

Wednesday 15th December 2019



Learning challenge: To write with purpose in context of a dual narrative.

Success criteria: I can include:

	Pupil	Teacher
first person narrative throughout showing a change of character.		
cohesive paragraphs with topic sentences.		
a variety of sentence structures.		
interesting sentence openers.		

Wishing that Christmas wouldn't be so far away, I leaned against the sofa bored and sad. Out of the ~~corner~~ corner of my eye, I spotted my shiny, black telescope from last Christmas. Wandering over, I spied the moon above the trees and houses. As I curiously zoomed in for a closer look, something in a dark crater flashed. Peering over the telescope, I wondered, "What could that be?" I zoomed in even closer, and a little, red jewel-like object popped into ~~view~~ view. Gasping, I fumbled with the telescope to zoom in yet again. My mouth fell open at what I saw. I was utterly, completely shocked. That little red object was a house! And there was an old man lumbering out of it! His eyes were glazed over as he stared back at Earth and I waved frantically. Despite my efforts the man turned away.

Loneliness. It's the only emotion that I know, stuck in my old, make-shift lodge, watching years roll by like tumble-weed across the savanna. I know it's stupid and crazy but I feel like down there, somewhere there's a person watching me. I can even imagine an eye peering through a telescope to look at me. My thoughts drifted away as I sipped my now cold cup of dusty tea. As much as I liked it or not, I'm stuck in a world of no return. ✓

All of the next day I couldn't get him out of my head. I was overflowing with questions and hoping there was a way to find the answers. Throughout all the lessons at school, my mind kept drifting away, even when someone was trying to talk to me, and I was really struggling to concentrate. As I sped home, I imagined the lonely figure all alone, no-one to talk to. I ~~knew~~ knew he would probably be very sad. I arrived home when it was dark, and it was toast for dinner. The ~~telescope~~ telescope couldn't wait though, so I grabbed my toast and peered through the telescope, searching for any sign of him. Then there he was, ~~strolling~~ strolling up the side of the crater, towards what looked like a small, grey, stone and wood bench.

Stuck in my monochrome prison, I trekked away from my rickety shed of a house on my routine walk. Moon dust kicking up into my eyes! Trudged along, my feet imprinting the ever lasting marks I'd made years before, from wandering out of my barren crater while pondering what could be happening on the planet I once called home. This cage could never be like it. No children, no people, no noise. How much I miss the sounds, the school bell ringing, children playing, not even the sound of a scooter whizzing by. None of it. Just the unbearable silence of vast grey expanses of nothingness...

I was ~~dr~~ driven home from school on ~~fr~~ Fridays and the moon was right above our house. I ~~whizzed~~ whizzed up the stairs and into my room, where I made a letter for him, then rushed back outside and climbed the highest ladder we had. I then threw it in the ~~air~~ air towards the moon, but it ~~just~~ just floated back down to the ground. So I opened it ~~again~~ again and wrapped it around an arrow, then fired it in the air, but it shot back to the ground too. I almost gave up, but then another idea came to me. I would make it into a paper plane! But that didn't work either. I went home feeling terrible.

I stared away into the endless abyss of twinkling stars and golden dust trails as if playfully stitched by a child in the velvety blackness. Just seeing the beautiful blue planet makes my heart race or skip a beat. As excited as I am to see Earth, it makes my blood boil with the idea that I'll never ~~get~~ get back.

Christmas! It's finally here! All my friends came over ~~to~~ on Saturday and we had a great time, but the man never left my mind, no matter what. When they left, I opened the last present, and guess what it was? Another ~~telescope~~ telescope! Only this one didn't have a stand. Then I thought of the man and how sad he looked. It was Christmas! And the poor man had no-one to celebrate with and no presents to open. He also seemed to like watching Earth, and probably ~~was~~ wanted to see it up close. Thinking of this, something clicked in my mind. If he wanted to see it up close, he would need a telescope! ~~She~~ already had one, so ~~she~~ ~~go~~ could give it to him! I quickly ~~put~~ put it

back in its box and wrapped it up, but then a thought struck me. *How would I get it up there? I thought for a moment, panicking, but then I thought of ~~how~~ how many helium-filled balloons that ~~would~~ float up we had. I went around the house ~~collecting~~ collecting them, then taped them onto the telescope. After that I ~~releasing~~ released it out of my window, relieved that it could still float.

I sat down on my hand-carried bench, finally letting the tides of doubt care in on me, down me in the deeper depression and despair until I could cope no more, and hung my head down low. I was alone and nothing could change that. I started to gently close my eyes, but something caught my attention. I blinked my eyes open. In front of me was a shiny red foil parcel floating mid-air by balloons. I smiled. It was the first time in years, feeling the warmth spread across my face until I smiled so wide it seemed impossible. I ditched the gift and carefully opened it. It was a telescope. Something I'd longed for and now finally had.

I watched it from upstairs until it was just a tiny speck ^{in front of} the moon, then dashed downstairs to see it through the telescope. I saw the man looking sadder than ever, sitting on his dusty bench. As the balloons reached the moon, they clipped the surface, bringing up clouds of dust. That made him look up, and as he looked more closely at it, an absolutely huge ~~and~~ smile spread across his face. He ~~was~~ caught it as it floated by, and carefully took the lid off the box, then smiled even more, and I ~~was~~ wasn't even sure that was possible! He excitedly pulled the telescope and focused on Earth, then zoomed in on my town, and then my house. I waved at him and this time, he waved back! I think we were both ~~overcome~~ ^{overcome} with joy, and I could just make out a tear of ~~happiness~~ ^{happiness} running down his face.

I delicately opened it up peering inside, there was a small toy, decorated in lights and baubles. My mind flooded with joy and happiness to see ~~some one~~ ^{some one} having fun. Suddenly, my eyes were drawn to one of the houses. That felt special and more important as I fiddled I saw a little girl waving back at me smiling brightly. I felt one single tear roll down my cheek, not of sadness or of anger but of happiness, and that is the only gift I'll ever need.