

I fell back into routine and had forgotten the strange sounds, no longer even listening out for them. It wasn't until I was out for one of my late night strolls with Pal that I noticed the refuse collectors doing their fortnightly round. Two weeks had passed without incident or interruption, and, of course, I had forgotten to empty the bins again. Pal raced across the green to fetch his ball and I nodded at the familiar face of a neighbour, who casually walked over; his dog yapping and pulling on the leash. We exchanged pleasantries and the conversation evolved into holiday-talk. I talked about the near – perfect weather, the sandy beaches and clear, blue ocean. I talked and I talked until my neighbour looked at his watch in an apologetic manner. I stopped abruptly, called Pal and trudged home.

I stood at my front door fumbling for my keys when pal began to bark. “Sssshhhh!” I yanked his collar and tapped him with my foot. “You’ll wake the neighbours!” This had no affect at all and pal continued his incessant whining and which gradually became a high-pitched scream as I tried to drag him through the front door. Before I had switched on the lights I became aware of something not right: it was too quiet, the air too still and the shadows too dark...

A soft, slithering sound followed by a squelch sent me into a panic as I leaned in and hit the lights. As the bulbs sprung into life, I stood stricken with horror at the sight of the front room enveloped in large tentacles. They shrunk back, reacting to the light and writhing like half a dozen blue snakes. I stood; my mouth agape, unable to move forwards and backwards, Pal cowering behind me. “The blue octopus!” I stammered as I recalled the creature in the glass jar. “But it was dead, dried up.” I reasoned out loud. A hiss emanated from the direction of the kitchen and the tentacles appeared once more, sensing our fear, winding around the furniture and heading straight towards us followed by a large bulbous head and gaping mouth that snapped greedily...

The story on the previous page was an example of a narrative piece which uses a cliff hanger.

Can you write your own using this image?



Look at the image.

What can you see?

What do you think is happening?

Can you use a variety of verbs to describe the movement of the tentacles?

Have a look at your annotations.

Can you use a thesaurus to try to up level your vocabulary?

E.g. Big – Enormous, colossal, immense, gigantic

Can you add **adverbs** to modify your verbs?

E.g. Twisting- **Viciously** twisting

Turning- turning **ferociously**



Can you include expanded noun phrases?

E.g. **A man**
Could become:
A tall, frightened man standing in the hallway.

Can you think of any similes or metaphors?

e.g. The tentacles were as long as...
They twisted and turned like a...

You may like to use the example to help you or you can create your own storyline. Be creative!

Consider these questions to help you plan your narrative

- What do the tentacles belong to?
- How did it get there?
- How do you feel about it? How do we know?
- Where is this?
- What happened before?

Try to use these language features:

Use first person

Punctuation T . , ; : "" ' ? ! () -

Figurative language : simile metaphor alliteration onomatopoeia personification

