

Bubble Closure - Writing
Day 3
Modelled Write (from a Y6 child)

The unusual boy steadily rose to his feet, shivering at the sight that met his gentle blue eyes, which were searching the chaos on the floor.

As he left the building, he became aware of a nervous voice, whispering from behind a door, which was slightly ajar. He made for the exit. Whilst he was running towards the bicycle rack, a police car pulled up outside the school. He heard parts of the conversation as he cycled away hastily.

"That boy!" he heard his teacher scream.

"....ma'am." the officer spoke quietly.

"He's getting away! Go and get him!" the voice pierced his eardrums like needles.

At break-neck speed, the boy cycled away. Alarmed, the brave officer radioed for back-up. Whilst all this was happening, the furious child escaped the village and headed for home. Once he arrived, he thought the drama was over. He was wrong: it escalated even more!

After abandoning his bike, he rushed fearfully across the shaved grass. Swaying in the autumn breeze, the flowers were spying on the boy like an over-obsessive girlfriend. Not caring about tying his bike to the railing, he ran through the burgundy front door, whilst his hair lapped violently at his sapphire blue eyes. The wreckage, which was his home, was in its usual state: clothes were everywhere; empty dinner trays and board games were stacked upon the rocking chair. As the lamp, which had never been unplugged, flickered on and off, a news report flashed onto the small, 90's style T.V. "Supernatural occurrence at local school!" This angered the child. He was swamped by the feeling of guilt because of what he had done. This feeling didn't last long though, as he could sense the police coming his way.

Running into his bedroom, he grabbed his back-pack off his covers and began throwing things across his room. The beige walls were barely decorated but his bed couldn't be fuller. Piles of clothes were stacked everywhere but this didn't stop him getting what he wanted. The maroon chest of drawers had only three things on it: an old truck, a boxing trophy and a golden dog. He glanced at the trophy. What a joke! He'd won the award for wrestling. It had taken all his strength to control the power inside him. The competition made him feel awkward; he'd been persuaded by the coach. "Go for it!" he'd said, "Make yourself a few friends."

He buried the memory as a shuffling sound made him jump. A silhouette, dark and foreboding, crept past the window. He turned again to the bed-full of clothes and quickly filled his bag. He knew that if they caught him, it could be disastrous. Another ominous shadow appeared at the door. Quickly, he moved to the door at the back of his house. His hands, which were encased in winter mittens couldn't grip the handle. He pulled. The door was locked! He scanned the kitchen for the keys. Just as he saw them, four policemen burst through the door. Then he lost control. The keys levitated and soared through the air towards him – he was terrified. He could barely control his powers as two stuffed toys flew into the air in a ghost-like fashion. The

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police officers stood in silence-overtaken by shock. They couldn't believe their eyes. Crash! More officers barged through the locked wooden door, sending wood chips flying across the room.

"He's gone!" the chief exclaimed, dazzled by the sight of two floating teddy bears. "Stay alert!" his co-worker replied, "He could be anywhere!"

They rushed through the house, ignoring the debris, into the messy kitchen. He was gone-through the back door- heading towards the woods. The sky was turning a deep crimson, letting the boy know that time wasn't on his side. Heading rapidly towards the edge of an old forest, the boy felt his heart pounding inside his ribs. Although he didn't know where he was going-he knew he had a destiny and he was determined to reach it. Slowing down to a jog, he reached a clearing. The scene was immaculate and (if his life wasn't on the line) he would stay and admire it. This thought quickly passed.

Bang! A large man kicked him in the stomach. He hadn't noticed that he was surrounded by the F.B.I! This was it! He curled up into a ball and let his powers charge. Boom!