

1. Definition:

A narrative is a story.

2. Purpose and Role of Writer:

to entertain

3. Generic Features:

a) Structure and Organisation

- decide on a topic e.g. someone visits at night
- decide on a sub genre e.g. crime, fantasy etc; mainstream narrative
- decide on an angle or theme e.g. identity of visitor is assumed, but unknown
- decide on an appealing title e.g. *Night Vigil*
- decide on a plot structure
- orientation: the introduction e.g. Abbey waits
- complication: creates the conflict / is the problem e.g. Mother enters /leaves
- resolution: solves problem / dénouement / conclusion e.g. *Abbey waits /Pete arrives*
- aim to create atmosphere through suspense e.g. Who is Pete?
- decide whether the story will have a traditional or alternative structure
- create characters: central character and one or two others if necessary
- decide on setting e.g. bedroom
- decide on first, second or third person method of narration.

b) Language

- language to suit the genre, era and social context of the story
- a blend of action, description, dialogue and reflection to create variety
- evocative language to create atmosphere e.g. *Still the moon beams in on her and the clock ticks.*
- figurative language in descriptions e.g. *The words dance in front of her eyes...*
- dialogue should be realistic e.g. *"Lights off, Abbey"*.

c) Grammar

- a variety of short and long sentences
- short sentences / fragments are used for drama and impact e.g. *Abbey is ecstatic.*
- a variety of sentence beginnings
- the correct conventions for writing dialogue
- correct paragraphing
- choose first, second or third person e.g. *She takes the novel...*
- choose present or past tense e.g. *Moonlight streams...*

Night Vigil

Moonlight streams through the open window. A lone figure sits on the narrow bed. Her eyes are closed and she's mumbling a silent incantation to the night sky.

Every so often she opens her eyes and looks at the small alarm clock on her bedside table. The slow ticking is like an insistent heartbeat. Abbey looks outside the window expectantly. Waiting is not easy.

Suddenly Abbey hears footsteps. Mother's approaching. Instinctively Abbey reaches for the book on the bedside table and buries her head in it. The words dance in front of her eyes.

The door opens, squeaking a little. Abbey is grateful that no one has thought to oil the hinges. It is the second stage in the early warning system: Mother approaching.

"Lights off, Abigail," Mrs Wiltshire pronounces, looking down at her daughter, smiling. "What are you reading?" Abbey inclines the cover of the book towards her mother.

"*Wuthering Heights*. Again. How you love that book." Mary Wiltshire smiles indulgently. She takes the novel from Abbey's hands, placing it on the desk near the door, before she turns out the light.

Abbey snuggles down under the covers. But she does not close her eyes. Still the moon beams in on her and the clock ticks. Now, Abbey hears her parents preparing for bed. Soon all is quiet. And safe, Abbey thinks as the door of her parents' room closes and the light snaps off.

Hurry up. I'm waiting for you, she intones to the empty space of her room. She thinks of her favourite novel, of the lovers, Cathy and Heathcliff, their wild passion on the lonely Yorkshire moors.

It is 2007. Abbey is a thoroughly modern girl. A girl who longs for romance and excitement. Yet Abbey's not a girl who'll be led astray lightly. Her friends think she's a bit of a freak, being so straight and so proper. If her friends could see her sitting upright in her bed, shivering a little in her skimpy nightie, they'd be surprised. Because tonight Abbey is waiting for a visitor. She knows her parents would also be horrified by her actions.

When Pete shins up the tree beside her window, Abbey is ecstatic. It's the third night in a row that he's arrived at the same time. Tonight she's prepared. She's taken fruit from the kitchen and hidden it in her drawer. They'll have a midnight snack together. And Abbey's made a place for Pete in her bed.

"Hello," she whispers fondly to the tiny possum that jumps down through the open window and runs up her bare leg. "Ouch," she giggles, holding out a small piece of apple temptingly. Pete nibbles at the fruit delicately, the moonlight framing his small features. Soon he'll fall asleep in the bundle of blankets. And in the morning when she wakes, he'll be gone.

sets scene

advances plot / outlines purpose

complication

narrative is in third person. through Abbey's eyes

dialogue creates variety of style

establishes character

creates atmosphere / suspense

creates false expectations of the identity of the unknown visitor

develops character

climax of the story

twist