

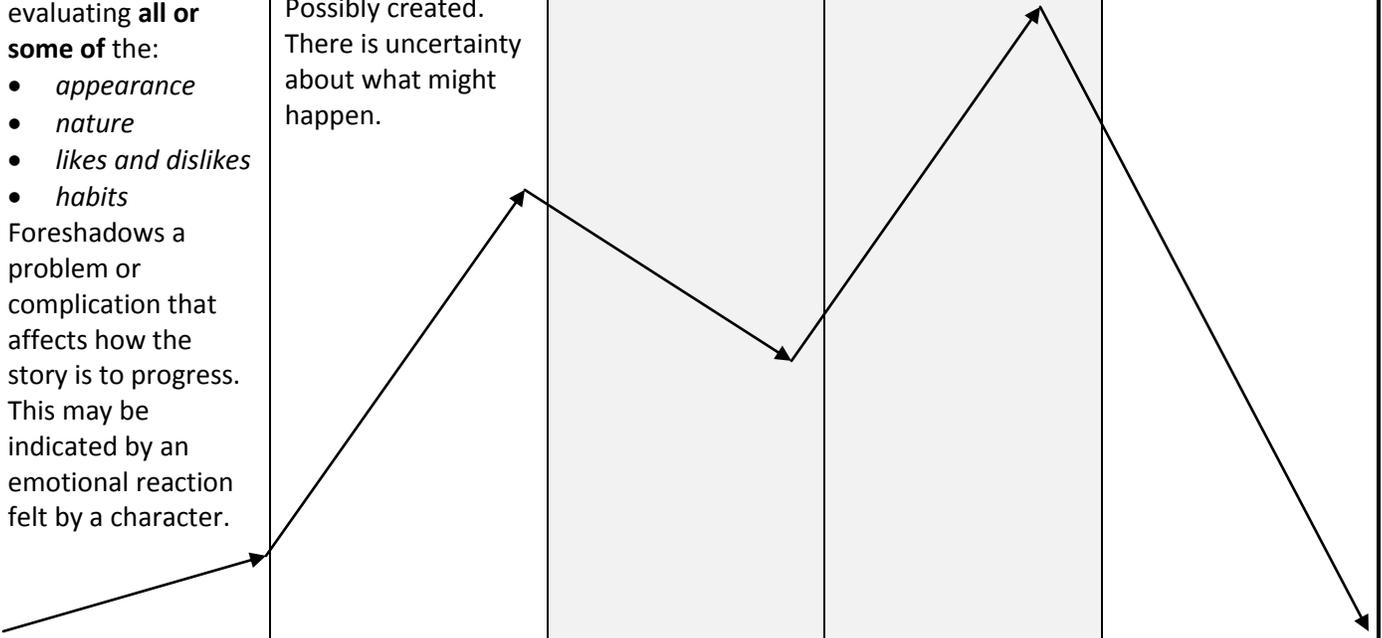
Narrative

Students: Please keep this handout for future reference. Your tutor will go through the different parts of this handout and then you will be required to write one yourself.

What can a narrative structure look like?

We have all written narratives many times before, but sometimes we might forget how to set out one that really helps draw the reader in and holds their attention. Therefore, below is a very detailed outline on how to set out a narrative. Your tutor will read through this guide with you and explain anything that you don't understand.

Orientation	Complication	Temporary resolution	Reappearing complication	Resolution
<p>The narrator</p> <p>You can create a visual picture by describing in your narrative/story:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>time</i> • <i>place</i> • <i>circumstance</i> <p>You can introduce characters by describing/evaluating all or some of the:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>appearance</i> • <i>nature</i> • <i>likes and dislikes</i> • <i>habits</i> <p>Foreshadows a problem or complication that affects how the story is to progress. This may be indicated by an emotional reaction felt by a character.</p>	<p>The narrator</p> <p>Introduces the problem or complication which creates a disturbance concerning the setting, time or characters.</p> <p>Tension is Possibly created. There is uncertainty about what might happen.</p>	<p>The narrator</p> <p>Provides a possible answer to the problem so far or relieves the tension being created.</p>	<p>The narrator</p> <p>Reveals the problem is not fully resolved or a new problem occurs that adds to the tension.</p>	<p>The narrator</p> <p>Solves the problem and may have learnt from the events and reflects on this learning.</p>



What is an example of a good narrative?

On the following page, there is a sample of a narrative written by a grade 5 student. It takes a very simple idea but adds description to hold the reader's attention. The writer also cleverly uses a variety of short and long sentences to build tension. Read through the narrative as a class and then start on your own narrative writing.

Sample narrative

Getting an Injection and Living Through It

We were in the darkness filled, freezing, waiting room. We were preparing for the injections of our lives. We were getting injections for malaria and more.

There were many benches all covered in the night. It was hard to see the colour in the murky dark but it seemed to be some sort of faded brown. The room was big; no; huge which gave it all the more reason to be terrifying. Who knew what would be lurking in the corner? Rat, monster, anything! There were also doors. Three doors – which were also brown and faded. One was the way in and not the way out unfortunately. Another was the way to the other evil places and that was through to the evil hallway and the evil office. The last door was the most evil – The Injection Room.

The rest of the room was filled with families. This included my family including my 10-year old self, my 3-year old brother and my one year old sister. Then there was my mum and dad. Some of the other children were screeching or crying, probably due to not knowing what was going to happen to them. So they just carried on playing. I was in the middle of both. I was playing with fear because I knew what was going to happen. I expected that the worst moment of my life was coming ever closer. The idea of the injection was like knowing you would be put to sleep, sent to the dementors or waiting to take a ride in the Electric Chair.

Of course, I had had injections before. They were not your best friend. After a long while a nurse said, “Alyssa, Trevor, and Taryn, your turn.” It was our turn. I got half dragged and I half walked. The door creaked open. It was the room of no return. The door slammed shut. There was no way out. Grown-ups guarding every escape. Seeing there was no way out, we gave up and went for it.

Trevor went first. Before the injection was even touching him he was already howling. When it did hit him he was yelling loud enough to deafen you. He was done. It was my turn. (He was still crying so a nurse tried to calm him down). I was paralysed with fear. I was death-defyed, I was scared. My mum and dad told me to “just be brave.” “Just be brave?! How could I “just be brave?!”

But I had no time to think. It was coming. Just waiting to pounce, just waiting to penetrate my skin! At this time, I drowned out Trevor’s continual screeching because right at that moment, I couldn’t hear anything. I could just see it coming, closer, closer!

It touched, entered my flesh, and fulfilled it’s job. I started with a whimper the, BOOM!

And the a full blast cry. When Taryn had her turn she didn’t even notice! Ugh! She was supposed to cry the most! Worse than Trevor! But then I remembered it was over. We opened the door and the sparking sun blinded our eyes. It was over. All over. Finally.