

Wizard of Oz extract

Dorothy was awakened by a shock. She looked around to find Toto, her sweet little dog looking just as surprised. Dorothy sat up to find that the house was not moving: nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room.

Dorothy gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw. The cyclone had set the house down, in the midst of a country of marvellous beauty. There were lovely patches of green grassland all about, with large trees bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant feathers sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks and dazzling vibrant flowers.

While she stood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming towards her a group of the oddest she had ever seen.....

Cyclone- tornado, dangerous wind storm

Marvellous- amazing wonderful

Luscious- juicy delicious

Flutter- flab flicker (flying)

Brook- small stream

Vibrant- bright colourful.

Narnia extract

And so Lucy found herself walking through the wood arm in arm with this strange creature as if they had known each other forever. Lucy followed the Faun Mr Tumnus through the dark bewildering wood. They had not gone far before they came to a place where the ground became rough, and bumpy, and there were small jagged looking rocks all about and daunting hills up and down.

Mr Tumnus turned suddenly aside as if he were going to walk into a large rock but at the last moment Lucy realised it was the entrance to a dark, gloomy looking cave. As soon as they were inside she found herself blinking in the light of a pleasant wood fire.

Lucy thought she had never been in a nicer friendlier place. It was a little, dry, clean cave of reddish stone with a carpet on the floor and two miniature chairs. Lucy glanced round to see more furniture such as a large table and comfy chairs where Lucy imagined Mr Tumnus having his friends round. Lucy felt comfortable and warm in this lovely homely dwelling.

Bewildering- mysterious confusing

Jagged- pointy

Daunting- scary frightening

Glanced- looked

Dwelling- home

Peter Pan extract

Second to the right and straight on till morning...Peter had said that was the way to Neverland.

When the children began to see the island forming they were eager to see more. Peter pointed to the strange looking Island, "That's Neverland!"

Wendy, John and Michael looked down and recognised at once, they had seen the stunning island in their dreams.

"Look John, there's your lagoon." Wendy shouted. Below was a deep blue mysterious looking lagoon.

"Look Michael, there's a flamingo," shouted John. The dazzling pink gleamed from the beautiful birds below.

"Yes, I can see the Indians too," Michael replied as a group of extraordinary Indians were gathering below.

As the children landed on the puzzling land the sky began to get darker. As the night drew in the children began to get nervous about this unfamiliar daunting new place.

Narnia extract (2)

It was very bad when Edmond reached the part of the wood where the evil queen's castle lay. It was growing darker with every minute, and what with that and the snow swirling around him he could hardly see anything in front of him. He kept slipping into deep drifts of snow, and skidding on hidden frozen puddles, and tripping over huge fallen tree trunks, and sliding down steep dangerous banks, and scraping his shins against rocks, till he was wet and cold and bruised all over.

Harry Potter extract

Harry looked around. One thing was certain: of all the teachers' offices Harry had visited so far this year, Dumbledore's office was the most interesting. If he hadn't been scared out of his wits that he was about to be thrown out of school, he would have been very please to have a chance to look around it.

It was a large and beautiful circular room, full of funny little noises. A number of curious silver instruments stood on spindle-legged tables, whirring and emitting little puffs of smoke. The walls were covered with portraits of old headmasters and mistresses, all of whom were snoozing gently in their frames. There was also enormous, claw-footed desk, and sitting on a shelf behind it, a shabby, tattered wizard's hat – the Sorting Hat.

Harry hesitated. He cast a wary eye around the sleeping witches and wizards on the walls. Sure it couldn't hurt him if he took the hat down and tried it on again? Just to see ... just to make sure it had put him in the right house.