

Narrative writing – Different genres

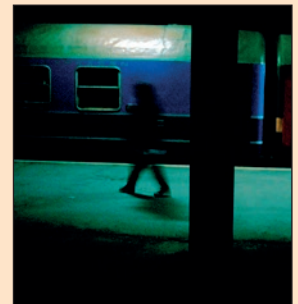
A

Christmas again. Joyce looked out of the frosted window at the bare, winter garden. A pair of sparrows were hopping through the frozen grass, searching for food. It'd been three long years and she still hadn't got over it. She sighed and pushed a wisp of white hair back behind her ear. The pictures on the mantelpiece were her only companions now, and she treasured them like nothing else. A few Christmas cards kept them company, but as the years went by they were fewer and fewer. No, she'd never get used to it ... but she didn't want to go into a retirement home, not yet. This house was her home, she thought fiercely as she walked unsteadily towards an old threadbare armchair and sat down next to the fire.



B

Hannah glanced anxiously at her watch. It was 11.54 p.m. and the night train for Bangalore was leaving in six minutes. She peered along the dimly-lit platform, searching for a familiar figure in faded jeans carrying a well-worn rucksack. But the station was deserted, apart from a tired-looking porter shuffling around aimlessly and smoking a cigarette. She thought back to their conversation earlier that day, perhaps he'd been serious after all? They'd argued many times during their three-month trip and he'd often gone off on his own to 'cool off'. But then he'd always turn up later and they'd sort out their differences. Hannah fingered her ticket nervously. She didn't want to leave without Peter ...



C

‘What was that?’ whispered Jes, his eyes wide with fear. ‘Shhh,’ said Luis, slowly edging his way up the creaking stairs. ‘Probably just a rat.’ It had been Luis’s great idea to explore ‘Fletcher’s place’ as it was known, named after the eccentric old man who last lived there. It was the archetypal haunted house and had been deserted for years – nobody brave enough to buy it or even break into it, Luis had said. They’d been laughing about it just that afternoon and had speculated wildly about the supposed murder that happened years before. School was out and they were both in high spirits, so when Luis suggested a midnight raid, he’d readily agreed. Now, faced with the grim reality of a creepy, damp house, Jes was having second thoughts. ‘Was there really a murder here?’, he thought desperately.

