

Writing Progression In Description

Year 1

Thursday 10th March 2022

Hot write

My Bear eats Mint Ice-cream
and Rainbow donut.

My Bear lives on the sun.

My Bear does hand stands
and they sings songs.

My Bear looks like
icy and grey.

Year 2

Have you seen this dragon?

The last luck began hard to catch. It has long
time winged that slip slowly in the wind its body
is as light as feather but has bar as hard
as Aluminium. There teeth are as sharp as
skinner but don't worry there are only the
size as a size extinguisher. If they are young
and generally they are not sunny eater but
remember for there growth is overcast
and gear based clover. You can find it in the
sky chasing clouds and stars because it is
very loud as a night. be very careful when
you see this dragon. It's sharp teeth on it.

when ^{beside} I sleep it always gives a push
to good luck to stop a quarrel, squabbling or
argument's, never ever take get near
a hot dragon with garlic bread it will
pounce on you.

IS you send it please contact with Irving

ASap reimb 50000 100,000 6Gems

Year 3

In the cave I saw purple, mysterious paintings. In the deep, dark cave I saw a big, brown bear skin rug. Then I heard young, scared screams. I rushed down into the cave. There was a big, sluffy, grizzly bear. I screamed then as I ran back out of the dark cave but the rocks fell on top of me. ✓

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Year 4

Thursday 23rd September 2021

LE To apply knowledge and understanding of setting during (hot written).

The gasinated children walked through the brown door a dark room but as Mr Willy Wonka walked in the light shined on. The childer stood still jaws dropped. Stood glued to the spot because in front of them was the biggest room in the whole factory! There were pink and blue. Mr Wonka announced that it was call The Cotton Candy room also known as The Candy room. Mr Wonka also replied that you can eat it. There was also this ^{machine} called, Candy gloss machine and it made candy gloss then it shredded it into tiny pieces so you could eat on it. The machine was bubbling like mad. The cotton was soft as a pillow. The cotton candy was like lemon. Charlie saw that there was a barrel had million and millions of candy sweets the large container had the Tester Candy. Charlie picked up one it was call Candy gloss judge then he popped it in his mouth.

Year 5

Inner City

Sky scrapers like mountains, bullies lurking around every corner. No more does the sun shine. No more going to school feeling safe. No more going home up alone. Birds of prey, schooling ready to attack. C-steps and being helpless going to school feels like a lamb to a slaughter. A stinky stench pervades the air, like you're living in the sewers. Dusty smoke pollutes the sky. Stairs seem like a steep hill, glancing up from the bottom it looks like an impossible task. It's best to stay inside, cooped up like a chicken. It's never safe in the city. Being bullied at school, like being tossed around like a ball.

The Great Outdoors

Mountains like buildings, wind rushes through your face. Beaming bright and beautiful the sun shines contently. No more smoke pervades the air. No more smoke pollutes the sky. No more bullies can hurt you. You are free. Crunchy grass and a white blanket of snow covers the mountain tops like carpet. Hiking up the mountains on the crumbly cliffs, now that's a challenge. A magnificent view all around. A sunset the sun glows on the grey white mountains illuminating it. This surely, is a view like no other. Finally he had found himself, finally. He was free! He was like a bird. Swearing.

Year 6

Underneath the ominous, opaque sky, Mr Utterson stood, shivering with fear. The possible outcomes raced through his mind as if they were marathon runners. Will he make it out alive? With Mr Hyde caught him sneaking into his house? He had to find out. Slowly but steadily, he started to approach the front door. The door was pulled open, it was rough. It was dark oak. He felt the door, the oak was incredibly rough. He took a glance in at the shattered window next to him, what he saw was very peculiar indeed. There, a dark, unearthly figure that zoomed past the window. His eyes widened with horror. Mr Utterson's mind thought that entering this door was contradicted. He entered, prised the door open cautiously, he had to end this investigation and put all the puzzle pieces together. He entered the dilapidated building carefully. He started to walk forwards, the rickety floorboards creaking underneath him. The brown wallpapers, torn and faded. Finally, he reached the kitchen door. It was filthy with dirt and soot, and had a few holes in it. "What an absolute mess!" Mr Utterson moaned. He reached for the wooden handle, it wouldn't budge. He started punching and kicking at it (with a lot of force) until it finally gave in and flung open.

He tripped over and tumbled into the room, quite unpleasantly leaving a few his hair (once pristine) with curls and twists. He layed there on his back for a moment, focused on the ceiling. It was a brown, popcorn-textured ceiling with a shattered light beaming down at him as if he were in the spotlight of a show. Mr Utterson sat up cautiously to see a wrecked microwave ^{of} blazing with fire. As for the light he just saw, he could hear it buzzing and see it flickering ~~amazing~~ crazily. By this point, the

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microwave was dispensing smoke into the air. He just realized he was sitting on sticky, warm milk, as he scrambled to his feet. He turned to his left because he could hear the pipsqueaks, wee squeaks of little mice. He saw the mice scurrying along the counter tops towards some blue cheese. He decided not to disturb them, that would be mean. He could smell the rotten odor of a human dead body so he took a quick glance to his right. There, he saw a dead body hanging from the wall as a decoration, they were still bleeding so it had to be a new kill. The wall was covered in pure red blood. He saw it, he saw it again, the same weird figure rushed passed him...

He ran out of the room and SLAMMED the door shut. As he started to run again, he could hear the claws of a creature scratch at the door slowly, longing to be let out. He ran faster and faster towards the door, however the hallway appeared to be getting longer and longer. The windows blasted open, pouring mountains of leaves in his way, the wild wind howled with pain, and ~~the~~ started crying plaintively. Every single crevice in the floorboards were stuffed with dirt that came off onto his shoes. It was as if he was pursuing the door. He sprinted rapidly, destined for the chance to get out when finally, he crashed into the door blasting it open. He was out, and out forever.