

Friday 27th September 2024

To write an ending to a story.

Nervously, the musician strode towards the fascinating, <sup>elegant</sup> elegant Palace. The great, glorious Palace stood on top of a huge hill, surrounded by towering trees. Determined to help the chattering Princess, the shaking musician clutched his <sup>beige</sup> flute and rang the doorbell. Ding-dong! An armoured-armoured guard suddenly opened the menacing, arched doors. The ~~trembling~~ ~~trembling~~ ~~music~~ ~~musician~~ musician wavered worriedly because the guard had a sword. "Hi Hi Hello good sir," he muttered, "I have ~~come~~ come to attempt to cure the desperate ~~pr~~ Princess."

"Come in," commanded the royal gate guard. ✓ Amazing

1.10.24

~~Shaking~~. There he was. Standing scared.

He started to walk, scared. The King was standing in front of him.

"He's here to help the princess," the guard told the King.

"Hello, your Majesty," uttered the musician.

They all ~~walked~~ <sup>trudged</sup> their way ~~quietly~~ inside. As they went, statues towered over their heads, paintings of past Kings and Queens, princesses and princes.

② Soon, they got to the spagetified stairs. As they ~~w~~ slowly went up, the musician started to sweat heavily. You ~~can~~ could see all the

~~dripping~~ <sup>driping</sup> ~~down~~ down his nose. Drip Drop. A little higher. Drip Drop Drip

Drop. Finally, they got to the bed chamber.

"Hello? Darling, may I come in?" asked the King.

"Ssure," The princess replied, "Are here with someone?" ✓

① where?

"Yes," and the king opened the door.

"Hello, I'm here to try and help," said the musician. She was covered in blankets.

13.10.24 He had an amazing idea. He would play a tune on his flute. A tune began to form in his head. Not long after, the tune started. The king and Princess watched in awe.

"Wow!" thought the king, "He's good."

A few seconds later, magic happened. Out of

(A) the flute came some words, like a spell.

"When you are old, you may still be cold

But don't you fear, the musician is here."

And suddenly, she rose <sup>up from her bed</sup> as if she was

a flower blooming. Beaming, the king started

to cry, "Princess, are you warm?!"

"Yes," exclaimed the Princess.