

2025 Year 6 Term 1 Week 3 Scholarship Specialisation Writing homework:

Write 250 words for each story starter using the plots framework outlined in the slides:

1. She felt the ridges of the map she was carving and wondered if the storms below still whispered secrets to those who dared listen.

The rigged mountaintops protruded from the wooden base, intricate structures entangled within the abyss of swirling navy clouds and flashes of ethereal thunder that irradiated the surrounding terrain in eerie cobalt. The midnight blue clouds pranced across the firmament like marionette dancers ensnared in the blurred grasp of the wind, camouflaging the land with wisps of dark cerulean that drifted across the skies. The salty breeze seemed to carry the wind's subtle voices enveloped within the howling roar of Aeolus, exchanging buried tales of forgotten heroes who dared to unravel the century-old secrets hidden within the storm's depths, stories of a bygone epoch lost in the labyrinthine maze of time. For a second, it seemed like the spectral tempest flickered in the haze, the lightning's illumination shaping into a ghastly face of adorned with jagged teeth and luminous eyes of pearly abalone white, staring blindly into her soul as it chanted the lines she had heard almost a thousand times before. The gales' features pulsed with enigma, beckoning with silent gestures, urging for her to return and reconnect the occult bonds that had been broken for millennia. Galvanic trepidation cascaded through her blood, jolting through her heart and commanding her hands to tremble. She could feel the weight of the civilisation that had exiled her from society, strapped to her shoulders like a mounting boulder, burdening her mind with an impossible choice, a weighing of the souls. Every night, nightmarish visions plagued her dreams with vivid images weaved from destruction and blood, a tantalising voice alluring her, calling for her from within the chaos, asking for her to choose. Would she really attempt to save those in need, the innocent lives of the empire that had banished her from its depths from the moment she was born, at the risk of her own life?

2. In the soft glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped at the intricate sculpture, unaware it was created by the one thing they feared most.

The intricate structure, an embodiment of artistic beauty imperceptible to the human mind, seemed to capture the fading kaleidoscopic light of melted crayons that painted the firmament in polychromatic shades of amber, scarlet, burgundy, lilac, and navy. The mystical composition radiated mystery and power, prancing through the air in pulsing wisps of tangible energy. Its form seemed to whisper the words of long ago, subtle words of a forgotten language lost in the labyrinthine maze of time. The crisp summer breeze that drifted through the city faded into the haze of the Square, as if the universe itself with bated breath for the fates to unfold. Its figure seemed to shift under human gaze like molten gold, weaving through the fabrics of reality, transcending beyond the realm of imagination and into the land of chaos and enigma. The masterpiece was interwoven from unwavering

dedication and commitment, sleepless nights devoted to its creation, pulsating as if it had a heartbeat of its own. The sculpture seemed too impeccable for human capability, too divine to be named as humanity's work. A miscellany of shock, discombobulation, admiration and trepidation rippled through the crowd in avalanches of ambivalence, sending murmurs of confusion cascading across the villagers and enveloping the original deafening silence of the town in a dim cacophony. Their astonishment and amazement warred violently with their century-old fear of the unknown in their hearts, their fear of secrecy and the unseen, fear of anything concealed within the shadows of clandestineness battling the wonderment for this mysterious sublimity.