

Literacy

Thursday 18th June 2020

The Magic Box by Kit Wright

Today, I would like you to write the first two verses of your 'Magic Box' poem. Think about your favourite things that you would like to put into the box. Then think about expanding your nouns and turning them into expanded noun phrases. Take another one of your favourite things and see if you can compare it using a simile or a metaphor. You can also include onomatopoeia and alliteration.

My model text

Mrs Stewart's Magic Box

I will put in my box

The sweet aroma of a freshly cut lawn in springtime

A rumble of thunder as loud as a giants roar

The delicious smell of my mother cooking Sunday dinner in the kitchen

The curtain of night descending at the end of the day

I will put in my box

Cheeky chuckles of children laughing in the playground

The crackling flames of a fire

A colourful rainbow arching like a bridge across the sky

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 શહેરીને સારુ આવ્યો કે અજવાળા વિષે તે શહેરી આપે, એ માટે કે સર્વ તેનાથી વિશ્વાસ કરે. ૮ તે તો તે અજવાળું ન હતો, પણ તે અજવાળા વિષે શહેરી આપવાને તિ આવ્યો હતો].

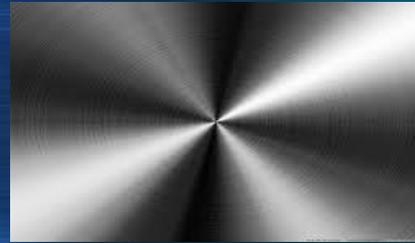


I will put into the box

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

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.

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.

‘The Magic Box’ – Kit Wright