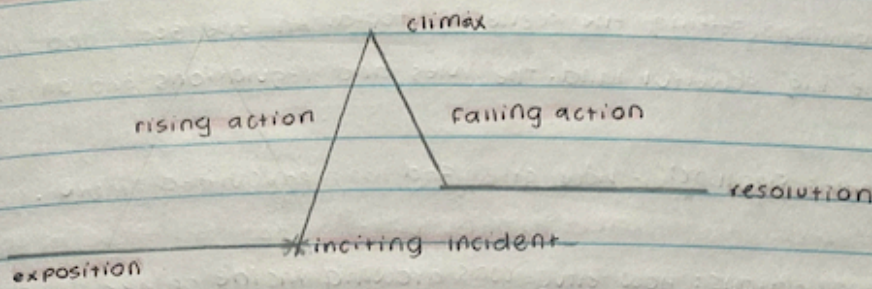


Students did more writing – an example of a student's book from John Stone Community School during the project



Freytag's Pyramid.



PLOT: refers to the chain of events in a story, sometimes known as storyline.

STRUCTURE: refers to the way a story's plot is put together.

Exposition: Nonso is constantly being favoured by the grandma and shows by how he can climb the tree but the narrator wasn't allowed to. We find out that the narrator's parents divorced.

Rising action: The narrator falls in love with Dozie (her cousin) and is starting to find some type of hatred towards her brother, and found herself focusing on Dozie than anyone else.

climax: Nonso dies and the family is in a state of shock. (denial) The grandmother also dies and everyone is grieving except the narrator.

Falling action: The narrator realises how she is slowly changing, and finds herself feeling numb. Even when Nonso is gone, he's still the centre of attention.

Resolution: The truth is revealed that she had lied about Nonso's death, and the grandmother was not the cause.

24/10/123 Beginning: setting the scene in Utopia. All the Gods and how they all live in one big powerful land. The rules and regulations and all the scenery.

Middle: Flashback - how one God was favoured more.

Rising actions: how envy was growing inside of her and how she hates her own kind.

End: she pushes off her own kind.

Writing Practice:

- > written in 2nd person (you, etc)
- > something happens to one of the characters
- > includes a flashback.
- > set in a different country.
- > truth revealed at the end.

Utopia

"Freshly picked apples so nice and crunchy! The juice and flavours will overwhelm your tongue!" The market stall owner "wait! come back!" He yelled, chasing the town's well known mischievous kids, who are known for their great stealing skills. "steal another one of those apples again and I'll turn you into one!" The town market was filled with chatter that could bring a smile to one's face, and bring life to those who are dead. It was Sunday noon when it all started. The downfall of the glorious universe, Utopia, known as the universe of Gods.

Raising his long, dainty hands at a small child, all of the local's attention turned to the market stall. "Will he hit the poor child?" A woman asked, flipping her saree dupatta over her shoulder. The lively chatter stopped, with the towering trees stopping their cheerful dance too. "How dare you come to my stall, and steal my apples?" The man shouted, putting emphasis on 'my'. "well what's going on here?" you calmly asked, stepping into the gap between the man and child. "Let the child go! Apples are good for strength right? Have mercy!" The crowd gasped in shock, surprised the divine Goddess had come to such a common market. You grabbed a handful of apples and gently slipped it into the child's hand. "challo cgo) my child, go and increase your strength. It's good young children are doing this already." The bitter silence remained in the air, when suddenly Lord Naveen had yelled "Goddess Nalini, you better come back to this castle immediately!"

One thing everyone loved about you was you were always there for the common Gods of Utopia. Despite being a well respected royal - a possible heir to the throne - and a kind Goddess to Utopia, there was one unsolved mystery of you, what are you the Goddess of? Who are you? Everyone had naturally thought you stayed quiet about your power because you were a woman, and it was believed women were gifted with weaker powers than a man.

despite the confusion, the public loved you for your loving nature. However, your family didn't, and that was a problem.

You adjusted your red and green sari and elegantly made your appearance at the Utopia castle. "Now where have you been?" The powerful Lord of Utopia asked, his voice weaker than usual. "I wanted to write out in the Utopia markets! I got side tracked seeing a hungry child in danger!" you calmly explained "I meant no harm, my Lord."

There was no such thing as 'father' or 'dad.' You were raised to address your dad as 'my Lord.' While he had no respect for you.

You felt rough hands pull you to a side, in an aggressive manner. "Listen, Lord is sick, do not cause him any more stress Nalini! That's what you always do." Your older brother Ayden whispered. "You're useless, don't make it harder to rule than it already is."

That was the first time you heard of your father's sickness, a few months back, but you never knew what was about to come your way, just to become the official Goddess of Utopia. If only you knew how much of a mistake it was, to even stay in Utopia as Nalini Nair. It happened, a few months before the Utopia Partition.

"Our Majesty is about to die," Your younger brother shrieked "What will we do?" "Well... I'm the heir to the throne so I should be the new Lord." Ayden boasted.

"You don't have powers as good as me, I'm in charge of all of our family's powers combined!" Your younger brother replied, slightly offended. They both looked at you, and turned away "Definitely not Nalini!" they said in unison. "You don't even have your powers yet! You were meant to receive them two years ago."

extra story planning:

Goddess Nalini: loved by the public, hated by her family. cheerful, kind, strong, gets Powers late (at younger brothers 'coronation') Goddess of war and strength (all of the powers combined together.)

Ayden (older brother.): cocky, stubborn, too serious. Not known by the public, whenever he is, everyone fears him - so not everyone is keen of him.

younger brother: Powerful, all powers (most powers combined).

5/23 work.

- a) The reader starts to feel pity towards the reader when the dad is introduced, as it puts emphasis on how hard everyone's life is.

Friday 28th April 2023

Great Auk 1

starter:

- 1) I predict that this story will be based in a historical setting where there's a rare species of bird that's soon to be extinct, and only one person saw the last bird die.
- 2) I think the Great Auk will be a strong, fierce bird that's feared by many, but also birds that lead a peaceful life. They could be birds that have rare features that are worth lots of money. So, they are all dying out because everyone wants money.
- 3) I think this story will be written in more of an emotional way.

story discussion:

- 1) The fact she visits the island every year, and how the island was just rock. Nothing special.
- 2) I think the narrator could have had some type of connection with the birds, since she talks about them in such passion.
- 3) Why did you visit every year?
Why or what happened in those 30 years?
How do the birds look like?

I think the most horrific part of the story was the narrator's mindset throughout the whole story. I find it horrifying that people just like me can lay their head on the pillow with dried blood on their hand, with the taste of raw blood on their tongue.

Wednesday 3rd May 2023

playing metal gear solid v:
the phantom pain.

starter:

- 1) It looks like a hand drawing an arm, but the arm is holding the hand.

Questions on the first paragraph:

- 1) Because you are raised in a muslim household, are you religious?
- 2) What happened to your father?
- 3) Have you ever considered conforming into the expectations of your family?
- 4) Why don't you try helping your father?
- 5) Why haven't you quit your video game addiction?

"set down the controller" suggests that the main character has been affected by seeing his uncle in the video game. For him to put down the console controller shows that he's taken by surprise, especially because he's never willing to stop playing. His mother called him, it was Ramadan, and prayer is prioritised, yet he is not willing to let go of that controller. So, for him to let go at a time like that - shows how serious it is.

keywords

Exposition; introduction, beginning.

Rising Action; the events leading to the climax

climax; the peak of the story, main event.

max

to save his uncle and father.

ling

He takes his father to a cave to hide in.

tion.

olution.

He escapes and is in hiding with his uncle and father.

Wednesday 10th May 2023

playing metal gear solid: V the Phantom pain.

language that show the emotions of the character.

- o "now you are afraid."
- o "set down the controller"
- o "sweat is running down your legs"
- o "you're blinking a lot."

quote annotation: "set down the controller."

The quote "set down your controller" suggests that the main character is deeply affected by seeing his uncle in the game. The verb "set down" conveys the message that after a long time of refusing to put down the controller, he finally did. It also shows he's in a calm state, which can paint the image of being in disbelief, or not having enough time to process what's happening. Due to the fact that the main character is raised in a religious family yet still continues to play his game instead of fulfilling the responsibility of living under someone's household on top of being a Muslim man increases the value of the rare occasion of when he does put the controller down.

Pyramid of story:

Exposition; all the characters are introduced as well as the gaming addiction the main character has. He wants metal gear solid V.

Rising Action; He buys himself the game and comes home to find his dad coughing (stressed.) He is told to talk to him later.

Climax: the main character finds himself playing the history of his father instead of the actual game and now finds himself making it a goal

Addiction .

present

"So what drove you to kill Mr Yamazaki? Have you been involved in such brutal murders before?" The police officer asked in a similar accent, giving off a scary yet comfortable mood.

"Well...uhm...I guess I've always loved harm and abuse, as you know, this is not my first time." I replied with a slight Indian accent.

"Why don't you walk us through your first murder attempt, Mr Naveen?"

Several years ago, when I was a small, sweet boy raised in the exotic jungles of India, I was raised in a very traditional household with my grandmother, parents, siblings and cousins. Everything was a competition, kids were not allowed to be kids. First thing I'd hear when I wake up is "Let's see who can eat the fastest! Hopefully a strong boy like Naveen!" My grandmother smiled at the small dining table that my big family shared. That's when it all started, at the breakfast table at the start of summer, when we had heard what could get us out of the jungle, and ensure us enough money to last a lifetime. Teeth. Sharp, shiny teeth, that lived right where I did. Bengal Tigers was our key to wealth, and I was not about to lose it.

"Did you hear about the recent craze of Bengal Tiger teeth? We are creating a business out of it which can hopefully bring us lots of wealth!"

My mother spoke, taking a sip of freshly made tea "Today we will start teaching the kids how to pull the teeth successfully."

"What a great idea!" My grandmother praised my mother "Go! go! teach them now!" she brushed us aside and forcefully pushed ^{us} ~~at~~ out our small home. I tapped my older cousin Taleem's shoulder and quietly spoke into his ear "Do you think this is a good idea?"

"Pfft! Go put on a pink frilly dress if you think this isn't right. Man up Naveen, you have a family to provide for!" He replied, disgusted. I nodded my head obediently and followed my mother, determined to prove Taleem wrong.

over the course of a few weeks, all my cousins ^{were} ~~was~~ able to get the teeth, but I was not able to do as good as them. One day, my mother pulled me aside and sharply told me "You have to get those teeth so we can leave, don't you want that?" She told me, guilt-tripping me "work hard and don't stop until you have as much as Taleem." I nodded, knowing that the hunger of validation grew inside of me.

Not many weeks after, I had killed one tiger and brutally pulled out its teeth. Everyone had clapped, fulfilling me with the sense of happiness and ease. But I wanted more. So I killed more. It had went from one small tiger to five. It slowly increased to ten, then twenty. I felt happy, satisfied, fulfilled. Each clap everyone had done for me had slowly filled me up. This is what I truly wanted. Validation.

Months later, my mother had called us down, not in a nice tone either.

"We have no more Bengal Tigers!" she cried "How many tigers have you killed?"

"100."

"50."

"200"

"Naveen?"

"500." I said, the room going silent. Everyone in the room had looked concerned, but quickly turned into a moment of fear.

"I've sold the teeth with Taleem in the market of the neighbouring town, we're rich, so we have to get out of here." My father spoke "we'll be gone by tomorrow night, pack your bags." The dining table revived with chatter and drinks, celebrating the new achievement of killing the Bengal tigers.

I was silent for a bit until my grandmother tapped my shoulder. "Why don't you celebrate, boy? We'll be out by tomorrow!" she spoke into my ear "Chin up! You're our hero."

* Hero. I was a hero to my family. Why?

Monday 15th May 2023

Great Auk: creative

starter

'The Decline of the Great Auk' is about the extinction of a type of bird that was seemed to have an endless amount, but due to the hunters' selfish motives, killed them all heartlessly. The story is narrated by one of the hunters and explores all of the feelings of being a killer of the whole species.

creative writing task:

> Flashback Story

> starts off in a police station, goes into a flashback of main characters first killing.

middle:

- the flashback - now the narrator started off with baby elephants because they were young, and moved on to older elephants as time went on. Justifies it by saying that the tusks would grow back - jungle, poor setting - using tusks for jewellery - but soon admits that they did it for pleasure and after they went extinct, they moved on to humans.

end:

- back to present day - the narrator dies a lonely death in the jungle, after spending their lifetime killing everyone around them.

main character:

- Naveen - boy

- Traditional household - motivated to kill to prove his role as a man.

Wednesday 17th May 2023

cover work.

1. scar
2. group of children discover a dead body.
3. A young prodigy
4. A middle aged discovers a ghost.
5. Heartbreak.
6. Being held back
7. Poor to rich.
8. A shy woman bumps into her soulmate.

A young prodigy - Nalini.

The sun was cheerfully out that summer, and all the children were playing in the cold, chilly water that refreshed them for only a short amount of time. It was hot in my house today, a bit too hot. The sound of frying samosas were on the stove, and the house was awfully silent, the sound of the broken fan was spinning in the distance. I sat up from the small ~~table~~ circular table in the floral decorated kitchen, putting my newspaper down. They were gone. Again.

I took a distressed sigh and went back to the kitchen, to look out of the window. I silently watched kids my age playing cheerfully outside, finding pleasure in the small things like playing with a broken hose. Stupid kids. What 11 year olds are playing games? It's a lot more enjoyable to read books, and the weekly newspaper. The distant laughs and chatter lingered in the air and it made me wonder, why was I so different? I was stuck in my thoughts for a while, until I heard the lock of the front door turn, the keys clanging together. I swiftly went back to ~~my~~ the table, picking up the newspaper again, looking at the big, bold font slapped on the cover.

THE DOBERMEN RETURNS??

© Published. Aug 1979 - not to be sold anywhere - £0.50.

my eyes shot open, my mouth slightly parting from each other.

The Dobermen.

The Dobermen were the most dangerous and famous gang in London, being the cause of almost 100 deaths, as said in the newspaper a few years ago. I was lost in my thoughts, again, now thinking of not so pleasant things.

"Nalini!" my mother snapped her fingers at me "Reading the newspaper again? Go outside and play or something!"

"Girls these days, forgetting their place." my older brother ~~you~~seen Yusin scoffed. "I'll buy you a razor and boxers next time I see you reading a newspaper."

"I'll be buying a dress for you next time I see you playing with those superhero dolls again." I rolled my eyes. My mother let out a dramatic gasp. "Nalini! Go to your room!"

I angrily stomped off to my room - the newspaper in one hand and my other clenched tightly. Hours passed and I stayed in my small, ~~dirty room~~ suffocating room. The door slowly opened, the creaking snapping me out of the trance I was in. "We're going out again, Taleem wants to go to the cinema - go clean the kitchen or something." My eyes remained closed, ignoring the words my mother said. "Whatever."

If only I knew those were the last words I was going to tell my mother, or family - at all.

Not long after, the telephone began to ring from downstairs - making me jump out of bed.

"Hello? Nalini speaking?" I spoke into the phone.

"Hi there, Nalini. Are your parents home? Oh, well it does not matter anyway -

Miss Honey from Shortcake Academy - class SCA has made it apparent to us that you are a child genius!" A woman spoke into the phone.
"Oh! That is quite good then." I replied, unsure on how good the situation was.

"Very good! Please provide us with your details for future interviews and opportunities. You're from London I see."

"I'm so sorry but I have to go now." I apologised, making a lie up to get me out of the awkward situation. Child genius? That's absurd. How could a newspaper reading, tea drinking girl get famous so easily? ~~on~~ well I grabbed the keys left on the windowsill and went to the corner shop to get some fresh air.

"90 pence please!" The shopkeeper flashed a smile. "Thank you!"

I shut the door behind me, tying the apron behind my back, preparing the kitchen for a wonderful bake-off with myself - because I was bored. I put the tough block of butter down, distracted by the camera shutters from outside.

"Does Nalini Nair live here?"

"I saw her walking that way!"

9/10/23 In summary, the story is about the progression of society and how lives are being ruined every day for money. It's to bring awareness for climate change and how our environment is dying, and we will too. Society is hope and helpless,

* Homework - creative writing.

The next day was filled with laughter and chatter, and no one had to leave for work. "Naveen, our heroic boy!" my auntie pinched my cheeks. "Eat some dessert!" I smiled a smile that was genuine, one I had not shown in years. I was happy. I knew what real happiness was.

The moon rose quickly that day, and all of ~~my~~ ^{my} cousins, aunts, uncles were talking with my parents. Everyone was truly happy. Had such a bad act turn not only my life but everyone else's around? Was a hero. My grandmother told me that, so I thought it was true. I had a small bag clutched on my shoulder, taking in the moment I knew was soon going to be a distant memory. The dark night had soon turned brighter, but not because of my family, instead a torch, being held by the person that was soon going to ruin my life. Rani Mukerji. A girl who was abandoned in the jungle and stayed with my family for a while. My first crush.

→ present. "Rani Mukerji?" the police officer asked, dropping the pen she was writing with.

"let me continue my story!"

"The police team are on the premises, please drop any weapons on you!"

Rani yelled "Naveen? Miss Kolsuma?"

"Run, take the money, take the first flight to London." my father whispered, sneakily handing me a bulk of money. Everything happened so quick. The last time I saw my family was when they were forced into a police car, crying and begging.

"Rani! Do your job, what is wrong with you?" A senior police officer working with Rani asked "Trainees these days!" I made eye contact with Rani, and ran. Ran as far as my skinny legs could take me. Rani hadn't stopped me. She watched me run, and smiled. That's something I was so thankful for.

I had ran so far, I had arrived to the neighbouring town, and by the time it was daylight, I found myself in the bustling city. "Excuse me, where is Kolkata Airport?"

"Just take the bus across the street! you will get there in about 30 minutes."

"okay.. Thank you." I stuttered, running to the bus stop, handing the bus driver the amount of money that was about \$100 now.

"I'm rich! Hop on boy, you're my hero!"

Not long after, I arrived at the airport and was escorted by the flight attendant. "Wow! such a young boy going to London!" I nodded, brushing her off. I was left in a trance of thoughts.

It was the start of Summer when I had started to kill Bengal Tigers, strictly for business. How was I responsible for the extinction of them by the end of summer?

Hours later, I had arrived to London, and soon called it my home, but there were no Bengal Tigers there, just people and buildings.

→ present "so what made you kill more? why weren't you scared of being in the situation your family was once in?" The police officer asked.

"since there were no Bengal Tigers, I killed humans instead." I replied

"I just wanted to be a hero again."

"But you're my hero." The police officer smiled, passing her nametag to me.

police officer - senior.

RANIMUKERJI

Promotion trainee → senior 5 years ago.

"serve your time in jail, and do better. you're not evil naveen."

Friday 19th May 2023

Time capsule found on the dead Planet.

Starter:

- 1) I think beggars who live in a world where the rich got richer and the poor got poorer were struggling to get basic needs. They find a capsule filled with money and changed their morals and values to fit in with the richer part of society, worshipping and praising money as if it created life, but get punished and sent to a barren desert - back to their low status lifestyle.
- 2) Society's progression into something unfair.

Lesson

1. In the first age we created Gods - discovering more about religion and the concept of a supreme being.

1. How did you grasp the concept of a God you made?
2. What era is this set in?
3. What is it meant by 'drink our blood'?
4. Why would you be punishment?
5. How do they drink your blood?

or
time capsule

1. I think the story is being told by someone who lived in this era[?]
2. They are telling their own story - recalling it to the person who found it.
3. The reader or a child who lived/lives in this land, or the person who found this time capsule.

I think that the narrator is personifying money, and using it as a metaphor to depict a supreme being or something impactful or powerful.

Monday 22nd May 2023

Murder Mystery.

starter. - plan.

mc: A new family moves into a creepy neighbourhood without actually knowing anything about it. The children are constantly neglected - and find themselves making something fun to do. When everyone is fast asleep, when the clock hits 12:07 - the screaming starts; the cries of help get louder and the teenage middle child Athena cannot sleep. One night, she could just not handle it and asked her mother for help. "Gardening helps."

"The death of you'n."

"We're finally here! Athena get your sibling's bags." My mother told me, parking the car.

"What a beautiful house! so many memories can be made here.. better memories." My father smiled, picking my younger brother Hamir up. It was a beautiful summer day, where the kids would play outside, and girls my age would grab ice cream, the comforting smell of flowers and fruit filled the air. Our new home. Hours had passed and I had finally finished unpacking everyone's clothes, and the illuminating moon had finally come to greet us again - now in a different area. "Dinner is ready!"

Everyone had rushed downstairs, including me with Hamir in my arms. I sat down and let out a big, tired sigh. "What's wrong with you Athena, you have a meal in front of you and you're tired?" My mother asked in a bitter tone.

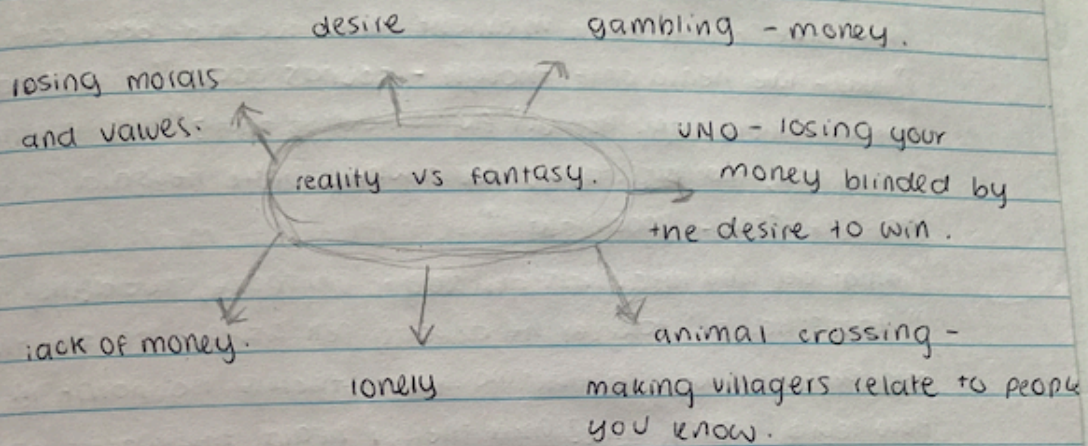
"Just Athena being Athena." My sister sighed, including herself in the conversation.

"Well maybe because I've been unpacking all day, feeding Hamir and Nalini's mood swings were taken out on me." I rolled my eyes.

Wednesday 24th May 2023

playing metal gear solid.

writing the story.



o Describing the game

↳ fun, innocent card game that helped Arjun escape reality.

o playing the game.

↳ feeling happy after winning one game. - winning lots of money.

o confusing life and the game: fantasy and trauma

↳ They gamble all of their money - in hopes on winning and moves on to real gambling in a bar/club with a group of friends - addiction.

o Resolution

↳ in a jail cell, stressed and left in a trance of mundane thoughts with bruises all over after refusing to give money to the winner of the game, when he was already in debt.

you know VNO?

"You know VNO?" My friend asked me, quietly speaking in to the mic since it had been midnight when we had been calling.

"Nah- I've heard of it though - sounds good." I replied taking a sip out of an old water bottle. "Ew how old is this?" My friend laughed, and I did too, and had talked for a while, until he said "I think I'm gonna hop off now - goodnight."

"What do you mean it's already -" I spoke, suddenly stopping myself. "4am? How?" However he already fell asleep by the time I finished my sentence. Work was in two hours, there's no point in sleeping now. How could I pass time? Until then, I heard the words echoing in my head "you know VNO?" I hit the power button on my monitor and squinted my eyes to stop myself from being blinded.

"VNO!" the robot called out, catchy music playing in the back. I clicked 'play' and found myself playing matches without any breaks. Exhausted, I turned my head to the now sunny window and checked the time.

monday 6:53 a.m.

My eyes widened and threw myself off my chair, speeding to the bathroom, panicking. Without any breakfast, I ran out of the house, doing up my top buttons, fixing my frizzy hair at the same time.

That situation had repeated a few more times until a few months after I had started playing VNO.

"Mr Khan, please come in to my office." My boss announced. I rubbed my red eyes and checked my now dark eyebags, fixing my tie. "Yes sir?" I innocently smiled.

"Pack your stuff, you're out of here." My boss sharply spoke "You've changed so much - you went from being one of my best workers to someone who's dragging the company down." I hadn't processed what I had been told and simply walked out and packed my things. "I need a drink." I sighed.

A few hours later when the sun had went down - I dressed myself and packed a bulk of money in my bag. I grabbed my phone and typed "Wanna meet at the local bar?" and tapped send.

"Yeah sure"

I set myself up and went on the bus, excited for what was about to happen.

At the bar, I lost my appetite to order anything, so after a few drinks I set off, clueless as to what was about to happen next.

Neons light illuminated the dark night, sounds of coins clinking together, cries of laughter and others of sadness. The casino. I looked around before my attention was caught on a pool table where a bunch of old men were gambling money with bottles of alcohol on the side. "Sign me up!" I yelled, inviting myself to the table.

"You're a young one aren't you? What brings you here?"

"Just got fired." I sighed, snapping myself out of my dizziness

"That's how it all starts." The old man chuckled "How much are you putting forward?" His jaw dropped, his eyes widening at the huge stack of money I put forward. "All right then! Let's get started."

The night was filled with laughter and chatter, but also filled with victory. "Mr Khan wins again!" The bartender exclaimed, handing me my fifth shot that night. "I'll get going now" I told them, grabbing my backpack and phone. Most importantly, my money. Or technically, their money.

Friday 26th May 2023

Reviewing our stories

A shore of hearts.

Planning:

characters:

Male lead: Adhira (moon) - cold, follows head more than heart, trustworthy, hard to break, powerful, rich. - newly married to Savita.

Female lead: Savita (sun) - optimist, easy to worry, caring, nurturing, puts others before herself and does things for others instead of herself.

Beginning: the happy wedding, and the storm that comes afterwards, loan sharks come for the new couple and send the couple in debt after a year.

Middle: After the debt slowly increases, other problems start to arise, breaking down the marriage that has only just started. They are forced to take a boat stolen from a friend and sail to the neighbouring country to have a new start. The love no longer exists and both come to terms with the fact that they married out of survival after an argument. They sail on the boat and slowly rediscover their love.

End: A loan shark finds them and shoots Adhira out of anger, quickly sailing away before the police catches them. Savita finds a shore and lays there with her dead husband, and dies of sickness a few days later.

A Shore of Heals (1989.)

you held your red flowy lehenga down the steep stairs, flashing a bright smile at your wedding guests. cautiously sitting on the fancy chair, you finally turn to Aadhira, your new husband that you had gone through hell to marry. Not because you wanted to, but because your partner wanted to. After weeks of sulking you finally agreed to the marriage because you knew Aadhira's family could support your parents' financial situation. However, you stayed optimistic and kept your smile up. "It's like they're meant to be! Aadhira means moon and Savita means sun!" your mother chuckled, handing out tiny china tea cups that you were never allowed to touch. If only you knew where Aadhira's family got their money from.

Days after the wedding, Aadhira told you all of his families' secrets, how it was all from loans and illegal business, and how loan sharks were after him, but now you. After a sunny day, came a storm that you and Aadhira had to get through together. "We have to catch a boat and run. This wedding ruined my family because of the costs," Aadhira told you. "You can't just expect me to leave like this, and I won't!" You cried "Just pay them back!" "It's not that easy Savita, we need to run."

Before you were able to approve or disapprove, you were dragged out to the old, wooden boat that Aadhira owned. You sobbed and wept, begging not to leave home. "Mr. Singh! A loan shark!" Aadhira loudly whispered, pulling you into the boat. "I am not doing this out of love Savita, I'm doing this so we survive." You nodded and stayed quiet, distracted from your surroundings. You were left in a trance of bittersweet memories of your childhood, and came to the conclusion that staying with Aadhira meant that your parents would be happy, so you did.

now on sea, you realised how beautiful the view was, you wasn't sure if it was the sea or Aadhira that caught your attention, but ignored it anyway. You kept your eyes on Aadhira, and noticed how stressed he looked. maybe it was good you stayed quiet.

long, tiring hours passed, however you kept yourself busy with tiny sneezes of Aadhira and you, to make yourself feel better. "I see you're a drawer?" Aadhira asked, breaking the long, deathening silence. "so you aren't just a pretty face?"

"excuse you, I'm very talented." you scoffed "I'm gonna throw these out in a second."

"Don't, I'm just messing with you" oh?

calming nights and busy days passed, but nothing mattered except Aadhira. You two had gotten so close, it didn't feel real. "About what I said before we set sail, I didn't mean it." He quietly spoke, setting up the food "you're a lot more different to what I thought of you, in a good way." "Oh well thank you." you blushed, realising you just had a crush. You and Aadhira bickered for a while until silence fell on you two. It wasn't a good silence, more like one that felt frightening, like a threat. A shiny, modern boat slowly came closer to yours, sending a wave of panic over both Aadhira and you. "Mr singhs boat?" you whispered, before realising a bullet had shot through Aadhira's head, it happened all so quickly, and you held him in your arms before sailing to a shore in the distance.

stumbling off the boat, you dragged Aadhira with you, and made yourself comfortable on the shore, laying with now your dead husband on the golden sand. You saw a paper sticking out of his pocket, so you slipped it out and unfolded it, revealing a beautiful sketch of him and you on the boat.

days later, you passed away due to untreated sickness, with a bit of grief and loneliness too. It was like a stone of hearts.

wednesday 7th June 2023

My story: A vet in trouble 2.

starter:

1. optimistic; someone who always focuses on the positive. - positive, happy
2. light hearted; someone/something that doesn't leave any heavy emotions - just good vibes. - sensitive
3. arrogant - someone who is full of themselves. - prideful
4. serious - someone who does not take things lightly. - stern direct
5. pessimistic - opposite of optimistic - focus on the negatives. - critical, sad
6. hopeless - defeated.
7. humorous - someone funny - amusing ✓
8. amazed - fascinated/shocked by something. - impressed ✓ in awe
9. shocked - surprised by something - surprised ✓
10. sad - feeling down. - unhappy ✓ melancholic.
11. worried - feeling distressed. - uneasy ✓ nervous.

true or false?

- | | | |
|------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. false ✓ | 4. true ✓ | 7. true ✓ |
| 2. false ✓ | 5. false ✓ | |
| 3. true ✓ | 6. true ✓ | |

How does the writer show the deterioration of the horse?

- There was the faintest tremor in the muscles of the limbs.
- neck, body and rump began to quiver.
- gradually increasing in intensity.

short sentence.
(intensity.)

suggests cold.

the whole body
was shaking

neck, body and rump
began to quiver.

rule of 3.

The punctuation shows
the serious and intensity.

suggests how nervous/scared
the horse is.

The quote "neck, body and rump began to quiver" suggests that the horse is in distress and perhaps nervous. The verb quiver creates an image that the horse is feeling anxious and weak. This puts emphasis on how sick the horse is and how severe it can turn into, if it isn't severe already. The technique 'rule of 3' emphasises how much the body was in pain, and how it was not just concentrated on one area but instead 3. This makes the reader feel sympathetic for the horse as the writer highlighted how severe the horse's condition was. Overall, this indicates that the horse is distressed and perhaps nervous, but also that it has a severe condition.

"The opening paragraph spoils the chapter by giving the reader too much information about what is going to happen."

I partially agree with this statement but also disagree because in the first paragraph it is said "beautiful horse dying." As much as this did somewhat indicate, this is not exactly what happened, I believe that instead of this being considered a spoiler, it's more of an insight as to what happens. The quote "beautiful horse dying" is more of an intriguing thing to grab the reader's attention.

E. How does the chapter end? Thoughts?

F. At what point of the story is the very most anxious?

D. Are there any contrasts, opposites or repetitions?

E.) The ending is unexpected as you ~~totally~~ ^{would} expect the ~~reader~~ ^{horse} to die, however it survives and rises up.

F.) The Vet is most anxious when the horse "died" because such a huge thing has happened so it's only natural to feel anxious because he has just now "killed" someone.

