

**Writing WAGOLL – Week 3** (Remember a WAGOLL is just an example, try to make this description your own as much as you can).

*“Did you see it?” the children cried, “the weird old house with the chicken-leg feet! It appeared last night, as if from nowhere.” Impossible, you may think. Illogical, I would agree. Yet, there it was. The house with chicken-legs stood, settled proudly amongst the watching trees, who stared curiously at this alien which had appeared in their midst. Dilapidated, this rickety old shack was in a state of ruin on the outside yet a homely glow shone brightly within. Flickering candles lit up each of the windows and the compelling aroma of freshly baked bread drifted out of the brick chimney. Nestled in the eaves of the arched roof, a pair of inquisitive magpies perched. “One for sorrow, two for joy...” the children sang in unison when they spotted these inky creatures. If it weren’t for the aforementioned chicken-legs (four of them in total, which held the shack aloft), this place would be just like every other hidden house you might find in the forest. But those scaly legs, with clawed feet, told a different story... A story of magic and mystery... The story of the Baba Yaga and her house with chicken-legs.*



**Writing WAGOLL – Week 4** (Remember a WAGOLL is just an example, try to make this description your own as much as you can).

*The carpet of sand is the most gentle hue of gold and driftwood comes upon the buoyant waves like tiny rescue boats docking upon the sandy dunes. Breathing deeply, I take in the seaside scents of seaweed and saltiness, which dance in the air. As the day is greeted by the dawning sun, which is reflected by the crystal waters and beams into my eyes, I allow the ocean-foam to lap at my feet. First it washes over them, so they disappear from view, before it retreats and leaves me walking on silky sand once more. Closing my eyes, I lose myself in the scene surrounding me, allowing the tranquillity of the waving waters to transport me to a place far from here. Is there any place more peaceful than a silent beach at the break of day? Could I imagine myself anywhere else but here? Soon, more people will come and the peace will be broken but until then, I remain. Breathing deeply of ocean-carried air, listening to the percussion of the waves (which are my lullaby), a smile spreads across my face for I am home... in my happy place... my favourite place in the world.*

