

CREATIVE WRITING

Distance Learning

Term 3 2021

with Mrs Chung

OVERVIEW

Each week during distance learning, students are being allocated a creative writing task.

These each have different criteria and are designed to be fun, while building on previous learning and writing conventions.

Following are a collection of students' work. This will be added to as new assignments are completed.

FROG

Craft an engaging text based on this image.

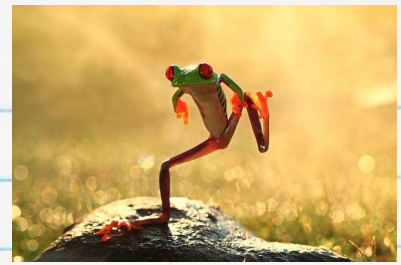
You can write in any genre, from any perspective.

Your text needs to be as close to 250 words as you can get it.

Make sure you craft a GREAT PIECE! Take your time to get it right. Reread it for sense and think critically about how you can make it better before submitting it.



BY CLEO

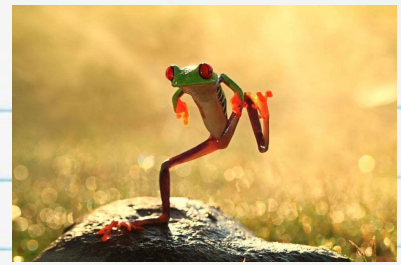


It's that time of the year, when it rains all day long. It's windy outside, but I'm safe in my pond. The baby ducklings follow their mum wherever she goes, and they splash in puddles, and get all wet. The trees get soaked and the leaves have drops of water dripping off them. Some of them fall on the ground, to make a small carpet of leaves on the floor. The fresh cold air feels nice and the soft rain drops splash on my skin.

After a while of constant rain, the clouds have a break from their hard work. The worms all wriggle out of the ground to have a look at everything. The black birds eye them out and dive down to catch them. They hop around the dewy grass but keep an eye out for cats. The dragonflies fly around the reeds jumping from one to the next. The sun comes out from behind a cloud, and lights up the sky like it was never gone.

The sun on the wet grass is beautiful, and the reflections on the pond are stunning. I jump out of the pond and onto my special rock. The children come out to play in their bright yellow raincoats and umbrellas. They splash in the puddles, and then run back into the house to get their afternoon tea. The ducklings are back to swimming in the pond, and having fun with each other. This is my favourite time of the day.

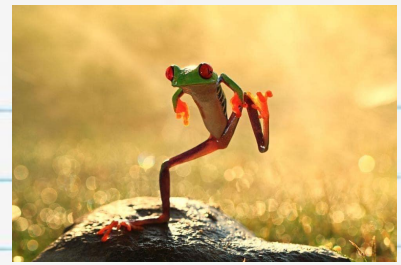
BY LUKA



Long ago in the Eastern parts of China in the 18th century, the one and only Kung Fu Frog was up at 4 am. He was famous all over the world for knowing how to boogie in kung fu style. He was not an ordinary frog as he had the power to mimic any animal and human. Kung Fu Frog was very famous and had many fans around the world that came and visited him in his broken down old zoo habitat. The Kung Fu Frog was up and at it at 4 am because he was moving all the way across the world to the one and only Brazil. He had the world's safest boat to take him there. Kung Fu Frog has done so many dances for his fans throughout his lifetime. He was moving to Brazil to teach kung fu dancing in a special retreat. He had many people scheduled to attend the retreat. They all had such good spiritual energy for him to steal.

Yeah that's right, he's a fraud. He gets so many people to come to him so that he can grab out their spiritual energy. His mimic power is just a cover up so no one knows he has the ability to steal anyone's spiritual energy. He uses that power to stay alive for years. His actual age is 500 hundred years old and still going strong with his fraud.

BY ELLA



Jumping off the tree and onto the soft, smooth grass. The grass seems much more gentle on my feet than the tree. It was rough and tough. When I stand on the tree it feels like the bark is a bunch of tiny stones. I run across the grass, I feel like a sheep prancing through the meadow. The grass is wet from the frost, the sun shines down on it and shimmers in the light.

I didn't know the ground was so cool, cooler than the tree. Going through the logs and bogs, puddles and vines, it all so fun and they all feel so different. The log feels like i'm entering a cave, the bog feels like i'm soaking in a hot bath tub and the puddle makes me feel like i'm looking in a mirror admiring myself looking at how gorgeous I am, and the vines well when I swing on them they make me feel like i'm tarzan.

I'm standing in the grass and no one is bothering me. It feels amazing. Then I see a rock. I decide to climb that rock and when I get to the top I feel like I can see the whole entire world from here. I lift my leg up and I jump. It feels like I'm flying. I get to the grass and land on my back. The grass feels like a soft cloud (not that I know what a cloud feels like).

Best dream ever!!

NATURE DOCO

David Attenborough inspired writing

Use the image shown to create a text in the style of DA to narrate the image. You will need an orientation, the body, and some sort of concluding statement.

Once you are satisfied with your text, (having spent time recrafting, reading out loud, editing for errors...) record yourself narrating it (video or audio). Try to present it in the style of Sir David Attenborough.



Be sure to listen to the audio recordings of these pieces

BY TEO



The north pole is a cold and hostile environment. Home to many majestic species; like the polar bear, the narwhal, the seal, the penguin and many others. The penguin, a normally very shy, fearful creature but in this case not.

The trio of penguins approach the invader of their territory, a 2 month old seal pup. The helpless seal pup just sits there terrified calling out for its parents. When suddenly out of the water emerges the seal pup's mother. The mother approaches flipper by flipper toward the group.

The seal's mother towers over the now petrified penguins. Suddenly the 300kg seal mother kicks her flippers back and falls stomach first onto the helpless penguins. The cracking of penguin bones scares the poor little pup away, and the now happy mother goes back down the beach and into the water to cool down.



BY BRODY



Here we have a wild penguin and a seal fighting for territory. The penguin first attacks and stabs the wild seal with his long beak. The seal attacks the penguins who run away and the seal claims the territory but now the male penguin has come and all the penguins attack the seal at once. He runs into the water and gets his friends then they go back to the shore and attack the penguins one last time. Well they are fighting the wild seagull dives in from above and swoops the eggs from the penguins and eats them. The seal then attacks the penguins and takes them to the water then they have a massive battle underwater the seal wins and the bay is his.



BY ZION



The brown fur seal stalks its prey, concealing itself from view. Emperor penguins live in groups, so this will be very difficult to pull off without being caught. The penguin chicks look as if they are only weeks old. This is his chance to get food for his family. He waits for his opportunity. The seal sneaks up slowly reaching for a chick. The penguins didn't yet notice the suspicious seal. He moved up, not realizing he had just stumbled into view of the penguins. The alarm was raised.

He snatched a chick and ran. If his pups were to survive, he had to bring something back. The epic chase went on for only minutes. The chick seemed to be loosening his grip on it. He couldn't hold on to it anymore. The chick fell out of his grasp. The penguins kept following. The seal eventually was tired out. The penguins surrounded him. What will he do now?



PELICAN ACROSTIC POEM

Be inspired by this image & craft an entertaining Acrostic Poem using the letters of PELICAN.

As always, take the time to make this great. Craft, recraft, reflect, improve. Think about your vocabulary choices, and every word or phrase you use. You want it to be powerful, engaging and fun.



BY JACK

Please can you help me, something seems to be stuck!

Ew do I haved to.

Let me take a closer look.

It seems you ate a mallet instead of a mullet.

Can you pull it out for me?

Absolutely not!

Now I need your help I think I swallowed it too!



BY MELESEINI

Peering down my mother's throat,

Everything as dark as Snow White's step mum's heart.

Looking for a slimy, scaly fish

I feel one flopping as I touch it with my beak.

Clasping tight on to the fish I slowly reversed back out of my mother's stretched mouth.

Alive or dead I eat the salty fish whole.

Naughty me not realising I was supposed to share the delicious fish.



BY WALTER

Peeping inside my mother's throat

Eerie darkness consumes her body

Like she has no soul.

It smells like wretched sardines,

Colliding with blue cheese.

A scary dark black hole.

Nothing smells worse than this (except for my dad's farts).



LEVEL 4 EXTENSION - PERSONAL RESPONSE

Level 4 lockdown has just been extended by another week!

In exactly 100 words, express how you are feeling about this.

100 words is brief, so you need to be selective and specific about the choices you make. Really think about the phrases and vocabulary you use.

You will need to craft and recraft to do this well. I am looking for excellent pieces.

As always, take the time to make this outstanding. Craft, recraft, reflect, improve. Consider your vocabulary choices; every word or phrase you use. You are making a statement that is concise and direct (but still engaging).



BY JAMIE

The walls are closing in, the backyard a jail cell, stores as the stores close. As the fast food closes down there's a tear in my eye. Homemade isn't the same. The grocery store crowded aisle to aisle. My bedroom is a warzone. Toilet paper runs low, people go crazy. The screams from the vaccination room get loud.

No friends to hang out with and siblings make the house a nerf war! The time at home becomes a success, lazy day starts calling. Snacks load up each morning, favourite dinner made once a week. Is level four really that bad?



BY ISLA

Looking out the window to empty streets, seeing people put masks on when I walk past, McDonalds isn't even open. I don't like Lockdown. Getting separated from my friends was the hardest bit for me. Seeing them virtually is not enough.

Piles of work are flooding in and most of the time I don't understand. It helps me better if I am taught in person then virtually. Missing out on important school events was really hard. I can't explain how devastated I would be if the ball was cancelled.

But this is for New Zealand, I'll do it for us.



BY WALTER

Lockdown is like solitary confinement. It's sooooo boring. No takeaways, no one to talk to, there's nothing to do. I'm trapped in my dark confined room as I seep into my bed being consumed by my room. Waking up again and again at the same time doing the same thing, an endless loop. The days are going by but I don't think I'm going with the days. The walls are closing me in. This is torture - not knowing whats up and whats down, everything right is wrong. This is what lockdown does, it turns everything you love into a nightmare!



RACCOON

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BY CLEO



The dark forest moves around me with the wind, and the grass waves frantically. I want to get out of my car, but the wolves that are hiding out there would get me. I try to see out of the rusty old windows, but it's no use. The bushes around me rustle and a funny feeling runs down my spine like something's watching me. I see a slight flash of grey; they're still waiting. I decided to have a rest, so I got my old rug and laid it over myself, then curled up on the back seat.

When I woke up in the morning, as always I was lying on the floor. I must roll off the seat in my sleep. I noticed that the sun was hidden by the clouds, and it made the woods look spooky and sad. Then suddenly there was a bang at the back of the car.

I went over to see what it was, but when I was halfway across the car there was another bang and the car started to move! It started to speed up a little, so I tried to open the door, but it was jammed. I saw a small hole in the window and aimed for it. I scrambled over to the hole and squeezed my head through. I tried to get the other half of my body out, but it wouldn't budge. I tried to get my head back into the car, but it wouldn't move either. I could only think of one word,
STUCK.