

do this – the story dictated it. There was no room for free will ... and besides, he wanted to! He closed his eyes and prepared his lips. He smiled as he moved even closer. He was just about to ... but then he stopped and pulled away.

If she saw the unkempt ragamuffin who stood before her she would close her eyes and never open them again. Nobody looked less like a prince. Disheveled and filthy, he tortured the mirror. He was a wretch of the very worst kind: physically disgusting and morally degenerate. He delayed. As the doubts, fear and guilt overwhelmed him, he froze.

Task 3 – Write the diary of *The Wedding Ghost* on the day that she is kissed and gets married

Learning intention

We are learning to write a diary entry that includes some of the narrative techniques we have learnt.

Success criteria

Remember to:

- express your feeling of joy at being released from the spell
- include some rhetorical questions
- include at least one example of ellipsis
- include at least one example of either humour or hyperbole
- include another of the narrative techniques we have studied.

What to include

- how happy you are to be released from the spell
- what your existence was like in your endless sleep
- how you felt when you heard Jack inside the palace
- what happened to the others who ventured to the palace
- how you got the map to Jack
- what happened at the wedding service
- your thoughts about Jack's other wife, Jill
- your view of the future.

Model text 3

Today I awoke. At last – my life is renewed. Words cannot express the joy and delight of this, my wedding day. I know it may have appeared a rather shadowy, insubstantial affair, but to me it was everything. Trapped in the land of endless dreams, I waited impatiently for my future husband. When would he discover me? How long would I be waiting for him? Tortured by grief and frustration, my heart sent messages to him: find me; awaken me; be with me; love me! Longing for release, I waited as the cruel centuries passed. Imagine my elation now – released from the enduring spell of slumber. At last I have been set free.

There were countless times when I thought that Lady Hope had turned her back on me and skulked away. I could only cling to the uncertainty of a story that had to be completed. In my heart I knew he would come – eventually. It was only a matter of time ... but such a long, long time.

I heard him coming up the stairs. My excitement was tempered with caution: so many others have arrived, but none have completed the task. They all hesitated, uncertain, guilty and fearful.

Slinking away, they condemned themselves to a dusty death. Unknowingly, they perished, unaware of the terms of the spell and the necessity of following the story exactly as it was written. My boyfriends have been numerous, you see. They have travelled all this way to court me, but failed to show me proper respect. Leaving without a tiny kiss would have dishonoured my reputation, so I made sure that they were unable to find the path back. It vanished into the vegetation. They were trapped here – forever! How did they die? Most starved; some went mad. The dust of death covers them now, like a shroud at a human funeral.

I expect you're wondering about the map. I posted that, along with all the other maps (the ones that reached my previous suitors), before the spell was cast. The dwarves delivered them all. Those immortal little friends really have been so helpful. I must invite them over again ... it's some time since we last shared supper.

Having all my friends at the cathedral for the wedding was so wonderful. Yes, I know that they were rather noisy with all their shrieking and screaming, but that's just how spirits celebrate. They always destroy cathedrals at weddings – that's their way! Every spirit I've spoken to has said that they had a whale of a time! It was a cracking setting and they had a scream.

I am not jealous of his other bride ... what's her name? Jane? Jenny? Jill, that's it. After all, she is his wife in the human world. As I do not exist in that dimension, she poses no threat to me. In the spirit world, the world of shadows, Jack and I are inseparable. The taste of toast and honey will never leave his lips. Our love is as eternal as the stars above us. My pleasure fills the entire universe. It is as if death has started all over again.

Narrative techniques used in the exemplar texts

1) *Opening a story, a chapter or a paragraph with a short, dramatic sentence*

Examples: interview

- I can't explain that really.
- I couldn't!
- It was foggy.

Examples: descriptive narrative

- Momentarily he paused.
- Someone was there.

Examples: diary

- Today I awoke.

2) *Using a short sentence elsewhere in the text*

Examples: interview

- All was going well.
- It was for Jack alone.
- What a strange thing to do!
- I was a little lost.

Examples: descriptive narrative

- It shifted easily.
- It was quiet everywhere.