

## WRITING PIECE 1

### THE JELLY CLOUD BY PRITHA

One morning, before breakfast, I skipped to my enormous backyard for a jog but to my surprise I saw ...A JELLY CLOUD! I felt shocked but brave enough to touch it. It felt cold and squishy and it was strong enough to not have damage when I punched it. With joy I screamed with laughter. Just then as quick as a wip the cloud made a loud noise as a reaction from my punch. Noticing that after you touch the cloud it gently goes back to position so I decided I would jump on the cloud. It bounced right back up and a soon I was using it as a trampoline. Then I decided to walk through it. It was also funny because it made a funny noise as I walked through. Finally I decided to do something really fun, be inside the cloud! From the outside it looked like I was trapped in water but on the inside I just enjoyed eating the jelly. Playing with the cloud made my morning shine with joy I hope the cloud will come back another time.

## WRITING PIECE 2

Blob! Blob! A huge jelly cloud appeared in the clear, azure sky. The cloud was so big that I could not contain it in my vision. As I stared up at the jelly cloud, I started to levitate. I ascended slowly like a balloon, and when I got onto the cloud, I realised how stunning it was. I was not going to tell my brother about the cloud because he just broke my favourite glass and had an argument.

The slippery, sapphire cloud was shimmering in the sun. It was like a well-polished gem. Bubbles came out and popped when I jumped on the jelly. It also lifted me up as if I was on a trampoline. I could even scoop up a block of jelly and eat it.

It was tranquil and fun. I wanted to live in the jelly cloud forever, but I looked down at the ground and realised that I was very high up in the air. I felt a bead of sweat rolling down my forehead, and suddenly remembered how I missed my family. I started to panic. I paced up and down the jelly cloud, its softness now threatening to break under my heavy heart. I called for help as loud as I could, but when nothing happened, I could see that nobody would be able to hear me. I flumped down onto the jelly disappointedly.

Somehow, my brother seemed to notice my absence, and flew up in a helicopter to save me. As I climbed in to the helicopter, my view blurred. I sat up on my bed, blinking my eyes. I remembered that my brother did not have a helicopter, and clouds were definitely not made of jelly.

When I walked down the stairs, I could see my brother busy in the kitchen with a blender and mixing bowls on the counter.