

In an autobiography...don't forget to include.....

Purpose:

To give an account of your life so far

Tense:

written in the past tense



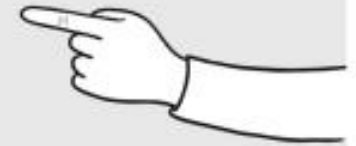
Structure:

Opens with an attention-grabbing introduction to make the audience want to read on

Events are written in chronological order

Early memories, family, home and influences help to make sense of events which happen later

Includes relevant photos with captions for interest



Include:

positive and negative experiences and how they shaped your life

Include:

precise dates and locations
named individuals who have influenced you
achievements and experiences

Include:

adverbials of time, place, number
later, that year,
nearby, opposite, often, always

Include:

time connectives
then, after that, this, firstly, whenever, in the end, on another occasion



Autobiography Plan

Points to mention.....

When I was born

Where I was born

Starting School:

When I started school

My class was.....

My teacher was.....

Feelings about this new experience:

Did I enjoy starting school?

Who were my friends when I started?

What do I remember most about my first year at school?

Being in Y1 and Y2

Who were my teachers?

Who were my friends?

What do I remember most about these 2 years at school?

Y3 (the best year!)

Was I nervous or excited about moving into Y3?

What have I enjoyed the most?

What can I remember about the overnight trip to Laches Wood?

What are my feelings about having to stay at home because of the Coronavirus?

Am I missing school? Am I missing my friends?

What am I looking forward to when I do come back to school?

Now use these thoughts, facts and feelings to write 3 or 4 paragraphs about 'My life so far.....'

Don't forget to write in chronological order!

Here is an example of a lady writing about her memories of her first day at school.....

Non-Fiction Exemplars **Autobiography Extract**

London Road Primary School was a small collection of Victorian buildings, nestled cosily beside the town's larger and more modern comprehensive. To my bewildered, four-year-old eyes, it was a vast and frightening place.

Squeezed into my uncomfortable grey skirt and stiff white shirt, I tugged constantly on the unfamiliar green and gold tie as I stood in the playground, clutching my mum's hand on that first, frightening day. Around me, other small children clung to their parents, wide-eyed and fearful, waiting to be summoned through the doors of that great institution.

At nine o'clock exactly, Mrs Hargreaves arrived at the door to reception class and beckoned us forward. 'Single file, no talking,' she commanded. Meekly, we said goodbye to our parents and lined up like lambs to the slaughter. It took all my strength not to burst into tears.

Inside, the classroom was austere and forbidding. We were later to discover that Mrs Hargreaves had an aversion to electricity and very seldom allowed the overhead strip lights to be switched on. As a result, I spent the first two years of my education in a state of semi-gloom, both literally and metaphorically.

'Find your desk and sit in silence!'

Thirty trembling children wandered through the rows of desks, looking for their name, each of which had been written in a perfect, copperplate hand on small pieces of card, and then placed on the desks. Soon, most of us were sitting – save for five stragglers who found themselves standing at the front, under the gorgon's eye.

'Why are you not sitting down?'