

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing page.

Either:

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

On a long Iceland where only
 one human are to live
 was a great storm. One day

That human woke up on the
 bed and he says "That it
 going to be a terrible
 day one of those days
 where it best to stay
 in bed because every
 thing is going to turn out to
 be bad. Days went
 by where the ~~going~~
~~human~~ human said

The same thing over
 and over. Until one
 day where the boy had
 to make a stool so
 he stood up walk
 to his front door and
 as he touched the door handle
 he heard a loud
 bang BOOM!! He
 was scared that if
 he stepped out
 that door something
 may happen.

They stay continuing
 when they see he is
 still at the door.

He holding his hand on the
 handle he moves it
 slightly. The it sively, with
 coldness and his heart
 it panning. Bum Bum Boom.
 As the door open he
 see a black thing it is
 a vulture so he cannot
 do anything about it and
 he has to make sure that
 he is not scared of
 his part and try to
 know what has happened.
 He stood outside.
 At the vulture get close he
 stay to be war still. It
 reaches to his face
 and as he kept his
 eye on vulture he grabbed
 a bat and swung
 for only to realise that
 it was a dream and
 no one was there. This
 human his name was
 Biggie Shaker.

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This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when

It's best to stay in bed
 because everything is going to
 turn out bad. ~~because~~ that
 was the thought that
~~came~~ kept going around and
 around in my head. ~~the~~ ~~the~~

As soon as I stepped foot out
 of bed I looked out the window
 and I saw ginormous grey
 clouds filling up the calm
 blue sky. At first I thought it
 was going to be a small
 storm but I had a gut feeling
 it was going to be something
 else but I tried to ignore ^{the feeling.} ~~the~~

~~was~~ I carried on staring out
 of the window into the ocean
 then ~~and~~ suddenly I see the waves
 becoming bigger and bigger
~~then~~ raindrops hit my window.

~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

Then I remembered I have seen this happen some where
 IT WAS MY BIGGEST NIGHTMARE
 I was afraid it would come true one day. lets just say this my nightmare didn't end well everything I was dreamt about was becoming reality.

Then suddenly as the rain got heavier the waves ~~got~~ started to clash more against the rock as if it was out for revenge. to slowly break the rocks apart so ~~then~~ the waves became free as they felt they were trapped in a bubble.

The rain was pouring down at the speed of lightning the ~~water~~ rain drops smashing in to the violent waves. Then suddenly ~~slamming~~ the rocks & around my house broke water leaking into the cracks the waves have

made I thought I was having the same nightmare I tried to make myself think that I was in that nightmare again It wasn't real but every time I opened my eyes It was reality.

The waves got closer to my house every second then ~~it~~ a gigantic wave hit my window I fell straight to the ground I needed to be rescued from this terrifying moment So I rang the police and told them but straight after the waves burst through my window I blacked out when I woke up I had numerous of doctors by my side, ^{and by} looking at their faces ~~it~~ was a sigh of relief.

Even till this day I have flash backs off this horrific day. When I nearly lost my life.

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moody
sky.
storm

uneven
rocks
rugged

lumpy
abandoned
lighthouse
farm.

waves
crashing against
rocks
furiously.

Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

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[40 marks]

Roars of thunder echoed loudly through the stormy sky on the island. It was as though the elements of sky and water

worked together to punish the land. Huge gushes of wind attacked the ~~trees~~ defenceless trees. Roar! Thunder echoed every 2 minutes as though it was God giving out orders. Thick, murky clouds covered the, once ~~blue~~ blue, sky. Pellets of water spat to the ground as though they were better than ~~than~~ it.

The sea was spilling ⁱⁿ furious waves against the rocks, trying to swallow the land whole. Each clear speck of water crashed into land wanting to escape. Killer waves were coming from as far back to the horizon anyone could see. The midnight blue sea danced along as the waves took over, filling every crack and nanny of the rocks with clear blue liquid.

~~The~~ Rugged, black rocks guarding the coastline. Janned to one another by all the ~~in~~ imperfect ways. Each getting filled with liquid and some collapsing into the water. Deep, ^{grey} dints emerging in the rocks as the water claws at ~~to~~ them. Each rock protecting one thing...

the lighthouse.

The lighthouse stood firmly and bravely, not letting the bullets of rain take away its new coat of paint. The white was as bright as the light from above and the red was as deep as our blood. Windows ~~was~~ ^{ere} ~~as~~ ~~clear~~ clear and clean. The light above circled the perimeter as far as it could. Never had it let a boat sink and tonight was the same. Or could it change?

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trips
of
white
wrestled
me
with
grey
mass
fearing
for the
chance
to
glide
across the
sky

Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

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The darkness encapsulated the light, blanketing
any sense of hope, as the ~~dark~~ grey mass
crept across the sky. From above, ~~only~~ ~~splendour~~

everything was silent save the ~~stopping~~
~~of~~ water ~~against~~ ~~the~~ ~~rocks~~ beneath the sky.

The dull blue ferociously slammed against
 the rocks, brutal and merciless, leaving the
 rocks with little but a glistening sample of
 itself. The repetition stabbed the possibility
 of ~~the~~ ^{my} light, ~~leaving~~ providing the land
 with ~~the~~ eternal darkness.

^{strong}
 The ~~strong~~ smell of salt rebelliously forced
 itself into every crevice, covering every
 inch of the air in its thick, heavy scent.
 The ~~smell~~ ^{taste} of peeling paint led the eye
 to the distant lighthouse, a star in the
 gloomy sky. ~~With~~ Prominent and tall, the white
 structure seemed to ~~gaze~~ ~~the~~ ~~sea~~
 look down at the wild sea, in disgust and
 embarrassment, like a parent and a ~~delinquent~~
 delinquent child.

No ~~in~~ ~~from~~ Disobediently, the sea followed the
 orders of the wind, and danced erratically
 to its tune, splashing and hurling, spraying
 and ~~up~~ swirling. The wind swept across the
 sea, with the strength and speed that could
 tear the sky, like a discarded tissue.

The strips of white now wrestled with the dreary abundance of clouds, yearning for the chance to glide across the sky yet the ~~emerging~~ constant dark sheet did ~~not~~ ~~give~~ remained merciless and cold, denying any light ~~to~~ through the barriers of gloom.