

A Wander in the Woods

As part of this process we undertook a challenge on Fridays in Owl class and decided to enter a competition with Young Writers called 'A Wander in the Woods'. We had to take a woodland scene to use imagery and atmosphere and fire up our imaginations to write a mini saga, or in other words a story in 100 words. We started by brain storming our thoughts and created a bank of mini-ideas. Then we started to combine them and build our stories from there. The quality of writing, engagement and excitement that this generated was immense. Even our most reluctant writers produced work that they are proud of. We are enormously proud too and wanted to share some of them with you.



Padfoot entered the magnificent forest feeling the brittle twigs snap beneath his puny misshapen feet. An owl hooted in the cold breeze. Padfoot stopped and spun around. No one was there. The trees whispered his name "Padfoot". He turned back but was blinded by the sun. Creepers wound themselves around his feet, holding tight. Flowing water reached him. Birds squawked menacingly. A darkness descended. Everything stopped. Padfoot waited. Suddenly the vines tightened their grip and pulled. He fell flat. The earth tasted bitter. A musty smell filled his nostrils. The rough ground cut his skin as it dragged him under water. By Finn, Year 6

As the autumn leaves hang from the branches, they sway in the howling wind. Occasionally a leaf falls and, ready to leave its home it dances, spirals and twirls through the air, eventually landing on the ground. It lies with its friends, forming a spectacular carpet for children to play and run in. When they do their voices ring out. Come and see. A playground full of adventures waiting to happen. Come and play they say. Children come and laugh and enjoy themselves in the enchanted woods. It is a playground. Do you want to come and play too? By Autumn, Year 5

At midnight the wood is a magical place, with blossom on the trees always. The taste of pollen from the magnificent flowers all around is like eating heaven. There are clearings past the trees, they look so close yet are miles away. The moonlight breaks through the leaves, so little but so bright. Breath-taking. Twigs snap underfoot. Feel the calm breeze brushing your hair. The sparkling leaves do not feel normal. There is an odd tingling sensation like its pure magic. Shapes of wolves and foxes lurk in the shadows. Please go to this wonderfully magical place today! It's pure magic! By Elizabeth, Year 5

A million pinpricks dance in the midnight sky like ballerinas performing to the chirping birds. Rustling trees and snapping twigs. The fox wondering in the wood is like entering a concert hall. Knarled trees are rows of seats. Scampering mice and fanciful fairies the audience. The golden fox sneaks in, his sly eyes watching. The symphony starts. A mirror smooth pond the stage. Ready to perform to the audience. Staring. Ready. It starts. On the stage hundreds of doves unleashed, forging onwards to the trees, never slowing. The next act. Five mice come on the stage pouncing again, again and again. By Rennie, Year 6

Walking in the mystical forest, vibrant leaves beneath my feet. Crunch. Hidden beneath are twisted twigs lying like fingers. The path was a natural highway lined with squirrel homes and fox dens each with tree gates at the entrance. I felt excited as a tree fell, it toppled onto another then another like dominoes. I walked on. Then I looked up. There was a vivid canopy of colourful leaves, like a crowd of umbrellas. The forest is awesome. I wished the whole world was like this. A great playground, challenging but full of adventure and fun waiting to be explored. By George, Year 5

Wandering in the woods reveals the natural castle. Fruit trees leaning on the moist castle, twigs cracking, it's also freezing. Bushes with a multitude flowers of colours. Up high vines creep down the tree. Down below thorns. Owls hooting from the castle. In the castle lots of passageways, like a maze turning and twisting. If you go, follow one, another two will be generated. In the passageways a slight damp uncomfortable smell, holes coming through the ceiling. You feel mud under your feet, slishy and sloshy. The crumbling walls are cold and hard. Is it a stone fortress or a dungeon? By Edmund Year 5

Fiery scarlet leaves merging with emerald ones, fly in the breeze appearing like priceless crystals form a carpet on the moist floor. The autumn air is smoky and warm. Logs scatter the floor; a trampoline for squirrels to reach trees. Rain patters on trees like sorrowful tears. A crowd of conkers stand as guards to spiders crawling by. Roots sit on the ground and do nothing but when people come on a walk they will trip over. The dew drips on the leaves instead of the fresh pine green grass. The oak trees stand tall and proud to all around. By Philippa, Year 5

