

Work produced during the one-to-one sessions

This was the first lesson when strategies were discussed. A great deal of oral work was conducted at this time when the pupil suggested their approach to a narrative. It was a great deal less structured!

27/10

A Night to Remember

Storyline.
Setting.
Mood.
Characters.
1st or 3rd Person.

Storyline

Beginning.
middle.
End.

Ending

- All loose ends tied up
- Cliff-hanger.
- Twist.

Beginning

- Sets the scene
- Introduces main characters.
- mood set.
- Capture readers' attention.

- ① Speech.
- ② Sound effect.
- ③

That night, will stick in my mind forever. It was then that the bravest, most fearless man I ever knew was killed. Even today, the memory remains clear and vivid to me. Even his face, gaunt, thin-lipped and harsh is etched into my memory and I will never forget him.

26/5/10 The pupil had described his characters orally. Suggestions included "tall", "thin", "brown hair" and other rather vague terms. We then discussed the personality of the character and this led to the short description. (Further details are elsewhere in the case study)

The next few pages were how the rest of the piece developed. Throughout the pupil was challenged to think about what he was about to write and have a definite purpose. A great deal was verbal and ideas were exchanged but not formally noted.

Lars Handarsson

26/5/10

Towers over his colleagues and his black top hat accentuates his height. Quite thin, but he exudes strength from his wiry frame. Rarely shouts, and speaks in a whisper. Issues orders in a calm, collected fashion. Has seen too many people close to him die to think about being afraid of death himself.

23/6/10

The date of his death is also scrawled across my memories. It was that fateful date, a common day of despair on a Friday the 13th of June, 1966. It was an eerie night and the mood was one of despair. Countless denizens of London had been found with congealed blood around gaping incisions in their chest. A common factor was the shape of the cut. On every corpse there would be a V running down from the collarbone and meeting at the centre of the stomach. Numerous times we had found these ~~body~~ bodies, all with these horrifying injuries; some disemboweled, some decapitated, even one with the eyes and brain removed.

surreal
All around the body there would be prints, definitely not human, but the surreal thing was that the incisions could not have been done, apart from by human instinct, accuracy and knowledge of where the vital organs are found. For the cuts, as they are indistinguishable as rips or slashes, were ~~then~~ ^{were} perfectly straight, as if done by a ruler held along side the blade.

Senses

To be continued
pursuing
It all started with a gunshot. My mentor, Lars Handarsson, had been face to face with his nemesis, Dr John Holtham. We had been pursuing Holtham ~~that~~ through the streets of London, the smells and sounds mingling together in a cocktail of ~~disgust~~ ^{disgust}. Her lingering scent ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ the air as we prepared to enter ~~the~~ ^{the} district filled with an assaulting mixture of rich perfume. When we had reached his hiding spot, Lars had drawn his gun, ~~on~~ a classically British weapon, the ~~English~~ Lee Enfield Mk2 Revolver. Our ears, oblivious to the cacophony of screaming and hooting behind us, listened ~~to~~ ^{intently} for any sound. A clatter ~~was~~ ^{from} an alley way caught Lars' attention, the moonlight glinting off the barrel of the revolver as he ~~sp~~ swung it round to point down the

Someone
He motioned for me to get behind him, and as I sidled into position I was grabbed.
I cried out in pain as my arm was twisted behind my back, and I was pulled away from Lars.
Lars' Holham's voice ~~was~~ croaked out. With all the grace of a gymnast he spun round and pointed the gun at Holham.
"Release the boy Holham." Lars commanded, "He isn't part of this, put him down."
"Oh I will, ^{permanently}" (Holham snorted) "At last I've found a ^{chink} hole in your impenetrable armour.
The look in Lars' eyes was one of shame, mixed with something that might have been compassion.

I yelled out in pain. ~~the~~ pain was excruciating pain checked 8/7/10

Holham pressed the barrel of the gun into my neck, and said "Put the gun down or the boy dies." Lars stared into my eyes as he crouched down and placed the pistol on the floor between us. I realised that although my left arm was trapped, ~~behind~~ my right arm was by my knife.

Easing the blade out ~~of~~ ^{of} my belt, I rotated it so the blade was ^{edging} ~~just~~ ~~into~~ ~~his~~ ~~stomach~~ to his stomach. I bided my time, and waited. Holham ~~then~~ altered his aim towards Lars and at that moment I stabbed back, plunging the slim silver blade between his ribs, driving it home into his chest. He staggered back and slumped against the wall, blood running freely from the wound. He raised his gun. "Goodbye ~~to~~ Lars." The muzzle flashed ~~over~~ once but the bullet was well wide of the mark. It embedded itself in a cage behind us, smashing the lock. The door swung open and a threatening glow rose from the depths of the cage. I rubbed my hand across my face and the salty taste of blood triggered a rising flood of bile into the back of my throat. Lars showed "Sebastian" ^{the} ~~the~~ as a dark shape glom out of the cage.
What is missing?