

a Monday 13th November 2019

b We are learning to use the passive to affect the
c presentation of information in a sentence.

d
e It was another normal day. I was driving home
f from work on the same motorway that I
g always drive on. However, this time the traffic
h was as ~~bad~~ ^{worse than} ever and so I decided to
i go off a junction early and drive along the
j ~~the~~ dual carriage-way all the way home. As
k I drove off I saw a sign for the place
l I grew up in. I never knew that ~~it~~
m it was still that close to where I lived and
n so I decided to go and see what had changed
o about it. As I entered the village I crossed
p a narrow stone bridge that was overgrown
q with brambles and beneath it was a shallow
r lake that clearly used to be a lot deeper. That
s ~~was~~ ^{was} when I remembered where I was. The
t graffiti on the bridge, was drawn by me!!!

u
v
w
x
y
z When I was younger I had very little friends and
so I walked to and from school on my
own. I always walked a certain route on my
way home. I loved feeling the wind blowing in
my face and the sun when I could walk
along a small dirt track and lie in the meadow
feeling the sun shine on my back. I always
walked over the bridge and every time I would
add a small drawing to the side of it. I always
walked along this bridge, however just
after the war broke out I had a very traumatic
experience and I regret making one very fatal decision.

It was one day when I was walking home
listening to the sound of machine guns rattling in
the distance when I noticed a small pathway
that had been cut through the bushes. This
made me curious and so I decided that
it would be a good idea to have a little
explore. I walked slowly about five hundred
metres and noticed that for some odd reason
the machine gun shots were getting louder
however at my age I didn't think much
of it. It was as I emerged through the
bushes that I realised the machine guns
weren't far away at all but machine
guns with silencers and as a matter of fact
I had walked straight on to a battlefield!
I ran for my life only to get shot in the
ankle. I howled in pain but knew that
my life depended on me getting out of there.
I then started hopping for my life and
when I finally emerged back onto the bridge
I was exhausted.

I was lucky to survive that day and that
my mother found me five minutes later on
the ground screaming ~~she~~. She nursed it
better and although it still hurts now I would
not have survived without her. I got back in
my car knowing that I had seen enough and
drove back onto the motorway. By now it
was twelve o'clock and although I had
enjoyed seeing the village I had lived in I needed
to get back home for dinner - dinner and get to
bed.