Based on ‘The Listeners’ by Walter de la Mare.

LI: I can set the scene.

A bead of paint rolled down my forehead so I quickly wiped if off with my hand because my face is already splattered with paint. I love my job but it’s messy and tiring at times. My wife hates the mess I come home with. I became a painter because I remember the times where I helped my father out when I was a young boy so, I followed my father’s footsteps. We are lucky because we have a son and twins. My painting is nearly done. I’ll have to move swiftly if I’m going to get there on time.

LI: I can include conflict.

My shift is done and I need to make sure I do the same things as always to avoid suspicion. I put my paintbrushes and paint pallet away and said goodbye to Ron (my boss) and quickly rushed out of there and hopped on my lovely friend Jess (my horse). I went in the opposite direction from my house. As I was trotting to where I needed to go, suddenly, a man appeared behind me with a gun, but I shot him first.

His horse ran off with him dragging behind. I rode off because I was very late. As I approached where the house was, I saw it in the distance. As I galloped to the house I got off Jess and walked towards the old brown door. I knocked really hard and I startled a bird from the turret. “Is anybody there?” I said. “I’m sorry I’m late.” I knocked on the door once again. Still no one came… so I went off on Jess and rode towards the other place we met last time.

LI: I can include suspense.

BANG!

There was a big explosion. Jess was terrified. I suddenly fell to the ground with a loud thump as Jess stood on her hind legs. What happened? I tried to get up but it wasn’t an explosion, I had been shot. Blood was pouring from my leg and I was desperately trying to make it stop. I grabbed my neck scarf and tied it to my leg. I could slightly smell smoke from a cigarette. A shadowed figure walked towards me and I could see who it was – my brother. He shot me. He knelt down. I could see he had a smirk on his face. He watched me take my last breath.

By Lily Morris, year 5, Tower Hill Primary School