The Cheese Ninja

"Stop!" I yelled as a ninja with brown wings scuttled across the floor. Nobody heard me, nobody was home. The ninja, small and quick, as it was, crept across the kitchen floor and, into a space where with my piece of cheese, was not.

I ran after it, soaring into the air for a perfect catch, but it was too late. The cockroach had not my lunch.

Dad says it's a pack of hers, but it was not. I saw the cockroach gnawed at me, with its yellow teeth, just as it scuttled through its hole. It seemed to be larger than your usual cockroach, with red eyes and dirty black legs that left behind traces of its last meal when it ran.

I named it ninja. Most cockroaches are pests, creeping through the old floorboards, but ninja was pursued by evil spirits. Spirits of another world, where there is no good and evil just power.

That afternoon, ninja stole my cheese, the world ceased to exist. We had a good battle, and ninja and I ran away under floor boards, the attic, through the attic, but cockroaches are of an evil race and he beat me. Man and ninja.

But going back to the cheese, after ninja crept through the floorboards and moved me his trademark evil grin, I did not linger around to be destroyed but took my chance. I ran after him, each step of my foot sounding like a soft wave hitting the ocean shore, as not to get him ninja too aware of my presence.

A well-structured narrative with excellent use of descriptive language. The use of paragraphs to sequence events is evident.

The use metaphor and simile is evident.
I went round the back, to where the lattice behind was, and sneakily crept in.

The hole was built many years ago, by my great grandfather, and it smell like your damper and old top under it had somehow, slowly creeping around the house till it reached the roof. There, I crept through the opening to the upstairs den and met ninja.

It was a great battle, he crawled, I dived and we both ended up pouncing on beef. My cheese was still on his back when he suddenly got the better of me and swept out of the window. The world returned.

Mean old ninja, I was too late.

As expected, he went on an evil rampage, destroying not only my town, but half the world.

I took no chances, as soon as he leapt and ran back down the passage into the kitchen. Dad was home, so before he could say, "Where on earth have you been?" and, "Why are your pants torn?", I explained to him about the cockroaches with a heaving chest and drained voice.

"A load of baloney," he said. "You've been reading too many books. Those adventure filled "imagination" novels are nothing but bull. Watch some TV like normal people!"

He wouldn't understand! I told him everything and just to prove me wrong, he showed me my place with the cheese on it.

But I swear I saw that cockroach wink at me when I went to the toilet. "Messy old ninja..." I muttered, and sat down to watch some TV.
Jamie has demonstrated extensive knowledge and understanding of the structure and features of a narrative. A very high level of creativity and imagination is evident. The planning is effective, and there is excellent use of descriptive and metaphoric language.

Jamie’s response demonstrates characteristics of work typically produced by a student performing at a grade A standard.