

Thursday 28th January 2021

WALT: Write an exciting opening

Stretching out in front of him, Raven could see the green foothills on the edge of the forest leading to the snowcapped peaks of the mountains on the horizon. Beside him, his father's body lay, stone cold and unconscious. Unconscious or dead? Dry, crystalized blood lay on the uneven floor around his father and the smell of fear drifted into Raven's nostrils. The gnarly sight and smell made him feel sick to the bone core of his stomach. He heard the nasty, murderous growl of the mountain bear coming from the distant hills. The sound grew louder as the bear got closer. Suddenly and without any warning whatsoever, the daring, red eyes of the beast peered through the slight opening in the dense trees. Was Raven the next victim, was this beast his friend or his enemy?

Raven a disheveled boy, who had knotty and tangled hair, was a strong and mighty child who looked much older than his 12 years. He wore a coat made of leaves which provided minimum protection from the wind and rain. He carried a backpack made of animal skin; it contained his survival kit. His bow and arrow were attached to his powerful arm, always ready to protect him from enemies. Raven had been part of the Jurassic Clan since the moment he was born. However, a few nights ago - after the death of his mother - him and his father had separated from the Clan, which appeared to have put them in deadly danger.

Late yesterday evening – only yesterday evening – was when the deadly teeth of the bear dug deep into his father's skin causing him to drop dead to the floor. Raven had been deep in the forest hunting for their evening meal when the sound of his father's screams had echoed around the desolate surroundings. Cautiously, Raven made tentative steps towards the foothills (where the beast lurked) the noise sending an ear splitting screech through his body. It was clear that the bear had been watching them all night with his piercing eyes, waiting for the right moment to pounce. Before he approached the foothills his father's painful scream led him straight to his father's side. Hours and hours passed as Raven sat holding his fathers' hand as he slowly began to slip away from him.

The attack on his father had been brutal, harsh and fearsome. Raven's heart had begun to thump rapidly, as the bear approached; goosebumps travelled up his spine and sweat drops gathered on his brow. Blood oozed from his father's flesh as red as raw meat and a black hole of fear settled deep in the pit of Raven's stomach. Destroyed by the beast the camp was bare, nothing remained, just a blank canvas, an empty space. In a blink of an eye the bear was gone disappearing into the nothingness of the snow-capped peaks. Heartbroken and distraught Raven made it his quest to search out his father's killer. No- one and nothing could damage his soul anymore than what had happened to his father: he needed revenge and he needed it now.

By Erin (Yew)