

6th January 2021

I can analyse a narrative with flashbacks.

I can analyse a narrative with flashbacks with reasons for some features.

I can analyse a narrative with flashbacks with reasons for most features.

What is a narrative?

What are flashbacks?



The Piano

What do you think it will be about?

 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m-JiBxMPsUU&safe=active>

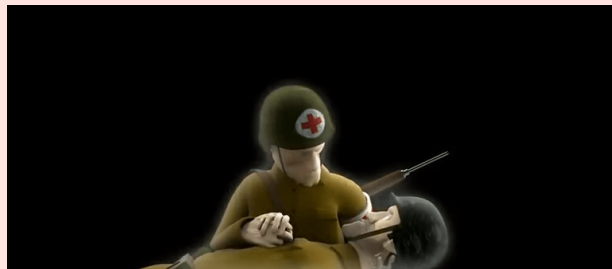
What happened?

Describe the different flashbacks.

How did it make you feel?



If you had to write this as a narrative, how would it look?
How can you make it clear which parts are 'now' and
which parts are flashbacks?



Punctuation

Language

Feelings

Tense

Text analysis

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The Piano: a narrative containing flashbacks.

Adjectives used throughout.

Use of dashes for parenthesis, means his wife joins him and they play together as if they are reunited.

Precious memories flood my heart and pulse through my veins as I sit down to play my beloved grand piano. The very thought of the music I'm about to play invokes a river of nostalgia – the room seems to echo with my life's most vivid moments. Erupting within me, I encounter tangible visions amid the melodies.

Firstly, her ghost resonates in the corner of my eye as my fingers glide over the keys. She's here with me – in a spiritual duet – I know it! Countless moments shared while alive means I can't mistake her presence now, or the mellow feelings of serene peace she brings me.

As my tender wife fades and the warm tunes come back into sharp focus, a new, almost opposite vision consumes me.

Putrid smoke fills the air, a burst of rapid-fire surrounds us, sirens wail and low-lying planes swoop in to drop their hot destruction. We hide behind a semi-destroyed wall and await our fate.

The next morning feels like it's happening all over again: bravely, my war time comrade moves into the open, "crack," a single crystal-clear shot rings out. He's hit; he's down – never to awake! Cradling him in my arms leads me to the awareness of my fingers – they continue to express the sounds of my haunted soul.

Hitting another melancholy note, I'm instantly transported – like wind flowing through an open window – back to my very own childhood.

Crouching low, spirits high, I fumbled to open the gift before me. What could it be? Finally cracking open the box; I revealed pure joy as I beheld a new toy horse. Its green-glass-eyes still shimmering in my mind... I watch myself parade him around the room blissfully.

It is the very same wooden hobby-horse that my grandson now rides up to me as I continue to play this melody. His clothing may look different to mine at that age, but I know the depths of our feelings are repeated equally.

Beside me as we complete the tune together, my grandson hits the final note. Certainly I understand that the rhythms of life: love, death and birth will always go on – even after my hands have played their last tune.

Describes how realistic the visions are that they can almost be touched.