

L1: I can edit and improve my chapter by applying descriptive writing features.

L1: I can respond to feedback and understand my next steps to improve my writing.

The Journey!

David passed the time by staring into nothing, chatting of where they would end up, or picking at the seab - like patch of leather on his de-shed suitcase. It was a journey that got never-ending. He got message without his mum and hearing the sweat of the wheels beneath him, wasn't too comforting.

He last David heard the roll from Miss Roberts meant they were there. "Places on, suitcases of, we're here at last". He jumped to his feet to wake, but where was everyone? He heard Turkey but where was he? "Turkey" David called in panic. "Turkey". He ran to the door. He heard Turkey calling 'David, come on!'

David woke up. Turkey was shaking him vigorously. "Wake George!" He jumped to his feet and ran to the back of the bus. Everyone jumped down to the platform, where they stretched their legs and ran around. I was excited and David got as nervous as ever so he waited by Miss Roberts along with the correspondent from Turkey. Miss Roberts called a register and they disembarked onto a bus.

The bus looked like it had never been cleaned. I was excited with a blanket of socks, dust and mould. Where were they going. He knew that there would be cars and a bus. The rain poured down on the windows and got what got like days. Finally they arrived at a long stage at about 9:30PM. David got embarrassed but waited for the coco and socks. They eventually came at 10:45PM. So refreshing and warm and sweet.