

Features of a Narrative

The Big Race

Jamie had done it! He was standing on the podium holding the golden trophy high above his head. The crowd was going wild with excitement, cheering for the newest go kart champion.

"Jamie! Jamie! Jamie!" he heard the crowd chant.

"...Jamie. Time to wake up." A voice repeated.

"Huh? Oh, right," Jamie mumbled sleepily, rubbing his eyes.

"It's the day of the big race!" his mother replied.

After a quick breakfast, Jamie headed to the garage and checked over his go kart. He had spent the past few weeks building his go kart from bits and pieces he had found around the house. The name '*Golden Thunder*' came from the bright yellow paint Jamie had found in the garage.

Around lunch time, Jamie and the other competitors assembled at the top of Green Street. Green Street was the longest and steepest street in the town. Jamie pushed his go kart up to the start line and climbed into his kart.

The race began! Jamie got off to a good start. The second corner was one of the more difficult parts of the track. As they approached, he noticed the driver ahead of him slowed down to go over the speed bump. Jamie had another idea. He held his breath and carefully steered his kart through the narrow gap, missing the speed bump altogether.

That was close! Jamie thought to himself. There was now only one kart in front of him. It was *The Purple Flash*. For the next four corners, Jamie skilfully avoided obstacles, ducked under low tree branches and weaved around corners at break-neck speeds. He was now neck and neck with *The Purple Flash*, their wheels almost touching. The two karts hurtled towards the last corner of the track, which wound around a lake. Suddenly, just as the lake came into view, the steering wheel dislodged from *Golden Thunder*! He felt his heart stop. He watched, mouth open, as the lake ahead of him got bigger and bigger.

"Help! I need help..." he started to shout. But who could help him?

His kart sped down the steep hill, out of control. He reached down to his feet, his fingers desperately searching for the steering wheel. He found it! But the lake was getting closer and closer! Jamie tried to place the steering wheel back in its spot. If he didn't, his race was over, and his kart would be lost forever at the bottom of the lake. But the steering wheel refused to fit. "What's wrong with this thing?" Jamie yelled in frustration. He held his breath, watched the lake, and braced for the crash.

All of a sudden, he heard a click. The steering wheel was back in place! At the last possible second, he pulled the wheel to the left as quickly as he could. Was it too late? Jamie closed his eyes, expecting to his kart to slide down the steep bank and into the lake. After what felt like an eternity, Jamie opened his eyes. The lake and *The Purple Flash* were behind him. He had crossed the line! He had done it!

After the last racer had crossed the finish line, Jamie stood on the podium, his legs still shaking. Jamie lifted the golden trophy high above his head and beamed at the cheering crowd.

Read the narrative and then follow the instructions:

1. Label the orientation, complication and resolution.
2. Circle an example of dialogue.
3. Find and highlight:
 - 5 adjectives using red
 - 5 exciting verbs using green
 - 3 adverbs using pink
4. Underline the time connectives.
5. Draw zig zag lines underneath the places the author has built tension.