

Tuesday 14th September 2021

LO: I can create suspense and tension in my writing using key language devices.

Frustration and anger gloomed his mind. No person had made the Savage this disgusted or annoyed before. Without thinking, he ventured out of his cave and into the dense, gloomy forest. A bright moonlight shone down, illuminating the way to the village but it had the attention taken away by a poisonous stench, that was left by Hopper the day before. Briskly, he stampeded off into the village with his temper taking control of his actions. It was like he was a new kind of Savage - a more blood-thirsty and ravenous Savage that hunted like a wolf.

As he made his way through the village, a murder of crows soared above with worms dangling off their claws. He passed the Copp, which had all the lights turned out, and Blue's house that had an inviting smell to it, making the wild Savage lower his temper but he still was on the hunt for Hopper. He wouldn't stop until every last living cell in Hopper's body was dead. Every house he passed had a different smell, causing the Savage to be as curious as a dog. Thankfully, Hopper's stench overruled them all, leading the way to his house.

He had found him.

Using the honed knife he had stolen from Franky Frilligen, he inaudibly creaked open the door by slashing off the lock. He meandered through the rooms until he finally reached the last one. Creaking, the door was opened. The Savage crept inside, shutting it after so that no body was able to barge in. A mix of emotions churned in his head. Hopper was sound asleep in his bed. Without hesitation, he whipped out his axe from his belt and rose it