

## The Hole in the Fence

### Questions

What do you think the boy can see through the hole in the fence?

If you could take a photograph of the 5 happiest memories of your life so far, what would they be?

What 5 events of your future would you like to take a photograph of?



Look at the 2 possible story openers. Choose 1 and continue the story or write a story of your own based upon the picture.

I was puzzled. Things just kept disappearing from our garden. At first it was just small things, like my toy car , then larger things began to go missing. Dad's lawnmower vanished. Mum's favourite plant pot with her favourite plants in. Gone! Just gone!

My parents kept saying that there were thieves on our street. I believed them. Of course I believed them! Why wouldn't I believe them, they're my parents?! Sneakily, I got into the habit of looking out of my bedroom window with my camera, in the hope that I would catch a snapshot of the crooks in action ...

Or

... One afternoon, after I had got in from school and done my homework, I stood at my bedroom window. I was ready. I had my camera in hand. I then watched in amazement and shock as the giant oak tree, that had stood in our garden since before I was born, was dramatically wrenched from the ground by an unseen force. Its great branches and straggling roots and shaking, green leaves began to be pulled towards a hole, the size of a pound coin, in our garden fence. I watched as the tree began to be squeezed, again by this unseen force, through the hole in the fence.

A minute later I was standing with my camera at the ready, peering through the hole in the fence, desperate to find out what had happened to all the things from our garden. Then...I felt it...My eye began to feel as if it was being squeezed. My head felt as if it was being pulled towards the fence. My whole body seemed to be moving. Suddenly...Pop!

### Floating Citadel

Look at the picture and answer the questions. Then look at the story opener and continue the story. You can write your own story from scratch if you want to.



### Question time!

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- ▶ How big do you think the citadel is?
- ▶ Who lives inside?
- ▶ Where do you think the palace will land?
- ▶ What does 'banished' mean?
- ▶ Why have they been 'banished' do you think?
- ▶ How do you think the people inside the palace feel?

## Story starter!

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It was the moment they had been dreading.

Chains had bound their citadel; link after link of brutal, cold steel.

As they poked their heads out of their windows, they drank in the view through eyes squinted against the icy, punishing wind. The world they knew appeared as insignificant specks, hundreds of metres below.

They had ben banished. It was time to find a new home.

Can you continue the story?  
Who are 'they'? Why had 'they' been banished?