

Date: Wb Monday 22nd April 2024

L.O. Can I write a narrative evacuation story incorporating dialogue to convey character and advance the action?



TASK- In my shoes

Read the 2 narrative examples below. Imagine you are me, what feedback would you give the writer?

The train's whistle pierced through the air, echoing the anxiety that gripped the bustling platform. It was the summer of 1940, and the war's ominous shadow loomed over Britain. Among the crowd stood young Thomas, clutching a tattered suitcase and wearing a label around his neck like a badge of uncertainty. Evacuation, they called it—a journey into the unknown.

Thomas watched his parents, their faces etched with worry, trying to muster smiles to mask their fears. "Be brave, Thomas," his mother whispered, her voice quivering. "We'll see each other soon. Remember to be a good boy."

With a heavy heart, Thomas boarded the train, scanning the compartment for a familiar face amid the sea of strangers. A timid voice caught his attention—a girl, not much older than himself, with tear-streaked cheeks and a determined gaze.

"Hello," Thomas said, offering a small smile.

The girl glanced up, startled, then returned the smile tentatively. "Hi. I'm Emily."

"I'm Thomas," he replied. "Are you going to the countryside too?"

Emily nodded, wiping her eyes. "Yes. They say it's safer there. What about you?"

Thomas hesitated, then nodded. "Yes, my parents thought it would be best.

As the train rumbled to life, the scenery outside blurred into streaks of green and brown. Thomas and Emily exchanged stories of their homes, their families, and their hopes for the future, finding solace in each other's company amidst the uncertainty.

Hours passed, marked by the rhythmic clatter of the train and the occasional whistle of passing stations. As dusk descended, the train slowed to a halt, and a voice crackled over the intercom, announcing their arrival.

Stepping onto the platform, Thomas and Emily were greeted by a flurry of activity. Volunteers ushered evacuees into groups, assigning them to families who would host them in the countryside. Thomas searched for Emily amidst the chaos, their newfound bond becoming a lifeline in the unfamiliar surroundings.

A middle-aged couple approached them, their warm smiles offering reassurance amid the crowd. "Hello, dears," the woman said kindly. "We're the Smiths. We'll be taking care of you during your stay here."

Thomas exchanged a glance with Emily before nodding gratefully. As they followed the Smiths through the quaint village, Thomas couldn't shake the pang of homesickness that tugged at his heart. Yet, amidst the uncertainty, he found comfort in the kindness of strangers.

FEEDBACK

The train station was a whirlwind of emotions, a chaotic symphony of tearful goodbyes and anxious whispers. I stood amidst the throng, clutching my meager belongings tightly, trying to mask my own fear with a facade of bravery. Beside me, a group of children huddled together, their faces reflecting the uncertainty that hung heavy in the air.

"Are you scared?" a voice beside me asked, breaking through the tense silence.

I turned to see a girl, her eyes wide with apprehension, yet determined. "A little," I admitted, forcing a small smile. "But I think we'll be okay."

She returned the smile tentatively, her gaze searching mine for reassurance. "I'm Lily," she said, extending her hand.

"I'm Jack," I replied, shaking her hand firmly. "Nice to meet you, Lily."

As the train pulled into the station with a deafening roar, the platform erupted into chaos. Volunteers hurried to usher us onto the waiting carriages, their voices lost amidst the clamor. Lily and I stuck together, navigating the crowd with a sense of camaraderie born of shared uncertainty.

Settling into our seats on the train, Lily and I exchanged nervous glances, our conversation punctuated by the rhythmic clatter of the tracks beneath us.

"Do you think they'll be nice?" Lily asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I hope so," I replied, trying to sound more confident than I felt. "My mum said they'll take good care of us."

As the train rattled onward, passing fields and forests blurred by speed, our conversation turned to lighter topics—our favorite books, our dreams for the future, anything to distract from the looming unknown.

Hours passed in a blur, marked by the fading light outside the windows and the gentle sway of the carriage. As the train slowed to a stop, a voice crackled over the intercom, announcing our arrival.

Stepping off the train, Lily and I were greeted by a group of volunteers, their smiles offering a glimmer of hope amidst the uncertainty. They ushered us into a nearby building, where families waited anxiously to welcome us into their homes.

A middle-aged couple approached us, their faces lined with kindness. "Hello there," the woman said warmly. "We're the Johnsons. We'll be taking care of you during your stay here."

Lily and I exchanged a nervous glance before nodding gratefully. As we followed the Johnsons through the bustling streets of the town, I couldn't help but feel a sense of relief wash over me. Though the future was uncertain, I knew that with Lily by my side, I could face whatever lay ahead.

Feedback