

Alma

We are writing suspense stories in year 6. They sound amazing! Read the opening to Ayaanul's and you will be right on the edge of your seat.

It was a snowy fresh morning; rooftops were covered in crystal-white snow. As Alma was skipping joyfully along the cobbled streets, snowflakes continued to cascade towards the earth. WHOOSH! Angrily, the wind howled down the narrow, empty streets she skipped through. Playfully, she dodged in and out of each flake. She was always happy: this young girl had not a care in the world. Her arms waved about playfully...but for how much longer?

