End Stage 4 English student work sample – Grade C

For this assessment, I chose my favourite piece of writing. It is called ‘Memory Trip.’ The purpose of the writing is to pretend that I haven’t been to a particular room for four years, and I’m just visiting it on a dark night with a single torch. In this writing, I’m trying to make the reader feel they are in the story by using descriptive language.

I used descriptive language because then I will be able to paint the picture in the reader’s mind to make them see what I can see and feel what I can feel. For example, I felt a gust of dust and the smell of mould covered onto my face. It took some time for me to recover from the bitterness. The words I have underlined makes the sentence more exciting and realistic, this is why I used descriptive language.

I also wrote in first person, so that it is easier for me to understand what I am writing about and for the reader to understand as well. If I wrote in third person it would be very difficult and not make sense.

I used present tense for my writing so that the reader can feel that they are in the room at the same time they are reading. To make them feel that it is happening now. If I used past tense it would be boring because it already happened.

My vocabulary is very limited because I’m not very good at remembering. I would learn one word the maximum time that I remember it in is 2 hours. I can sometimes learn some words when I’m watching TV, listening to music, reading books or from other people’s conversations.

When I was a child, my mother would always read me stories at night. From year 2 I enjoyed writing fiction stories with lots of descriptive language. Most of the stories I wrote were scary, and I have been improving ever since.

The weaknesses of my writing is that I tend to jump from present to past tense and my grammar is very poor. I know I can improve on this.

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by reading over my work and correcting my mistakes. But I’m a lazy person who doesn’t do easily. I could also improve on my writing by asking other people to read over my work to get feedback.

I have improved and achieved in my writing by making a vivid image of the room and entertaining the reader by using sarcastic humour [at the end].
Memory Trip

I walked down the corridor with my torch, everything was pitch black because there was no moon giving me light tonight. It was difficult for me to decide which room I should go in first because I wasn’t able to get the full picture of my corridor. The torch was so small that I could only see things in circles.

As I was swinging my torch around, I saw a golden handle in the spotlight and walked towards it. I could feel the carpet underneath my feet sinking as I took each step. I stood in front of the door wondering which room this was. Before I pushed the golden handle down I traced my fingers across the detailed design on it, gathering dust on my fingertips as I brushed against it. The door was white but had been painted round the edges, probably from being slammed too much. Then, I heard something, almost a small creak from inside the room. I quickly pushed down the handle and opened the door. I felt a gust of dust and the smell of mould curled up onto my face. It took me some time for me to recover from the bitterness. I aimed my torch to the ceiling and caught sight of an old chandelier which had become a home to a dozen spiders. The chandeliers were dangling from the sagging chain of glass that now looked like a weeping willow.

I took a step forward and felt a cobweb brush across my face. I screamed and jumped my torch, jumping up and down making the house an orchestra out of creaking floor boards. When I bent down to collect my torch I realised it was shining on a carpet which felt sticky and damp, the colour had turned to a rusty red. I stood up and moved the light towards the right and stopped when I saw a huge mirror. I placed it with my torch and saw an untouched instrument case and stacks of disks. I also saw old records that were torn peeling and the colours fading the million buttons were scratched. I swung around when I heard a scuffle but my torch was too weak to cut through the darkness of this room. It must be very big.

I walked towards where I thought I heard the scuffle and bumped into a glass cupboard. The glass was so dusty that I couldn’t see through it. I wiped off some dust with my shirt but that didn’t help at all. I opened a cloud of grey dust. I looked around the room with my torch guiding me and found an old, rusty key. I went to the front of the cupboard and stuck the key into the thick layer of dust hoping to find the hole. As I heard a click the door opened and I observed a collection of china. There were forks, knives, plates, cups, and bowls all decorated with patterns of roses and gold. I paused around feeling the presence of someone watching me and took another step forward. My feet felt something on the timber floorboards, so I shone my torch on my ground. There were strange symbols in the wood. It looked like some type of hieroglyphics. I bent down to feel these markings, blowing away the dust. I could feel the dust that it was engraved on. It felt like balls. Then I heard the scuffle again so I walked forwards feeling my way through the darkness, my torch was starting to dim. I scooped old soles, they were tattered, torn and chunks of dust were coming out from the sides. I spun around to see where I came in from, but I could only see complete darkness.

I saw a GIANTIC mirror that could fit the whole side of the wall. It was on top of something. Like a small, long table. I moved forward to touch the table but something from underneath was blocking me. Underneath was a pedestal. It still had ashes in it or maybe it was dust. I leaned forward and touched the slender table. It was cold as ice perhaps it was marble.

I glanced sideways and caught sight of a TV. I could see little, oily handprints and finger marks smudged all over the screen. I couldn’t see the dust because my torch was becoming weak. I opened a dusty brown drawer and found a collection of batteries that was orange-brown because of the rust. They would be too old to work now. I could even taste the bitterness.

The scuttling noises were above me now, but before I knew it, my torch went out and everything was black. I drifted there to wait till tomorrow morning.

Grade Commentary

Mackenzie has demonstrated an understanding of his writing craft but his ability to explain his decision-making processes requires further development. The response begins well but becomes anecdotal and incorporates irrelevant material. In the creative composition, the student employs an adequate range of language features to evoke the reader engagement.

Mackenzie’s response demonstrates characteristics of work typically produced by a student performing at grade C standard at the end of Stage 4.