

SHQ: How do we write descriptively?



In last week's unit we looked at thinking creatively about a walk that you may have been on e.g. around the village, in the countryside or on holiday.

The aim this week is to write a description about that journey, in the style of the book 'Where My Wellies Take Me'.

In order to achieve this, we need use these devices:

- Expanded nouns e.g. rays of bright sunshine flooded through the canopy of budding green leaves...
- Expanded verbs e.g. my dirty wellies squelched noisily through the wet mud...
- Similes e.g. the lambs scurried around like clouds on a breezy day...
- Metaphors e.g. the river bustled through the valley, busily pushing obstacles out of its way...

Tasks

1. Read the descriptive passages that show how to create mood i.e. relaxed and anxious. Highlight the devices that they have in order to achieve detailed description and look out for the other senses that are described.
2. Use the images provided to create some descriptive sentences. A couple of carefully crafted sentences is much better than lots of rushed ones. Read aloud what you have written to hear what the sentences sound like.

Snowy Forest - Relaxed

Absorbing her beautiful surroundings, her eyes widened. The snow was covering the top of her shiny blue wellingtons and she was shaking like a leaf. Although the fluffy snow was no longer drifting down from the grey sky, it had not left a patch untouched, blanketing everything in its soft white fleece. The sun reflected off the snow, creating a glittering layer of diamonds. A cold breeze swept past her ears, whispering to her softly. She smiled to herself and let out a small, contented sigh. Seeing smoke, she imagined it wafting from a chimney, and pictured herself being curled up in front of a roaring fire, which warmed her inside. She was happy here and was reluctant to follow her footprints back to her house; she gazed once again as the snow began to tumble peacefully out of the sky.

Snowy Forest - Anxious

She gawped at her beautiful surroundings, amazed. She was shattered and struggled to believe that so much snow could fall in such a short amount of time. It was now an unbearable weight, which tied her feet to the ground. The snow finally stopped falling out of the dim grey sky. Suddenly, the sun woke and blinded her, making it difficult to see anything through the bright reflection; she noticed the icicles, hanging off the branches, as sharp as daggers. Her ears were filled with the eerie whispers of the cold and relentless wind. She noticed smoke rising above the snow-capped trees and recalled there were no houses around - where was this fire coming from? Would it travel and reach her? Her eyes squinted in order to make out the shapes in the distance. She felt trapped in the snowy prison, unable to tell which path may lead her home, but she knew she needed to find it.

