

# Year 4 Narrative Adventure Structure and Language Features Example Text

## Trapped

Melinda knew she had to stay calm. She knew that would give her the best chance of reaching home before nightfall. Her pack dug uncomfortably into her back. The tall trees that had seemed so benign that morning, when she set out on this hike up Canyon Pass, now looked a little menacing in the late afternoon light. Her mum and dad had insisted she take her older brother, Aaron, with her that morning. He didn't seem too keen on the idea, and besides, he normally moaned when she took him hiking. Regretfully now, she had left him behind. Now, he would be home and they would all be worried.

Melinda took a deep breath and surveyed her surroundings. Smooth, dirt walls stretched impossibly up to the hole at the top. She was nowhere near tall enough to reach and there was nothing to grab hold of to help her lever her body over the edge anyway. No. She would have to come up with another solution.

That was when she saw it. A door. It was camouflaged against the wall. Hard to see unless you looked really closely. Melinda stood, brushed the spidery tree roots away from the knob and creaked it open slowly.

It was a passage. Dark and damp-smelling with tree roots dangling from the roof in places. The last of the afternoon sun threw a little light into the entrance way but that soon faded into darkness. Melinda fumbled in her pack for her torch, switched it on and entered the passage.

For a while, there was nothing. Just the same dirt floor and dirt walls as Melinda twisted and turned through the tunnel, ducking the tree roots and trying not to fall over.

"This tunnel goes forever," Melinda muttered to herself, walking faster, eager to see where the tunnel led.

"Sorry? What did you say?" Melinda stopped dead in her tracks as she heard the wizened little voice behind her. She thought she was alone in this tunnel, apparently not. Melinda turned slowly, swept her torch beam up and down until she spotted a small, wrinkled man.



He looked ancient with his wispy white hair and horn-rimmed glasses perched on the tip of his nose.

“Uh,” Melinda stumbled, “I said, this tunnel goes forever.” The little old man smiled coldly. “Well of course it does unless you know where to go. Come on.” With that, the little old man touched the wall lightly with his hand, shoved a big, copper key into the keyhole that appeared, and led Melinda through the hidden door.

Melinda was surrounded. She sensed it before she saw it. Once her eyes adjusted to the room’s bright light, she was faced with a dozen guards all around her.

“Ahhh good, you found her,” one of the taller guards said, smiling at the little old man, who was now resting on a footstool, before turning his harsh eyes back on Melinda. “I see you fell in our hole, unfortunate for you, but fortunate for us!” As the guard shouted the final word, they started to run towards her, raising their spears. Melinda had to think quickly.

Turning to the little old man, she grabbed the copper key from his grip and threw it as hard as she could towards the opposite wall. She heard it hit the stone wall and fall to the floor with a clang. Then she shoved the little old man off his footstool, grabbed it and bolted through the tunnel door, slamming it behind her.

The sound of a dozen armed guards running into the locked tunnel door made Melinda smile but she had no time to lose. Adjusting her backpack and holding the footstool in both hands she ran, full speed, back through the tunnel and the door, pushing it shut behind her. Strangely, as soon as the door clicked shut, it disappeared completely, fading into the damp, crumbly wall of the hole.

The sun was just setting behind the horizon as she re-entered the hole. This time, though, she had a plan. She placed the footstool against the wall and her pack on top. Then, clambering on top of both, she was able to reach the edge and throw herself over, landing flat on her back on the grass.

Melinda didn’t stop running until she saw the glow of her porch light. Safe. At last. She vowed that she would never go hiking alone again.



# Year 4 Narrative Writing Adventure

## Story Annotated Genre Features

| 1       | 2              | 3                  | 4              | 5            | 6         |
|---------|----------------|--------------------|----------------|--------------|-----------|
| A title | An orientation | A build up /events | A complication | A resolution | An ending |

### Trapped<sup>1</sup>

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Melinda took a deep breath and surveyed her surroundings. Smooth, dirt walls stretched impossibly up to the hole at the top. She was nowhere near tall enough to reach and there was nothing to grab hold of to help her lever her body over the edge anyway. No. She would have to come up with another solution.<sup>3</sup>

That was when she saw it. A door. It was camouflaged against the wall. Hard to see unless you looked really closely. Melinda stood, brushed the spidery tree roots away from the knob and creaked it open slowly.<sup>3</sup>

It was a passage. Dark and damp-smelling with tree roots dangling from the roof in places. The last of the afternoon sun threw a little light into the entrance way but that soon faded into darkness. Melinda fumbled in her pack for her torch, switched it on and entered the passage.<sup>3</sup>

For a while, there was nothing. Just the same dirt floor and dirt walls as Melinda twisted and turned through the tunnel, ducking the tree roots and trying not to fall over.

"This tunnel goes forever," Melinda muttered to herself, walking faster, eager to see where the tunnel led.

"Sorry? What did you say?" Melinda stopped dead in her tracks as she heard the wizened little voice behind her. She thought she was alone in this tunnel, apparently not. Melinda turned slowly, swept her torch beam up and down until she spotted a small, wrinkled man.

He looked ancient with his wispy white hair and horn-rimmed glasses perched on the tip of his nose.

“Uh,” Melinda stumbled, “I said, this tunnel goes forever.” The little old man smiled coldly. “Well of course it does unless you know where to go. Come on.” With that, the little old man touched the wall lightly with his hand, shoved a big, copper key into the keyhole that appeared, and led Melinda through the hidden door.<sup>3</sup>

Melinda was surrounded. She sensed it before she saw it. Once her eyes adjusted to the room’s bright light, she was faced with a dozen guards all around her.<sup>4</sup>

“Ahhh good, you found her,” one of the taller guards said, smiling at the little old man, who was now resting on a footstool, before turning his harsh eyes back on Melinda. “I see you fell in our hole, unfortunate for you, but fortunate for us!” As the guard shouted the final word, they started to run towards her, raising their spears. Melinda had to think quickly.<sup>4</sup>

Turning to the little old man, she grabbed the copper key from his grip and threw it as hard as she could towards the opposite wall. She heard it hit the stone wall and fall to the floor with a clang. Then she shoved the little old man off his footstool, grabbed it and bolted through the tunnel door, slamming it behind her.<sup>5</sup>

The sound of a dozen armed guards running into the locked tunnel door made Melinda smile but she had no time to lose. Adjusting her backpack and holding the footstool in both hands she ran, full speed, back through the tunnel and the door, pushing it shut behind her. Strangely, as soon as the door clicked shut, it disappeared completely, fading into the damp, crumbly wall of the hole.<sup>5</sup>

The sun was just setting behind the horizon as she re-entered the hole. This time, though, she had a plan. She placed the footstool against the wall and her pack on top. Then, clambering on top of both, she was able to reach the edge and throw herself over, landing flat on her back on the grass.<sup>5</sup>

Melinda didn’t stop running until she saw the glow of her porch light. Safe. At last. She vowed that she would never go hiking alone again.<sup>6</sup>

# Year 4 Narrative Writing Adventure Story

## Annotated Language Features

### Trapped

1. Noun phrases expanded by the addition of modifying adjectives and prepositional phrases, e.g. the strict teacher with curly hair.

2. Standard verb inflections consistently used, e.g. we were, not we was, I did, not I done.

3. Prefix words spelt correctly, e.g. irrelevant, autograph, incorrect, disobey, superstar, antisocial.

4. Uses all necessary punctuation in direct speech.

5. Suffix words spelt correctly, e.g. usually, poisonous, adoration.

10 Melinda knew **she** had to stay calm. **She** knew that would give **her** the best chance of **reaching** home before nightfall. **Her pack dug uncomfortably into (7) her back.** The tall trees that **had seemed** so **benign** that morning, when she set out on this hike up Canyon Pass, **now looked a little menacing in the late afternoon light.** **Her** mum and dad **had insisted she take her** older brother, Aaron, with **her** that **morning.** **He didn't** seem too keen on the idea, and besides, **he normally moaned** when **she took** him **hiking.** **Regretfully** now, **she had left** him behind. (9) Now, **he would be** home and **they would all be worried.**

10 Melinda **took** a deep breath and **surveyed her** surroundings. **Smooth, dirt walls stretched (5) impossibly up to the (6) hole at the top.** **She was** nowhere near tall enough to reach and there **was** nothing to grab hold of to help **her** lever **her** body over the edge anyway. No. **She would have to** come up with another solution.

10 That **was** when **she saw it.** A door. It **was camouflaged** against the wall. Hard to see **unless you looked really closely.** Melinda **stood,** brushed **the (5) spidery tree roots away** from the **knob** and **creaked** it open **slowly.**

10 **It was** a passage. **Dark and damp-smelling with tree roots dangling from the roof in places. The last of the afternoon sun threw a little light into the entrance way** but that soon **faded** into darkness. Melinda **fumbled** in **her** pack for **her** torch, **switched it** on and **entered** the passage.

10 **For a while,** there was nothing. Just **the same dirt floor and dirt walls** as Melinda **twisted** and **turned** through the tunnel, **ducking** the tree roots and **trying** not to fall over.

"This tunnel **goes** forever," Melinda **muttered** to **herself,** **walking** faster, eager to see where the tunnel led.

"**Sorry? What did (7) you say?**" Melinda **stopped** dead in **her** tracks as **she heard the wizened little voice behind her.** **She thought she** was alone in this tunnel, **apparently** not. (9) Melinda **turned slowly,** **swept her** torch beam up and down until **she spotted a small, wrinkled man.**

6. Homophones spelt correctly, e.g. which and witch.

7. Nouns or pronouns used appropriately to aid cohesion and avoid repetition, e.g. he, she, they, it.

8. Possessive apostrophes used accurately for plural possession, e.g. girls' toilets, children's toys.

9. Fronted adverbials used, e.g. as quick as a flash, last weekend, followed by a comma.

10. Paragraphs used to introduce character, describe setting, build the story, describe the dilemma, describe the resolution and end the story.

He **looked** ancient with **his wispy white hair** and **horn-rimmed glasses** **perched on the tip of** (7) **his nose**.

1. Noun phrases expanded by the addition of modifying adjectives and prepositional phrases, e.g. the strict teacher with curly hair.

“**Uh,**” Melinda **stumbled,** (7) “**I said, this tunnel goes forever.**” The **little old man** **smiled coldly**.

“**Well of course it does unless you know where to go. Come on.**” With that, the little old man **touched** the wall **lightly** with **his** hand, **shoved a big, copper key** into the keyhole that **appeared,** and (2) **led** Melinda through **the hidden door**.

2. Standard verb inflections consistently used, e.g. we were, not we was, I did, not I done.

10 Melinda **was surrounded.** (7) **She sensed** it before **she saw** it. Once **her** eyes **adjusted** to **the** (8) **room’s bright light,** **she was faced** with **a dozen guards all around her**.

6. Homophones spelt correctly, e.g. which and witch.

7. Nouns or pronouns used appropriately to aid cohesion and avoid repetition, e.g. he, she, they, it.

3. Prefix words spelt correctly, e.g. irrelevant, autograph, incorrect, disobey, superstar, antisocial.

10 “**Ahhh good,** (7) **you found** (7) **her,**” **one of the taller guards** **said,** **smiling** at the little old man, who **was** now **resting** on a footstool, before **turning his harsh eyes** back on Melinda. “**I see you fell in our** (6) **hole, unfortunate for you, but fortunate for us!**” As the guard **shouted the final word,** **they started** to run towards **her,** **raising** their spears. Melinda **had to think quickly**.

8. Possessive apostrophes used accurately for plural possession, e.g. girls’ toilets, children’s toys.

4. Uses all necessary punctuation in direct speech.

10 **Turning to the little old man,** **she grabbed the copper key** from **his** grip and **threw it** as hard as **she could** towards the opposite wall. **She heard it** hit **the stone wall** and **fall** to the floor with a clang. Then **she shoved** the little old man off **his** footstool, **grabbed it** and **bolted through the tunnel door,** **slamming it** behind **her**.

9. Fronted adverbials used, e.g. as quick as a flash, last weekend, followed by a comma.

5. Suffix words spelt correctly, e.g. usually, poisonous, adoration.

10 **The sound of a dozen armed guards running into the locked tunnel door** **made** Melinda smile but **she had** no time to lose. Adjusting **her** backpack and **holding** the footstool in both hands **she ran,** full speed, back through the tunnel and the door, **pushing it** shut behind **her.** (9) **Strangely,** as soon as the door **clicked** shut, **it disappeared completely,** **fading** into **the damp,** (5) **crumbly wall of the** (6) **hole**.

10. Paragraphs used to introduce character, describe setting, build the story, describe the dilemma, describe the resolution and end the story.

10 The sun was **just setting** behind the horizon as **she re-entered** the **hole**. This **time,** though, **she** had a plan. **She placed** the footstool against the wall and **her** pack on top. **Then, clambering** on top of **both,** **she was** able to reach the edge and throw **herself** over, **landing** flat on **her** back on the grass.

10 Melinda **didn’t stop running** until **she saw** the glow of **her** porch light. Safe. At last. **She vowed** that **she would never go hiking** alone again.