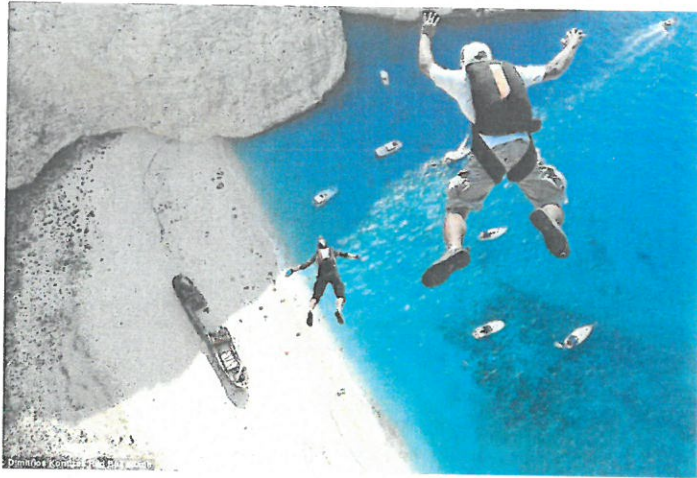


Wednesday 4th January 2017

WALT Recount an extreme experience.



Just before sunrise, ~~M~~ my friends and I were climbing into the plane, staring into the deep, clear ocean our toes just leaving the damp, shady sand. The plane took off, making a sand tornado. We opened the windows and stuck our heads out ~~too~~ wondering into the clouds, hair gliding through the cool, breezy wind. The instructor told us what to do and safety tips to help us. All my friends had gone before but I hadn't; so I asked for someone to be strapped behind me.

We arrived at the place where we were going to jump. I got strapped to my helper - not properly - and opened the curved sliding door. ~~We~~ Taking deep breaths, we turned around facing the plane. I looked down at the beautiful scenery below. My helper said it was time; it was.

by.....Isobel.....

Wednesday 4th January 2017

WALT Recount an extreme experience.



In the middle of the air I heard something, ~~some~~ a sound I have never heard before. I could hear my helper talking to him self and breathing heavily. I shout: "What's wrong!" over ~~it~~ taking the sound of the ~~defining~~ wind. Then I look to my right and see our parachute back pack, floating beside us.

My word! This is dramatic - particularly the end. Excellent writing the whole way through. 1hp ★

Have you kept to the same tense all the way to the end?

by.....