

The door of the aeroplane opened and we stepped into...

Original Writing

Use the following opening line to start your original piece of travel writing.



Use the checklist that we created for the exemplar to help guide you with your own piece.

Elements of Good Travel Writing

- centers on a key event.
- uses background information that builds up to this event.
- may incorporate research to enhance the background information—even if the writer didn't know the information things at the time of the trip.
- clearly describes the location and focuses on elements that are key to the story or experience.
- clearly describes any important people so that readers feel as if they know them a little.
- uses dialogue where possible to help the story “happen” for the reader.
- mixes reflections on the experience with the retelling to help the reader see the importance of the experience.

Paragraph Planning Sheet

Paragraph 1	
Paragraph 2	
Paragraph 3	
Paragraph 4	
Paragraph 5	

Paragraph Planning Sheet

Paragraph 1	Describe the excitement and business of the airport.
Paragraph 2	<p>description of the hotel room -</p> <p>friendly porters who helped us out of the taxi and into the hotel.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">→ The lobby is very glamorous with glitzy chandeliers and polished marble floors.→ Check in was efficient and staff was friendly.→ Our room was located on the 15th floor with amazing views over the Melbourne Skyline and Yarra River.→ The room was absolutely massive with 2 queen sized beds, plasma television, high ceilings and gorgeous decor. It was absolute luxury.
Paragraph 3	Visiting the local museum
Paragraph 4	
Paragraph 5	

Completed your plan?
Get started with your first two paragraphs.

Exemplar

The Khan-al-Khalili open-air market consisted of winding streets and narrow, dark alleys lined with stalls. Streets were named after what was sold on them: Gold Street, Copper and Brass Streets, Silk and Cotton Streets, Carpet Street.

At lunchtime, merchants sitting on stools outside their open stores greeted my grandfather loudly in Arabic. He, in turn, inquired about their health or their family. Often he would bring a bolt of cloth from his store as a present for someone's daughter who was getting married. My grandfather loved Egyptian food, especially street food, such as ful medames, a traditional Egyptian dish of stewed brown fava beans, and he was a regular at Aboushakra, a tiny restaurant located near Gold Street.

Exemplar

After an hour's descent I reach the desert. Sweat pours from my body and evaporates in seconds. My water is half-finished, and the lake has sunk from view. I must rely on my compass from now on.

The sun is still overhead. As I breathe the hot air in and out, my mouth becomes as dry as dust. The compass in my hand burns like the gravel underfoot. The dry noodles have reached my stomach and seem to be sucking the moisture from my blood. I long to reach the shore of the lake and plunge my head in its cool water. For brief moments, refracted through the heat waves on the right, I see villages, moving trucks, or a sweep of marsh. If I didn't have a compass, I might be tempted to walk straight into the mirage.