

Narrative Writing Example Answer

Q: Write a story with the title 'A Quiet Life'

A Quiet Life

I had wanted to know why I was here. I had wanted to know how my entire being was linked to this door. It seemed as if the deep scars which were cut into the wood itself were looking at me and daring me to enter. I didn't want to enter. I didn't want to know what lay behind the door. I just wanted a quiet life. A life that was uneventful and peaceful. However, I now knew, as I faced the door, that I would never have a quiet life.

Two weeks ago, I had a good life, a happy life...a quiet life. I knew who I was and where I was going. But now, now I have nothing. All I have is behind that door. I wish I could go back to that sweet summer day only yesterday, back to the day that I ceased to be me.

On that sweet summer morning, the sun sliced through the curtains and forced me to sit up. Sunspots dazzled me and jumped around in front of my eyes, temporarily disrupting my sense of reality. As the pink flowers of my wallpaper slowly swam into view, I remembered where I was. I was at home. I was with my family. And I was late for school!

I shot down the stairs two at a time and almost summersaulted over the bannister as I rushed to grab a bite to eat before I missed the bus. "Mum!" I screeched. "I'm late, I have to go." My words reverberated off the lonely walls. I slowed to a sudden halt and surveyed the kitchen. No-one. I peered into the living room. No-one. I shuddered as the reality of my situation hit me.

They were all gone.

Frantically, I ran from room to room. As I reeled from wall to wall, I spotted it. Had it always been there? It looked so innocent, yet I could feel the darkness emanating from it. It pulled me in and held me stock still. I shivered violently and felt a whisper at my neck. I whirled around to find nothing; this house didn't even seem familiar to me anymore. I turned back to it; it was still there. I stared at the small photo in an old rusted frame. Why did I feel like I had seen it before? A door. A photo of a door in an old and rusted frame. Where did this come from? Why was it sitting on our mantelpiece? It looked at home; it looked like it belonged. But it didn't belong, it shouldn't be here.

Suddenly a strong breeze knocked the frame to the floor and the shattered glass spread across the floor like liquid. I could see several versions of my face reflected in the shards; I stared at my grotesque reflection. As I moved to clear the glass, the photograph slowly fluttered towards my foot. I stared at it, unable to move. Then slowly it appeared: the outline of a map.

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Language Paper 2: Descriptive Writing

Should I scream for help? Should I go to the police? Should I look for my family? Maybe. However, I knew I couldn't do any of those things. The photo of the door was hypnotizing; it was calling me, and I knew I had to follow. So I did.

I waded through branches and thickets which pierced my clothes and cut my legs. I battled across an uninviting landscape to reach the door, my door. I knew that somehow it was linked to me, my family, their disappearance and most of all, to that gnawing feeling I had tried to suppress for as long as I can remember. The feeling that I didn't belong.

As soon as I saw the door on the horizon I knew. It all became clear. I ran until my lungs burst. I ran until the tears streaming down my face dried into swollen scars. I screamed and I shouted and I cried. Then, I was standing in front of it. The deep scars in the wood felt like a reflection of the cuts and bruises populating the exposed skin on my legs. The solitary door called to me. I didn't want to enter but I knew I had to.

It was my home. The home I once knew and the home I had forgotten. No, I hadn't ever lived a quiet life. I had pretended to, but I could pretend no longer.

I had wanted to know why I was here. I had wanted to know how my entire being was linked to this door. Now I knew. Now I knew the truth and I didn't want it anymore, the truth cut me like a knife.