

Eventually, we finished and Reverend Ben told us about the resurrection. As we walked out with our passport, which was ~~bit~~ crumpled, we got a piece of paper and a mini egg that I ate!



Ewan
45

Tuesday 22nd March

Can I write a response to the Easter Story?

I can retell part of the Easter story

I can write from the perspective of one of the characters ✓

I can reflect on the themes in the story

I can show awareness of audience and use a range of language features to engage the reader ✓

After I finished my goodbye meal, my ^{disciples} disciples and I came to a garden to pray. We saw the Romans approaching with torches and clubs. Standing right in front of them was Judas, my trusted disciple. He crept up to me and kissed me to let the Romans know it was me. Why did he betray me? Judas told the Romans to arrest me. All my friends ran in fear, but Peter stayed. He got a sword out and slashed it at the Romans after they grabbed me. "This is not the time. I have been chosen to die," ^{I said} before he could even put his sword away, they had already begun to take me away.

My trial lasted all night. People criticized ~~me~~ ^{me}, but none of them were right. None of it mattered, though, because the leaders had already made up their mind.

After they beat me up, they pushed a crown of thorns onto my head. Instead of my robes, they put an old robe round my neck. All the people around me laughed and made fun of me. "If you think you're a king then look at yourself!" someone shouted.

They put a cross made of heavy wood on my back and told me to move along. I lugged the cross, that was like a log, through the city and to a steep hill. When I reached the summit of the hill, they put nails in my hand and put me on the cross. Once they raised the cross, everyone looked in my direction. I saw my mother in the crowd. The sun looked down on me and then clouds covered the sky. The thief next to me looked worried, but I comforted him. I told John to take care of my mother, and then... The ground shook and I died!

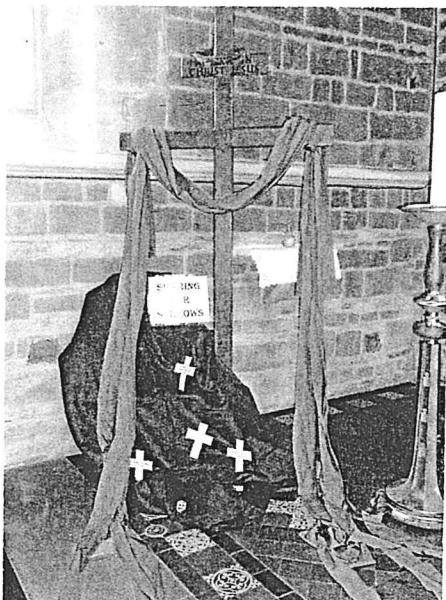
It was three days later when My mother, Mary, walked to my tomb. The birds had not yet sung and the sun was still waiting to open its blinking eye on the world. I saw her approach my tomb, and as she did, she got shocked! It looked as if she stood there for moments, puzzled, and trying to work out what had happened! Before she could, an angel appeared in a dazzle of light. The angel said, "Don't be alarmed."

The angel told my mother I was alive.
"Tell everybody," he said.

My mother ran and fell into me.

"'Tis a good day," I said, standing in front of my mother.

We walked off into the distance. I stood still, as ~~she~~ ^{my mother} went to Jerusalem to tell everyone, I was alive!



★ Great empathy with Jesus.

Next, use fronted adverbials to set the scene.