

## Modelled Writing

Time	Modelled Writing – Reminiscing
The present day	I am content with my life. I've found happiness in the strangest of places. The treasures I find were once another person's trash, and that makes me pleased. Ray brings me a cup of tea once a day and we talk about the good old days. He calls me 'Treasure.' It makes me smile.
Moving day +12 months	I've built a home from the rubbish and waste around me and I no longer feel vulnerable and afraid. I'm getting used to calling this place my 'home.' I painted yesterday.
Moving day +6 months	There are strange noises in the junk yard at night. I feel frightened and alone. I sleep in the cars and hope that I stay safe until morning. Ray smiled today and we waved.
Moving day +1 month	What has my life become? I've been here a month and I have cried every day. I fill up my days looking through the things in the vast waste piles and I wonder how it all went so wrong. The security guard, Ray, tries to scare me away but I won't leave. I can't.
Moving day	I got on a bus and stayed on until the driver told me I had to leave. Then I took my one bag of belongings and I walked until my feet could no longer carry me. I stopped here; I stopped outside the junkyard. A place full of the things people throw away. And that's why I'm stopping here. I've been thrown away. I belong here.
1 day before moving	They've told me I've got no more time left. I have to leave today. I have to take all of my possessions and get out. My heart is broken.
1 week before moving	I can't believe this is happening. My beautiful home is gone. Most of my possessions are gone. I've been given one more week's stay in the bed and breakfast but I can't afford to stay here any longer than that.
1 month before moving	Devastating news. The fire was my fault. Faulty electrical wiring. I should have had it checked. I should have made repairs. But I didn't. I forgot. And now the insurance company won't pay. We've lost everything. I've lost everything. All of my beautiful artwork is gone.
6 months before moving	There was a fire. A big one. You could see it for miles; it was quite a spectacle. But not for me. It was my home and my business, and they were burned to the ground. I am checking into a local bed and breakfast with the little money I have until the insurance company is in touch.
12 months before moving	I've finally moved into the most wonderful old farm in the countryside. It is so peaceful. I really feel happy here. I'm going to build a gallery in the barn for all of my artwork and paint every day.