

Yr 5 Act it Out - Story Section

How he wished there had been a full moon to guide him on his journey. It was so dark he could barely see his hand in front of him. Instead he relied on his other senses: he listened for the slightest rustle which would alert him to any movement and sniffed the air for a trace of the unmistakable aroma of his prize. All the time he crept as stealthily as the great beast itself so as not to announce his own presence. Astonished by his bravery, he continued with caution, deeper into the undergrowth where he knew the beast would be tracking down its own prey.

Just as he was beginning to lose hope, he heard a faint sound, it was coming from the direction he had just passed. Something was behind him. With his heart pounding and adrenaline coursing through his veins, he froze to the spot. His legs refused to cooperate. Why couldn't he move? Fear engulfed him, consumed him. Hunter hunted.