

Surviving the Air Raid

Characterising speech

A blanket of ominous, inky-black clouds covered the sky, diminishing all light from the glowing moon above and threatening to release a torrent of rain, thunder and lightning at any moment. Rumbling aggressively, they camouflaged the enemy's planes that were swarming overhead. Foreign planes whose mission was to target, attack and obliterate the country's capital. Occasionally, beams of light from the searchlights penetrated the darkness and revealed the swarm of enemy planes with swastikas proudly presented on their wings.

setting description



From the front room window, Edmund watched – his eyes fixated on the menacing skies above. Flinching from the deafening noise of another nearby explosion, he watched the devastation being caused – a mixture of fear and fascination on his face. “Get away from there!” his distraught mother screamed, as she grabbed him, pulled him away from the window and rapidly drew the curtains. “What do you think you’re doing? You know we’re not meant to have the curtains open.”

Desperately, she turned in search of her eldest son, who she knew could be trusted in such a situation. “Peter? Peter... quickly... the shelter. Get him and your sisters to the shelter immediately.” Her voice began to break, and fear threatened to take over her senses. How could she protect her young family? What could she do against such monsters? Noticing his mother’s alarm, Peter reached for his younger brother’s arm and tried to pull him towards the door and to safety.

“Get off me. I want to watch the planes!” Edmund cried out as he attempted to dodge his brother’s grasp. “You’re not in charge of me. You’re not my dad.” He was determined to see a proper dogfight – just like the ones his friends were frequently talking about at school.

Moving ^{adverb of manner} suddenly, Peter lunged and grabbed his sibling's arm. "Come on! Come on! Why do you always have to be such a nuisance? Why can't you just do as you're told?" he yelled impatiently, dragging Edmund against his will. "And leave that; we need to get to safety." This latest command was fired towards his mother ^{semi colon} who was feverishly gathering items she thought might be required. "There's no time; the planes are overhead. Move!" Peter screamed at the top of his voice. This finally ^{relative clause} interrupted ^{colon} his mother's frantic searching ^{expanded noun phrase} and the three of them dashed towards the back door.

Meanwhile, ^{adverbial of place} in an upstairs bedroom, Lucy – the youngest of the Pevensie children – was lying in bed, her hands covering her ears, as she tried to block out the terrifying sound of gunfire. "Mummy! Mummy... I don't like it. Make it stop. Please, make it stop," she cried, but her whimpers could not compete with the ^{character performs action} ear-splitting cacophony created by the ^{character shows emotion} flying ^{participial adjective} enemy.



"Lucy, come on," implored her older sister Susan, ^{inverted commas} who barged into the girl's room, grabbed her sister by the hand and dragged her downstairs. She chided her as they ran: "Mum's told you what to do if you hear an air raid siren. Why are you still in bed?" ^{relative clause} Her voice was filled ^{colloquial language} with frustration, but ^{expanded noun phrase} a sudden explosion and the look of ^{character shows emotion} overwhelming ^{participial adjective} fear in her sister's eyes made her realise that her chastisements weren't necessary. ^{short sentences for effect} She knew the danger they were in. ^{ellipsis for cliffhanger} They all knew the danger they were in...

short sentences for effect

ellipsis for cliffhanger

year 5/6 spelling