

EXEMPLAR A: EXCELLENCE

Tarras

It is winter, early morning in the little township, chilled and blackfrosted, the plants and bushes stiffly frozen, the football field icy, the trees carrying crystals of sharp ice up to the wet sodden air-hugging mist.

Listen. It is morning quietly roving the main road, the moist melodic streaming mist rising over the garage and the schoolhouse. It is grass shivering on the hill. Sunrise, dawn, the chorus of birds in the pinetrees.

It is Sunday morning. The thin clear slants of sun echo back onto the thick mist. In the silver windowed house, the parents sleep heavy while three blanketed children toss and turn. In the workshop of the garage, Joe is up and in his practical oil-stained overalls is working on that ute that the farmer needs today. Back in the house, the children now sit heavy-eyed around the wooden rectangular table.

And the toast burns as the jug boils.

"Hurry up kids, we'll be late," Mum shouts, sharp tongued.

Washed and combed and brushed, families drive the short way to the little church on the hill. Past the swamp where the dragonflies shimmer and hover in the morning sunlight. Where the captured tadpoles would have grown into glazed green slippery little frogs.

Look. On the hill behind the house the pinetrees lift their heavy branches of sharp dense needles into the dwindling disappearing time-now-over mist. Down below in the township, the little general store opens its ready-for-anything doors to sell soap to biscuits, flour, tea towels, light bulbs and milk that will arrive later in the day carried for hours on the bus.

And soon you will be sitting on hard straight-backed wooden pews with no cushions. The tiny white wooden church echoing with the sound of morning hymns, streaming out into the frosty but now sunstreaked morning.

Clear, appropriate and effective **structure** which follows the lifting of the mist and coldness from the early morning scene: "wet sodden air hugging mist" to "moist melodic streaming mist" to "dwindling disappearing time-now-over mist."

Develops and integrates **ideas** about the Sunday morning scene. Mature thought and perceptive observation evident: "Where the tadpoles we captured would have grown into glazed green slippery little frogs."

Writing is controlled and **creates effects** which command attention: skilled use of premodified noun groups "ready-for-anything doors" and alliteration "slants of sun", "moist melodic streaming."

Writing **conventions** used accurately.

EXEMPLAR B: MERIT

On the Farm

It is spring. Chilly sunrise creeps up over the farm. There an old farm house lounges lazily, well-warmed and well lived in.

Listen, to all of the thousands of birds chirping, their musical notes forming together. The call of a lost frightened lamb speaks out above the sounds of the birds, seeking out its mother. Listen to the sound of the gentle breeze as it rustles its way through the million leaves in the trees. Listen to the horse's long tail as it swishes, swishes about through the air, flicking away the buzzing flies.

It is morning. The delicate breeze breathes - gentle and curious - over the mountaintop. It swoops down, in and out and around the branches of the tall pine trees before slithering off, then high, high back up into the clear morning sky it goes. Birds chirp, chirp, chirp in the branches overlooking sheep, cows, deer and goats that graze and gaze in the long tender grass. Fences, barely standing, fool these animals into staying there, unfree, contained within. Old worn down barns slouch silently, growing accustomed to their age. Two horses stand out, heads stretched down, meandering and munching through the tender grass that overlooks the river.

Look now. The sun stands sternly, supervising all from the centre of the sky. It sees that everything is alive, so alive. See, now, the thick grassy paddocks, thick with sheep, their lambs curled around their legs, sucking on their mothers, furiously wagging their tails this way and that. Look closely at the spiders, the earwigs, centipedes and other crawling insects as they sprawl busily about, well-fattened.

Feel the smooth velvet touch of the horse beneath your body. Feel the breeze gently blowing through each of the hairs on your head. Feel the plod, the plod of the horses, , their hooves clumping the ground with dull thuds, taking you across the old farm and now over the hills and off towards the falling sun.

Develops and sustains convincing **ideas** about the farm. Ideas lack perceptiveness needed at excellence level - a little cliched in places: "breeze gently blowing through each of the hairs on your head."

Writing is controlled and **creates effects** through personification: "the sun stands sternly, supervising all from the centre of the sky."

Writing is missing the succinctness of expression required at excellence level: too detailed and in places leaving little to the reader's imagination "listen to the sound as it rustles its way through the million leaves.." occasionally clumsy or archaic expression: "there unfree, contained within"

Clear and appropriate **structure** which develops different aspects of the scene. Structure effectively follows the passage of the day.

EXEMPLAR C: ACHIEVEMENT

Morning at the Mall

It is dawn in winter. There is a deafening buzz of silence in the park which is wrapped in frozen air. The bike track is silent and deserted. Sitting next to the green hedge, the swings and the slide that comes out of the fort are dew covered.

Listen. On the other side of the hedge you can hear the cars, the shouts of the children, the sound of the mall as it gets busier.

It is Saturday. The library has opened. Children with their grannies dodge through the cars in the car park to return books. Mothers and push chairs head towards the Warehouse, Books and More, ToyWorld, Harvey's World Travel and Hammer Hardware. The black belching truck groans away from the supermarket loading ramp. Pellets of fruit and veges wait to be pushed inside and sold. Three girls in blue supermarket uniforms are sitting at the tables outside the coffee shop smoking their cigarettes and shiver. No one else wants to sit outside with them. Drops of rain sit on the tables too.

Look. Back in the park the red and golds are warming up for the 9.30 game against the green and blacks. Nine year old boys puff white clouds of steam on their way up the field. Parents and children line up on the sideline ready to shout out in support. They pull up their collars and stamp their feet as the cold easterly wind sprints across the field.

The sun breaks through the clouds, but only for a few minutes. It must be time to head for the bakery and buy some morning tea. You wander over from the park, dodging the cars and the easterly on this winter's day. The mall is busier now. The cars cruise slowly round, looking for space to park. Your stomach tells you where you should be. The bakery.

Writing **conventions**

Develops and sustains **ideas** about the mall and the park.

Straightforward description of scene given.

Writing creates some **effects**:

"black belching truck"
"nine year olds puff white clouds"

but not sustained. Lacks control required for merit.

Material is appropriately **structured** outlining different aspects of the scene in the park and and the adjacent mall.

Writing **conventions** used accurately.

EXEMPLAR D: NOT ACHIEVED

The River

It is summer. The warm sun heats my back, and the trees hang over the sparkling river, and the ducks swim happily round looking for any sign of food to appetise them.

Look. The children are playing and running free like wild horses. The children and the family feed the ducks as the cars whiz behind them. A big white mansion sits alone on the other side of the river as though keeping watch over the busy happy scene.

Listen. The heavy hearty huffs of the dogs hacks through the air. The chirpy children's voices mingle with the beauty that surrounds their lives. Feel the smooth grass and the dry lumpy earth. Feel the rough bark as it scrapes and and scratches along the soft skin of the children as they climb the treacherous trees.

Look. The white clouds are beaming down on this sparkling river as the rays of sunshine beam light upon the river. This creates a contrast in my worlds, the golden light of my thoughts and shadows of darkness, the interruption of my world. The fleeting breeze flows around the funky flowing river as the runners and their dogs run by. Some people try hard to be noticed, like the guy in the bike shorts and the people sitting at the tables.

Listen. Only you can hear the wind whispering the secrets of time. The whispering wind is releasing the secrets of time as the current of the river trinkles through your mind. Feel your mind wander away with your dreams and thoughts as the river of life slowly carries you downstream to your happy place.

The river echoes life's dreams. Listen hard and you can hear them.

Limited effects created:

Attempt at complex sentence pattern results in loosely coordinated run on sentence.

Some attempt at figurative language but images lack impact: "running free like horses"

Clichéd alliteration: "heavy hearty huffs"

Some inappropriate word choice: "funky"

Overwritten.

Ideas are incongruously linked in places eg the sounds of the dogs and children, and the feel of the grass and bark are grouped inappropriately. Ideas are obscure, especially the ending.

Limited structure with a repetitive and muddled ending.

Writing conventions used reasonably accurately, apart from syntactical problems mentioned earlier.