

Year 5's Super Sentences

Altone was strong as a bull, his muscles were the size of two pottery cups.

I drew nearer and nearer like a lion stalking it's prey.

I covered my eyes with my dirty hands and could just make a short chubby figure with a hoarsely looking face bounding up and down like an over fed rabbit.

We galloped through the marsh, the wind whipping my glossy black hair out of my face. My crimson cloak flapping in the breeze. My shrieks and laughs echoing throughout the sunlit forest. Apollo waved his mane from his face, his pure white coat making him shine and glimmer individually, unlike poor Fillia. Fillias' shy delicate nature would show any day, her whitish grey coat, not nearly as spectacular as her brothers. I heard a sudden call...

Serpents darted into the tropical ocean as I was sailing in the narrow ship across the glowing water.

My dark, wavy hair bounced up and down on my slim, boney back as I ran my five laps round the large, dominating figure of the stone temple.