



Nightmare Time: Improving your IELTS response

Read the example and think about how to improve it.

I think I forget almost of bad memories like nightmare. However, I will write some of them which I remember. One of my nightmare stories is to get lost when I was three years old. I was always with my father then. Because my mother was so busy to take care of my sister who was one year old. One day, my family went to book store because I love books and my parents like magazines about fashion and vehicles. The book store was neighboring town but I knew it well. I asked my mother "Where is father?" She said "He is a corner about motor bike.". At the moment, suddenly, I thought I have to go to motor bike store which my father is favorite to see him. And I dashed out the store. I didn't know the traffic rules because I was three years old. So, I didn't see traffic lights and cars around me. If I happened a traffic accident, I would already pass away. When I arrived the bike store, my father wasn't there. So, I was crying so long time. My parents called the police and I was searched by many people. When I waited for a long time, my parents came crying. That was one of nightmare story which happened due to misunderstanding.

How can you improve the writing?

The time before the incident (had been)

then	at that time
passed away (someone died)	not here today (indicates in a less direct way)
vivid in my mind	easy to visually remember
it was up to my father	my father had to do it as there was nobody else
keep an eye on me	to look after someone young
so long	such <u>a long time</u>
oblivious	totally unaware of the situation

Reported speech

"Where <u>is</u> my father"	I asked where my father <u>was</u>
"He is a corner about motor bike"	She replied that he was in

I think I have forgotten most of the times when I had a nightmare but there is one incidence that is still vivid in my mind. The nightmare I remember was when I got lost and I was only three years old. I remember that *I was always with my father* at that time as **my mother had been busy, taking care of my sister** who was one year old and so *it was up to my father* to keep an eye on me. One day, my family decided to go to book store. The bookstore was in the neighboring town but I knew it well as we often went there. I loved books, still do, and my parents liked looking at magazines: my mother and fashion; and my father and cars and bikes.

Well, *my mother was holding my sister* while reading a fashion magazine and I *was looking around* to find my dad but couldn't see him anywhere so I asked my mother where he was. She casually replied that he was in the corner, in the motorbike section. But I misunderstood **what my mother had said** and **thought she had told me** that he was at the motorbike shop. And for some unknown reason, I suddenly decided that I had to go to the motorbike shop where I thought my father was to see him. And so I dashed out the bookstore. I didn't know anything about the traffic rules. I was three years old and wasn't aware of the traffic lights or the cars around me. I just ran straight across the road to the motorbike shop, not looking and oblivious to these dangers.



Fortunately, there weren't any cars coming or I would not be here today. But when I arrived at the bike store, my father wasn't there so I burst into tears and cried out loud. *My parents were frantically looking for me and called the police and even other customers in the shop were searching for me. **I had been waiting for such a long time** and was wondering what I should I do when my parents came running into the motorbike shop, crying with tears of joy and relief. A simple misunderstanding that suddenly turned into a nightmare. Another dish I love is creamy macaroni gratin. I simply love cheese and when the cheese gets grilled and turns light brown, it is like heaven. Many people have an image of **this dish** being difficult to make but I know how to make **it** and **it** is easier than you think. The ingredients you need are: macaroni, milk, flour, chicken, mozzarella cheese, salt and garlic. *First, you need to cook your macaroni separately. While that is cooking, in a separate frying pan, heat up some oil and fry thinly-sliced onion and garlic, and later add the chopped-up chicken. Next, you can melt butter in a saucepan over a moderate heat and whisk in the flour, remembering to constantly stir until the sauce thickens and there are no lumps. Then move the saucepan from the heat, still whisking and add one cup of milk. You can also add salt if you like. After this, pour the cooked macaroni and the fried chicken into the saucepan, mix well, and then pour this onto a cooking tray. Finally, cover the dish with mozzarella cheese and grill for about 15 minutes and voila.* I had **it** last Sunday and **it** was so good. In fact, I could have **it** every week and I won't get bored of **it**, no matter how many times I eat **it**.*

From the above work, try to chunk the speech

Find the pause – Chunking short / longer //

CAPITALISE the stressed (important) word

I LIKE this class / because the teacher is GOOD / and everyone is FRIENDly. // ALso, / my English is getting BETter. //

I think / I have forgotten most of the times / when I had a nightmare / but there is one incidence / that is still vivid in my mind. // The nightmare I remember / was when I got lost / and I was only three years old. // I remember that I was always with my father at that time / as my mother had been busy, / taking care of my sister / who was one year old / and so it was up to my father / to keep an eye on me. // One day, / my family decided to go to book store. // The bookstore was in the neighboring town / but I knew it well as we often went there. // I loved books, / still do, and my parents liked looking at magazines: / my mother and fashion; / and my father and cars and bikes. //

Well, / my mother was holding my sister / while reading a fashion magazine / and I was looking around / to find my dad / but couldn't see him anywhere / so I asked my mother where he was. // She casually replied / that he was in the corner, / in the motorbike section. / But I misunderstood what my mother had said / and thought she had told me that he was at the motorbike shop. // And for some unknown reason, / I suddenly decided that I had to go to the motorbike shop / where I thought my father was / to see him. / And so I dashed out the bookstore. / I didn't know anything about the traffic rules. // I was three years old / and wasn't aware of the traffic lights or the cars around me. // I just ran straight across the road / to the motorbike shop, / not looking and oblivious to these dangers. //

Fortunately, / there weren't any cars coming / or I would not be here today. // But when I arrived at the bike store, / my father wasn't there / so I burst into tears and cried out loud. // My parents were frantically looking for me / and called the police / and even other customers in the shop were searching for me. // I had been waiting for such a long time / and was wondering what I should I do / when my parents came running into the motorbike shop, / crying with tears of joy and relief. // A simple misunderstanding / that suddenly turned into a nightmare. //