

Tuesday 2nd January 2021

WALT: Write a short verse write

Deep into the cold, misty forest, I sat bleeding next to my fathers dead sweaty body. The cold blooded creature skulked back into the forest. My dad lay dead next to me and my eyes were full of tears. My dad's side was ripped up by the bear's sharp, jagged teeth. The birds started to sing again but it wasn't cheerfully. It was dull and miserable singing. I could still feel the warmth of the dying embers but I felt cold, sad and empty. Next to the burnt fire, the shelter was destroyed into pieces and the sleeping bags were as black as coal where the fire had reached them.

By Lily (Yew)