Year 6 Summer 1 Website Photos

0 0 20 Where the wild things are 0.0 0 I'm coming gor you! cried Max, as he chused their scruggy pet dog (bsuits) down the oak stairs. A devices grin on his pace, he wreaked havec all over the dready ontidy house. He was being so mischereves that his grazeled mother called only him "Will thing" and he was sent to bed with no supper. He seconded at the door, his slegger orce white well each dustier than ever () 20 0 0 0_0 0 Suddenly, a sophing sprouted grow the dark tangeloor - growing through the cipling to touch the sky the clouds! In the blink op an eye, he was surrounded by greenery; a smug grin began to spread across his gace. The bedroom vanished, and in its place stood a too luscious, emerald porest. 0 He spotted a tiny island in the distance gul or weird and wonderpol monsters, he hopped on a boat and sailed through time and space onto the islands sandy shore The heasts roared aggressively and glailed their razor sharp claws in the air. He screamed at then to be quiet and tomed then with a magic trick of the ancients

This half term in Writing, we have studied the picture book Where the Wild Things Are. The Year 6's created their own, longer stories, using all our writing features, using the stimulus of a picture book.