

Mysterious Mysteries of a Mysterious Nature

Chapter 1 – The Mysterious Mystery

He looked down to see a blade burst through his chest. Probably an 18-inch knife of some description, he thought. The blade twirled about his chest in some sort of bloody dance. Bemused, he mimicked the movement of the blade with his finger. "What the...?" asked a voice from behind him. He sounded about twenty, slightly worried and with a rasping noise in the back of his throat. Suddenly, James realised something.

Surely being stabbed in the chest with a knife usually made one far deader than he was now? He turned around, pulling the knife out of his would-be murderer's hands. He could see his face clearly now. The man was defiantly no older than 25, and had a scar across his face running from his right eye to the corner of his mouth. "Where'd you get a nasty scar like that from?" he asked. "Oh, do excuse me. How frightfully rude of me." He berated himself for speaking before he'd thought about it.

"The hell's wrong with you? You think I looks weird? You look like a right faggot." Faggot? What a peculiar man, thought James.

"Good sir, why did you call me a faggot? I'm clearly not a filthy homosexual."

"...the hell?" The strange man turned around and ran off. This gave James a chance to look around. He seemed to be in an alley of some sort. This was definitely not the opera. Where was that most marvellous singing that just seconds earlier had filled his ears? The only things he could hear now were a dog barking and what seemed like growling. He wandered down the alleyway, which was filled with all sorts of detritus. Posters displaying coloured images of people holding oddly shaped bits of wood, as well as boxes of all shapes and sizes. One clearly once held a 'television', which looked to be a rectangle with a picture on it. ✓

As he stepped out of the alley, he came across ^{the} a most strange of sights. As far as he could see, both left and right, were roads. Instead of horses and such, however, these roads were filled with strange metal boxes. Some looked somewhat like carts, but they were moving without horses. They also seemed to be where the growling was coming from. He wandered up to one and pressed his ear against the front. There was defiantly something in there. An animal, perhaps? Well, James Worrington had quite an interest in animals, and without hesitation used the knife that had moments before been poking out of him and pried open this 'lid'. Inside was another metal box, surrounded with strange contraptions of all shapes and sizes. It was still growling, so it must have been where the animal is kept. He tried to open the cage with his knife.

definitely
sp
prised

Suddenly, he felt someone grab his collar and pull him backwards as someone punched him square across the jaw.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing to my car, mate? Are you spastic or something?" shouted the attacker.

"Please, sir. Don't use such vulgar language. There could be women present."

As his vision cleared, he noticed this brute wasn't a man at all, but a woman. ✓

"You're wasted mate. Go get help." She kicked him square in the genitals before walking off and laughing. As he struggled to his feet, he noticed a newspaper on the floor. The headline mentioned something called a 'Large Hadron Collider', whatever that meant, but it was the date he was more interested in. **January 8th, 2005**. What an odd typo, he thought. Regaining his footing, he walked to the closest person he could see.

"Excuse me. I was wondering what..." he stopped mid-sentence. He looked at the woman in front of him. Her skin was dark black and her trousers went all the way up to her knees. He looked around and saw a police officer behind him, wearing a strange, bright yellow jacket. "Oh thank goodness officer. This negro seems to have escaped." The policeman simply stared at him.

"Would you mind coming with me?" Thank goodness, thought James. We can't have these filthy degenerates wandering our streets, flashing themselves. "Come on sir. I don't have all day." Sir?

"Officer, this is a woman, although I can see why you'd have trouble. They do all look the same."

"I meant you sir. I hear you damaged someone's car, and now you're spouting racist obscenities. And whose blood is that?"

"Oh. That's mine. Some ruffian stabbed me with this." He lifted up the knife.

"That's a lot of blood. We'd better take you to the hospital first."

"Yes. I am feeling rather light-headed. Oh, and that reminds me. I saw a newspaper with a terrible misprint, saying it was 2005. Were you aware?"

"It is 2005, you muppet."

That couldn't be right. It was **December 15th, 1788**. James 25th birthday.

(827 words)

This is extremely unidentical, with some very witty touches. The punctuation is unexpected. The dialogue is well-written and perfectly suited to the purpose.

Name: Ben Goldsworthy

Form:

Writing Criteria: (a = always, b = often, c = sometimes)

Level 5

- You use different sentence structures including simple and complex sentences.
- You use a range of punctuation including punctuating speech and using commas, apostrophes and inverted commas.
- You choose vocabulary that is imaginative and words are used precisely and appropriately for narrative writing.

Level 6

- You can adapt your style according to their purpose and reader in terms of narrative writing.
- You can use a range of sentences to create particular effects.
- You can use a range of punctuation to clarify meaning and for effect.
- You use varied vocabulary for descriptive effects.

Level 7

- You confidently adapt style for each form as appropriate for your reader and purpose, and for narrative writing.
- You can use a range of grammatical features for effect.
- You can use a range of punctuation for effect and to sequence ideas coherently.
- You use a wide, sophisticated vocabulary to advance particular narrative effects.

Target Codes:

Level 5-6

Writing Focus 1 (5-6 WF1)

You need to keep the reader's interest throughout, perhaps by using more figurative or stylish language.

Writing Focus 2 (5-6 WF2)

Your writing needs to sustain a style appropriate to a social networking profile throughout

Writing Focus 3 (5-6 WF3)

You need to always use effective links between paragraphs.

Writing Focus 4 (5-6 WF4)

You need to use a variety of linking devices within your paragraphs.

Writing Focus 5 (5-6 WF5)

You need to choose from a variety of sentence types for a particular effect as well as make a choice of tense and verbs.

Writing Focus 6 (5-6 WF6)

You need to use the full range of punctuation marks correctly.

Writing Focus 7 (5-6 WF7)

You need to use well chosen words to create particular effects.

Writing Focus 8 (5-6 WF8)

Your spelling needs to be accurate, except for unusual words.

Level 6-7

Writing Focus 1 (6-7 WF1)

Your writing needs to read very well. It needs to be consciously crafted with a strong individual style.

Writing Focus 2 (6-7 WF2)

You need to write more skilfully, sustaining an appropriate style throughout.

Writing Focus 3 (6-7 WF3)

Your writing needs to be consciously shaped and controlled to meet the demands of the task.

Writing Focus 4 (6-7 WF4)

You need to always choose effective linking devices within your paragraphs.

Writing Focus 5 (6-7 WF5)

You need to use complex verb forms.
You need to consciously use a wide range of sentence structures.

Writing Focus 6 (6-7 WF6)

You need to use punctuation to clarify meaning and create effects for the reader.

Writing Focus 7 (6-7 WF7)

You need to deliberately choose adventurous and sophisticated vocabulary.

Writing Focus 8 (6-7 WF8)

You need to rarely make any spelling mistakes.

Take care to check spelling

Date	Year 9 Unit 1 Curious Incident – Writing task	Targets	Effort	Attainment	Merits
Dec 09	Murder mystery - opening page Context: opening page of a murder mystery Audience: young adults Purpose: to imagine, narrate and describe	7c	+	7a	4

An extremely inventive approach to the question, with some fine comic touches.