

Script 11

SECTION C: Writing

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend 1 hour on your chosen question.

Do not re-tell events from Text One or Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.

Write approximately 400 words on one of the following:

EITHER

- 9 'You have to work hard to get what you want.' To what extent do you agree with this?

(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)

OR

- 10 Write a story (true or imaginary) entitled 'The Prize'.

(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)

OR

- 11 Describe a time when you learnt something new.

(Total for Question 11 = 30 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 9 ☒ Question 10 ☒ Question 11 ☒

I remember that time when I learnt the most dangerous sport for a child. I was so effraid, it was the day I ^{learnt} ~~learned~~ how to ride a bicycle. It was windy around 20°C. My father and I were ~~s~~ in my grandparents' garden. He brought me my first bicycle. I had my eyes all open, it was my biggest dream. He first said it was the coolest bicycle on this planet and that he had his first ride on it.* I was 5 so not very emotional, I took it and tried to get on it. Sadly it was higher than I expected. My sister, 3 years older than me, came to



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help me but I was stronger and did not want her help. (I now regret it when I know the rest of this story.) My father came and said that he had forgotten to put the small wheels. He took my new bicycle away (that was a sad moment). I remember going inside to tell my mother that he stole my new bicycle but she was too busy watching my grandmother's cooking. I found my grandfather. He was turning the fire on, even if it was not cold at all. I asked him if he could find my new bicycle and give it back to me but I did not tell him what just happened. He asked me since when I had a bicycle ~~and~~, it made me ^{so} angry, ~~so~~ ^{that} I left. I went outside where I saw my bicycle, it had changed, but it was there. I found my determination back and went back to what I was doing. My father came and I asked him who changed my wheels in this small amount of time, he answered that he did. I could not believe it but ^{it} did not bother me a long time. Ten minutes later, my sister arrived and I was finally sitting on my bicycle. She came closer to teach me how to ride this bicycle, I tried what she said but unfortunately my legs were not strong enough. Once again I said I did not need her help and I started to ride my bicycle my way. (I was staying where I was.) My father came and I asked his help as my sister's advice was not good enough.



He started to push ~~me on~~ my back so I could finally move. I was the most happy girl at this time. After a little time I knew that I could ~~to~~ ride it without him pushing my back (This is where the fun begins) My father left. I started riding my bicycle by myself. 10 meters further I felt I started crying because it was the worst day I could ever live. My sister came, I asked for her help. I needed to be cared by someone, and she said that her help would not be good enough and I was stronger ^{that}. This is the day I ^{learnt} ~~learned~~ my favourite sport!

*This bicycle was dark blue and it had yellow dots everywhere. It was the most beautiful bicycle.

