

SECTION B: Imaginative Writing

Answer ONE question. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write your answer in the space provided.

EITHER

*5 Look at the images provided.

Write about a time when you, or someone you know, had to work hard on something.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

**Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

OR

*6 Write about a time when you, or someone you know, did something without thinking it through.

Your response could be real or imagined.

**Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

1: New flute piece

2: Trying, working all day
but nothing's working

3: Concert next week and
getting more agitated

4: Meet a famous player
taught me better way
to play

5: concert goes well

~~6: end~~



Swan lake. My new challenge that I had to accomplish in 2 weeks before my concert. It was a piece everyone knew for its gracefulness, its gentleness but most importantly the sense of passion behind the notes played being played. That was what I didn't have - a sense of passion that set me unique from any other flutist. I needed the notes to sing rather than to be played, and I needed ^{my fingers to glide over} the keys to glide rather than ~~try~~ for them to simply move. But But how?

I had been playing for 6 years and was just about to complete my grade 8 exam. But somehow, despite all my supposed experience, I simply didn't sound as good as I knew I should. That night I practiced for 1 hour, trying to make the notes echo through the entire house, but instead all I heard was a quiet, muffled ^{indefinable} sound. The next night 2 hours - the same. The next night 3, and so it went on, my sound playing seeming to be going getting worse.



~~falling down~~ ^{falling down} ~~a spiral of stairs~~ ^{instead of} rather than jumping and managing to fly.

Just 1 week to go and still no improvement. I had attempted everything imaginable to ~~watched~~ ~~the movie~~, listened practice but nothing seemed to help. I could even see my teacher's everlasting smile beginning to fade. All my confidence and excitement to play began to become ~~clouded~~ ^{distant} and ^{seem} dull. ~~Only~~ All hope was lost.

The next day, I stumbled into school, completely disinterested and unmotivated about everything. I was rushed off to an assembly, ~~in the auditorium~~ and I promptly sat down ~~and so~~ in a corner at the back of the hall. ~~All I remember~~ ^{we were} introduced to a musician, ^{Mr Lorrison} as I heard the ~~heard the teacher say she was~~ ^{she} ~~was a flutist~~ ^{and} I ~~stretched~~ ^{stretched} back and tried to forget about ^{all} the ~~troubles~~ ^{troubles} I was ~~having~~ with black squiggles awaiting me at home. Then something incredible happened... the guest began describing his experiences playing the flute. His story was almost



the same as what I was facing
 right now, it was as if he had
 read my mind! I only remember one
 thing he said that day: "The passion
 isn't from your head, ^{or} your fingers,
~~or your~~ it comes from within you and
 when you ~~are a true musician~~ you allow
 your love for music overwhelm you and
 take control that is when you allow
 yourself ^{not only} to become a true musician, but
 to become a ~~musician~~ with complete passion and
 the best player you can possibly be."

~~Those words stuck with me not only for~~
~~the concert, but for the rest of my~~
~~life.~~ As I stood on stage, in front
 of the seemingly endless audience I felt
 my hands shaking slightly. I took a deep
 breathe and allowed the piece ~~and~~ to take
 over me. I was intoxicated by the
 sound, and soon, the audience were as
 well. ~~I could almost hear the swan gliding~~
~~over the water as my notes sung like~~
~~sweet angels.~~ The soft echo of my notes
 gently ~~to~~ stroked ~~peep~~ the audience's
 ears and I could see tears picking



their eyes. Still I played each note sounding stronger, my breathe lasting longer and my body in complete control of what I was playing. As the piece came to an end I was delighted to hear clapping from all around me. I've never had another day where I was so happy & ~~even~~ delighted. I remembered the words I had been told earlier that week; I was ~~know~~^{now} a true musician. ~~The words that~~ The simple words Mr Lorrison had ~~so~~ shared, stayed with me forever. They ~~had~~^{were} ~~been~~ the words that showed me, not only music, anything could be truly accomplished if you allowed yourself to become utterly devoted to it and let it become part of who you are.

