

English

LO: To explore how writers make description vivid

Lesson 7 of 10

Miss Barron



There was White Crow, waiting at the top of the mountain. “Here, catch,” Coyote shouted desperately. White Crow caught the fire in her beak. She winced at the pain. The heat was unbearable. Sweat poured down her face. Soon enough, her beak was on fire. “Ouch!” she cried but she knew she had to keep going.



She quickly turned and saw the fire giant close behind her. He was so close now that she could smell his sweaty, fiery flesh. The flames from her beak caught her feathers. She felt her feathers burning, blackening. She turned again. This time she could see the fire giant reaching out to grab her. “I will catch you,” he yelled angrily. She coughed and spluttered. Finally, there was White Squirrel...

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