When I write a first draft I get it down as quickly as I can so that I don’t forget any of my thoughts.

I don’t worry about spelling, grammar or anything like that. I just get it down, because I know I will be coming back to edit it. I’ll correct those mistakes. I’ll improve that grammar. I’ll cut weak bits out and add new bits.

I leave facts out that I can check later, putting xxxxxxxxxx or yyyyyyyyy to remind me to research them. That means I don’t lose the momentum of my writing.

This is the beginning of the first draft of Chapter Six of my live Euro 2016 story. Your job is to edit it with your teacher. Do it together on the board or screen. Improve what you think needs improving. And there’s a lot to go at.

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Khal arrived at school on Monday morning fired up. He’d spend the whole weekend watching live sport. He’d watched the xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx rugby and xxx games at the Euros. Also a bit of xxxxx and some yyyyyyy.

But all the time, while he’d been watching it, he’d been thinking about this morning. Thinking about going up into the archive and finding the object or document he was convinced was in the attic school archive.

The soldier. The footballer. The boy. The flickering lights. Everything. He just needed to get back up into the archive.

At morning break he made for the library. He was surprised to see Grace behind the desk with one of her friends, Iris.

‘Where’s Mrs Carnegie,’ Khal asked her. ‘Have you talked to her about that thing.’

‘She’s away,’ Grace said.

‘Away?’ Khal was aware he’d raised his voice. Sounded rude.

‘I’m sorry, Khal. She had a weekend with the TA and they weren’t getting back until midday today. She’s off all day.’ Grace joined Khal on his side of the library counter and walked in the direction of the door to the archive. Khal followed.

‘TA?’ Khal asked. ‘What’s that?’

‘Territorial Army. She’s in the xxxxxs.’
Khal nodded. He was surprised. He hadn’t imagined the librarian was also a reserve soldier. But why not?

‘Good. When can we go in?’ Khal grinned, staring at the archive door. ‘Now or at lunch?’

‘Noether,’ Grace said.

‘Neither?’

‘Tomorrow. And only if Mrs C lets us. I told you. She trusts me.’