

Kezia produced the first 3 paragraphs of her recount.

So many techniques and some superb language.

Year 6 you are incredible!

As I got out of bed, my bitter stomach felt heavy and full of butterflies, which made me consider my decision. I had an apprehensive feeling inside me, but I ignored it and carried on with my exciting day. After getting dressed, I felt more prepared than ever! Thinking about swooping up in the sky gliding across the soft, white clouds. Why so excited, you ask? Well today, I am going to be flying a plane! I hear you moaning well it isn't that boring. You see I have been breaking some of the world's records and flying faster than the speed of sound! I broke my own record, and I would like to see anyone- who can beat my record-.

The plane has metallic, silver paint as the base with a narrow strip of golden lighting. While I meandered into the garage, I watched the mechanics work tirelessly, trying to make my plane secure and PERFECT for flying. I rest my hand onto the base and stroke it across the smooth, magnificent work of craftsmanship. It's a REAL beauty! One of the mechanics walked into the garage, smiling from ear to ear. I jumped to my fright as he put his hand on the shoulder and told me, "This plane isn't just a giant piece of metal, this plane is full of sweat, hard work and determination. The aerodynamics, the comfort, and the controls. All made so **you** can feel safe when flying your plane." His speech sounded very enthusiastic and made me want to fly and test its potential!

As the engine throttles, the strong smell of fuel drifts up into the garage, causing me to feel nauseous. I could hear the roaring sound of the plane and the propellers starting to turn. I hopped into the plane and rested my bum on the comfortable seat with my hand hugging my brown, leather gloves. I have a daring feeling that's sitting at the bottom of me, ready to burst out like a firework! The buttons are chanting my name telling me to press them so I can deploy the plane. Uh Oh! That feeling from earlier. Its back! Its like it's haunting me, telling me not to go. *'I've got to get rid of it!'* I said to myself. Looking at the time, I realised that I haven't had any breakfast! I was so excited in the morning; I did think about my own hunger. Getting out of the plane, I knew that today-was going to be a good day-.