

## Year 6 Example Narrative

The enemy moves first. Nausea flutters in my stomach. When it's our turn, we make our move. My comrade stands bravely by my side, curiously peeping behind the ancient metal bars. He's watching...waiting...



The daunting ghouls stare at me menacingly. What is he going to do? I shudder at the sight of them. Nervously, we move closer. I peer at their translucent faces beyond the gate.



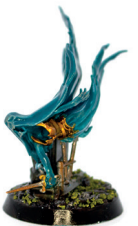
The Golden Warriors attack – they nearly kill Howler, but his ghoulish powers save him. As I watch, he reappears from the mist. I ready myself, anger raging inside me. The eerier shadow of the tower looms over us. What will happen next? We move closer, edging our way towards an attack.



My friends beckon me to go for the kill. With beads of sweat on my forehead, I launch at him, firing arrow; a soaring bullet. It strikes home and I rejoice, but he reappears in front of my eyes! How?



This time, they don't miss. I have to stand and watch – I can't believe that they've killed Cadler. My brother. This was payback for last time. I hate them, it boils inside me. The rest of us attack, fuelled by revenge: we miss.



I am furious. My limbs tense and jaw clenches. They are going to get their revenge! I position my sword and advance, ready to strike...finally, he dies!



Once again they attack, this time I am their target. I'm frozen with shock, they lean closer and closer. At this point, I know I'm defeated. My body feels numb and I fall to the ground with a thud. I'm gone.





Eagerly, I lean in for the kill. I don't know if it will rise from the dead again or not, but I need to do whatever I can. This time, it fades away and doesn't return. I killed it!



I look over and see the Golden Warriors attacking Mater. I watch as he falls to the ground, dead. It's just me, now. Me. On my own. I decide to go for the kill. I lash out and feel my strike hit home! Surely this time...no! My blade bounces away harmlessly. Is this the end?



Only one to go. What is it going to do? He jousts, thrusting his blade towards me, wounding me. It burns and aches, but I'm not dead. Not yet.



## Years 4-7 Group Example Narrative

As I stand, waiting nervously, I wonder whether I'm going to make it out of this alive.



As I walk alongside my noble army, the sweat drips from my brow; a result of the heavy armour that scrapes against my skin.



We stumble forward; all of us going in different directions. Slowly, we float towards our enemies.



In front of me, Heavy Metal and Shield Boy clunk into position, ready for an ambush. I quietly wait for my army to honk as a signal to take action.



When I launch over the wall, waiting for my enemies to come forward, my teammates move alongside me.



Heavy Metal catches a glimpse of the ghost in enemy territory. He gives chase, despite our cowardly instruction to hold fire and wait. I freeze to the spot, my heart stops and the hair stands up on the back of my neck.



I watch Rat Face move into position as I accompany her, ready to attack. She swings her blood-covered machete towards the gleaming, stealthy enemy. It flies wide of the target.





Heavy Metal reacts to an assault on him by swinging his huge metal hammer to try to break the ectoplasmic ghoul. He misses by an inch.

I step through the ancient archway and ready my arrow to fire. I draw back the arrow with all my strength and aim at the spirit. It whistles past and sticks into a tree.



I float across to Rat Face to help her in her attack against the fearsome warrior. She swings her blade which strikes the warrior on the chest and hits home. He screams in agony. I launch forward with my dagger and slice his head off. As blood spurts out, we all howl in victory.



I roar in anger at their attack and loose another arrow; it rips through the robes of the ghoul and she shatters into a million pieces. Sensing a final assault, we fire again. This time, they fly wide.



We drift over the wall towards our remaining foe. Rat Face and I storm our enemy. Her blade misses the mark, as does mine.

