

Anglais langue seconde – 7^e année

Écriture Voie B

Copie type de niveau 4

Justification

L'élève communique très bien ses idées, ce qui permet de facilement comprendre le texte. Le vocabulaire est riche et les structures de phrases sont variées et complexes. Plusieurs expressions populaires sont habilement utilisées. Les paragraphes sont découpés à l'aide de marqueur de relation. On y retrouve très peu d'erreurs de conventions grammaticales. L'auteur réussit à capter et garder l'intérêt du lecteur.

Copie type

Le travail de l'élève débute à la page suivante.

Kim's Disappearance

I've been here for hours. My phone is dead and I'm seriously regretting taking that dare. I should have come to the most scariest house in town. What a stupid decision.

Earlier today, I was playing truth or dare. Long story short, my friends and I ended up on the doorsteps of the old abandoned house, you know, the one on 13th street. I know, bad enough as it is, but the most gruesome thing is that 30 years ago, kids my age went in, and were never found. As I reached for the door, my best friend Ashley said "Go, Kim!". The door was so old, when I touched

the handel, the door broke off the hinges. Ashley's boyfriend, Noel, motioned his hand forward, like a "ladies first" kind of way. He was always a wimp. The first thing we saw, was darknest. I turned on the flashlight, on my phone, the others followed. The air was thick it was hard to breath. The wood, wet and molding, the windows shattered with wood planks boarding them up. The floor creaked under our feet, the stairs had missing steps and the others looked like any pressure would break them. Noel, Ashley, Kyle, Poppy and I were to stay 24 hours in the old victorian house,

little did I know, that would be harder than expected

Three hours in, and Noel is gone. The rest of us are worried, we promised to stick together no matter what. I can hear rustling in the distance. I don't think we're alone.

Back to the present. Everyone is missing, I'm the only one left. I'm hiding in a closet, up the right. I think I'm safe. As I ran up the stairs, they broke under my feet. I wrote this so that if/when something happens to me, you know my story. Oh, no! I hear him calling my

name, he's walking up the stairs, I don't know how. As I'm waiting for my demise, I want you to know th...

Those were the last written words of Kimberly Carson. As the investigation of her mysterious disappearance continues, we hope that she, unlike the others, survived.