

Appendix 14 - Imaginative Writing [Nov 20] First Draft & Final Draft: Student B

Write about a time when you, or someone or know, had an unexpected visitor. Your response could be real or imagined. (40 marks)

First Draft

"It's been a long time" Johnny looked up from his guitar and studied his friend's face. Dixon was older, his eyes were lined with the years, and his beard was peppered with white.

"Did you ever think we'd make it this far?" Johnny asked.

"I knew we had something special, you had something special" Dixon replied in his mid-western drawl.

"Man, I never thought we'd be here" Johnny continued "my ma did, she used to tell me that one day I'd be here with my name in lights"

It had been 15 years since he had left his small town with his band, and as he thought back over the time he considered how far they had come, professionally and personally.

"You ready to do this" Dixon asked, he stood up and moved towards Johnny resting a hand on his shoulder, Johnny looked up at him, "Dixon, I was born ready" he said with a smile and jumped off the stool, his guitar pushed around to his back.

'Did we really do it? Did we really change the world?' Johnny looked at his band and pride burst through him, the past 15 years had been a succession of highs and lows with ever changing fortunes but one thing had been consistent all that time, his belief in his music.

The band were on the stage, a galaxy of spot lights had converged on the mic in the center where Johnny stood, along amongst a vastness of backlit faces waiting expectantly for the music that had changed their world. Johnny held the pick ready to start, he could feel the anticipation as his band stood ready to take his cue, this was the moment he loved, this was the place he belonged, he savoured the moment as he strummed the first note and the audience burst into applause.

Final Draft

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He picked up his Stetson and rested it on his head and caught sight of himself in a mirror, he still saw a boy, a boy who was playing the part of a man. He looked closer and could see the wrinkles on his forehead and the lines forming around his eyes and mouth. He absentmindedly touched them and was aware of the coarseness of the skin on his fingers from a million strums of the guitar strings, and for a moment he realised he was older now, he wasn't the boy playing ideally under a tree to the rhythm of the Louisiana railway anymore.

He followed Dixon out of the dressing room and down towards the stage. He could hear the ebb and flow of the audience eagerly waiting for their idol to come on stage. Anyone who could handle a guitar could play his music, and since his arrival in the music scene, lots had tried to copy him. But only Johnny could make the guitar sing and dance in the way that electrified the crowd, causing dance moves to explode into being and taking control of their arms and legs like a frenzied puppet master, and they craved it.

Commentary:

Student B has provided a solid basis for a reimagining of Johnny B. Goode's narrative.

He broke down the sections into certain areas of techniques and crafted the dialogue purposefully to the development of the narrative. He uses description well, but does have a distinct lack of adverbs and adverbial phrases when describing dialogue. This was highlighted as an area of improvement when the student agreed to.