



PERSONAL RECOUNT



PERSONAL RECOUNT

Retells an activity the writer has been personally involved in and may be used to build the relationship between the writer and the reader e.g. anecdote, diary journal, personal letter. These usually retell an event that the writer was personally involved in.

The retelling of an event: personal, factual or imagined

Events are recounted in the order they occurred.

RECOUNTS

Can include dialogue as long as it's relevant.

Use figurative language to engage your audience.



PERSONAL RECOUNT

STRUCTURE

ORIENTATION

Explain the who, what, when, where of the experience in your introduction.

CHRONOLOGY

Events are described in the sequence in which they occurred.

INSIGHT

Include personal comments, opinions or interpretations of the recounted experience or event.

FOCUS

Only significant events are included

ORGANIZATION

Relevant information is grouped in paragraphs

FEATURES

TENSE

First and third person are used most frequently and recall is always written in past tense. Present tense can be used for analysis and opinion.

NOUNS

Use proper nouns to refer to specific people, places times and events

CONNECTIVES

Use conjunctions and connectives to link events and indicate time sequence

VOICE

Both active and passive voice are used in recounts



Writing a recount is a deeply reflective process. As such you will want to spend the largest part of recount writing time refining the details, language and narration of the event you are recounting.

POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE WRITING

- What are you going to tell your audience? What are you recounting?
- What information will the audience need early in the text?
- What are the important events or parts of the recount you want to describe? And what order will they occur in?
- How will you let your readers know the order of events? And what language will we use to link them?
- What other information may be useful to include?
- How will you conclude your recount?



POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE WRITING

At this point consider some of the questions your audience might ask whilst reading your recount such as.

- What occurred?
- Where did it take place?
- When did it occur?
- Who were the main characters / people involved?
- Why did certain things happen?
- How did things happen?
- What were some of the reactions to the events that occurred in your recount?
- What are the concluding thoughts or ideas you want to leave with your readers?



WRITING ORGANIZER - Recount

Orientation: - Introduction – Setting the scene.

Gives details of:

- Who
- What
- When
- Where
- Why

Events: - What happened – in chronological order.

What happened?

- First...
- Next...
- Soon...
- During...
- After...
- Later...
- Eventually...
- Finally...

Set the scene for the audience in terms of characters, setting and context. We refer to this as our orientation and it will provide the reader with all the key ingredients of the recount in the introduction by addressing the who, what, when and where.

Keep everything in chronological order in a recount and use a variety of time transitional terms and phrases so as to keep your audience engaged throughout.

- Use a range of adjectives, try and avoid "And then, and then , and then."
- Each new section will require a paragraph.
- Use the correct language and terms relevant to your recount. Consider your audience, and the language they will connect with.
- If you are writing from a specific point of view use the relevant language to match the perspective. Most commonly in a recount you will be recounting in the first person.

Conclusion: - Personal Comment (Optional)

What did you think, feel or decide about the events that happened.

Recounts are always written in past tense so be conscious to stay in this tense right throughout. Everything has already happened so ensure your vocabulary reflects this.

The challenge in writing a good recount is to provide the audience with the story as it happened but to leave out incidental and boring information.



PERSONAL ACCOUNT:

Write about a regretful action?

As I helped to fold the wheelchair of my younger brother, my heart filled with regret. If he is in a wheelchair today, it hurts me to think that I had a part to play in it. If I could turn back time, I would go back to the month of September, 2017. I still remember the day like it was yesterday. The sun was a tyrant that day. Despite the hot weather, my brother Jake and I could not bear to spend another minute of our precious September holidays at home. We climbed onto our bikes looking for our next thrill. Jake and I were known to be daredevils. There wasn't single path, we wouldn't explore. How I wish my curiosity did not get the better of me. We made our usual rounds on our dirt bikes. We were expecting for a normal trip around the forested area but little did we know that this trip would change our lives forever.

Further down the road, my eyes caught a path i've always been warned about. The path was usually closed, however, today someone seemed to have left it open. I had always been curious to find out what was on the other side. "Jake! I can't believe it! There is an opening!" I exclaimed with delight.



Curious we both examined the opening. "Let's go!" I squealed in delight. However, Jake did not share that excitement with me. He was hesitant. "This is a restricted zone Harry! Let's go back," Jake pointed out. Jake's words of caution fell on to deaf ears. I rolled my eyes at Jake. Usually, he would agree to go on thrills but today he was ridiculously hesitant. "Don't be a chicken!" I teased and grabbed by bike along. Having no choice, Jake followed me.

The path led to an amazing slope. This was a biker's dream. The slope was steep and stretched all the way down. We could let go of the pedals and sail away. "Let's race!" I challenged Jake. By now, the hesitancy disappeared from Jake's face and it was replaced with exuberance. "That's my brother!" I encouraged Jake and we both got our bikes ready to sail down the steep slope. "One, two, three!" I yelled. We pedaled for momentum and then let go. It was like flying as we sailed down the steep slope. The wind was in our hair and adrenaline pumped through our veins. However, what happened next turned my face pale. I was blinded by blaring lights. What is that? As I desperately tried to press on the brakes, it became apparent what those lights were. It was a lorry. The slope led to a road. The lorry was speeding towards us and before I knew it, I was sent flying through the air.



Everything happened so fast that it was a blur. The next waking moments were filled with the smell of disinfectant, blinding fluorescent lights and the sound of a beeping machine. I was in the hospital and my eyes met the worried faces of my parents.

“Is Jake okay?” I asked, startled.

My mother nodded. She looked deeply hurt. It was only a few days later I learnt, Jake survived the accident but both his legs had to be amputated. As I put away his folded wheelchair and helped Jake climb on to his bed, my heart still breaks with regret. How I wish I had heeded Jake’s warning. How I wish I was not so curious that day. Curiosity indeed killed the cat. Now, there is no way I could undo my actions. This is a regret I have to live with for the rest of my life.

