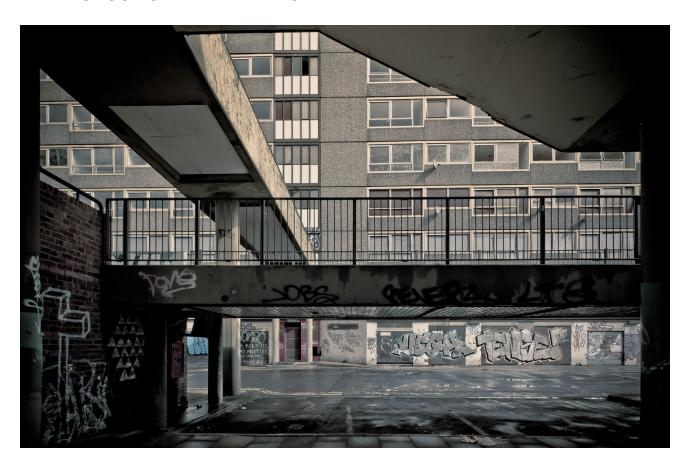


# **Now & Then**

# **DESCRIPTIVE WRITING**

# **AS90052: CREATIVE WRITING - 3 CREDITS**

### 1.4: PRODUCE CREATIVE WRITING



Achievement	Achievement with Merit	Achievement with Excellence
Develop and structure ideas in creative writing.	Develop and structure ideas convincingly in creative writing.	Develop and structure ideas effectively in creative writing.
Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose in creative writing.	Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control in creative writing.	Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control to command attention in creative writing.



### The Task

Write a description of a place, separated into two timeframes. This description should explore the contrasts between these two times by describing them using extensive sensory description and careful selection of detail.

# **Preparation**

#### CHOOSE A PLACE YOU KNOW WELL

This is a descriptive piece, so while it can encompass an event, your main focus should be on describing a place. It is essential that you choose a place you know well.

#### You could choose:

- A place you loved as a child that you revisit now you are older
- A place in two seasons maybe during the summer and the winter.
- A place in the day and night time exploring the dramatic difference in the way a familiar place can feel in the dark
- A place like a railway station or a sports stadium that is sometimes bursting with people and activity and sometimes deserted

#### **APPROACHES**

 Take or find a photograph of your place in the two distinct timeframes

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- Select appropriate music to match the mood and atmosphere you are trying to create and listen to this while you write your draft
- Consider the 5 senses and devices like alliteration or onomatopoeia to give your writing sensory appeal
- Concentrate on 'zooming in' and describing very specific physical items in your piece that are symbolic of the difference between the two settings.
- Try experimenting with the use of the Second Person viewpoint



## **The Final Piece**

#### SIZE

While there is no specific word limit, making an effort to keep it to **600-800 words** will allow you to command attention.

#### **CONDITIONS**

The final piece will be written in class over **4 periods**. You may use your online journals to complete the writing and some superficial feedback may be sought as part of the initial drafting process.

#### SCOPE

Your proficiency with spelling, grammar and punctuation will aid the clear and effective communication of your argument, as will conforming to a clear structure with your writing.

#### **ADVICE**

You are advised to refer to examples of descriptive writing that you have been exposed to as part of creative writing study in order to refine your understanding of how such a piece can be constructed for effect.

Seek feedback from your teacher in the early stages of your drafting in order to ensure you are on the right track.



# **Exemplar**

TEDDY LLOYD-JANES

#### **Now and Then**

Thoughtful use of the metaphor 'urban jungle' - repeated in the latter section

Naive terms and a strong emphasis on the sensory - both of which evoke the experience of childhood

The first section contains rich descriptive language and subtle foreshadowing of the realities only properly revealed in the latter section.

A shift to a more reflective, figurative description, befitting an adult 'reading' of the location

Retains a vivid present with appeals to the senses.

It was a sunny morning back in April 2008, the smell of fresh grass somehow lingered through the mazes of brick and stone. Riding on my bike through this urban jungle, the cool breeze of the wind is refreshing - and yet I still ride my bike oblivious to the cold, sinister slum that surrounds me. As I ride through between the high-rises the familiar smell of Gilfords bakery touches my nose. This part of the journey is my favourite. The smell of freshly baked hot crossed buns and sweet bread fill the air around me. As I'm riding through this estate I try to perfect the tricks I've been practicing for months. This is my only time for freedom. I can hear the faint sounds of cars that travel past me to my right and the seamless hiss coming from the wheels of my bike. Finally I reach the long ramp. This was my second favourite part of my journey. As I pedal down this ramp the wind rushes through my hair as if I had just cornered a storm. My heart beats every time I travel down this steep ramp maybe like a soldier just before going to war. I reach the bottom. The next estate is the one in which my school belongs, but before I can get there I've got an ocean of cars to cross. I can hear waling sirens and the coarse sound of multiple horns. Although these sirens and police cars are ever-present I still lay oblivious to what they are there for, they just whiz by whilst I stay sat on my bike.

As I walk through this urban jungle in the cloudy night sky, I can see many tattoos on the battered blocks of lost souls. Walking through the maze of estates still gives me a false sense of security. The stained yellow lamps that light up the foreign writings on the walls and the everlasting smell of wet concrete always bring back memories from childhood. I now realise that as I walk through this estate I am walking through a graveyard, many sons died and many mums cried due to the senseless crime in this unforgiving community. For many years I have walked these paths but they are no longer the same, the screams of children that have suffered are still echoing through these blocks like ghosts, they linger around leaving only a shivering spine behind. The steady pitter patter of rain on my jacket's hood makes it seem as if I'm sheltered away from everything, as if it's a natural reaction to ignore the pain and suffering that has taken place throughout the lives who have lived here. The bleak staircases scattered with blood and needles only lit up by a single flickering light gasping its last breaths would scare many, but only intrigues me as it is a constant reminder of the place I once was and where I still could be.