

This piece of extended writing stemmed from revisiting the genre of fantasy within narrative. As a stimulus, photos were provided of everyday locations. Children were asked to select one as the setting for an imaginary tale. The whole class discussed ideas and structure prior to a twenty minute planning session. Children developed their own ideas and the writing, which was drafted and edited over two lessons, is entirely independent.

## A Fishy Tale

It was the last day of the holidays and I wanted to make the most of it. From the moment I set foot on the sand I knew something was fishy and it wasn't the sea. At first I couldn't put my finger on it; then it hit me. The frisbee bounced off my head. As I lost my balance I grabbed hold of a tennis ball launcher and accidentally pulled the starting lever which catapulted tennis balls all across the beach. One hit a life guard and knocked him into the Chippy. Tennis balls and fish went every where. It was carnage.

In hindsight I shouldn't have left. The octopus wouldn't of lassoed me; I wouldn't of written this and you wouldn't be reading it. But I did, it did and here we all are.

I ran. I ran, and ran until I hit something. It was big. It was slimy, and it was looking me straight in the eye.

The octopus grabbed me and dragged me down into the sea. To my astonishment I could breathe! It placed me down on a bed made from seaweed that went off like a pop gun when I ~~went down~~ landed, whilst a variety of fish and aquatic mammals gathered around me. "They're going to eat me," I thought. You could tell by the way they were swimming towards me with their mouths ~~for~~ drooling with a liver and a hungry look in their eyes. Also by the way a cod put on a rapier before producing a wave list. Then my heart started thumping in my chest, a gigantic crab crawled out of a hole and started waving its pincers menacingly at me. I almost stopped breathing. The octopus loomed over my head, its tentacles wound around my ~~hand~~ wrist and tightened...

"Is he dead?" I opened my eyes and my brother had hold of my wrists and was shaking me.

"What happened?" I said sleepily.

"You got hit ~~by an octopus~~ with a tennis ball" replied my mother, pressing a wet beach towel against my head. "It knocked you out for a moment."

Dizzily I looked around; the sea was calm. The sea was calm. But out of the corner of my eye, I swore I could see two ink black eyes staring straight at me.

