

Friday 20th October

Cliff Hanger

Gabriel was a typical teenage boy, quite roguish, rough and a kind of vagabond, he was fearless. ^{supernatural} On Halloween-night he still went trick-or-treating though, many boys his age didn't bother anymore. But tonight may have been his last.

He was getting ready to go trick-or-treating out on the hectic Halloween ^{Phan to smagoric} phasmagoric darkness. ~~He~~ Bravely, he strode out ~~to~~ on to the ~~terr~~ teeming streets of screaming citizens, all bustling one way. Away from something.

Valiantly, Gabe barged past what seemed like a country of people before he came to the source of the ~~ter~~ ^{Disgusting} ~~ter~~ ^{Disgusting} mangleing corpse with a terror-stricken face and glassy eyes was staring up at him. It was on the front-steps of an old ramshackle house and she was in a witch's costume with a bowl of sweets, and a bomb ~~but~~ ~~with~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~timer~~ ~~strapped~~ to had just blown up into millions of tiny shrapnel. He stepped over ~~the~~ the body cautiously and knocked timidly on the blood-stained door.

An evil cackle met his ears coldly and the gargantuan desolate door slowly creaked open, a white-faced, shrunken man was standing like a dwarf in front of him, as he was so minute, his voice ~~was~~ would be squeaky, but it was gravity and low. ^{Ominously} He bellowed, "Come in my precious, have a drink."

The door slammed shut and locked behind them...

Writing feedback

General feedback

Imony you have used lots of lovely language. I can tell you have thought really carefully about the words you have used. You have tried hard to vary how you open sentences. Your spelling and punctuation are both excellent.

Follow up activity

- ① Correct your couple of spelling errors.
- ② See if you can add another couple of exciting openers.

Practise ue ue ve ue ut ut ut ut
ow ow ow ow ur hr hr hr

The Witch

Imogen

Under her beautiful black eyelashes, her eyes twinkle baby-blue; her hair has accidentally been dyed bluish-green by her unsuccessfully, bad at magic, cat: Bug. She is so skinny, you could easily mistake her for a colourful, long twig; which has blue-green leaves at the end. She attends a school for witchcraft and wizardry: Pigspots, which has always been rivaled by Hogwarts (but her family were too poor to go there). She wears: green and black stockings, which fall down clumsily everytime she takes a step; a dark, purple pinafore and a ludicrous-looking pink cloak adorns her body. She flies around on a broken broom, which jerks and buckles when you or anyone even so much as swipe your hand over it. She sports a crumpled, battered-looking wizard's hat, covered in crescent moons and bright white stars. She is a baby elephant, clumsy and stomping around the mansion-sized

school, looking on-mysteriously in pots and jars; glowing beads interest her especially. She adorns her luscious black hair with a magically sparkling rainbow-coloured bow, which is normally complimented by glow-in-the-dark hair clips. Her wand is broken and wonky, but it still makes magical spells - but not always the right one! Before doing an amazing spell, she always has to cello-tape immense amounts of staying-together goo on to her wand, or else the whole room will probably explode into dust! Her green cat, Bug, is as cheeky as his mistress could ever be; he has an ear-splitting meow, like a ruler scraping across a chalk-board. (Awful!)

The head teacher is her favourite person in-the-world: Dordbledum (pro. door, -bull-dum). He has a long grey beard and half-moon glasses, which perch precariously on the end of his knobbly nose.

The witch's name is Martha; she isn't the typical witch you would expect, (warty, evil and doubled over) but she is young straight and good.

She can disguise herself as a tree or a lovely jolly leaf and her wand mysteriously glows-in-the dark, it is very useful if you want to walk down dark corridors or in forests.



Bonfire Acrostic



Burning bonfires blaze spectacularly, like a vivid volcano that's just erupted,


Ominous flames licking longingly at the mangling man's dead body like a torturous tiger,

Numbing fingers, the crispy frost underfoot crunches quietly: Crunch! Crackle!

Fizz! the fireworks which shoot up majestically are peregrine falcons on a silent hunt,

Igniting the tails of the wild animals to send them soaring way-up in the sky,

Rebelious children and drunks running about and screaming their heads off like the bombs overhead,

Exciting rides  waiting longingly for a rest.

Nausea is finally setting in and the melodious music is dimming surrepticiously in the blunt background,

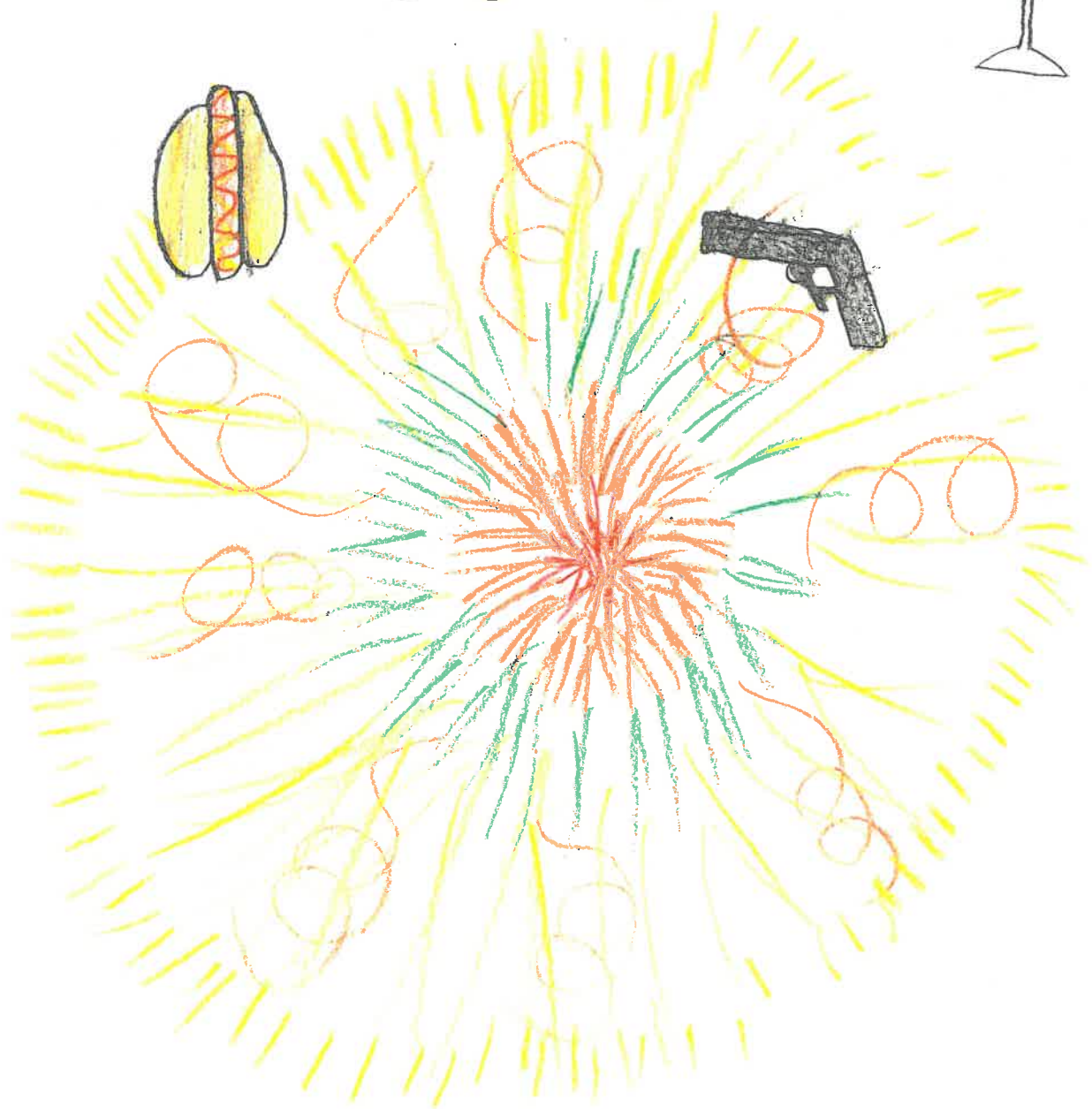
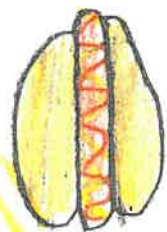
Illuminating the path away from the crowds and bustle, the twinkling stars shine and sing in the moonlit sky



Grallant granades throwing themselves, shooting up
in the distance like hissing snakes,
Hunting shadows creep up spine-tinglingly smooth walls,
Tonight tigers have been let wild,

ROAR! SPIT!

Poetry by Imogen.



looked at the man with confusion.
The strange man looked back and
chuckled to himself. However, whilst this
was happening, the ~~good~~ ^{the} Good Samaritan
was looking into ^{the} his goggles only to
see his very own car crashing off of the
edge of the twisty hill.
"Hu?" The Good Samaritan ~~&~~ swerved
to the left and bounced off the rock
only to meet his doom. "Noo! Curse you!!"



You've interwoven the dialogue and
action well.



Challenge Correct / add the punctuation:

"Stop!" cried the Good Samaritan, "What
are you doing?"

✓ Perfect.

Inogen

Y6 @ Carlton

Solid expected w/
elements of

Greater Depon.