

Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2024

LO: To write a story for an infant child.

Success Criteria:

WWW

- colon & semi-colon ✓
- neat handwriting ✓
- speech to advance action ✓
- figurative language ✓
- Y6 punctuation ✓
- paragraphs ✓

Fishy the Fish lived in the coral reefs of the vast, sapphire-blue ocean. She had vibrant blue and yellow stripes; navy blue fins that rested on her sleek back and perfectly round eyes that glimmered in the light. Fishy loved to go exploring the ocean, playing and chattering with her friends. Fishy thought that her home was an underwater paradise: bright, spotty seahorses and glowing, translucent jellyfish floated around her; coral, colourful and uniquely-shaped, rested on the sandy seabed. Surrounded by beauty, the bubbly, cheerful fish never wanted to leave her perfect home.

One bright morning, Fishy woke up with a longing for adventure. The day before this, while she was out, she overheard some octopi saying that there was a powerful, magical shell on the other side of the reef. Nobody ever travelled there - everyone thought that there was a monstrous sea creature made of plastic who'd swallow you whole. But Fishy was sure that it was untrue - it was just a legend. So, when she heard about the shell, she sped straight to her friend's house and they set off, swimming through the deep blue sea together. Fishy had never been more excited in her life.

Fishy's friend was called Blobby, which was strange as he was a clownfish, not a blobfish. Blobby was not as playful and chatty as Fishy - in fact, they were complete opposites! But as best friends, they ~~did~~ always had the best time together. "Do you think that there is actually a monster down there?" Blobby whispered worriedly. Fishy rolled her eyes. "No, silly. Don't you know - it's just a myth!" she replied, certain that the sea

monster was fake. But deep down, she was a little bit - just a LITTLE bit - scared that the 'monstrous sea creature' MIGHT be real. Her and Blobby were silent for the rest of the journey, lost in thought. That is, they were silent until they reached it. "This is it, Blobby," Fishy gaped. As they swam on, Blobby shuddered. They were entering the Dark Reef.

"I'm so tired and hungry. Why did you make us come here?" Fishy groaned.  
"I didn't want to come! You made me!" Blobby argued back. "And anyway, we're close now. Just wait. I wouldn't eat anything we find here. Remember, this is the Dark Reef." Fishy, who was very irritable now, threw him a dirty look. Then she saw it. Was that... good? Without thinking about it, Fishy floated towards the delicious-looking food. "Um... Fishy? Fishy?" her friend called out, confused. Then he realized what was going on. "Oh no, Fishy, don't do that. No, stop!" He tried to chase after her, but she wasn't listening. Ignoring Blobby's warnings, she went to chomp down on the yummy food... "AGH!" Fishy screamed at the top of her voice. She had been captured by a marine net! "The monstrous sea creature is REAL! HELP!"

"Well, the 'myth' was always true," came a voice from behind. Struggling, Fishy turned around to look.

"Who are YOU?" she enquired, in a weird tone.

"My name is Terry. Terry the Tortoise. I've been trapped for... well, a couple years now," he croaked. His voice sounded hoarse, but steady. Fishy, however, was in a real state.

"Why are you SO CALM?!" she panicked. "Oh, it doesn't matter now! Blobby, what ARE we going to DO?" Blobby looked just as frightened as his friend. He looked away thoughtful for a minute. Then he swam away. Just swam away. Before he left their sight, he told the two, "I'll be back, don't worry Fishy. We'll get you out. And you, Terry. You too. Alright, don't try to move. Stay still. Stay calm." That was it. He was alone now.

This part of the reef was pitch-black, as black as midnight. Blobby didn't dare to breathe in case something tried to ambush him. But then he saw noticed

something. It shimmered. It glimmered. Slowly and cautiously, he moved towards it. Closer and closer - until he was almost touching it. He was shaking all over - he couldn't bring himself to do it. Come on Blobby, you can do it; you have to do it, he thought to himself. Deep breaths, deep breaths. "Come on, just grab it!" he whispered. 3... 2... 1... Relief. Awe. It was the shell. The powerful magical shell that everyone had been talking about! Blobby felt like such a hero that he forgot why he actually needed the shell; he had to rescue Terry and Fishy! He frantically left the darkest part of the Dark Reef and found them. Not explaining what happened, the brave jish pointed the shell at Terry and Fishy and zapped them. They were set free! Squealing, Fishy was delighted. "Yay! Thank you so, so, SO MUCH, Blobby! Finally! I was strangled!" "You did a good thing today," Terry praised him. And then, POOF! He was gone. Blobby was shocked. What happened? Where did Terry go? "Try not to overthink it, Blobs. Let's go home!" Fishy reassured him. And off they went.

"I can't believe that I did that!" Blobby exclaimed.

"I know right! You saved us! It must have been super scary. Oh... I... I'm so sorry for putting you through all of that, Blobby," Fishy stammered. She started to sob.

"No, it's ok, Fishy! Don't cry - it's not your fault!" He put a comforting fin around her. "And by the way, there is no monstrous sea creature. It's just plastic that those dreadful HUMANS are dumping in the oceans. It's terrible."

"But why? Why do they want to kill us?" Fishy sniffed.

"Because they are careless. They need to stop NOW, before our type go extinct - gone forever," he replied.

"We're lucky to be alive, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are, Fishy," Blobby said, a tear falling from his eye. "Yes, we are."

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup> February 2024

LO: To write a story inspired by Alma.

LO ✓ 2ly ✓  
What an

Success Criteria:

WWW

• appositives ✓

• hyphenated words ✓

• parenthesis ✓

• prepositional phrases ✓

• 45/6 words ✓

exciting

Story!

The sapphire-blue sky shimmered above the town. A gentle breeze passed through the streets. Everything was silent. Vanessa, a cheerful ten-year-old girl, skipped along the seemingly endless rows of terraced houses. Her shamrock-green, almond-shaped eyes glimmered in the dazzling summer sunshine. Vanessa's rose-pink, layered skirt floated as she hopped and jumped and twirled. She practically flew from cobbled pavement to cobbled pavement. Vanessa played happily on the quiet, deserted roads, unaware of what was to come later...

Stopping for a breath, Vanessa found a strange blackboard nailed to a wall. It was old and slightly cracked. The board was covered in many different names: Eve, Jennifer, Felix and loads more. But there was one space right in the middle, and it was clean. Vanessa knew what she had to do. So, noticing a discarded piece of chalk on the sun-baked ground, she scrawled 'Vanessa' in her messy handwriting. As soon as she did this, Vanessa heard a peculiar ticking coming from behind her. Hesitantly, she turned around. It was a mysterious shop. At once, Vanessa was under a spell. Because through the jagged hole in that window, on the display was a Cadbury bar. Vanessa sprinted across the road to the strange-looking shop. She desperately pulled the door with all of her might. But it was no use. The door wouldn't budge. This annoyed Vanessa; she'd do anything for her favourite chocolate. She kicked the door in frustration and started to stomp away. Suddenly, the door creaked open, luring her in...

It was sweet heaven in that shop. Vanessa, whose jaw was now wide open, was amazed. She resisted the urge to start grabbing all of them. She was only there for the chocolate. As she stepped towards the old and broken display table, Vanessa stumbled. She had ~~accidentally~~ accidentally stepped on and opened a fallen packet of gumballs. They all seemed to roll fairly quickly straight towards the door. Vanessa now realized that the door hadn't completely shut behind her; it was slightly ajar. "Huh?" she whispered to herself. It was quite bizarre that every gumball had rolled in a straight, perfect line, and that they hadn't just spread out all over the place. But Vanessa was no longer paying attention to that. She had now focused herself on the Cadbury. But ~~as~~ <sup>when</sup> she looked at the display again, nothing was there. "Wait, what?" Vanessa muttered, staring around the shop. As she scanned the wobbly tables and the ~~or~~ packed shelves, she finally caught sight of the Cadbury bar, high on a shelf. Vanessa felt a sudden surge of confidence. She was determined. Vanessa leapt on tables as jars of Jolly Ranchers crashed to the floor. She climbed on shelves as stacks of Double Deckers wobbled. Vanessa didn't care. She was so close. Closer... & closer... closer. "YES!" she squealed. Finally, the Cadbury Dairy Milk was hers. ~~Just~~ Just as she started to unwrap it... FLASH.

All Vanessa could feel on her back was a cold, dusty shelf. She was unable to move. She seemed to be lying down and staring up at the white, cracked ceiling of the shop. Vanessa was trapped.

The sapphire-blue sky shimmered above the town. A gentle breeze passed through the streets. Everything remained silent as a new name was added to the blackboard, and a jar of chewy sweets rose from the floor of the enchanted sweet shop...