

Level 4

The Pentland Hills were spectacular that afternoon. The Autumn sun rays slicing through the clouds, lighting up the gold and copper hills like Blacksmith's furnaces.

Portobello's newest recruit, Cadet Halliday, had piped up at the morning training session to say, "My mum said that the weather is going to change." He was ignored by Flt Lt Brown, who had been briefing all the Squadrons. He had also been told off for not calling the Flight Lieutenant 'Sir'. Cadet Halliday was rarely listened to, being the youngest, and because of his bad habit of talking all the time, non-stop. But his mum was right. He was small for twelve, and round with flame coloured hair and freckles splattered across his face.

He was the one who noticed it first, the grey invading army of mist, streaming up the hill towards them.

"See, my mum was right", shouted Halliday excitedly. He may have been happy, but the others were not. They could sense the danger. "I told you, see, see!"

1. Creates setting with believable and effective descriptive detail.
2. Makes some attempt to use figurative language to engage the reader
3. Creates interesting characters
4. Creates plots with clear structures
5. Attempts to engage the reader and achieve effects through mood/atmosphere