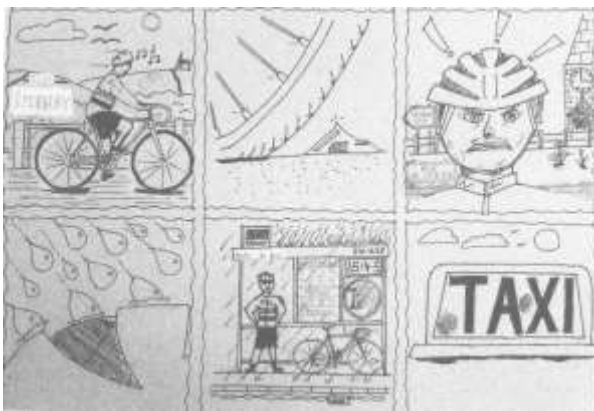




Your first draft is now complete and hopefully you've had some feedback from people in your household. So now it's time to re-read your writing, check that it's what you want it to be, is properly punctuated and spelt and is now worthy of publication. Remember my first interpretation of the images?



1. An Englishman has come to France to ride his bike and watch some stages of the Tour de France bike race.
2. He's out for a ride from the gîte he's staying at, when he gets a puncture.
3. He realises he's left his spare inner tube and pump behind.
4. It starts raining heavily so he takes shelter in a bus stop.
5. None of the bus drivers will let him put his bike on the bus.
6. After a long wait, he puts his bike in a taxi and goes back to the gîte as the sun comes out.

I've re-read my first attempt at the opening paragraphs (in black) and edited again (in green);

It was a hot, humid July morning. The only sound Peter could hear as he rode along the lanes of northern France was the hum of his tyres on the smooth black tarmac and the breeze in his ears. In the sky, small agile birds flew, catching insects, darting and diving in the morning sunshine. The hills were gentle, not like those he'd left behind back home in Yorkshire, and his legs span easily.

Peter and his family were staying in a gîte near the town of Épernay, where the third stage of the Tour de France was due to finish the next day after starting in Binche in Belgium. He'd set himself the challenge of riding 100km during the day, and his route had taken him past the usual collection of Hyper U and Carrefour hypermarchés, Gendarmeries and Marie buildings. French Tricolore flags and Tour de France artwork dotted the landscape, in anticipation of the coming race. So far, he'd stopped twice for a quick café au lait and pain au chocolat. He felt free and content.

I've looked back at the Remember Tos and checked that I have included expanded noun phrases, e.g. smooth black tarmac, small agile birds. I've described the setting – the weather, landscape, buildings, some of the sights. I hope in your writing you've described Peter further. To help with realism, I've included some French words – have you added more? There are no adverbial sentence openers in my opening, as there's not much happening so far – have you added any? Have you included a range of different sentence styles? Punctuation is pretty basic so far; just capital letters, commas and full stops. Have you included exclamation marks, question marks and maybe some speech?

Check back through the key vocabulary, adverbial openers and connectives from last week – have you got some of these in your work?

Read back through your story – does it have a ‘beginning, middle and end’? Is there a problem that is overcome? DOES IT MAKE SENSE?

★ Thinking about the length of your story, did you take on the 500 Words challenge?

I’ve cropped the images from the story board to enhance my writing – you could do this, or draw your own illustrations.



It was a hot, humid July morning. The only sound Peter could hear as he rode along the lanes of northern France was the hum of his tyres on the smooth black tarmac and the breeze in his ears. In the sky, small agile birds flew, catching insects, darting and diving in the morning sunshine. The hills were gentle, not like those he’d left behind back home in Yorkshire, and his legs span easily.

Peter and his family... He felt free and content.



Rounding a corner, downhill, at over 40 mph, Peter spotted shards of glass Orangina bottle scattered across the tarmac. Too late! A sickening hiss came from the front tyre as Peter’s bike came wobbling to a halt at the side of the road.

Then what?

We can’t wait to read your finished stories – use the Google Form to feedback, or go through the enquiries@walkley email address.