

Example Text: Modern narratives

Lost

Last night's thunderstorm was amazing! I was glad to be tucked up warmly in the spare room at Grandma's.

It wasn't until the next day, when Grandma drove me home, that I realised something wasn't right. Mum met us as we pulled up in the driveway.

She had the same look on her face as the time she told Dad that she damaged the car at the local shopping centre carpark.

"I'm sorry Darren," began Mum. "During the storm, Max got scared. I tried to get him to come inside, but he just ran. I couldn't catch him. He's... he's gone."

Oh no! Not Max! I'd had him since he was a puppy – a little cuddly bundle of brown fur. "Well haven't you looked for him?" I yelled.

"We did Darren. Your father and I searched everywhere we could think of this morning. But there was no sign of Max anywhere."

Still, I refused to think the worst, so together Grandma and I kept on searching for Max.

"Where's Max's favourite spot?" Grandma asked.

"Umm..." I thought. "He loves to hide his bones near the old wood pile next to Mr Wilson's. Why?" I replied.

"Well," said Grandma, "if I was scared and alone, I would want to go somewhere familiar."

So we walked down to Mr Wilson's place and Grandma's hunch was right. There, huddled amongst the wooden logs, was Max. He was covered in mud and shivering in fear, but at least he was safe.

I carried Max in my arms and Grandma wrapped him in her warm, grey cardigan and we took him back to where he belonged – home.