**Li: to be able to plan, draft, evaluate and edit an opening of a dual perspective narrative (imitation)**

**I will be successful if:**

* I can recall and plan the key events which happen in the narrative opening
* I can use a range of subordinating and co-ordinating conjunctions
* I can use a range of sentence types (fronted adverbials, expanded noun phrase, prepositional phrases, relative clauses)
* I can use speech and speech punctuation
* I can use adverbs for time and detail
* I can use parenthesis (colon, semi colon, brackets and dashes)

**Today, we are going to write the first part of our dual-narrative.**

**Read the Frankenstein WAGOLL for the first section (N1).**

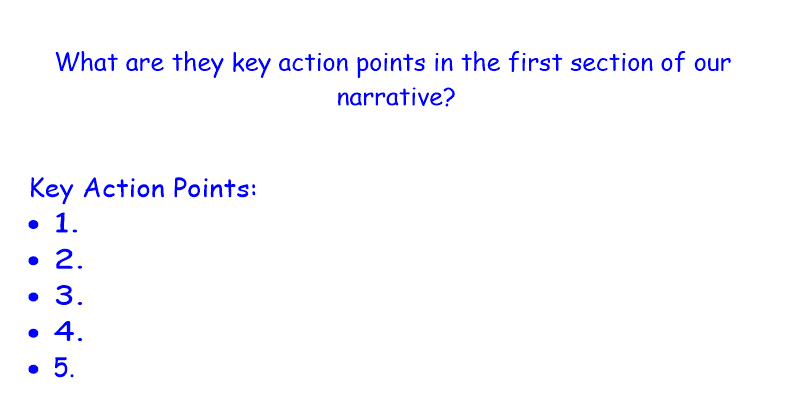
N1: I must write the events down, immediately, just as they happened. How strange they are; I bet most people would think me consumed with madness.

We’d become trapped in the Arctic ice, in thick, blanketing fog. The ship was dangerously hemmed in on every side, and there was little sea left to float on. Mountains of ice threatened to crush or trap us here forever, where we would surely die of cold and starvation.

When the fog had been swept aside, all the crew and I could see was nothing but vast, rugged plains and peaks of ice without end. On the horizon, stood the shape of a man. But not just any man - a huge, monstrous man of gigantic size. The strange figure was guiding his sledge across the ice, speeding hastily towards the north. I watched - perplexed and still - until I could see him no longer.

Suddenly, there was thunderous, ear-splitting roar! The ice, which had ensnared the ship, finally broke up and the once ice-bound ship was able to move freely once more. Dawn broke over the icy wasteland; I could hear a low whimper coming from the sea. To my utter astonishment, it was another sledge, marooned on a quickly diminishing fragment of ice. The man (nearly frozen to death) was skeleton-thin from exhaustion and suffering. Once safely on-board, this man, who had madness barely contained within his blood-shot eyes, told me his horrifying story. A story so unbelievable, that if I had not heard it first-hand I would not have believed it myself. I asked him, why he had come so far on the ice, alone. His face became darkly gloomy and a black despair descended upon him, “I have come to find the one who has fled from me.” And so began his extraordinary and tragic tale.

**Sign in to live learning to do shared planning and writing with Mr Brownsell.**



**Now, write your opening to your narrative.**

