

Writing

It is time to get creative! You must continue the story. Please make sure your narrative is a narrative and not a paragraph! Try to be creative! Try to include noun phrases, relative clauses, a range of conjunctions and interesting vocabulary! Please email them to our class page, I look forward to reading them!



Carefully picking up the giant bubble-maker and dipping it into the enormous pot of bubble-making liquid was a satisfying feeling. She loved the way it felt when she dipped and scooped and dipped and scooped until she had a perfect, crystal clear circle of liquid inside the circular head of the bubble-maker. Looking into the red and blue rusted pot, she could see the transparent liquid gently sloshing around inside. There was a soapy film that sat on the top of the liquid, and in that soapy film she could see a reflection of the clouds as they manoeuvred their way across the navy-blue sky.

She had discovered the magical powers of these bubbles when she was a girl. As there was only a limited amount of the precious bubble-making liquid, she had used it wisely and sparingly (only when she really needed it).

These bubbles were different from any other bubbles, because they had the power to...



His eyes blinked. They were the only part of his body that he could move: he was entombed in ice, and had been for some time. The person that had put him here was far away by now.

Glancing around in desperation he tried to move his aching body, but it was no good - there didn't seem to be a way out. Time was slipping away... He had to escape. If he didn't, then darkness would cover the world...



It had been many years since the shrill shriek of a steam train puffing along the the track had been heard in these parts.

The Northern Railroad had been discontinued after the great disaster on June 11th, 1911. Ever since that day, the Railroad company had been nothing but a distant memory, a story to be told around the campfire late into the night.

As the group sat around their newly constructed camp, listening to the crackle of the flames as they licked up into the night, their minds wandered back to the stories they had heard from their fathers. So absorbed were they in the moment, and the mesmerizing glow of the fire, that it was hard to tell if the shrill shriek coming from the distance was part of their imaginations.