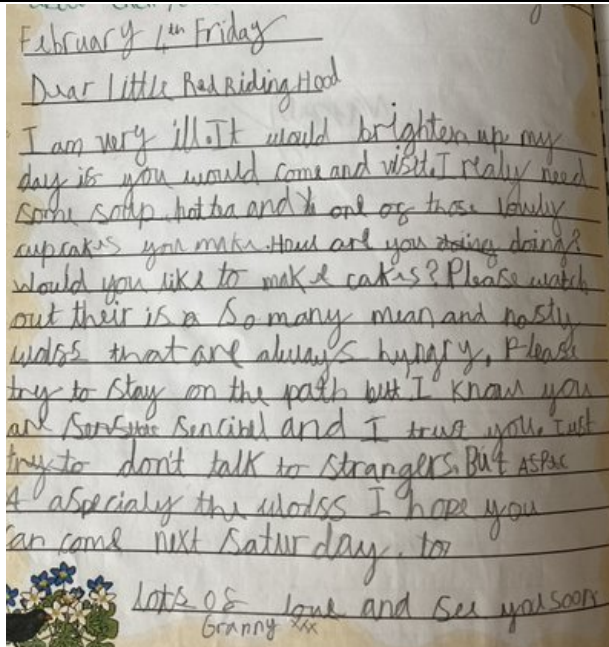
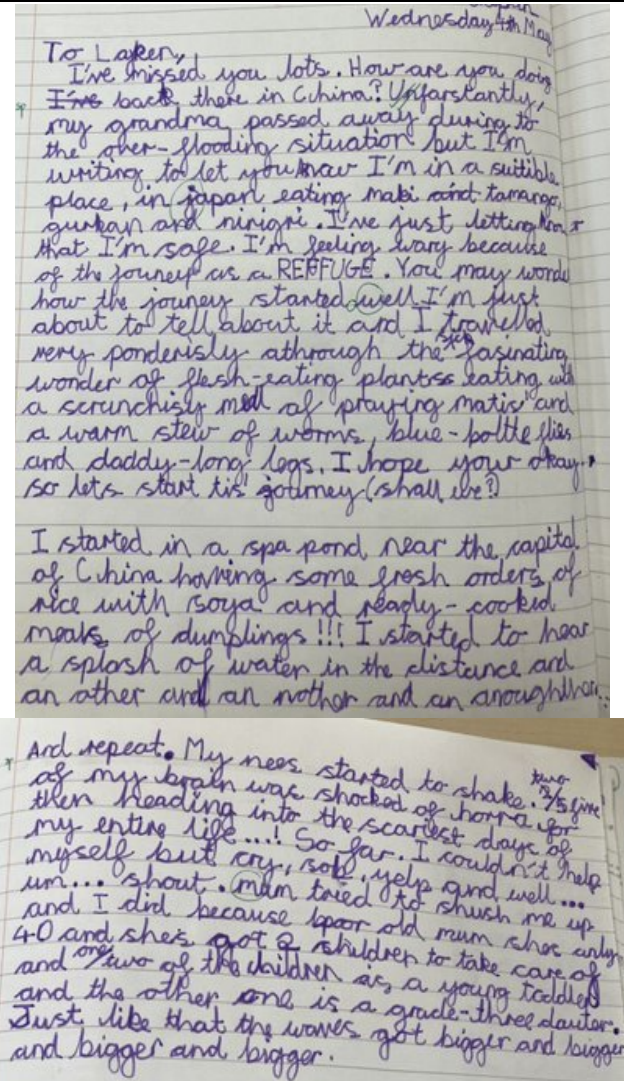


Writing Progression In Personal Recount

Year 1	Year 2	Year 3
	 February 4th Friday Dear Little Red Riding Hood I am very ill. It would brighten up my day if you would come and visit. I really need some soup, hot tea and one of those lovely cupcakes you make. How are you doing? Would you like to make cakes? Please watch out there is a so many mean and nasty wolves that are always huffing. Please try to stay on the path but I know you are so smart and I trust you. Just try to don't talk to strangers. But especially the wolves I hope you can come next Saturday, too. Lots of love and see you soon Granny xxx	 Wednesday 14th May To Laken, I've missed you lots. How are you doing? I've been there in China? Unfortunately, my grandma passed away during the the other-flooding situation but I'm writing to let you know I'm in a suitable place, in Japan, eating maki and tamago, gyoza and nigiri. I've just letting you know that I'm safe. I'm feeling wary because of the journey as a REFUGEE. You may wonder how the journey started well I'm just about to tell about it and I travelled very ponderously through the fascinating wonder of flesh-eating plants eating with a crunchily mmm of prancing matis and a warm stew of worms, blue-bottle flies and daddy-long legs. I hope your okay. So lets start this journey (shall we?) I started in a spa pond near the capital of China having some fresh orders of rice with soya and ready-cooked meals of dumplings!!! I started to hear a splash of water in the distance and an other and an mother and an enough there. And repeat. My nose started to shake. ^{two} then heading into the shocked of horror for my entire life!!! So far. I couldn't help myself but cry, sob, yelp and well... um... shout. Mum tried to shush me up and I did because poor old mum was only 40 and she's got 2 children to take care of and two of the children is a young toddler and the other one is a grade-three dauter. Just like that the waves got bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger.

Writing Progression In Personal Recount

Year 4

Friday 25th December

Dear diary,

Earlier this evening, I twisted into a dog "again"! Of course, I wasn't surprised since it's happened before a couple of times but why on Christmas day.

Although it started by getting the car to the airport, we all had our passports, money, family and mum and dad. He entered the airplane like usual, and not long after we were in London it was about 4:30pm when we got there and arrived at our hotel I was really tired.

After we had all changed clothes and Ray went to explore London. But as soon as we left the door I had a strange itching getting on my bottom. I had a nail! I'm a dog. I thought. I was for certain a dog.

First, we and Ray went to the London Eye together. Obviously he said because I was a dog. As soon as we got on it was moving. I liked better Ray. It was the most beautiful, magnificent view I had ever seen. I could see the whole of London from up there. As soon as we got off everybody wanted to stroke me. I felt really nice.

Next, Roy paid for me and him to get the bus to Buckingham palace. As soon as we arrived I saw lots of guards wearing red jackets and tall black furry hats. After we had something to drink and I even had a little nap. I must have been really tired "Eek, wake up I'm getting bored, we better get off," spoke Roy lazily. I was bored from head to toe with a thin layer of life horror.

Off we went to the HP but just as we stepped at the shop and Ray got me under foot and a faller. Whilst I was waiting outside I suddenly ate some yellow snow. I was disgusted. Then we went to the HP where we arrived I heard lots of chatter and could smell Camomile tea and then I met the prince himself. He was wearing a rich leather suit. He stood me for a minute.

Ray paid for the bus to take to London Zoo. When we arrived there were lots of animals. I got to feed the penguin and Ray was given a stuffed animal but another dog snatched off of me. Then we headed back home and had chicken's dinner.

Year 5

Year 6

Blood! Anguish! Fear! Death! That is all I have seen today. Even as we moved in that accursed island, I was conscious. I landed running from the main group. The would prove to save one shipful of goodness. Just one, one only one. ~~It was~~ I come with these come. Only I returned. We began the trek up the hillside, and eventually came to a camp at a spring. At this spring, Nils, an extremely large child. She discovered us, took the other hill. Oh, if only we had turned back then! On the other side, was a valley - ^{landmark} - yet ~~entirely~~ beyond our wildest dreams. We felt like madmen! Yet the second we entered, a hulking giant lumbered into view. ~~He was~~ ^{he was} completely at home. She could have destroyed all four of us. But no, she had a worse fate planned.

With a thunderous bellow, she called to her husband
on a low, rumbling, grating note.
Within seconds, the wife pursued by hulking bears.

They hurled the fury of the mountains at our ships
to launching huge boulders, sending sailors screaming
into the water! They spared them as ~~if~~ they were
fish, meals for their dinner! The sea turned red with blood!
~~only~~ 12 ships entered this land.
@hll I escaped.