



Writing Competition

Welcome to the UKS2 Writing Competition

Today's competition is all about being creative, setting a scene and creating suspense. Use the story starter and create your story.

Rules:

- ♦ **Must be over half a page and no more than two pages of A4.**
- ♦ **It must be written in pen or pencil on paper (good handwriting required so it is legible).**
- ♦ **Must include some description**
- ♦ **Entries must be sent to your teacher by 3pm on**

Wednesday 3rd February 2020



Help Section

The story starter to get you started is on the next page. Use this to help you start your story.

Remember when using description to try and include some of the following:

- **Fronted adverbials of time, manner and place**

E.g. Through the mist,

Once she finished rubbing her eyes,

Hesitantly,

- **Similes and metaphors**

E.g. The mist stretched its hazy arms out and wrapped its arms tightly around her.

The air was as cold as ice.

- **Tier 2 adjectives**

E.g. cold—> bitter

Dark—> jet-black

She shook—> she shuddered

Story starter...

Use the story starter below to write your story.

Surreal Dream

Am I asleep, or am I dreaming?

This was the question that rang out in her head.

She looked down at her hands. Then her feet. Then her clothes. Why was she so small?

Amy had gone to bed that night as a 13-year-old girl, yet in her dream she was tiny again. She had not worn these clothes since she was 2 years old! What was going on?

She had been to this place before, she was certain. It all seemed familiar. Carrying the metal lantern in her fingertips, she waddled slowly through the night, not being able to see further than a few feet in front of her due to the thick wisps of fog that blanketed her vision.

Feeling the warm breeze caress her face, Amy inhaled. The air smelled damp, like it had just finished raining, but she couldn't remember it having done so. Lanterns, as big as post boxes, swayed in the wind, shedding a feeble, hazy glow across the never-ending blackness.

She shivered. Something was wrong. Surely dreams couldn't feel this real?

