

# Y3 Story Writing: Adventure Story

## Example Text

### Charlie's Magical Chalk

It was a hot, summer's day and Charlie was bored. Charlie's grandad came into the garden and gave him a box of chalk.

"This is a special box of chalk that I had when I was a small boy. You can play with them if you like but only if you draw something nice," he explained kindly.

Charlie wasn't very excited. He was an eight-year-old boy, who was far too cool and grown up to play with chalk. He stuffed the chalk into his backpack politely.

"Thanks Grandad," said Charlie half-heartedly as he set off out of the door for summer school.

Charlie spotted his best friend Amy as soon as he arrived. Charlie thought that Amy was funny and he looked forward to playing football and telling jokes with her.

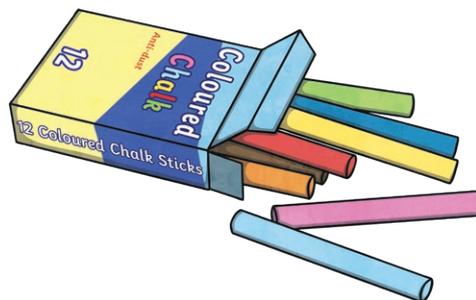
"Hey Charlie! I have been waiting for you. Let's play outside because it's not raining for once!" she excitedly announced as she bounced off towards the door without even waiting for Charlie to reply.

Charlie smiled. He knew Amy was impulsive but playing outside sounded like an excellent idea so he couldn't disagree with her.

"What shall we do then?" asked Amy.

"My grandad gave me some chalk and said we could draw something nice," mumbled Charlie as he rolled his eyes.

Amy looked excited. She snatched the chalks and drew a cat on the hard playground.



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“Do you think that’s nice enough for your grandad?” she smirked as she got back on her feet but Charlie didn’t smile back. He blinked, rubbed his eyes and stared with his mouth wide open. Amy was completely confused and was about to give him a friendly punch in the arm when she heard a tiny, gentle miow from behind her. She span around to see that her drawing of a cat had come to life! The cat brushed softly between Amy’s legs as she stood there amazed. Charlie picked up the magical pack of chalk and looked mischievously at Amy.

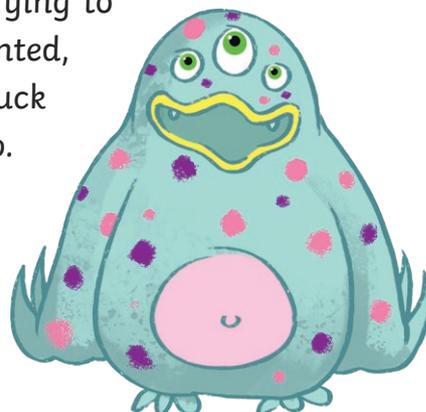
Charlie began drawing furiously all over the floor while Amy stroked the cat and waited for him to finish. Charlie proudly looked down at his chalk picture after a few minutes. He had drawn a pink and purple spotted monster with three green eyes, big claws on its hands and a yellow, wiggly mouth. Amy chuckled and Charlie looked hurt.

“He will scare all of the little kids when he comes alive. He likes to eat small children!”

Suddenly, Charlie’s creature popped up off the floor like a bouncy spring. It looked around the playground and then hungrily started walking towards Amy.

“No! Don’t eat her!” Charlie yelled but the monster kept shuffling towards his best friend. “Run, Amy! Ruuuuuun!” Charlie screamed.

The monster started to run after them both. They dived quickly into one of the climbing frame tunnels because they knew that it was too big to fit inside. The horrible creature stayed at the end of the tunnel growling and trying to reach for the children with his pointed, sharp claws. The children were stuck and they didn’t know what to do. It seemed impossible so Amy began to cry.



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“Oh I wish it was rainy and we’d played inside today!” sniffled Amy.

“That’s it!” shouted Charlie. He had an amazing idea.

Amy looked confused as Charlie began to draw something else on the wall of the tunnel. Speedily, he handed Amy a water gun.

“We can wash him away! He’s only made of chalk, ” Charlie explained.

The revolting beast was still at the end of the tunnel so Charlie and Amy climbed to the top of the tunnel. They stood on the platform at the top next to the slide and pumped up their water guns ready to go. Next, they blasted the monster with water. The strange creature roared so loudly that the platform shook. It jumped to try to get them but the children kept squirting until all that remained was a soggy, multi-coloured puddle. The children flopped down onto the floor. They were totally exhausted.

Amy picked up the box of chinks and stuffed them into her bag when they had finally got their breath back. They promised to never use the chinks again unless they were going to draw something nice like Grandad had said. After summer school, Charlie, Amy and her new cat walked back to Amy’s house. Amy’s annoying, little brother started pestering her as soon as they walked through the door.

“I know we said we would only draw nice things but maybe one little brother-eating monster wouldn’t hurt!” she giggled as she ran off with the mysterious chalk in her hand. Quickly, Charlie’s face turned white as he dashed after her.

“Noooooooooooo!” he screeched.