

Appendix 12 - Imaginative Writing assessment [May 2021]: Student B

*6 Look at the images provided.



Write about 'one day in the future'.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

**Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

"one day in the future".....
.....
Elizabeth opened her eyes, and her perception of her surroundings was blurred, fuzzy, as if she was looking at the world from under water. She did not move until she could focus her vision, and she found that she could not move, though.....

if that was from restraints or her own inability
she could not say.
Memories came flooding back to her, she was on a
boat, there had been some sort of light in the sky,
like the Aurora she had once seen, but much more
distinct, intense, so vivid even in her memory.
Her vision was slowly getting better and now she
could hear noises again, slightly muffled as if ~~by~~ she
~~was~~ had her headphones in.
Another memory pushed its way forward, headphones
she had been listening to someone talking on her
headphones, but as quickly as it arrived the memory
slipped away again.
"hello" in her head she heard and it loudly, clearly,
but the muffled reality sounded barely audible, broken
and feeble.
"hello, is anyone there" she tried again, by now
her sight was clearer and she was starting to be able
to feel her body, fingers, arms, toes, legs, they all
felt odd, cold but with no external sensation to judge
how cold, and paralyzed.
Panic suddenly took over, the adrenaline rushed through
her clearing her hearing and vision completely, but she
couldn't move a muscle below her neck. 'I've broken
my back' she thought, she could hear a beeping
next to her getting quicker, sea-pistol colours and
smell the decaying, she was in a hospital with a broken
back and absolutely no recollection of how she got there.
~~She could feel~~
There was no sensation of any straps holding her
limbs down, and she could not see any restraints.
When she lifted her head her arms were above
the bed covers, she was in a room on her own, there
was a window, some monitors and the beeping she
assumed was representative of her heart rate, she tried
lifting her right arm, her brain was well up to
lift but the dead weight did not move.
She cleared her ~~throat~~ throat and shouted, this time
with the clarity and volume she intended. "hello, help me"
Suddenly the door into the room was pushed open
and a young woman in a blue gown rushed in.
"Elizabeth, its Elizabeth, just try to stay calm"
the young woman said rushing over to the bedside.
She picked up Elizabeth's left hand as if it weighed

nothing, but when she let go, instead of falling to the bed as Elizabeth thought, it remained exactly where the young woman had left it. Even if Elizabeth had grabbed at her arms it would have been impossible to hold it that still in that unusual position for more than a few seconds.

The panic escalated when Elizabeth tried to put her arm down, but her muscles simply did not move.

"What's happened to me, why can I hear?" she asked with panic in her voice.

"Please be calm, I assure you everything is ok but you need to calm down" the young woman said while she pressed buttons on some equipment behind the bed.

"I can't move anything" Elizabeth said with tears welling in her eyes "am I paralysed" she asked.

"No, you're just immobilised like an artificial paralysis."

Elizabeth saw the name badge on the young woman's uniform. 'Helen Pryce' it read, "at that moment another person entered the room, a old man, frail and thin but walking fully upright and oh so strangely funny, he had a look of kindness about him and smiled warmly when Elizabeth saw him.

"That's the last thing you can remember" Helen said in her while she continued working on the equipment.

"I think I was on a boat" Elizabeth said, she closed her eyes momentarily as if to clear her mind, as "we were watching the Aurora" she continued, but less sure of the accuracy of her memory. "there was a man saying something

"we were on a cruise" the old man said sitting walking to the other side of the bed, still smiling like he had met a long lost friend. "we were on a cruise in the med when the incident happened"

"What incident, and who are you, I recognise you but don't know who you are" Elizabeth replied, she could almost feel the warmth radiating from the old man.

"I'me" he replied "It's Peter"

Elizabeth almost gasped, it was him, but he was only 22, a year younger than Elizabeth, her fiancé.

"How can it be" she asked, confusion seeping in "how can you be my Peter"

She looked at her hand still suspended in mid air, it was her hand as she remembered it, no lines or

aging, no signs of wrinkles as she hadn't been in a
 sun
 Peter took her other hand gently, he gazed into
 her eyes, eyes he had last seen open 68 years
 before on a cruise boat off the coast of Italy.
 She didn't look a day older, her soft skin with
 slight freckles, her brown eyes framed beneath a
 black fringe, she was still 23 and still as Peter
 remembered her all those years ago.
 "Do you know where you've been lizzy" he asked, "do
 you know what happened"
 Peter sat and felt Elizabeth was an weight he could,
 they had been on a cruise, a storm had struck and
 the boat ~~was~~ had been hit, there were 15 survivors
 including Peter, but no wreckage had been found
 over the past ten years, the missing had started to
 reappear now of them had aged, they would turn
 up on the beaches of Italy as if they had washed
 up, but they showed no sign of being in the water
 they all remember seeing a light like the Aurora, though
 now of them remember the storm.
 As he spoke, Helen busied herself, returning Elizabeth
 can to their resting place by her side, she pressed
 a button somewhere and suddenly Elizabeth could
 move her ankles again
 "you might get a tingling sensation for a while" she
 said while Peter continued holding Elizabeth of the
 missing years.
 "there is no explanation as yet" he said, the puzzle
 of the missing passengers was a world wide phenomenon
 with immense interest everywhere a new service came back.

Commentary:

In this piece, Student B interpreted the task as a narrative set in an imagined future. Since he took this approach, it allowed him to implement strategies which we had practised by virtue of participating in this research project. Consequently, the most striking feature of this piece is the varied and complex nature of the language and structure he has used in comparison with his work earlier on in the year (see Appendix 14).

The context of this activity took place during a face-to-face session under exam conditions as it constituted his main assessment. His favoured technique of dialogue features heavily and is utilised purposefully to progress the storyline.