

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Letters or Email

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Begins with informal greeting
- Ends with informal ending
- Informal language appropriate for audience

Colchester High School  
Colchester  
Essex

1 July 2019

The Editor  
The Guardian

Dear Sir or Madam,

*First paragraph - a beginning that explains who you are and why you are writing.*

*Then after that a middle section giving detail and facts (this can be more than one paragraph).*

*Finally an end section that says what action you expect and when you expect to get a reply.*

Yours faithfully  
Sherlock Holmes

Your address (but you can make this up.) Use capital letters accurately

Add a date under your address

The address of the person you are writing to – again you can make up the address.

Salutation or greeting:

1) Dear Sir or Madam,  
If you do not know the name of the person you are writing to, use this. It is always advisable to try to find out a name.

2) Dear Mr Jenkins,  
If you know the name, use the title (Mr, Mrs, Miss or Ms, Dr, etc.) and the surname only. If you are writing to a woman and do not know if she uses Mrs or Miss, you can use Ms, which is for married and single women.

Ending a letter:

1) Yours Faithfully  
If you do not know the name of the person, end the letter this way.

2) Yours Sincerely  
If you know the name of the person, end the letter this way.

**Your signature**  
Sign your name, then print it underneath the signature.

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

Example of a letter:

Dear Mr Hopkins,

I am writing in response to the recent advertisement for the position of sales assistant that has become available in your shop. I would like to be considered for the position.

I am currently working in a local coffee shop, where I am responsible for the service and distribution of food and drink to customers. I am a key holder for the premises, and my daily duties include taking orders, dealing with customer queries and managing the till takings at the end of the working day. I work as part of a small team to ensure that the needs of the customers are met.

Before working in the coffee shop, I spent several years working as a sales assistant in a bookshop. In this role, I gained extensive experience of organisation, stocktaking and meeting specific requests for customer orders. In this full-time role, I developed interpersonal skills and confidence within customer service.

In addition to this I can offer competent skills with Microsoft Office software and I am currently completing an evening course in accounting. I have included details of my GCSE qualifications in my attached CV.

Thank for you taking the time to read my application; I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

Marisa Ahmed

(BBC Bitesize)

The opening paragraph outlines the purpose of the letter to the recipient. The writer then explains their previous experience in sales and refers to their qualifications to show that they are suitable. The closing paragraph refers back to the overall purpose, and assumes that the writer expects to hear from the recipient - this shows confidence.

Notice that formal language is used throughout.

For further help on letter writing –

<https://madameanglaise.wordpress.com/2018/05/03/gcse-english-language-writing-types-letters/>

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Diary entry / Blog / Journal

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Date
- Addressed to 'dear diary'
- Includes personal anecdotes (thoughts & feelings)
- Informal language (normally suits writer)

Thursday 14th June 1942

Dear diary,

Well this has been the most scariest day of my life! Luckily, I'm still here to tell the tale and hopefully shall be from now on.

At about half past eight this morning life was going as normal: well as in we were all creeping around in our stocking feet so the workers below couldn't hear us. Then it happened. The clank of footsteps could be heard coming up the stairs. I knew they'd reached the third step from the top - it creaked like grandmother's knees. Immediately we all stopped, stood still and held our breath. Mother went white as a sheet and made that face at me- like don't you dare make a sound! As if I would be so silly. This was our hiding place, our only chance of not being caught, our one secret that must never be told.

Date

Dear Diary

Informal language (normally suits the writer)

Includes personal anecdotes (thoughts and feelings)

Written in first person

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

Examples of a diary/journal entry:

**Friday, 14 September.** Steered this day and night west twenty leagues; reckoned somewhat less. The crew of the Nina stated that they had seen a grajao, and a tropic bird, or water-wagtail, which birds never go farther than twenty-five leagues from the land.

**Sunday, 16 September.** Sailed day and night, west thirty-nine leagues, and reckoned only thirty-six. Some clouds arose and it drizzled. The Admiral here says that from this time they experienced very pleasant weather, and that the mornings were most delightful, wanting nothing but the melody of the nightingales. He compares the weather to that of Andalusia in April. Here they began to meet with large patches of weeds very green, and which appeared to have been recently washed away from the land; on which account they all judged themselves to be near some island, though not a continent, according to the opinion of the Admiral, who says, "the continent we shall find further ahead."

from the journal of Columbus in his voyage of 1492.

Today is the first of August. It is hot, steamy and wet. It is raining. I am tempted to write a poem. But I remember what it said on one rejection slip: After a heavy rainfall, poems titled RAIN pour in from across the nation.

**Sylvia Plath** reminding herself not to write about the weather is also very relatable.

But of all things coming home from a holiday is undoubtedly the most damned. Never was there aimlessness, such depression. Can't read, write or think. There's no climax here. Comfort yes: but the coffee's not so good as I expected. And my brain is extinct – literally hasn't the power to lift a pen. What one must do is to set it – my machine I mean – in the rails and give it a push... It occurs to me that this state, my depressed state, is the state in which most people usually are.

**Virginia Woolf** perfectly captures the post-holiday blues in this diary excerpt from 1933

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Leaflet

### Features/conventions

- Written in third person
- Title
- Subheadings throughout
- Clear layout
- Images and captions
- Language suits genre/audience/purpose (eg could be emotive)
- Further information

**WE NEED YOUR HELP!**  
PLEASE DONATE YOUR  
UNWANTED CLOTHING  
SHOES & HANDBAGS

*Cancer Relief UK*  
help us to help others

Charity Registration No. 1122929

Cancer Relief UK is a registered charity committed to supporting and assisting people to help deal with various forms of cancer, we provide equipment and medication as well as grants to these people in an attempt to ease their suffering and hardship in the most difficult of times.

Could you please put your unwanted clothing, shoes, handbags and bags in the bag provided (any other bags can also be used) and leave outside your front door in full view of the road.  
SORRY WE CANNOT ACCEPT: wet/dirty, bedding, one's face, toys or books.  
If your bag hasn't been collected please call 0800 232 1820

**YOUR COLLECTION DAY IS: THURSDAY**

Our drivers will collect your bag between the hours of 8am and 4pm.

Thank you for your support! [www.cancerreliefuk.org](http://www.cancerreliefuk.org)  
Cancer Relief UK in partnership with Textiles Solutions Ltd

Written in third person

Title

Images and captions

Language suits genre/audience/purpose

Subheadings throughout

Clear layout (eg bullet points)

Further information



# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

Examples of leaflets:

## Vote Anna McMullen For Easton



**"As your councillor I will work tirelessly to promote local issues and stand up for what matters."**

## Vote Green This Thursday, 2 May

- Yes to clean streets, free from litter and dog mess
- Yes to new primary schools for Easton and Redfield
- Yes to cheaper and more reliable buses
- Yes to protecting our public services
- Yes to energy efficient homes
- Yes to helping local businesses grow
- Yes to more trees, green spaces and play areas



Someone to stand up for Easton, Whitehall and Redfield

## Viva!

# Meet LUCKY the lamb



Lucky is lucky to be alive. He survived birth in the bitter cold of early January when a million babies like him died of hypothermia. He was lucky he didn't end up alone, afraid and bewildered, in the orphan's market – sold for a few quid. But Lucky's luck won't last. Soon, he will be killed for a Sunday roast that no-one really needs.

[www.viva.org.uk/lambinglies](http://www.viva.org.uk/lambinglies)

### The Lies About Lambing

There is a side to sheep farming that the BBC's popular Lambing Live programme glosses over. It fails to mention that babies who should be born in Spring are now often delivered in mid-Winter – to steal a march on the Spring lamb market! It fails to explain the human manipulation that has brought this about and the mass deaths from hunger and hypothermia that result.

### Babies for sale

They ignore Viva's heart-rending, undercover footage of livestock markets such as Exeter – lambs separated from their mothers, shivering in the February cold, the mournful bleats of ewes calling for their babies and the strident call of lambs replying to mothers they will never see again.

### Mutilated

It would not suit the cosy image to show horrible mutilations that are routine for many British lambs – tails amputated with a knife, hot iron or a tight rubber ring, causing part of the tail to slowly die. Then there's castration. Much of it is done without anaesthetics! Slaughter? You don't want to know about that, believe us!

### Withdraw your Support

Each meat-eater in their lifetime will be responsible for the death of 23 lambs. Multiply that by an entire family... If this disturbs you, stop eating meat. Lambs are particularly cute but so are piglets and calves and chicks and they all suffer hugely before they end up on people's dinner plates. Go on, give it a go. You'll improve your health, help save the environment and remove yourself from this suffering. What's the downside? There isn't one – and we have a host of recipes to help you get started.

For your **FREE GO VEGGIE PACK** with delicious recipes call Viva! on 0117 944 1000 (10am-6pm, Mon-Fri). Email [info@viva.org.uk](mailto:info@viva.org.uk). Order online at [www.iametovivago.com](http://www.iametovivago.com) or send the coupon below to: Viva!, 6 York Court, Wilder Street, Bristol BS2 0JW.

Please send me a **FREE GO VEGGIE PACK**

Title: \_\_\_\_\_ First name: \_\_\_\_\_

Surname: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of birth (if under 18): \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

# Had a bump?

- Ice it and take painkillers
- See your pharmacist for advice on those smaller bumps and scrapes




**Good health is infectious - pass it on!**

## Look after yourself

For minor sprains, bumps, cuts, coughs and colds see your pharmacist or call NHS 111 for advice.

NHS West Suffolk Clinical Commissioning Group • NHS Ipswich and East Suffolk Clinical Commissioning Group • [www.nhs.uk](http://www.nhs.uk)

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Newspaper or Magazine article

### Features/conventions

- Written in third person
- Catchy headline (alliteration)
- Subheading
- Picture and caption
- Who, what, when, where, why
- Add quotes (from people)
- Formal language, include slang and puns (word play), use DAFOREST
- Language and register appropriate for audience

### Article Title

John Smith, University of California

Here is some sample text to show the initial in the introductory paragraph of this template article. The color and boldness of the initial can be modified in the preamble of this document.

#### Section 1

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#### Subsection 1

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Page 1 of 2

### The obesity map of England

Interactive graphic reveals the areas with the most overweight children – so how does YOUR region compare?

EXCLUSIVE: Interactive map reveals England's childhood growing obesity crisis and the north/ south divide

St Alban's has the lowest rates in the country while almost 1 in 2 children in London's boroughs are overweight

Expert calls for MPs to be weighed and says it is up to society rather than parents to tackle the epidemic

The regional divide in England's childhood obesity crisis has been revealed for the first time in an interactive map which shows the link between being overweight and living in poverty.

Boroughs of London where the wealthiest and the poorest sit side by side has featured in the top five worst places in the country for childhood obesity levels.

Outside of the capital, the map paints a stark picture of a country divided with swathes of the north suffering from high levels of obesity and lower incomes.

While the healthiest children in the country live in the well-heeled areas of Surrey and St Albans in Hertfordshire.

Brent in West London was named worst in the statistics, showing one in two 10-11 year olds in the area are classified as overweight while Barking and Dagenham came second with Westminster in fifth position. Wolverhampton and Sandwell in the Midlands were ranked third and fourth, respectively.

The stark regional divide in England's childhood obesity crisis has been revealed in an interactive map which shows the link between being overweight and poverty

Tam Fry, the chairman of the National Obesity Forum, said the map showed a clear north/ south divide. 'From the map you can see there is a distinct north/ south divide. The highest obesity rates predominantly are in the inner cities and rural areas with great levels of deprivation. 'Obesity is more prevalent in the northern areas. The north used to be the industrial hub of the UK but for the last 15-20 years the whole industry has changed.

Catchy headline (alliteration)

Subheading (+Picture and caption)

Who, what, when, where, why

Written in third person

Add quotes (from people)

Formal language, include slang and puns (word play) DAFOREST

Language and register appropriate for audience

(DAFOREST = Direct address, Facts, Opinions, Rhetoric devices, emotive language, statistics, triples etc)

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

Examples of a newspaper article (The Guardian):

## **Female knife possession crimes in England rise by 73%**

More than 5,800 knife crimes involving women and girls recorded in 2014-18

Police have recorded a surge in knife possession offences involving women and girls in England, as calls grow for a rethink on tackling the knife problem.

There were 1,509 offences recorded in 2018, a 73% increase from 2014, according to data obtained by the BBC through freedom of information requests.

The figures for England show there were more than 5,800 recorded knife possession crimes involving women and girls between 2014 and 2018.

On Wednesday six young people who have experienced the effects of violent crime delivered a letter to Downing Street signed by more than 100 other young people.

The letter contained a 12-point manifesto including calls to tackle what the group believe are some of the underlying causes of violent crime, such as a lack of housing, youth services and jobs. They also called for more community police officers to build relationships in neighbourhoods.

Police recorded more than 43,000 incidents involving knives or sharp objects in the year to March, according to figures published by the Office for National Statistics in July.

The then home secretary, Sajid Javid, introduced a public health duty covering police, local councils, local health bodies such as NHS trusts, education representatives and youth offending services. His successor, Priti Patel, has pledged to make criminals "literally feel terror".

The Home Office said it was investing more than £220m in projects that "steer young people away from crime".

The Metropolitan police in London recorded a 52% increase in female knife offences over five years, with a total of 916 between 2014 and 2018.

In the same period, Merseyside police experienced a 54% rise, totalling 499 offences, while offences in Greater Manchester doubled, with 95 recorded last year.

South Yorkshire recorded an 82% rise over five years, with 248 offences involving women or girls.



# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Opinion article

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Heading & Subheadings
- Firm one sided (argument)
- Personal anecdotes included
- Rhetorical language included
- Sizeable paragraphs
- Formal, appropriate language – tone/your voice is very important!

**Today's Exhausted Superkids**

There are several passages in the new book "Overloaded and Underprepared" that fill me with sadness for American high school students, the most driven of whom are forever in search of a competitive edge. Some use stimulants like Adderall. Some cheat.

But the part of the book that somehow got to me most was about sleep.

It's a prerequisite for healthy growth. It's a linchpin of sanity. Before adulthood, a baseline amount is fundamental and non-negotiable, or should be.

But many teenagers today are so hyped up and stressed out that they're getting only a fraction of the rest they need. The book mentions a high school in Silicon Valley that brought in outside sleep experts, created a kind of sleep curriculum and trained students as "sleep ambassadors," all to promote shut-eye.

The school even held a contest that asked students for sleep slogans. The winner: "Life is lousy when you're drowsy."

Sleep ambassadors? Sleep rhymes? Back when I was in high school in the 1980s, in a setting considered intense in its day, the most common sleep problem among my peers was getting too much of it and not waking up in time for class.

Now the concern isn't how to rouse teens but how to lull them. And that says everything about the way childhood has been transformed — at least among an ambitious, privileged subset of Americans — into an insanely programmed, status-obsessed and sometimes spirit-sapping race.

Heading & Subheadings

Firm one sided (argument)

Formal, appropriate language

Sizeable paragraphs

Rhetorical language included

Written in first person  
Personal anecdotes included

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Jeremy Clarkson on teaching kids to drive

Ooh, I'm feeling pleased this morning. Pleased and a bit smug. So smug, in fact, that I'm going to begin this column with the traditional snort of a victor; a simple 'ha'.

You see, when I went to junior school, I learned all about rivers and how to spell 'paraphernalia'. It seems things have changed. In her first six years of schooling, my daughter has learned that trees are a girl's best friend and that the Brazilian rain forest is being murdered by McDonald's. At one stage, a year ago, it would have been easier to get her to eat a dog turd than a Big Mac. She also knows that baby seals are slaughtered for fun and, while she doesn't know her six times table or the capital of France, she can give you chapter and verse on every single ingredient in a packet of cigarettes and exactly how each one will rip the very fabric from her tender nine-year-old lungs.

At this age, a child has a quest for knowledge that will never be matched in adult life. They will absorb information like a sponge, but so far as I can see, these days, the only information they're actually given is eco claptrap.

And it's not just school, either. When I turned on the television 35 years ago, I had Valerie Singleton showing me how to make a robot from cereal packets, or the national anthem. Today, children have subliminal environmental cries for help in every single pop video and cartoon.

As a result, my daughter knows for a fact that global warming is caused by man. Which, when you think about it, is pretty clever, since some of the best brains in the scientific world aren't so sure. She also knows that there are no fish in the sea, that all coral reefs have been killed by jet skis and that if she eats food made from GM crops, she'll grow another eye.

Then there's Africa. Oh, my God. Given half a chance, she would have the entire population from western Sudan in her bedroom, and her views on the evil Swiss drug companies that won't give away medicine to the needy of Zimbabwe are astonishingly uncompromising. In essence, she wants heads, on spikes, in the garden.

Needless to say, it's been thoroughly drummed into her tiny head that the car is a particular menace. The class all sits around making up songs about their awfulness, and there are plays at the end of every term in which motorists are pilloried for killing not just thousands of children, but the whole planet too.

So you'd imagine that when I suggested we cycle into town yesterday, she'd have jumped at the chance. "Oh yes, Daddy, and we can go to the organic farm shop while we're there and buy some fair trade parsnip crisps".

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Speech

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Begins with formal greeting
- Rhetorical devices throughout
- Language appropriate for audience
- Memorable last line/ending

#### "Make Good Art" by Neil Gaiman

##### Background

This speech was delivered as the keynote address for the May 17, 2012 commencement ceremony at The University of the Arts.

##### Speech Transcript

I never really expected to find myself giving advice to people graduating from an establishment of higher education. I never graduated from any such establishment. I never even started at one. I escaped from school as soon as I could, when the prospect of four more years of enforced learning before I'd become the writer I wanted to be was stifling.

I got out into the world, I wrote, and I became a better writer the more I wrote, and I wrote some more, and nobody ever seemed to mind that I was making it up as I went along, they just read what I wrote and they paid for it, or they didn't, and often they commissioned me to write something else for them.

Which has left me with a healthy respect and fondness for higher education that those of my friends and family, who attended Universities, were cured of long ago.

Looking back, I've had a remarkable ride. I'm not sure I can call it a career, because a career implies that I had some kind of career plan, and I never did. The nearest thing I had was a list I made when I was 15 of everything I wanted to do: to write an adult novel, a children's book, a comic, a movie, record an audiobook, write an episode of *Doctor Who*... and so on. I didn't have a career. I just did the next thing on the list.

So I thought I'd tell you everything I wish I'd known starting out, and a few things that, looking back on it, I suppose that I did know. And that I would also give you the best piece of advice I'd ever got, which I completely failed to follow.

**First of all:** When you start out on a career in the arts you have no idea what you are doing.

- Written in first person
- Begins with formal greeting
- Rhetorical devices throughout
- Language appropriate for audience
- Memorable last line/ending

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## “What Matters More Than Your Talents” by Jeff Bezos

### Background

This speech was originally delivered as the baccalaureate remarks to graduates from Princeton University on May 30, 2010.

### Speech Transcript

As a kid, I spent my summers with my grandparents on their ranch in Texas. I helped fix windmills, vaccinate cattle, and do other chores. We also watched soap operas every afternoon, especially “Days of our Lives.” My grandparents belonged to a Caravan Club, a group of Airstream trailer owners who travel together around the U.S. and Canada. And every few summers, we’d join the caravan. We’d hitch up the Airstream trailer to my grandfather’s car, and off we’d go, in a line with 300 other Airstream adventurers. I loved and worshipped my grandparents and I really looked forward to these trips. On one particular trip, I was about 10 years old. I was rolling around in the big bench seat in the back of the car. My grandfather was driving. And my grandmother had the passenger seat. She smoked throughout these trips, and I hated the smell.

At that age, I’d take any excuse to make estimates and do minor arithmetic. I’d calculate our gas mileage — figure out useless statistics on things like grocery spending. I’d been hearing an ad campaign about smoking. I can’t remember the details, but basically the ad said, every puff of a cigarette takes some number of minutes off of your life: I think it might have been two minutes per puff. At any rate, I decided to do the math for my grandmother. I estimated the number of cigarettes per days, estimated the number of puffs per cigarette and so on. When I was satisfied that I’d come up with a reasonable number, I poked my head into the front of the car, tapped my grandmother on the shoulder, and proudly proclaimed, “At two minutes per puff, you’ve taken nine years off your life!”

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Autobiography

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Usually an extract of a larger piece
- Anecdotes throughout
- Past tense
- Personal and informal language

#### **'I wanted everything' – read an exclusive extract from Michelle Obama's memoir, *Becoming***

Which is to say that at the start of 1993, Barack flew to Bali and spent about five weeks living alone with his thoughts while working on a draft of his book *Dreams from My Father*, filling yellow legal pads with his fastidious handwriting, distilling his ideas during languid daily walks amid the coconut palms and lapping tide. I, meanwhile, stayed home on Euclid Avenue, living upstairs from my mother, Marian, as another leaden Chicago winter descended, shellacking the trees and sidewalks with ice. I kept myself busy, seeing friends and hitting workout classes in the evenings. In my regular interactions at work or around town, I'd find myself casually uttering this strange new term – "my husband". My husband and I are hoping to buy a home. My husband is a writer finishing a book. It was foreign and delightful and conjured memories of a man who simply wasn't there. I missed Barack terribly, but I rationalized our situation as I could, understanding that even if we were newlyweds, this interlude was probably for the best.

He had taken the chaos of his unfinished book and shipped himself out to do battle with it. Possibly this was out of kindness to me, a bid to keep the chaos out of my view. I'd married an outside-the-box thinker, I had to remind myself. He was handling his business in what struck him as the most sensible and efficient manner, even if outwardly it appeared to be a beach vacation – a honeymoon with himself (I couldn't help but think in my lonelier moments) to follow his honeymoon with me.

- Written in first person
- Usually an extract of a larger piece
- Anecdotes throughout
- Past tense
- Personal and informal language

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Extract from *A Life in Football: My Autobiography* by Ian Wright

Getting the call that told me 'You're in the England squad' was surreal. Five years previously I'd been playing Sunday morning football and going to work every day. Now I was being considered as one of the best couple of dozen English players. Yes, I was scoring goals at a regular rate for Palace, but getting asked to represent your country is the pinnacle – it's every footballer's dream. After a player gets that call, he'll be sent a letter confirming it, which is when it really hits home, because then you get to see all the other players in the squad written down. Shilton . . . Lineker . . . Barnes . . . Waddle . . . Everybody was there on that list, and although I knew those guys would be in the squad, I could hardly believe my name was in there too. Why I didn't keep that piece of paper is beyond me.

It was for a friendly against Hungary in September 1990 and the England camp was at Burnham Beeches in Buckinghamshire. After dinner on the first day, we had to go and get the training kit. I went straight back to my room with mine and tried it on! I remember just walking about in the room wearing it and looking in the mirror.

Of course, I didn't sleep properly that night because I couldn't wait for the next morning and going out for training. Breakfast couldn't come quick enough. The warm up couldn't come quick enough. Everything couldn't come quick enough.

Then there I was, running alongside Gary Lineker and John Barnes, watching people like that in training – I was part of the England set up! The only cloud in that sky was Steve McMahon: he was really horrible to me on that first day. I was really nervous taking part in training, because even though I had been picked for an England squad I was still not far away from feeling that I was not going to be good enough in any situation, and he went out of his way to be nasty.



# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Review

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Title
- Details of (subject) being reviewed
- Details of actors/author/performer
- Opinion explained
- Usually a star rating or out of “10”

#### Toy Story 4 review - a franchise still very much alive



- Title
- Usually a star rating or out of “10”

Things pick up when Bonnie makes a new friend – literally. Fashioned from a disposable food utensil and some pipe cleaners, Forky (voiced with nervous gusto by Tony Hale) raises existential questions about the toys’ consciousness that I had previously brushed aside under the umbrella of “imagination”. Made from bits and bobs (rather than fashioned in a factory), Forky thinks he’s “trash”, and wants nothing more than to escape to the safe oblivion of the waste bin. Like the doomed Magrathean sperm whale conjured up by the infinite improbability drive in *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*, he has been granted the absurdist gift of life, whether he likes it or not.

However, it’s not until that hoariest of narrative devices – the “family road trip” – brings Woody into contact with an old acquaintance that Toy Story 4 really finds its spark of life. Part of a bedside lamp that previously graced Andy’s sister’s bedroom, Bo Peep was an incidental character who became an absence after being given away to a new owner, foreshadowing the fate of more familiar players. Now she’s back, having reinvented herself as an ass-kicking renegade, striking out with a ragtag band of lost toys. With her return, Toy Story 4 finds its mojo, and discovers the secret of its own existence...

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# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Teenage books round-up – review

An aspiring rapper's struggle and a tale of witchcraft and misogyny are among this month's YA standouts

The Hate U Give made a YA superstar of Angie Thomas, but just how do you follow a bestselling debut that has already been made into a movie? In *On the Come Up* (Walker) 16-year-old Brianna longs to become a famous rapper but finds herself stymied by poverty, a troubled reputation at school and, after her song goes viral, media prejudice about who she really is. There is no second-book syndrome here. Unflinching, honest and brimming with humanity, Thomas writes with confidence and conviction about kids seldom seen in literature. In a book that is all about finding your voice and the power of words, Bri's frustrated, angry lyrics are pure magic.

Another author following a feted debut is Muhammad Khan, whose excellent *I Am Thunder* introduced him as an exhilarating new talent. *Kick the Moon* (Macmillan) sees Ilyas Mian navigate the pressures of contemporary teenage life, from family and religion to toxic masculinity, racism and revenge porn. Gritty stuff, certainly, thick with moral dilemmas, but Khan's empathy and wry humour, accentuated by a deft use of slang, make this authentic and relatable.

For younger teenagers, Holly Smale, author of the hugely popular *Geek Girl* series, is back with *The Valentines: Happy Girl Lucky* (HarperCollins). The youngest of three Valentine sisters, Hope may be born into a famous dynasty of movie stars, but her life is something of a gilded cage. The title and jacket design may suggest a bubblegum beach read, but while Smale's warmth and comedy are very much in evidence, so are her smarts, as she casts a wise eye over modern culture and the pursuit of perfection, delivered with an uplifting feminist message.

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Travel Writing

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person
- Title
- Anecdote to introduce feeling, tone point of trip
- Comment on Where, What and Why
- Have a narrative thread running through the piece linking beginning to end
- Quotes from people you met (identify them, who are they, where did you meet them)
- Avoid clichés (bustling markets)
- Focus on telling the reader something about the place

#### Michael Palin, *Around the World in 80 Days*

Day 29: 23 October Another Sunday, and into my fifth week away. At this moment home seems very far off and the prospect of seeing family and friends again in fifty days utterly remote. But at least we are moving east, and there is daylight through the shutters. There's also an insistent pounding on the door. I open it and find a small, grubby bearded man standing there looking - disgruntled. He demands to know what I want for lunch:

'Chicken biryani very nice,' he proposes briskly, and when I don't show instant enthusiasm (it is seven o'clock in the morning) he looks irritated. 'Egg curry, Western style, very nice.'

An order for several biryanis, accompanied by payment, is all that will get rid of him, and I hear him go on to the next compartment. He knocks at this door persistently for at least fifteen minutes, too afraid to open it, too dogged to give up.

Not wanting to wake the rest of the compartment, I visit the Western-style latrine, then consult the two railway officials sitting in the corridor as to our whereabouts. Guntakal Junction is the next stop. How long would that be?

'Fourteen minutes,' says one, very positively.

'Half an hour,' pronounces the other authoritatively.

We pull into Guntakal Junction forty-five minutes later. When I next look, both men are gone.

Outside there are rain clouds in the skies. A boy waves at the train, further on an older man pulls his trousers up after depositing another load of what is poetically known as night soil.

The bird life is rich and I wish I knew what they all were. Egrets perch on bullocks and the rest pose on the telegraph lines as if in an ID parade - parrots, hooded crows, shrike, kite, humming birds. Some of the bullocks' horns have been painted bright blues and reds. Pride of ownership, I'm told. Like putting 'Les and Christine' across your car windscreen. There are no tractors in the fields, not even a bicycle.

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# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## **The Lost Continent by Bill Bryson**

### **Chapter One**

I come from Des Moines. Somebody had to. When you come from Des Moines you either accept the fact without question and settle down with a local girl named Bobbi and get a job at the Firestone factory and live there forever and ever, or you spend your adolescence moaning at length about what a dump it is and how you can't wait to get out, and then you settle down with a local girl named Bobbi and get a job at the Firestone factory and live there forever and ever.

Hardly anyone ever leaves. This is because Des Moines is the most powerful hypnotic known to man. Outside town there is a big sign that says, WELCOME TO DES MOINES. THIS IS WHAT DEATH IS LIKE. There isn't really. I just made that up. But the place does get a grip on you. People who have nothing to do with Des Moines drive in off the interstate, looking for gas or hamburgers, and stay forever. There's a New Jersey couple up the street from my parents' house whom you see wandering around from time to time looking faintly puzzled but strangely serene. Everybody in Des Moines is strangely serene.

The only person I ever knew in Des Moines who wasn't serene was Mr. Piper. Mr. Piper was my parents' neighbor, a leering, cherry-faced idiot who was forever getting drunk and crashing his car into telephone poles. Everywhere you went you encountered telephone poles and road signs leaning dangerously in testimony to Mr. Piper's driving habits. He distributed them all over the west side of town rather in the way dogs mark trees. Mr. Piper was the nearest possible human equivalent to Fred Flintstone, but less charming. He was a Shriner and a Republican -- a Nixon Republican -- and he appeared to feel he had a mission in life to spread offense. His favorite pastime, apart from getting drunk and crashing his car, was to get drunk and insult the neighbors, particularly us because we were Democrats, though he was prepared to insult Republicans when we weren't available.

Eventually, I grew up and moved to England. This irritated Mr. Piper almost beyond measure. It was worse than being a Democrat. Whenever I was in town, Mr. Piper would come over and chide me. "I don't know what you're doing over there with all those Limeys," he would say provocatively. "They're not clean people."

"Mr. Piper, you don't know what you're talking about," I would reply in my affected British accent. "You are a cretin." You could talk like that to Mr. Piper because (1) he was a cretin and (2) he never listened to anything that was said to him.

# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Monologues

### Features/conventions

- Written in first person - 'I' stands as a persona
- Can be unreliable
- Talks directly to an audience/has an audience
- (can be) Conversational/Casual tone
- Subject (can be) often serious
- Colloquial language (eg "you see", "well...")
- Often focused on a critical point of their life
- Often used to explain or justify actions
- Could focus on a discovery of own personality; allows the speaker to have control over events
- Is used to look at the human condition

*Monologue, in literature and drama, an extended speech by one person.*  
*A dramatic monologue is any speech of some duration addressed by a character to a second person.*  
*A soliloquy is a type of monologue in which a character directly addresses an audience or speaks his thoughts aloud while alone or while the other actors keep silent. In fictional literature, an interior monologue is a type of monologue that exhibits the thoughts, feelings, and associations passing through a character's mind.*

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Talks directly to an audience/has an audience</li> <li>▪ (can be) Conversational/Casual tone</li> <li>▪ Colloquial language (eg. "you see", "well...")</li> </ul> | <p>Freaky Friday: Anna (as her mother Tess)</p> <p>Uh, hi. Um, I, I guess I'm gonna start the toasts. So, three years ago, we had a really bad thing happen in our family. We lost a father and a husband, and I didn't think we'd ever be able to get over it. But then... this guy next to me came into the picture. And everybody could see I was happy again. I was singing in the shower again. Not well, I might add. But I was still really worried about my kids, Anna and Harry. Whether they'd be able to accept a new man in their life. And now I know how Anna feels. And, and what she feels is that...no one could ever take the place of her dad...because he was a really, really great dad. But somebody could be part of a new family. Its own kind of cool, new, little unit. And that for someone as special as Ryan, that we would all just make a little room. Anna really wanted her mom to know that.</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Can be unreliable</li> <li>▪ Written in first person - 'I' stands as a persona</li> <li>▪ Often focused on a critical point of their life</li> <li>▪ Subject (can be) often serious</li> <li>▪ Often used to explain or justify actions</li> <li>▪ Could focus on a discovery of own personality; allows the speaker to have control over events</li> <li>▪ Is used to look at the human condition</li> </ul> |
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# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## **Dead Poets Society: Mr. Keating**

In my class, you will learn to think for yourselves again. You will learn to savor words and languages. No matter what anybody tells you, words and ideas can change the world. I see that look in Mr Pitts' eyes like 19th century literature has nothing to do with going to business school or medical school, right? Maybe. You may agree and think yes, we should study our Mr. Pritcher and learn our rhyme and meter and go quietly about the business of achieving other ambitions. Well, I have a secret for you. Huddle Up...Huddle UP! We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, law, business these are all noble pursuits necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, and love; these are what we stay alive for. To quote from Whitman "Oh me, Oh life of the question of these recurring. of the endless trains of the faithless of cities filled with the foolish. What good amid these? Oh me, Oh life." "Answer...that you are here and life exists....You are here. Life exists, and identity. The powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse." The powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. What will your verse be?

## **Wonderful Life: George Baily**

Just remember this, Mr. Potter, that this rabble you're talking about, they do most of the working and paying and living and dying in this community. Well, is it too much to have them work and pay and live and die in a couple of decent rooms and a bath? Anyway, my father didn't think so. People were human beings to him, but to you, a warped, frustrated old man, they're cattle. Well, in my book he died a much richer man than you'll ever be... I know very well what you're talking about. You're talking about something you can't get your fingers on, and it's galling you. That's what you're talking about, I know. Well...I've said too much. I -- You're the Board here. You do what you want with this thing. There's just one thing more, though. This town needs this measly one-horse institution if only to have some place where people can come without crawling to Potter"



# TEMPLATE BOOKLET

## Presentation (PPT or spoken)

### Features/conventions

- Written (usually) in first person
- Use Standard English (not slang)
- Express interesting and thought provoking ideas using effective words
- Do not include lots of animations/images
- Use an appropriate size clear font
- Keep ideas short and brief (on slides)- no more than 5 short bullet points
- if spoken: You need to present loudly, clearly and enthusiastically.
- Listen to and respond to questions convincingly
- Do not simply read off PPT – it should work as a prompt, not your script

