

Literacy

Friday 19th June 2020

The Magic Box by Kit Wright

Today, I would like you to write the last two verses of your 'Magic Box' poem. Again, think about your favourite things that you would like to put into the box. Look at the figurative language you have used so far. Have you used alliteration or onomatopoeia? Have you included expanded noun phrases? Similes or metaphors? If you haven't, aim to include them in your final two verses. Good luck! I would love to read them!

My model text

Mrs Stewart's Magic Box

I will put in my box

Delicate flowers blowing in the summer breeze

A flaming orange feather from an exquisite phoenix

Sparkling ice crystals from a translucent snowflake

I will put in my box

An infectious smile shared amongst friends

Icicles pointed like glass hanging from trees in winter

The bang of a firework on Guy Fawkes night.

The Magic Box

I will put in the box

The swish of a silk sari on a summer night,
Fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,
The tip of a tongue touching a tooth.



I will put into the box

A snowman with a rumbling belly,
A sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,
A leaping spark from an electric fish.



I will put into the box

Three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,
The last joke of an ancient uncle,
And the first smile of a baby.

ચોહાનની લખેલી સુવાર્તા

૧ આદિએ શબ્દ હતો, અને શબ્દ દેવની સંઘાતે હતો, અને શબ્દ દેવ હતો. ૨ તે જ આદિએ દેવની સંઘાતે હતો. ૩ તેનાથી સઘળું ઉત્પન્ન થયું; એટલે જ કંઈ થયું છે તે તેના વિના ઉત્પન્ન થયું નહિ. ૪ તેનામાં જીવન હતું; તે જીવન માણસોનું અજવાળું હતું. ૫ તે અજવાળું અંધારામાં પ્રકાશ છે; પણ અંધારાએ તેને સ્વીકાર્યું નહિ. ૬ દેવે મોકલેલો એક માણસ આવ્યો. તેનું નામ 'ચોહાન' હતું. ૭ તે શાહીને સારુ આવ્યો કે અજવાળા વિષે તે શાહી આપે, એ માટે કે સર્વ તેનાથી વિશ્વાસ કરે. ૮ તે તો તે અજવાળું ન હતો, પણ તે અજવાળા વિષે શાહી આપવાને તિ આવ્યો હતો].

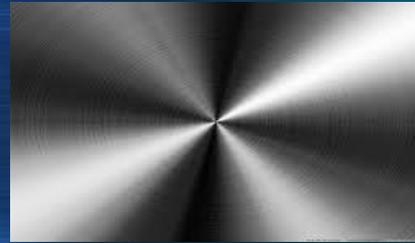


I will put into the box

A fifth season and a black sun,
A cowboy on a broomstick,
And a witch on a white horse.



My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,
With stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.



I shall surf in my box
On the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,
Then wash ashore on a yellow beach
The colour of the sun.



I will put in the box

The swish of a silk sari on a summer night,
Fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,
The tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put into the box

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