

Thursday 28th April

L.O.I can write a narrative.



As the first rays of the morning sun hit the town, everyone started to wake up. The shopkeeper opens his blinds, and breathes in the fresh air. An elderly woman walks her dog, which wags his tail with out of excitement. Meanwhile, a builder man carries his rusty ladder to the shop. Bunting is hung up by volunteers, and the town starts to look complete. Children are happily playing with their ball, while it gets thrown into the glistening water from the fountain. Out of nowhere, a peculiar man walks by the children, soon to be recognised. The amazed young people follow ^{him} his, inspecting his clothes and style. Soon, the café starts to have lots more customers in it, preparing for an exciting day. El Cominate (that was his name) was a traveller, who loved to dazzle and stun his ^{it} viewers. The man swiftly walked past the crowds, and winked at two beautiful women. Rapidly, the crowds gathered, chatting and gossiping about if EL Cominate was going to live. "Ok," the photographer ^{New Speaker, new line} said, "Smile for the camera! Can you just turn your head to the side a bit?" The traveller happily pulled a confident and smug smile, lifting his chest up high. Although EL Cominate ^{knew} what he was doing, a nervous and scared priest said prayers to him out of a Bible. This was Cominate's time to shine above everyone else. He put his first foot on the ladder, and climbed up to the platform. El grabbed hold of the stick, and took a deep breath.

"Oh my, is he going to make it?" Stuttered a worried woman.

"We'll have to wait and see." A man answered back.

// "This was it," El thought to himself.

He stretches his leg out, and ^{places} layed it on the rope. Slowly, he put his other foot on it, securing it. The wire wobbled. He regained his balance. A couple ^{of} steps later he was almost at the middle of the rope. Worried side, a man hugged his wife, but she shoved him out of the way to watch the rest of the ~~distance~~ walk. Suddenly, El Caminate's rod slipped out of his sweaty palms. It plummeted towards the ground. Frantically, he tried to secure himself but he didn't think he'd survive. Luckily, he was balanced, and struck a fearless pose. (Though secretly he was terrified.) The crowds went wild screaming and shaking, some were not even daring to look. "Come on, I can do this!" Thought ^{the} EL, and he focused not on the cheering crowd, but to finish ^{of} the walk. His eyes were locked on the platform, and ^{he} ~~was~~ was on his last step.

// "Horray!!" The crowd exclaimed, bells were chiming and laughter broke out from the audience. El caminate put his arms out high, and showed off to the people. He climbed down to the floor, because he couldn't handle the stress of the rope. Unidentifiably, EL walked home, not turning back, with amazed people following him. He walked straight out of the town with his long red cape. Soon, the crowd started to shrink, and day turned to evening. There were only two young children left, walking across logs, pretending to be the extraordinary, El Caminate.