**Written Comprehension and Expression5 Teacher: KHELEF Embarka**

**Narration / Creative Writing**

 Narrating is an everyday practice in almost all domains; at home gossip, at work places, in schools and colleges; in police and medical reports …etc

 Academically, narration refers to the type of writing that " … relates a series of events, whether real such as histories, biographies, or news stories, or imaginary as in short stories and novels… Most narratives, however, go beyond merely reciting events. Writers of history and biography delve into the motives underlying the events and lives they portray, while narratives of personal experience offer lessons and insights." **James A. Reinking Robert von der Osten p 144.**

 Whether stated or not, every narrative has a purpose that shapes the writing. In addition, it is characterized by having three elements: **action, conflict and point of view**.

1. **ACTION:**

Three yards away from Johnson he was, and sitting down. Nine feet! And yet he left the chair in full leap, without first gaining a standing position. He left the chair, just as he sat in it, squarely, springing from the sitting position like a wild animal, a tiger, and like a tiger covered the intervening space. It was an avalanche of fury that Johnson strove vainly to fend off. He threw one arm down to protect the stomach, the other arm up to protect the head; but Wolf Larsen’s fist dove midway between, on the chest, with a crushing, resounding impact. Johnson’s breath, suddenly expelled, shot from his mouth and as suddenly checked, with the force, audible expiration of a man wielding an axe. He almost fell backward, and swayed from side to side in an effort to recover his balance.

 Jack London, The Sea Wolf (p. 79) (ibid p:145)

1. **CONFLICT:**

 Common sense and fear waged war in my mind. The first argued that a pain so intense was nothing to fool with, that it might indicate a serious or even life-threatening condition. Dr. Montz would be able to identify the problem and deal with it before it worsened. But what if it was already serious? What if I needed emergency surgery? I didn’t want anyone cutting into me. “Now wait a minute,” I said. “It’s probably nothing serious. Most aches and pains aren’t. I’ll see the doctor, maybe get some pills, and the problem will clear up overnight. But what if he finds something major, and I have to spend the night in the hospital getting ready for surgery or recovering from it? I think I’ll just ignore the pain.”

 Luis Rodriguez, Student (ibid p: 146)

1. **POINT OF VIEW:**

When narrating , writer usually opt to be involved in the events; first person point of view or to be a neutral unmentioned relater of them; third person point of view. Narratives relating personal experience and autobiographies are written using first person point of view while histories and biographies are narrated from a third person point of view. In fiction, both points of views are usually used together.

**Task 01: Identify the point of view in each of the following extracts.**

**Extract 1**

Long before daylight we ranged abroad, hatchet in hand, in search of fuel, and made the yet slumbering and dreaming wood resound with our blows. Then with our fire we burned up a portion of the loitering night, while the kettle sang its homely strain to the morning star. We tramped about the shore, waked all the muskrats, and scared up the bittern and birds that were asleep upon their roosts; we hauled up and upset our boat and washed it and rinsed out the clay, talking aloud as if it were broad day, until at length, by three o’clock, we had completed our preparations and were ready to pursue our voyage as usual; so, shaking the clay from our feet, we pushed into the fog.

 Henry David Thoreau, A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers (ibid p:146)

**Extract 02:**

In the depths of the city walk the assorted human creatures who do not suspect the fate that hangs over them. A young woman sweeps happily from store to store, pushing a baby carriage along. Businessmen stride purposefully into their office buildings. A young man sulks down the sidewalks of his tenement, and an old woman tugs her shopping basket across a busy thoroughfare. The old woman is not happy: she has seen better days. Days of parks and fountains, of roses and grass, still stir in her memory. Reaching the other side, she stops and strains her neck upward, past the doorways, past the rows and rows of mirror glass, until her eyes rest on the brilliant blue sky so far away. She looks intently at the sky for a few minutes, noting every cloud that rolls past. And the jet plane. She follows the plane with her deep-socketed eyes and for some unexplainable reason suspects danger. She brings her gaze back to earth and walks away as the jet releases a large cloud of brownish-yellow gas. The gas hangs ominously in the air for a while, as if wanting to give humankind just a few more seconds. Then the cloud slowly descends to the surface, dissipating as it goes. By the time it reaches the glittering megalopolis, it is a colorless, odorless blanket of death.

 Richard Latta, student (ibid p:147)

1. A narrative text, of course, includes **events, characters and dialogue.**

**NARRATION TEXT One: TD 03**

*AN ENIGMA*

 *Mr. Coleman had started in to Hassanieh in the morning, driving himself in the lorry with the letters in a knapsack. He also had one or two commissions to do for the expedition. It was pay-day for the men, and he would have to go to the bank and bring out the money in coins of small denominations. All this was a long business and he did not expect to be back until the afternoon. I rather suspected he might be lunching with Sheila Reilly.*

*Work on the dig was usually not very busy on the afternoon of pay-day as at three-thirty the paying-out began.*

 *The little boy, Abdullah, whose business it was to wash the pots, was established as usual in the centre of the courtyard, and again, as usual, kept up his queer nasal chant. Dr. Leidner and Mr. Emmot were going to put in some work on the pottery until Mr. Coleman returned, and Mr. Carey went up the dig.*

 *Mrs. Leidner (Louise) went to her room to rest. I settled her as usual and then went to my own room, taking a book with me as I did not feel sleepy. It was about a quarter to one, and a couple of hours passed quite pleasantly… When I put the book down at last and looked at my watch I was quite surprised to find it was twenty minutes to three!*

 *I got up , straightened my uniform, and come out into the courtyard.*

 *Abdullah was still scrubbing and still singing, and David Emmot was standing by him sorting the scrubbed pots, putting the ones that were broken into boxes to await mending. I strolled towards them just as Dr.Leidner came down the staircase from the roof.*

 *" Not a bad afternoon", he said cheerfully. " I've made a bit of a clearance up there. Louise will be pleased. She's complained lately that there 's not room to walk about. I'll go and tell her the good news"*

 *He went over to his wife's door, tapped on it and went in.*

 *It must, I suppose, have been about a minute and a half later that he came out again. I happened to be looking at the door when he did. It was like a nightmare. He had gone in a brisk, cheerful man. He came out like a drunken one--- reeling a little on his feet, and with a queer dazed expression on his face.*

 *I saw at once something was wrong and I ran across to him. He looked awful--- his face was grey and twitching and I saw he might collapse any minute.*

 *"My wife…" he said " My wife… Oh, my God".*

 *I pushed past him into the room. Then, I caught my breath. Mrs. Leidner was lying in a dreadful huddled heap by the bed.*

 *I bent over her. She was quite dead--- must have been dead an hour at least. The cause of the death was perfectly plain--- a terrific blow on the front of the head just over the right temple. She must have got up from the bed and been struck down where she stood. I didn't handle her more than I could help.*

 *I glanced round the room to see if there was anything that might give a clue, but nothing seemed out of place or disturbed. The windows were closed and fastened, and there was no place where the murderer could have hidden. Obviously he had been and gone long ago.*

 *I went out, locking the door behind me.*

***Murder in Mesopotamia*** *Agatha Christie*

1. **Answer the following questions:**
2. What point of view is the story narrated from? Justify your answer.
3. How many characters are mentioned in the passage?
4. How many of these characters are on the scene of the murder at the time when it takes place?
5. Which characters cannot be suspected of having committed the murder? Explain
6. Using the information given by the author, what is the presumed time of the murder?
7. Can you guess who the murderer is? Give your reasons.
8. **Account for sentence variety in the text.**
9. **Vocabulary:**
10. Look up 'to collapse'. Make a card for it, then, give a synonym for it in the sentence.
11. Explain "dreadful huddled heap".
12. Consider Aghata Christie's use of verbs of motion. Try and explain why the author uses these verbs, and why she uses them precisely at these points of the action.
13. Look at the passage and note the various prepositions used in association with "to go" and "to come".
14. Try and find a synonym for each of them.
15. Add the suitable preposition after each verb or adjective:
* To agree……………………………….. a decision.
* To agree………………………………..a friend.
* To trust ………………………………… God.
* To be keen ………………………. maths.
* To be engaged ……………………. a girl.
* To be engaged …………………….. atask.
* To recover ……………………………. an illness.
* To be determined…………………. carrying on.
* To be weary…………………………..something.
* To be elligible ……………………….promotion.
1. Account for space and time references in the above text.
2. Find the difference in meaning between these terms: a murder, a murderer, a murdered person, to murder.

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO ONE