



Thursday 25th and Friday
26th June

<https://www.literacyshed.com/reverso.html>

Task: Plan and write a narrative about what happens to the man next



G

3rd person (or 1st if you'd rather)
narrative

A

Children and young adults who are
fans of fantasy

P

To entertain readers by painting a vivid
picture using imagery

You have 2 days to complete this writing task.

First, decide what happens to the man as he rises higher and higher. Where will the story go next? How high does he go and what happens to him? Plan out your writing. You could:

- **Draw a story map**
- **Write notes**

Include in your plan:

- **Events (what happens)**
- **Thoughts and feelings of the character**
- **Description you could use (e.g. how would you describe the image behind this writing?)**

Next, have a look at the examples of imagery on the following pages. How are they successful? Note down examples you like and you could use, or adapt and use, in your own writing.

We use imagery to create a vivid picture for the reader. This can be achieved through:

- **Metaphors and similes**
- **Personification**
- **Onomatopoeia**
- **Carefully chosen adjectives and adverbs**

You will notice that in these examples personification is not used just once but the whole description personifies nature.

Finally, write the continuation of the story! Are you writing in 1st or 3rd person, present or past tense? It doesn't have to be long! Focus on effective imagery.

From 'Where the world ends' by Geraldine McCaughrean

Two boys (Davie and Quilliam) are on a stac (a large rock in the ocean), off the coast of a remote Scottish island (called St Kilda) hunting birds, when suddenly a violent storm hits.

It broke cover now, snapping the rope horizon that separated sky from sea, plunging and lunging towards St Kilda as if to sink each island and the stac to the bed of the ocean. The sea itself, its hide made scaly by the hammering rain, writhed and rose: a dragon – the World-Eater which myth said lay on the seabed with a belly full of fire. Trident lightning jabbed and stabbed at it but seemed only to goad the dragon to an even greater fury.

With triumphant glee, the wind picked up Davie – picked him up bodily, high, high into the air so that, for a moment, he appeared to have taken wing: the bird-catcher become a bird. Then it flung him against the Stac. It must have made a great noise: flesh and bone and skull. But from where Quilliam crouched on hands and knees, staring into the renewed dark, the storm's hooting obliterated every sound.

Face down, belly pressed to the rock, ungainly as a seal come ashore, Quill wormed his way across the ground, discovering each dip and rise and crevice without aid of light. Each crackle of lightning he thought had seared the way ahead into his brain, but in the dark that followed the image decayed and deserted him.

“I'm coming, Davie! I'm coming man! Hold still!” he called, but could barely hear his own voice, let alone a reply. The wind filled up his jacket and tugged so hard that he felt almost weightless.

From 'Messenger of fear' by Michael Grant

The opening pages of the book see a girl wake up in a mysterious place, confused and struggling to understand what has happened to her.

My eyes opened.

I was on my back.

A mist pressed close, all around me, so close that it was more like a blanket than a fog. The mist was the colour of yellowed teeth and it moved without a breath of breeze, moved as if it had a will.

The mist swirled slowly, sensuously, and it touched me. I don't mean that it was merely near to me and therefore inevitably touched me; I mean that it *touched* me. It felt my face like a blind person might. It crept up the sleeves of my sweater and down the neckline. It found its insinuating way under rough denim and seeped, almost like a liquid, along bare skin. Fingerless, it touched me. Eyeless, it gazed at me. It heard the beating of my heart and swept in and out of my mouth with each quick and shallow breath I took.

From 'The Lie Tree' by Frances Hardinge

Faith is travelling with her father in the dead of night to a secret cave.

Salt-matted strands of Faith's hair whipped her face and stung her eyes. All the while, the cliff stealthily loomed larger and larger, cutting out ever more of the sky. At its base waves raged, champed, tore each other and bled white.

Faith became aware that she could hear a loud and rhythmic rush and hiss, rush and hiss. A little further oceanward, she saw a wave strike the cliff. Nearly all of it detonated in spray, but part of it seemed to disappear into the rock. She could hear it roaring hallowly, and after a few moments the water surged back out, turbulent and gleaming. It took Faith a moment to understand what she was seeing.

“Father, I can see a cave!”

As the boat drew nearer, the roar grew louder and more ominous. Soon, Faith could make out the cave's mouth, a deeper blackness gaping like a cat's yawn.