

**First-person narrative:**

### The Visitor

A cold feeling of shock gripped me as I stared at the splintered, shattered wood of my front door. The lock hung, twisted out of shape, having been forced violently apart, and I felt my pulse quicken as I noticed that the door was ajar.

Scarcely breathing, I pushed it lightly with my fingertips and it swung open with the slightest groan. Inside, the house was deathly silent. I tiptoed down the hall, peering into the rooms on either side. They stared blankly back at me, deserted and unchanged, revealing nothing. There were no burglars still inside, or so it seemed.

As far as I could see, there was nothing missing. I heaved a sigh of relief at finding my precious collection of crystal untouched, and my heartbeat slowed as my initial shock subsided. Somebody had certainly broken in – but why?

At the far end of the passageway I hesitated, puzzled, then cautiously climbed the stairs. As I neared the top, there was a noise; a light, hurried, scrabbling sound like one that mice might make, only coming from something rather bigger. I turned quickly towards my open bedroom door, only to be confronted by the strangest sight: an elderly man lying uncomfortably face-down on the floor, his plump, flushed cheek pressed against the carpet, which had been pulled back to reveal the floorboards underneath.

There he was with his right arm thrust down into a gap between the boards.

"What on earth are you doing?" I demanded.

He rolled himself slowly into a sitting position and ruffled his thinning hair, looking embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I used to live in this house and I put a box down here with my savings and some papers to keep them safe." He brushed thick dust and cobwebs off his shirt and sighed. "But when I moved out I forgot, and I didn't know if you would let me have them. What else could I do?"

Source: Successful Writing Proficiency. Student's book, page 39.



Third-person narrative:

**A nasty experience**

"Are you sure it's safe?" Josh asked his friend Marty, who was just about to step onto the little rope bridge. Josh looked down at the river far beneath them and swallowed hard. Unfortunately, it was the only way to reach the other side, so he knew they had to get across before it began to get dark.

"Look, it's as safe as houses," said Marty confidently as he put his foot onto the bridge. Once Marty was safely on the other side, Josh began to cross. The little bridge creaked under his weight, making him even more nervous than he already was. He was almost half way across the bridge when suddenly one of the ropes snapped.

Josh screamed as the bridge fell to one side, leaving him hanging over the fast-flowing river far below his feet. Terrified, he clung to the other rope. "Keep calm! Hold on!" Marty called to him. Josh looked across to where his friend stood. Slowly, hand over hand, Josh moved carefully along the rope until he was close enough for Marty to grab him.

Safely on the other side, Josh lay panting on the ground. He felt exhausted, but he was glad to be alive. Marty asked him if he felt he could go on. "Yes, I'm okay," he replied bravely. "We'd better go. It will be dark soon". They both set off, leaving the bridge and the terrifying incident behind them.

Source: Successful Writing Intermediate. Student's book, page 67.



Third-person narrative:

Write a story which ends with the words: "She knew the events of that day would change her life for ever."

It was a clear, crisp autumn morning, and the wind made Edith's cheeks tingle pleasantly as she walked briskly to work. Pale sunlight **shone** through the bare branches of the trees lining the road, and fallen leaves **moved** and **made a noise** round her feet, while the smell of bonfires **staying** in the air brought back nostalgic memories of her childhood half a century ago.

Her contentment **went away**, however, the moment she reached the office, where she was greeted by **the noise** of angry voices and **a lot of quick** activity. Puzzled, she asked innocently what was wrong.

"We've been taken over by another company," someone **said** hysterically, "and they've fired everyone!" Edith's heart sank; she had refused to believe office **stories** of the takeover, and now she felt lost and afraid. She had no idea what she could do, or where she should go. **Very surprised**, she didn't even take off her coat, but simply **took** a few personal possessions from her desk before she turned and **walked** blindly out of the office.

Slowly making her way to the park, Edith **sat** dejectedly on a bench and **looked** at the ducks **moving** on the river. After thirty years of loyal service, she told herself bitterly, she had been **put** aside, and her life was **not good**. No one would hire an elderly secretary who knew nothing about computers.

Then a familiar voice suddenly interrupted her thoughts: "Cheer up, Edith — it's not the end of the world!" **Looking up**, she saw her boss, Mr Blake, **smiling** happily. As soon as he had heard about the takeover, he explained, he had decided to make other plans, and had bought a small hotel in the south of France. "My wife and I need a housekeeper," he continued **nicely**, "and you'd be perfect for the job."

Edith **looked at** the beautiful colours of the fallen leaves and realised instinctively that this was the chance of her dreams.

She was **happy** at the idea of making a **new** start in the **later part** of her life, and a **big** smile **was seen on** her face. She knew the events of that day would change her life for ever.

Source: Successful Writing Proficiency. Student's book, page 44.



**Flashback narrative:**

Write a story beginning with the words: "He sat down, unable to believe what had happened".

**Write a story beginning with the words:  
"He sat down, unable to believe what had happened."**

He sat down, unable to believe what had happened. Angus (1) heard (hear) the metal door clang shut and the policeman trudging away down the corridor and, gazing around at the bare brick wall of the narrow cell, he (2) became (become) aware of the stale, sour smell of the rough blanket covering the crude bed on which he (3) was sitting (sit).

A few hours earlier, Angus had been a carefree tourist looking forward to an exotic holiday as he stepped out of a taxi in front of his hotel. Then, suddenly, events (4) took (take) a nightmarish twist. Three policemen had rushed up, waving guns and shouting at him in a language he couldn't understand before clamping handcuffs on his wrists. After bundling him into a battered police car, they had raced to the police station. Nobody could speak a word of English, it seemed, and Angus (5) was pushed (be pushed) into a cell without knowing what crime they thought he (6) had committed (commit).

Now, through the bars of the tiny window in his cell, Angus watched the evening sky grow dark, until the door of the cell was flung open. Two burly policemen seized his arms and (7) led (lead) him to a small room, bare except for a wooden table with a telephone on it. A tall, swarthy man in a neat uniform and shiny boots entered the room, and the other policemen (8) sprang (spring) to attention. The man, obviously a senior officer, (9) spoke (speak) to Angus in broken English; but Angus' relief at finding someone he could understand turned to dismay when he realised what the man (10) was saying (say). The officer was accusing him of a robbery which (11) had been carried out (carry out) the previous week.

"But that's ridiculous!" Angus spluttered. "I (12) arrived (arrive) in the country today — I've never been here before in my life!"

At that moment, the telephone rang, and the officer held a long conversation. Finally he (13) put (put) the phone down and muttered, "Mistake ... sorry ... another man ...," then showed Angus to the door and explained that he was free to leave.

Angus stepped out into the warm night air, still shaken by the terrifying experience but immensely thankful that it was over. He knew he would feel angry later at the way he (14) had been treated (be treated) — but he hoped that by that time he (15) would be (be) on an aeroplane, flying home. He was no longer in the mood for a holiday.

Source: Successful Writing Proficiency. Student's book, page 48.