

## WALT: identify the features of a story

Ben woke up to the scent of burning toast. He rubbed his eyes and sat up slowly on the soft, cream duvet cover. He scrapped back his short, brown hair and let out a huge, long sigh. He tiptoed across the moss green rug, into the shower room. Gently, he splashed water on his face and patted it dry. He slipped on his bright, green shorts and yellow t-shirt. He headed down the creaky stairs, to the kitchen. Grandpa Jim was sat reading a huge newspaper. 'Morning lad!' he chuckled. "Someone's got out of the wrong side of the bed!" he said. Ben gave a weak smile and bit into a soggy pancake.

Grandpa had promised Ben that he would take him out in his motorboat, for a cruise around the caves. Granny Joyce had already packed a lovely basket of tasty ham sandwiches, salt and vinegar crisps, apples and little, plastic tubs of the purple grapes. It looked delicious. Ben stumbled onto the boat and sat quietly with his bright, orange life jacket on. Grandpa untied the long, chunky rope and started up the engine. Ben could smell the strong fumes of the petrol.

As the little, red boat chugged out of the harbour, Ben could feel the sea getting choppy. He held on tight to the shiny, silver handles and watched the seagulls swoop by. He could see the rays of sun light dancing on the blue sea. It was a beautiful day. Granny Joyce had warned Grandpa not to go too far, as rain was forecast for later on. Grandpa steered the boat close to the jagged rocks so that Ben could see into the deep, dark caves. Ben felt scared that there could be bats inside. "Don't worry there Ben! I know how to sail this old girl! I've had her for 20 years." Grandpa was extremely proud of Maisie, his boat.

With a loud crunch, Maisie scrapped along the side of a cave. Ben covered his eyes and curled up on the bench. Grandpa looked worried. As Ben peered through his fingers, he realised that the boat was so badly damaged water was beginning to trickle in. "OH NO!" Grandpa cried. 'We have a leak!' Ben went pale. He felt his hands begin to tremble.

Minutes later, Grandpa reached into a large, blue box and pulled out a red stick. Like a firework, dull red mist rose into the darkening sky and there was an almighty bang. Grandpa had sent out an alert to the lifeguard that they were in trouble. Grandpa hugged Ben tightly. It made him feel safe. It seemed like hours before help came. In the distance, a magnificent dark blue and orange boat, raced across the waves towards them. The water in the boat was beginning to rise slowly, around their shoes. 'Grab on to this rope; yelled the man. Ben held on tightly and jumped aboard the life boat. Grandpa followed after him.

As the lifeboat spun around and headed back to the harbour, Ben watched Maisie start to sink into the deep, blue sea. He held onto Grandpa's hand and cuddled him. "The main thing is that we are safe," whispered Grandpa. When the boat arrived in the harbour, Ben and Grandpa saw Granny Joyce waving her hands. She was so relieved to see them both. "Come on," she said softly. "Let's get you both home." They all walked hand in hand towards Granny and Grandpa's cottage. Ben felt so tired and relieved.

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