

Appendix 8 - Imaginative Writing [Feb 2021]: First Draft Student A

Write a story about a time when you, or someone you know, forgot something.

Your response could be real or imagined. Your writing must include one of the items from the portrait we studied. (40 marks).

How I lost my wrist watch forever.

I can never forget the terrifying day when I lost my expensive antique watch. It was made in Switzerland. It was a digital watch, circular in shape. Its circular shape reminded me of a close and dependable friend; it never let me down; it always kept the correct time; it showed the days as well as the dates; it had three hands, the minute-hand, the hour-hand and the second-hand. Its dial was very pretty to look at, it had some glowing diamonds and stones around it. People always used to make awesome compliments, whenever I put it on. Its case was made of ever-bright, sparkling, stainless steel. Its elegant strap was made of luxurious Spanish leather.

I used to wind it up, whenever I was listening to the morning news on the radio. Winding up my watch and listening to the radio went together like apples and pears, it made me so punctual. It also regulated my habit literally like clockwork. I was never late for school, especially since getting this wonderful watch. It was very dear to me, as it was given to me by my grandma, who is unfortunately no longer here.

It was a Sunday evening and my friends came around. I didn't want to go out because my mummy was preparing my favourite meal, but I had to go out with them anyways. I went out with my friends one disappointing and dreadful evening, and we were playing when it slipped off, never to be seen again. It was as if a part of me had disappeared forever. When I realized that it was lost, I searched for it everywhere, but it was of no use - my fruitless efforts were all in vain. Tears rolled down from my eyes - tears of despair, tears of sadness, tears of loss. My friends tried to cheer me up, and we began our deep

search. This search was like a quest for a lost treasure. Finally, I found it near the road, but it had already been cruelly crushed by a car that had crunched it into oblivion. That was the worst thing that had ever happened to me. However, it taught me an important albeit costly lesson. From then on, since that tortuous day I have learned how to handle all my things carefully, and also to keep an eye mostly on things that have been given to me by anyone. When we receive a gift from anyone, it is as if a part of the giver resides within the gift, so if we lose it, it is almost like losing a part of that person. I learned this lesson the hard way.

It was an awful situation, and it made me feel bad anytime I thought about it, because it was a gift which I was careless about and I will not get it back.

Commentary: This first draft was done after looking at the portrait of 'Miss Orovida Pissarro' from the Ashmolean's online collection of zoomable portraits and then doing the clustering activity. All activities related to this work, including the drafting, were done via Teams and Google Classroom due to the lockdown situation. Student A was clearly making a conscious decision to use engaging language, especially through the use of adjectives and similes. She was also using slightly more experimental phraseology compared with earlier on in the year.