



ANDREW TEST YEAR 6 CREATIVE WRITING

This term, Year 6 are working on their own creative writing story. Here are a few story starters from 6B:

“Poor” by Annabel C

Lisa crept out into the thick, pungent smoke. She coughed as the bitter smoke managed to waft through her old gas mask, which was indented into her thin, pale face. The masses of destruction stared emotionless at her without the recognition she once owned with those now unrecognizable bricks. She gasped silently as peered through the clouded lenses of her gas mask, her insides aching and begging the past to be undone. The barren town once riddled with streets, laughter and music had become a graveyard of sorrows without warning.

“The Trench” by Adrian Z

He runs through the fog of death, blinded by the clouded lenses of his mask. The cool mist stings his hands and the mixture of coarse dirt and smooth stones brush pass his bare feet. Sharp, loud roars and yellow beams of light keep on blazing past his head and hitting the ground below his feet with each one getting closer and closer. He pauses and turns around, scanning the clouds for movement as the shots seem to stop. As a new face emerges from the fog, Jeremy turns around and quickly starts to sprint away as a gunshot strikes his leg.

“Doors of Green Valley” by Ana S

The dewy grass squelched amongst Steve and Lucas’s feet as they walked through the dark and gloomy valley. Steve’s brown, curly hair was thrown around in the gusty wind. The icy water

trickled along the river as they were looking for their long lost mother, Hansy. In the distance, two patches of bright light hit their face like a boxing glove. The smell of old books surrounded them as the breeze of fresh air sent shivers down Lucas's spine. Rain danced around them like graceful ballerinas.

“Dawn of the Shadows” by Callie B

Lily wandered around, where her backyard used to be. She clung to her gas mask, praying the mysterious mist couldn't get through. Her home had been destroyed and her life changed forever. They had taken her family away and left her to this forsaken place.

Every time Lily closed her eyes the images of her family being taken replayed in her mind. It hurt so much, but she had to keep going.

Lily shrieked in anger, but suddenly wished she hadn't. They might have heard her. And now they were probably coming.

Mrs Lianne Brown

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