

MILDRED INSPIRED WRITING



‘IT WAS SO MUCH FUN TO WRITE’

Out of the darkness in the deep dark forest grew two humongous red and orange eyes. The mammoth's heart almost popped out because they were scared. Suddenly, a blood shrieking werewolf with terrifyingly sharp teeth that were as sharp as knives jumped out.



‘I NORMALLY DON'T LIKE WRITING’

Mildred and Merida were raking leaf piles and jumping in them but the more they played the further they got from home. But when they stopped they didn't know the way back. There was a silence....then a wolf's howl and when Mildred jumped in a puddle there was a scary face! When Mildred looked up it wasn't there. Merida was getting the creeps .

‘I JUST WANTED TO KEEO WRITING’

Mildred and Merida leaped slowly through the forest. The warm coloured leaves swiftly swirled down to the damp, cold, hard ground. The twilight sky was as purple as poison. They stumbled along the leaves and the trees swayed slowly. The earthy scent of the ground went up their trunks with each breath. They shivered; it was getting darker. A sparkling stream gurgled alongside them like a slug's trail. Then fireflies illuminated the small area in the dark. Owls hooted. Mildred and Merida screamed then ran away. Scared, Mildred ran. Their screams faded in the night sky. At that second, they scampered off worriedly down the path in search of what they yearend after on a cold dark night, candy corn.

Out of the gloom 3 heads with raging red eyes per head popped up. It was on its all fours. It had claws as sharp as celestial bronze swords and fangs with poisonous saliva. Black ears as pointy as blades. Its breath was as purple as poison. Then the stars and the moon turned red. Monsters emerged from the ground. The air turned frosty. Thorns grew from the ground. Mildred and Merida were frozen in fear. It was as big as the statue of liberty. The beast smelled like earthy ground. Then it roared with might it was as loud as billion warriors battle cry. It felt wet. It looked like a big dog. It felt very hot.



‘I LOVE WRITING NOW’

Mildred and Merida had the scent of muddy leaves.They whined as it was getting freezing cold. A leaf covered stream was just around the next corner. The mammoths wanted a drink so they drank out of the stream.The group of squirrels scampered up the big brown tree. Joyful Mildred smiled,.Merida grinned back.



INTERESTED?

All of the pieces of writing here are produced by Year 3 pupils in the Autumn term. They are mixed ability, but all produced some of their best writing. They spent three weeks in total, crafting their writing. I have never seen such engagement over this period of time with this age. They came to each lesson with excitement, willing to share ideas and listen to feedback to make their writing even better!