

Writing with A Recipe

Year 6 have been writing descriptions of the great city of Troy. But this time, they have been doing it with a special recipe to follow! This was the recipe:

Recipe to follow:



1. only **three words** and end with an **!** (**exclamation mark**)
2. start with **an adverb** (remember the comma after it!).
3. must contain **a simile**.
4. must include **alliteration**.
5. must be long, and should contain **at least three verbs**
6. must start with a **prepositional phrase** (with comma)
7. must be about **the sounds of the city** and contain **onomatopoeia**
8. must be **exactly five words**.
9. must describe something in the city, using **three adjectives, connected by commas**.
10. must be **exactly four words!**

Here are three of the best descriptions to come out of the exercise:

1) Troy has awoken! Busily, cheerful traders bustle their goods-laden ox-carts through the immense oak gates. Like a swarm of seagulls, sneaky pickpockets mingle with the crowd, hoping to get a good catch. Wherever you go, the sound of clinking coins can be heard while the citizens bargain with the foreign merchants. Warm and comforting, the smiling sun caresses you from head to toe while the flying blackbirds joyously sing, announcing the arrival of spring and the overjoyed inhabitants lounge lazily on the emerald grass, free from the cruel clutches of winter at last.

Under the magnificent marble bridge, runs a clear, azure river, its sapphire, tinkling waters singing the song of spring. Loud cries of "Get out of my way!" can be frequently heard amongst the deafening din, as shoppers push each other out of the way, fighting for space. Exotic smells fill the air. Ruby, amber and lavender stalls litter the courtyard in a picturesque array of colours. Today is market day. By Lanna (6L)



2) Deafening Troy is! Hastily, a wave of musical speech flows through the collecting crowd. Like cheetahs hunting for prey, messengers race in between stalls, nimbly avoiding the chattering mass of people. They scurry swiftly past scampering slaves; past the scratched stone statues, focused solely on delivering what they were sent for.

Within the colossal city walls, massive monuments loom over merchants atop platforms; the distant mountains tower commandingly over Troy, their summits gazing in smug amusement at the herd who bicker and squabble and argue over uncountable matters. Behind the busy shops, stacks of barrels lie lazily in the cool shade, shunning the incredibly cacophonous congregation and preserving their stocks, oblivious to the climax of gossip nearby. Seagulls screech and squawk

above, mimicking the endless crashing and clashing of high-pitched women quarrelling dramatically – suddenly, 'Dong! Dong! Dong!' – and nobody hears the bells attempting in vain to grab the attention of the large groups.

Strangely, scents cannot be smelt. The wind's last breath is quietly violent, wafting over the chaotic, clumsy, cantankerous crowd, and leaves behind a trace of the fresh whiff of buttered bread or even the fruity, juicy, succulent delicacy of wine!

But no-one notices anything.

By Ryan (6C)

3) “Let us in!“ There were three merchants carrying exotic fruits from far away places on the other side of the gate, and they were shouting loudly.

When they arrived at the store in the marketplace, a small child crept over, as sly as a fox, and stole a pineapple when no one was looking. Beautiful Troy was bustling with busy people. There were Trojans buying fruits from stands and people eating the fruits that they collected and there were people making fortunes from selling food and the best of all, important people were striding through the streets!

Outside the magnificent city of Troy, there were luscious cream fields and the great Troy’s walls, which tower above the great city, not allowing anyone to get in without being let in. Sweeping through the air, three nightingales sang this song of beauty and all was peaceful; however, inside Troy, people were shouting and screaming and occasionally in the evenings, there would be noisy fireworks that went Bang! Bang! Bang! Troy wasn’t peaceful at all! It had spectacular buildings that were as tall as two trees piled on top of each other and they were well-structured and beautiful. Goodbye, my amazing Troy!

By Grace (6B)



4) The City of Troy

Morning is breaking! Towering over the city, a mountain casts shadows over the bustling citizens and grand buildings. The walls are as tall as Mount Olympus itself. People gaze at the glamorous garments hanging at the market stalls. In the crowded streets, elders play games in the courtyard, young people meet and chat with their friends while the market sellers work hard to sell their goods and earn money. Behind the imposing buildings, rebels plot against King Priam. Young children scream as snakes crash out of their cages and slither towards them. Troy contains many different people. The hot, chaotic, unpredictable atmosphere surrounds the great city. This is magnificent Troy!

Rufus (6C)