

Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> January 2021

LI: Create a short narrative in a style appropriate to purpose and audience.

The next three slides are examples of descriptions from previous years. Use them to inspire you!

The Iron Man plodded towards the town. Above him, on the top of the hill was a field surrounded by barbed wire. Iron Man's eyes turned blue at the sight of the metal. He was ravenous. A low humming and grinding sound echoed around his cavernous stomach as he trudged up the hill. Metal fingers screeched as they uncurled towards the wire. Grasping the barbs, Iron Man yanked the fencing out of the ground and lifted it towards his mouth. Walking down the hill he rolled up the barbed wire like spaghetti. Fence posts like tooth picks stuck in his teeth.

The iron head slowly turned from side to side, as the headlamp eyes scanned the terrain before him. A low humming and grinding sound echoed around his cavernous stomach. He was ravenous.

In the distance, was a field surrounded by barbed wire. Iron Man's eyes turned blue at the sight of the metal. His body lurched into motion. Metal scraped over metal, as he stomped over the earth, leaving craters the size of swimming pools, in his wake. Metal fingers screeched as they uncurled towards the wire. Grasping the barbs, Iron Man yanked the fencing out of the ground and lifted it towards his mouth. Walking down the hill he rolled up the barbed wire like spaghetti. Fence posts like tooth picks stuck in his teeth.

One dark evening, with the mist rolling in across the sea, the waves were flowing onto the shore, their fingers reaching for the cliff face. Shush. Shush. Shush. The sheer cliff stood tall like a sentinel looking out over the horizon. Suddenly, two blinding lights flashed into the night sky, rising higher and higher until they appeared to be suspended in the night sky. A black figure towered over the horizon..... The Iron Man had returned!

Where had he come from? The lights flashed blue then white, in a dustbin-shaped head the size of a classroom. Supporting this enormous head was an iron body, the height of Everest. Arms, as long as three giant redwood trees, reached out to steady this behemoth as he waded towards the shore. Legs, as wide and long as the Channel Tunnel, levered the Iron Man out of the water and onto the cliff top. The iron head slowly turned from side to side, as the headlamp eyes scanned the terrain before him. A low humming and grinding sound echoed around his cavernous stomach. He was ravenous.

In the distance, was a field surrounded by barbed wire. Iron Man's eyes turned blue at the sight of the metal. His body lurched into motion. Metal scraped over metal, as he stomped over the earth, leaving craters the size of swimming pools, in his wake. Metal fingers screeched as they uncurled towards the wire. Grasping the barbs, Iron Man yanked the fencing out of the ground and lifted it towards his mouth. Walking down the hill he rolled up the barbed wire like spaghetti. Fence posts like tooth picks stuck in his teeth.

If you are not quite sure how to start your description, you can use the following sentences to help you.

The iron head slowly turned from side to side, as the headlamp eyes scanned the terrain before him. A low humming and grinding sound echoed around his cavernous stomach. He was ravenous.

Remember to start a new paragraph for each new place he comes to on his journey.

Use a variety of sentence starters.

Engage your reader.

You may like to include descriptions of how people react to Iron Man and the effect this has on him.