

Rufus

Week 2—Home Learning

IALT: write an autobiography

TAPS

Task: Write an autobiography in role as a fairy tale character.

Audience: School aged children.

Purpose: To inform and entertain.

Skill: Use parenthesis to add detail.

It all started when I was a tiny, cute little pup and lived with my parents and 3 older brothers. I was nicknamed hopeless when I was younger (at home and at school) because nobody had faith in me and nobody cared for me. I went to a pig's school (because there were no wolf school's that our family could afford) and was bullied there. My brothers were wolves too but they did not get bullied because they were the popular kids and they were HUGE so nobody wanted to mess with them.

When I was a bit older (12 to be precise) the pigs made up a new game where they would tie me to the school fence and throw twigs (or stones) at me trying to hit my head. It was that very day when I had had enough and would refuse to be bullied any longer. Of course, when I said to the bullies (the pigs) that I had had enough they just laughed and threw some more twigs at me; but I knew that one day, one day, I would get my revenge on the pigs and become more strong and more tough than them.

My first job, when I was 17, was a coal miner which was certainly a good one for building strength and character. Every time my arms began to ache after mining for so long, I thought about how much I disliked the pigs and that was enough to motivate me to carry on. My one and only goal at that time was to make the pigs' life as awful as it could be.

Rufus

and I was without a doubt stronger than the pigs. They no longer bullied me and instead I bullied them; in fact, I blew 2 pigs' houses down one straw, one wood, but annoyingly failed to blow down the third (because it was made of brick). I would have ruined a lot more pigs' lives if it wasn't for that goody-good Ms Red Riding hood. The only thing I wanted was to ruin the pigs' lives and that is exactly what I did.

I am now very old (86) and deeply regret what I did to the pigs, although they were not nice to me when I was younger, I shouldn't have been horrible to them as well (2 wrongs don't make a right). The wolves and the pigs now have a good relationship and all live in the same houses (brick houses in case there are still any bad wolves out there), Me and my family finally get along and I am no longer nicknamed the big bad wolf or hopeless, I have changed my name officially to the big brilliant wolf.

Wow, Rufus, this is an excellent autobiography. You have got the tone and level of detail absolutely right and have used a range of sentences structures and parenthesis.

EBI—the plural of wolf is wolves.