The Walk

Task: Sequence the extracts below, deciding which order the paragraphs should be in.

Paragraph	First, Second, Third or Fourth? (write in word form only)	Reasons for Decision	Structural Features Identified
Leaving the house just as the sun was coming up, I closed the door gently so as not to wake the others. The sky was clear and the air was cool but not cold. The sun, peaking over the distant hills, was bright, a filament orange with golden florescent spangles that dazzled even in the early morning if you dared to look straight at it. The streets were empty and silent, save for a lone milk van that whirred as it motored slowly down the deserted road.			
The trees thickened as my way led me to the forest, and entering this dense dark world with dappled sunlight wavering in patches, I sighed inwardly and contentedly. A squirrel scampered up the deeply etched bark of an old oak and skipped nimbly across a flimsy branch, causing not a ripple of movement in its skilled agility. Within the forest the stream spoke more audibly, its babbling and prattling now intensified and increased by the protection of the gargantuan foliage			
I got up early that Saturday morning, jumping out of bed and dashing to the bathroom whilst everyone else was still soundly asleep. I was too excited to be bothered with breakfast, making do with just a glass of juice. I'd packed what I needed the previous			

night and grabbed a chilled can from the fridge, stuffing it hastily into my rucksack. I was ready for off.			
As I left the road to turn into the lane, I could feel the air warming, the sun was slowly rising in its usual arc and the remnants of the dusky dawn were almost evaporated. Approaching the style that led to the fields, I checked my watch – almost 5.30. Though I was alone, I didn't feel lonely, not at all. Now, out in the countryside, I could hear the birds chirruping and tweeting, warbling and whistling, cawcawing and chattering. The gentle breeze, tickling its way through my hair, made me feel vibrant and alive whilst the rest of the county slumbered unconsciously a world away. I smiled as I listened to the babbling stream, rippling and meandering its way through the grassy banks, the dark shadowy leaves of overhanging trees reflected in its glassy pliant surface.			