

How to adapt any piece of creative writing

Ticklist for creative writing:

Language	Structure
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 5 senses paragraph • Simile (say something is like/ as something else) • Metaphor (saying something is something else) • Rule of 3 • Personification • Oxymoron • Repetition 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Cyclical structure (begins how it ends) • : ; ! - “” (use semicolon and colon at least twice) • Short sentences • Long sentences • Short paragraphs (includes 1 word paragraphs) • Long paragraphs

Pre-write your creative writing in either a hot/ cold setting (make it negative if you can as that tends to be easier to describe).

Depending on the photo there is a few ways you can adapt it:

- Pretend you want to be in the place in the photo
- Pretend the photo is a flashback in your mind
- Pretend this was something you saw yesterday/ last week

Sentence Starters:

Pretend you want to be in that place:

This means you will pretend that the photo they give you is something positive or something more preferable over your current circumstances in your description.

- Shutting my eyes, images of [insert] **cascade** across my mind...
- My heavy eyelids slowly closing, as mind tried to find **solace** (comfort) in the...
- The **weight of exhaustion** forcefully pressing on my eyelids, surrendering to my mind's want for escape. The thought of...
- As **darkness descends**, my thoughts drift to...
- My mind, **a spinning carousel of memories**, whirls through images of [insert], granting me a brief moment of respite (break/rest)...

Pretend the photo is a flashback in your mind:

This means you will pretend that the photo they give you is a flashback in your mind. Again, you can pretend you'd rather be there, or this thought/memory is something that has entered your head for an escape / something has reminded you of it.

- **Like a sudden gust of wind**, the image of [insert] blows through my mind gently yet tormentingly...
- The [insert description about your personal description] begins to fade, as the memory of [insert] begins to **clamour** (shout) for the attention of my mind
- A whispered echo of the past **reverberates** (loud echo) through my thoughts, it's [insert]...
- Between each **shallow breath**, the image of [insert] passes over me, **infiltrating** (enter/ gain access) every thought.

Pretend the photo was something you saw yesterday/ last week:

This means you can pretend that the photo was a recent memory/experience you've had

- The **lingering echoes** of yesterdays [insert] **reverberate** (loud echo) through my thoughts
- In the **labyrinth** (maze) of my mind, I begin to get intentionally lost in yesterday's/ last weeks [insert]...
- The world begins to fade in front of my **hazy** (blurred) vision, it is now being replaced with the distant memories of [insert]
- In an instant, time loses its grip, blending into a **fluid continuum** within my consciousness. The sensations of yesterday/last week feel **palpable** (almost real) in this moment of despair. Clear before me, I can **vividly** (clearly) see [insert].

Example creative writing (based on a cold photo or description)

You will insert the description of the photo they give you in the exam after your first line, and before your last line.

Silence echoed through my hollow heart.

[insert photo they give you in the exam]

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white cheeks; a violent cacophony of snow pelting onto the once verdurous grass was deafening; a fetid smell of rotting bark and pine attacked my nostrils, singing each fine nose hair.

Silenced echoing through every inch of my lifeless body.

Searching for salvation, every inch of the sky was being engulfed by an inky impenetrable blanket. The darkness cascaded across the sky: dull grey, diminishing iridescent white, jet-black, and chalky white. There was no escape. The once iridescent streaks of magenta that grew and shrunk at dusk were replaced by its menacing sibling- darkness. It was as if nature had given up on its azure painting it once painted and was now submissive to this omnipotent ebony nightmare.

She wanted to create a blizzard. She created an exogenesis symphony, ordering her orchestra, the wind and snow, to create an ear-piercing song. Bashing and bashing and bashing- the only sounds that now vertebrates through my sunken body. She menacingly relished in seeing the freezing blanket shroud the park that was once full of vitality.

Alone, broken, and solitary.

My bleak trajectory was inescapable: this barren nightmare was my reality.

Hopefully hopeless, the chocolate brown leaves tangoed with the gushing wind, circling round each-other in a playful, yet demonic way. The continual cannibalistic frost gnawing at the 100-year oak that stood helpless. The row of forlorn trees stared at me with fear-stricken eyes, mouthing "there's no way out!". It was like she was squeezing every inch of life that had ever existed. It was as if she was God, determining life and death.

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

[insert photo they give you in the exam]

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.

Examples of adapting it:

Example 1:

- I'm going to pretend here that I want to be in this place



Silence echoed through my hollow heart.

The weight of exhaustion forcefully pressing on my eyelids, surrendering to my mind's want for escape. The vision of iridescent blue skies, adorned by the gentle luminance of billowing white clouds consumes my fragmented mind. Below, the tranquil aqua blue waters, tinged subtly with hues of green, flow steadily through my town, alive with the vibrant hum of Saturday morning activity.

My idyllic reverie (daydream) dissipates (fades) gradually as the icy chill seeps back into my veins, piercing through me like a relentless arctic wind.

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white

[insert rest of my pre-planned creative writing]

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

My mind, a spinning carousel of memories, whirls through images of verdant grasses and vibrant plants thriving under the shimmering embrace of the sun. Every blade of grass, every leaf, dances in the golden light. A soft warmth cradles my face, embracing me tenderly.

But I am still here.

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.

Example 2:

- Pretend the photo is a flashback of my old house



Silence echoed through my hollow heart.

A whispered echo of the past reverberates (loud echo) through my thoughts, a mosaic of sun-kissed amber, cerulean (dark blue), and creamy sand tiles are cold to touch in my haven of wood and warmth.

My idyllic reverie (daydream) dissipates (fades) gradually as the icy chill seeps back into my veins, piercing through me like a relentless arctic wind.

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white

[insert rest of my pre-planned creative writing]

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

Between each shallow breath, the image of warmth and comfort passes over me, infiltrating (enter/ gain access) every thought. The essence of nature permeates every part of the room. From ceiling to floor, the mahogany oak graces every corner, adding to the scent of oak and pine harmoniously mingling in the air.

But I am still here.

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.

Example 3:

- Pretend something I saw yesterday/ last week



Silence echoed through my hollow heart.

In the labyrinth (maze) of my mind, I begin to get intentionally lost in our final warm embrace - a comfort in my current hell. Clad in a dark red polo shirt, its colour reminiscent of autumn leaves, the fabric draped loosely over his frame, creased from years of wear and countless memories made.

The soft whisper of his voice caught in the stifling warm air - a lingering smell of burnt toast and a subtle trace of aftershave danced on my nostrils. Warm radiation from every part of him.

Slowly, the icy chill seeps back into my veins, piercing through me like a relentless arctic wind and shattering the warmth affections of the past.

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white

[insert rest of my pre-planned creative writing]

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

In an instant, time loses its grip, blending into a fluid continuum within my consciousness. The sensations of our last encounter feel palpable (almost real) in this moment of despair. Clear before me I can vividly (clearly) see his eyes, a piercing blue, holding a wisdom that seemed to transcend time itself.

Each day, the deep crevices etch themselves deeper into his face and body,

Despite the warmth of memories, the bleak reality remains unchanged—I am still here.

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.

To remember your creative writing:

- Use RRSSW and blurring (both on the revision course) and go through it line by line, remembering every sentence and punctuation.
- We recommend even saying the bit of punctuation out loud when remembering it as if it is a word/phrase you need to remember.

Timings:

- As you would have pre-learnt your creative writing, it may only take you 10-15 minutes to write it up from memory.
- The rest of the time you can use to check you've done all your punctuation, spelling and then use the time to adapt the photo into your creative writing (still using similes, metaphors and the other techniques you've used in your pre-written creative writing if you can)