

Section 1: Using good examples

Extract 3: Jacob's Quest

Jacob took a deep breath and raised his right hand to grab the heavy brass door knocker. Even on tiptoes he could only just reach it and he had to concentrate hard to hold on as he swung it back and forth against the rough, wooden door that towered above him. Bang. Bang. Bang. Each knock made the floor beneath him shake like an earthquake, and the birds, which just a few moments before had been singing happily, fell silent.

After everything he'd been through to get to the castle it seemed a little ridiculous to be knocking at the door, but there was no other way in. Every other doorway and window was barred or blocked up – it looked like a prison.

Jacob's mouth turned dry and his stomach churned like the clothes in his mum's washing machine as he thought about what he might find on the other side of the door. Even the sky seemed to get darker, as if the sun had sensed something terrible was about to happen and decided to hide its face behind the clouds.

He wanted to run away, but he couldn't let Kristie down. He had to get inside to help her.

Suddenly, the door began to open, swinging back slowly to reveal a long, stone corridor. Candles flickered on the walls, like little boats with golden sails floating in the darkness. Water dripped slowly from the ceiling.

Jacob felt for his sword, which had protected him so well until now, and taking strength from the familiar object he stepped inside.

As his eyes adjusted to the darkness he saw something move at the end of the passageway. There was a horrible scream, like someone scraping their nails down a blackboard, and then a shadow, half-animal, half-human, began to hurtle towards him.

This was it...

