

Friday 8th February 2019

WILF: Different point of view.

WALT: edit our work.

As the snow fell down from the sky, over a valley there lived a small, happy boy named Tom. He silently made a little snow man. I watched him play a tall, blue mountain as Tom sat down on an old, rusty chair looking out at the starry winter world. I stood there with a beautiful, silver stitched dress with snowflakes designed on it. My feet were warm because I wore special shoes that kept my feet warm. I wore a beautiful, navy-blue jacket that gave me the powers to make the cold, icy winter possible. I have a spiky, blue gem that helps me go to different places through a gate. When I sit next to cascading waterfalls they freeze and if you put one finger on it your whole hand will be as cold as an ice block. My hair drifted in the wind as calm as a deer.

As the sun rose up, I watched Tom once again but this time I watched him beside a nearby hill. This time he was skiing happily but quite calmly. I felt as happy as he did. I imagined that I was skiing with him. He nearly caught me so I had to be as quiet as a mouse. I had to tiptoe sneakily to a bush. I carefully watched him trudge up the steep, green hillside and zip down it as fast as a rocket.