This narrative was inspired by the content of our current history unit... Australia as a Nation. The sub topic was the Magna Carta and its relevance to the Australian Government today. The students examined life in medieval times and wrote narratives based on their research. Here is an outstanding sample of their writing.

The Unique Knight of Montbref Castle
By Emma Z

Awoken by the sound of the crow, Fay jolted from the bed. Still hazy from just waking up, she took her time to take in her surroundings. She was still at Montbref! Her memory was being stubborn and did not let her remember what had happened last night. She peered out of the door to see knights rushing everywhere. Trying to locate a familiar face, she spotted the young boy whom she had seen many times before now. Pulling him away from the busy hustle into the room she locked the door.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“Lady Fay we must make haste and get you to safety,” the boy replied.

Before Fay could say another word, the boy grabbed her and pulled her out into the chaotic crossing of people. The boy was quick and Fay found herself stumbling to keep up. She would have begged the boy to stop but her breath needed oxygen which she was losing fast. She was dropped off in a room similar to the one she was in last night. The difference was that the room was filled with maidens whimpering in fear. As Fay looked at the maidens she saw herself reflected in their faces. Her long, charcoal hair flowed down past her elbows and her cherry-red lips matched her baby face. She didn’t look like the type who was strong; she looked fragile. Fay forced back tears that were threatening to spill from her hazel eyes. Clenching her long, slender fingers into a fist she regained control of her emotions. She wasn’t going to let her physical appearance rob her of who she really was.

Huffing at the weakness of the other maidens, she stepped out of the room and camouflaged herself in the middle of the knights. Fay slipped from the crowd into another room. Luckily for her it was a female’s room. She searched for scissors as she knew every lady, rich or poor, had a sewing kit. When Fay found a pair, she cut her dress shorter and made a vest from the excess material. Now in more a comfortable uniform, she hid herself amongst the bustle of knights once again.

“My fair lady, you must hurry to the maiden’s safe room,” a knight beseeched as he gripped her arm.

"Unhand me! I wish to fight for the kingdom," she huffed, pulling back her arm.

“You?! A mere maiden, do stop kidding me!” The knight guffawed like it was the funniest thing ever.

“I’m not a mere maiden,” Fay growled, feeling offended.

Fay scoffed and walked away hoping to find the throne room. She was going to have a stern talk with the Prince. She flung open the doors with great strength, shocking everyone in the room. A handsome boy at the end of the room, whom she assumed was the Prince, turned to face her. There was no time to fawn over him so she marched up and bowed down.

“Your majesty, from where I come, I am known for my passion and ability to fight, so I beg you to let me fight in honour of your kingdom. Do not be fooled by my appearance and see my true colours!”

Mutters from the bystanders echoed through the room. Fay looked at the Prince and he gave her a smile, and with that, she knew his answer.

By Emma Z 5/6C