

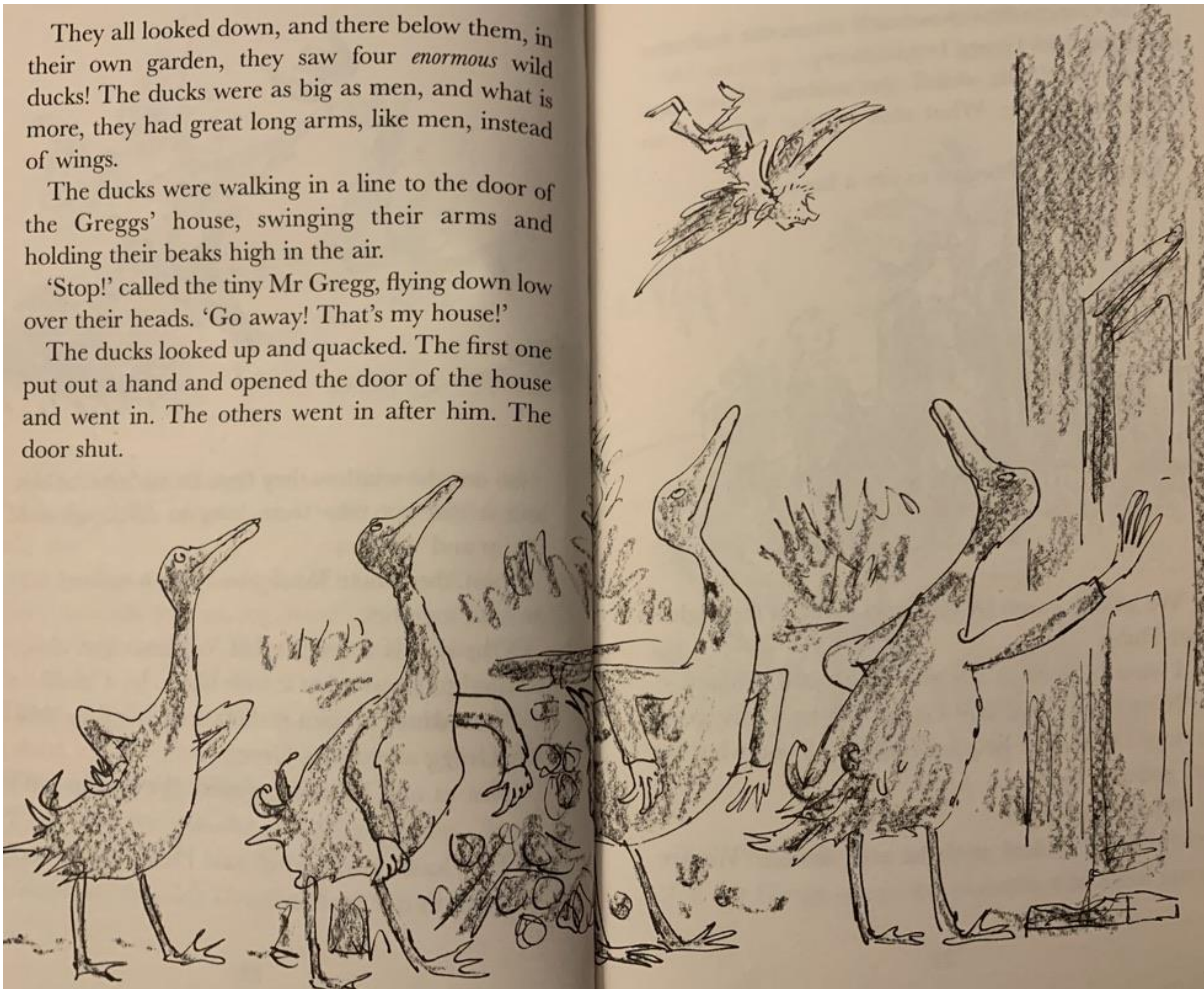
L.I. To write in role as a character

They all looked down, and there below them, in their own garden, they saw four *enormous* wild ducks! The ducks were as big as men, and what is more, they had great long arms, like men, instead of wings.

The ducks were walking in a line to the door of the Greggs' house, swinging their arms and holding their beaks high in the air.

'Stop!' called the tiny Mr Gregg, flying down low over their heads. 'Go away! That's my house!'

The ducks looked up and quacked. The first one put out a hand and opened the door of the house and went in. The others went in after him. The door shut.



The Greggs flew down and sat on the wall near the door.



How do you think the Greggs felt at this point in the story?

Could you write some thought bubbles for each member of the family so that the reader knows what is going through their heads?

