

Appendix 9 - Imaginative Writing [Feb 2021] Final 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 accidentally lost my expensive antique watch. It was made in Switzerland. It was a watch, circular in shape. Its circular shape reminded me of my old bowl that was made in China. It was like a close and dependable friend; whenever I looked at the face of my watch, it was almost as if it was smiling back at me, calmly and sincerely announcing the time; 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 five glowing diamonds around it. People always used to make awesome compliments, whenever I put it on. They used to say, "Wow! What a great watch!" or "That is such a cool watch. I wish I had one like that" or even "I can't take my eyes off that watch. It's so elegant!" Its case was made of a very 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 habits 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 all happened one Sunday evening. It was a Sunday evening just like any other Sunday evening - namely, the evening when my friends usually come around. And sure enough, at precisely 7:00 pm the doorbell rang. It was them, expecting to go out. I didn't really want to go out, because my mummy was preparing my favourite meal, but for

some reason, against all of my inner intuitions, I felt that I had to go out with them, even though something felt wrong. So, I eventually got my coat on and I went out with my friends on what was to become a disappointing and dreadful evening. We were playing by the roadside when my precious watch 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 labyrinthine 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 mercilessly into oblivion. That was the worst thing that had ever happened to me. Time itself seemed to stop momentarily, just as it had done so for my precious watch. However, life, just like time itself, moves on, and it taught me an important, albeit costly, lesson. From then on, since that terrible and 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 the people who are nearest and dearest to us. 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 still makes me feel bad anytime I think about it, because it was a gift which I was careless about and I will not get it back.

Commentary: The feedback for the second draft focused primarily on looking for opportunities to improve. In other words, seeing where a metaphor could be extended or whether some purposeful repetition might enhance the mood of a paragraph. We also looked at strategies for giving the piece natural closure. Student A decided to add a moral to the story, which helped to add another layer of meaning to it. Student A was also making more purposeful use of much more varied punctuation in the redraft, which made the piece much more engaging.

Since we were working over Teams, I was able to set up breakout rooms for the purpose of giving feedback. I also wanted to get some idea of the learner's own thoughts were as the piece was unfolding, so asked learners to talk me through what they had done so far and where they wanted to take the work. This enabled me to give a 'rolling feedback' [see Appendix 13 for my final thoughts, especially concerning 'protocol analysis']. The breakout rooms were an invaluable facility for this approach.