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**In the boxes below Summarise what happens in each paragraph.**

**Note ONE structural feature used - eg shift in focus/time, Repetition, similarity/difference in tone or start/end of the extract.**

The mountain looked a little mysterious in the half-light of the dusky evening. Its snow-capped peak stood alert, bathing in the dying embers of the setting sun. From there, my eye was drawn to the narrow path that wound its way precariously down past the dark woods and craggy outcrops of the mountain face. I traced the weaving path all the way down, until it finished behind the spire of the magnificent church that loomed over the town nestled at the foot of the mountain.

This was the town of my youth.

This was the town where I had taken my first steps. This was the town where I had been to school, where I had battled through those tough transition years of teenage angst and, finally, where I had first fallen in love. It was permeated with memories of childhood games and, later in my adolescence, secret late-night trysts.

I crossed the road and entered the alley that would take me deeper into the warren of streets that wound their way around the foot of the imposing church. When I finally emerged into the square, I was assaulted by the barrage of sights and smells that instantly took me all the way back to my youth.

Immediately, I was back under the oak tree, crouching silently next to my best friend Sally. We were hiding from James Cotton, and it was a matter of grave honour that we preserved our hiding place. Back then, a game of hide and seek was no mere playground triviality, it was a fierce battle of the sexes, a passionately fought war between to equally resolute forces.

Both Sally and I were fascinated with James: he was old for his age, smart and funny. Obviously, at that age, this fascination manifested itself as bitter hatred. The coyness would come later, along with feelings of claustrophobia and a yearning for the big city. Sally hadn’t felt the same longing for the metropolis as I had, but she had discovered the coyness that would replace the naïve and innocent feud. She had stayed here and built a life for herself; tomorrow morning I was to attend the wedding at which she would become Mrs Cotton.

The tolling church bells brought me back to the present with a start. I needed to hurry if I was to get to my parents’ house before dinnertime. With a sigh of nostalgia, I began the final leg of my journey back to my former home.