1. **Read this story about a nightmare journey and divide it into logical paragraphs.**

I remember one nightmare journey. The nightmare journey was three years ago. I was going to the airport with my friend. We were going to Mallorca on holiday. We had to be at Dresden airport two hours before the flight. We left home with plenty of time. We got to the motorway. There was a huge traffic jam! The traffic wasn’t moving at all. We didn’t know what to do. It was too late to go another way. We just sat in the car. We were getting more and more stressed. After ten minutes the traffic started moving slowly. We decided to leave the motorway. We decided to try to find another way to the airport. I wasn’t sure of the way. We got completely lost. We were sure we were going to miss the flight. We finally arrived at the airport. We arrived at the airport just thirty minutes before the plane was going to leave. The woman at the check-in desk said we couldn’t check in our luggage. We couldn’t check in our luggage because it was too late. So we had to run with all our cases to the departure gate. My friend fell over and hurt her leg. But we managed to get to the gate in time. We caught our flight.

1. **Read this improved version and think of more ways to improve it.**

I remember one nightmare journey. The nightmare journey was three years ago. I was going to the airport with my friend. We were going to Mallorca on holiday. We had to be at Dresden airport two hours before the flight.

We left home with plenty of time. We got to the motorway. There was a huge traffic jam! The traffic wasn’t moving at all. We didn’t know what to do. It was too late to go another way. We just sat in the car. We were getting more and more stressed.

After ten minutes the traffic started moving slowly. We decided to leave the motorway. We decided to try to find another way to the airport. I wasn’t sure of the way. We got completely lost. We were sure we were going to miss the flight.

We finally arrived at the airport. We arrived at the airport just thirty minutes before the plane was going to leave. The woman at the check-in desk said we couldn’t check in our luggage. We couldn’t check in our luggage because it was too late. So we had to run with all our cases to the departure gate.

My friend fell over and hurt her leg. But we managed to get to the gate in time. We caught our flight.

1. Now compare the original version on the left with the improved version on the right. Notice the differences. How do they improve the original text?

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| I remember one nightmare journey. The nightmare journey was three years ago. I was going to the airport with my friend. We were going to Mallorca on holiday. We had to be at Dresden airport two hours before the flight.  We left home with plenty of time. We got to the motorway. There was a huge traffic jam! The traffic wasn’t moving at all. We didn’t know what to do. It was too late to go another way. We just sat in the car. We were getting more and more stressed.  After ten minutes the traffic started moving slowly. We decided to leave the motorway. We decided to try to find another way to the airport. I wasn’t sure of the way. We got completely lost. We were sure we were going to miss the flight.  We finally arrived at the airport. We arrived at the airport just thirty minutes before the plane was going to leave. The woman at the check-in desk said we couldn’t check in our luggage. We couldn’t check in our luggage because it was too late. So we had to run with all our cases to the departure gate.  My friend fell over and hurt her leg. But we managed to get to the gate in time. We caught our flight. | A nightmare journey I remember was three years ago when I was going to the airport with my friend. We were going to Mallorca on holiday and we had to be at Dresden airport two hours before the flight.  So, we left home with plenty of time but when we got to the motorway, there was huge gridlock! The traffic wasn’t moving at all. We didn’t know what to do. However, it was too late to go another way, so we just sat in the car getting more and more stressed.  Luckily, after ten minutes the traffic started moving slowly. We decided to leave the motorway and try to find another way to the airport but I wasn’t sure of the way and we got completely lost. We were sure we were going to miss the flight.  We finally arrived at the airport just thirty minutes before the plane was going to leave. The woman at the check-in desk said we couldn’t check in our luggage because it was too late, so we had to run with all our cases to the departure gate.  Although my friend fell over and hurt her leg as we were running to our gate, we managed to get to the gate in time. Fortunately, in the end we caught our flight. |