BRIDGE STORY

“What the hell happened here?” I asked myself, as if expecting an answer. My voice echoed amongst the ruins of the bridge.

Just a couple of days ago the same bridge stood proudly over the small sturdy road. I began to rummage through the slabs of splintered wood. For some reason I was experiencing guilt, as if it was somehow my fault. I remember how I used to come here every morning and watch that old lady feeding the birds, as she sat solemnly among the rocks by the bridge. Then an awful thought crossed my mind. What if she was asleep when the bridge fell?

I wanted to look for her, I crawled through a small hole made by a heap of wood. As I scrambled further down a piece of chipped wood came flying past my face, followed by another and another. Dust was irritating in my eyes and rubbing them only made it worse. I paused. There was a faint cooing noise somewhere in the darkness. Stepping closer, I heard it becoming clearer and louder. There, before me appeared a tiny bird cooing softly and sadly. I recognised one of the birds that the old lady used to feed. It’s legs looked swollen and it’s eyes betrayed a look of death. “You poor thing, look at you!” I exclaimed, scooping the tiny, cold thing in my arms.

I had to be very careful, for if I made one wrong move, the wood pile might cave in on me. Ducking under a tiny hole lead into a small clearing. On the dusty floor there lay what appeared to be a heap of rags. Curiously I stepped closer and peered over. I covered my mouth and looked in horror at the sight of the old lady lying there so still, dead.

The birds were surrounding her and were staring at me, as if I was going to do something about it, but I couldn’t, I simply couldn’t.

I fell onto my knees beside her, trying to hold the tears back. The sorrowful cries of the birds didn’t make it any easier. I buried my face in my hands and cried.

THE END

Grade Commentary

Taylor has demonstrated extensive knowledge and understanding of a narrative text. There is excellent use of complex sentences, paragraphing and spelling of unfamiliar words. The use of sophisticated vocabulary and language skills has produced an evocative text, indicating a high level of creativity and imagination.

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