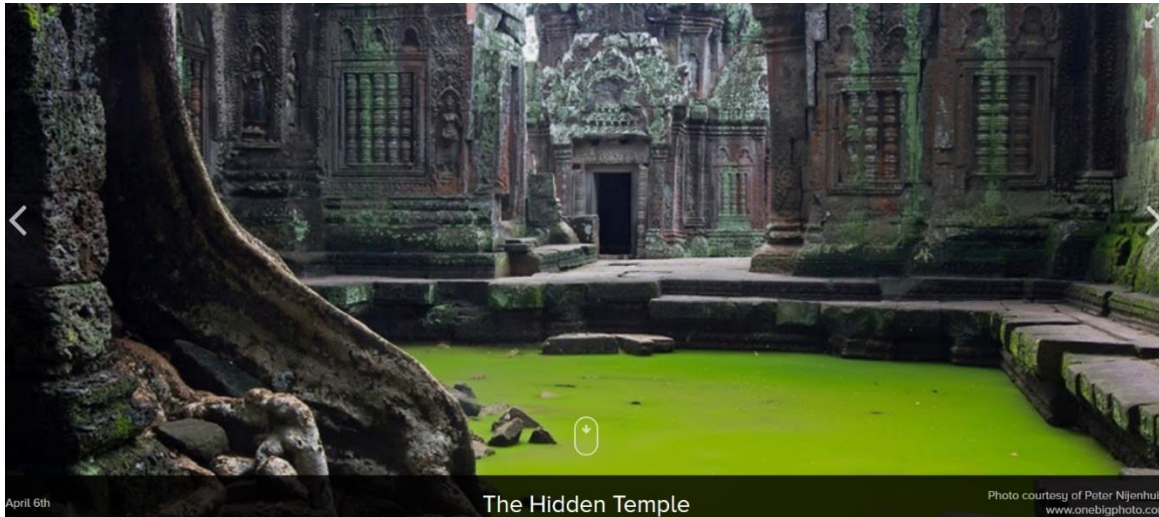


Wednesday 1st April 2020

LO: To create the climax of my story.

The climax of a story should be where all the drama happens! Something has to go wrong, danger or trouble strikes! Make your language extreme. Use the same picture stimulus and continue your story.



Example:

Rushing closer, the two made their way inside. Darkness consumed the narrow hallways that had once been so busy, so Professor Hans reached inside his rucksack to grab a torch to guide the way. With every step they cautiously took, a droplet of water dripped from the ceiling onto the cold, cracked floor. It was almost as if it was counting their steps. 1.....2.....3.

Ignoring this, the pair pushed onwards. "Dad, this looks like a map!"

"Well done Jane! It is, now let's see..... We are here," he pointed his dirty finger onto a segment of the map, "We need to be here." Moving his finger through the route of the corridors, he showed Jane the way. "Let's go, we need to be quick if we want this jewel!"

Making their way quickly through the corridors, the father and daughter got closer to their goal. A rumble above forced them to a halt. "Don't worry Jane, it's an old building." Professor Hans tried to reassure his daughter. They continued. Impatiently, they weaved their way through until..... a treasure room. They had discovered it! A huge, shining room of gold, jewellery and treasure. There were wonderful, glimmering crowns, impressive statues of armour and a river of precious stones. Hypnotised by what they were seeing, the two explorers crept through.

"Where's the jewel Jane? Where is it?"

"It's over there Dad, quick! Leave the rest!" she whispered.

They ran as fast as they could towards the precious stone and together, they lifted it from its stand. The perfect, blood red jewel was finally in their hands, after years of research and searching. "It's so beautiful!" Hans smiled, his eyes widened.

Suddenly, a huge rumble echoed from above, huge piles of dust fell from the ancient ceiling and the strong pillars that supported the structure began to crack.

"We need to leave, NOW! GO!" Hans demanded.

Sprinting frantically and urgently, they attempted to leave the crumbling building as it fell to the floor behind them. As they were tracing their way back through the winding corridors, their precious torch light began to flicker.

"We're losing light!" Jane cried.

"Just keep going!" shouted Hans.

More and more stone slabs from above came falling. They could see the light calling them from outside. They were so close. "Come on Dad, we can make it!!" Jane wailed.

Running through the endless tunnel, they continued as fast as they could. The light was getting larger; they were going to make it. "Hurry Dad!" Jane knew he was falling behind.

With one final push, they leapt out of the narrow corridor and tumbled onto the cold, stone ground. The light pierced their eyes. Struggling to breathe, they panted loudly. "We made it." Hans cried with relief.