

## Deepening Understanding

### YR5 Narrative Text

#### Geoffrey and George Make a Decision by Laura Curtis



The wind howled and the thunder roared but that wasn't nearly as loud as the menacing cries of the beast as it screamed and bucked and thrashed its elongated, scaly body against the battered ruins of the castle walls.

'Oh Lordy. Geoffrey...brother...we've really done it... this time.' The Prince's words tumbled breathlessly out of his mouth after each slash of his sword. 'This time Mother and Father are going to be...really...cross!'

But, Geoffrey wasn't listening. His brother's cries were snatched away by either the hungry, swooping wings of the storm or another putrid breath of the fearsome beast as it writhed before them. It was impossible to hear anything anyway: all sense of hearing was nullified by screech after ear-splitting screech as slash after slash cut its scaly skin. George suspected that Geoffrey was incapable of paying attention to anything now other than staying alive anyway - which even George himself admitted was pretty important - and trying not to soil his suit of armour.

Geoffrey and George hadn't meant to wake the beast of course. It had just kind of...happened. Other things in the past had just kind of happened but even they had to admit that this was their most cataclysmic act yet. Unleashing the witch had been one thing, freeing the wolf from the 'Lair-



*of-the-Most-Formidable-of-Wolf-Brethrens-and-you-are-NEVER-to-go-there'* had been pretty disastrous and had taken a whole troop of the King's men (their father's of course) to save the Kingdom from certain chomps and chews had been another...oh and disturbing the 'never to be disturbed' ogre from his desolate castle had been another rather unfortunate episode. ("Boys, didn't we tell you he was never to be disturbed? That's why he lived on the far side of the Dark Forest, over the Deathly Bridge, through the Maze of Worries and up the Stick of Brown Rock.") However, this time, yep, Geoffrey and George had to admit that they had outdone themselves.

It was the imp who had suggested it of course. The imp who had handed them the book in the first place. So technically it wasn't their fault. He had been implicated in every other disaster that had befallen the kingdom so yes, he was the one who would take the blame. As one, bonded by an invisible but palpable force that had been alive and kicking from the very moment they were created on this earth, with the same shaped eyes they gazed at each other fleetingly. They both knew the other's thought: we'll get him later.

As the lightning flashed once more, so bright and so intense that it was as if a thousand candles had been lit, Geoffrey and George saw the silhouette of the beast in all its simultaneously magnificent yet altogether terrifying glory. Crikey, this was a big one.

The lightning bolt flashed away into darkness as quickly as it appeared and they were plunged once more into the melee of lashing rain, deafening bangs and...now there were some new yet oh so familiar sounds: the deep booming voices of the Army Commanders, the rhythmic stomping of feet...

Geoffrey and George released their eyes from the beast for the briefest of seconds to stare at each other with wide, bright eyes, their thoughts once more echoed. Oh good. Reinforcements had arrived. Their determination reignited, Geoffrey and George gripped the hilts of their swords with renewed vigour and prepared themselves for the final fight - they had a fearsome beast to slay.

The end of the beast came with the end of the storm. As the early morning rays of the new day began to glint over the snowy mountains



onto the rippling waters of the lake before them, the beast gave its final breath as the combined efforts of the Kingdom brought its mighty body to the ground. Its eyes now closed, the creature fell gracefully, its bloodied head falling as if in slow motion until it came to rest upon the shore. With the rays of the sun now glinting upon its iridescent scales, which seemed to glimmer with all the colours of the rainbow, not one person spoke. They had been victorious of course, had defeated this once-mighty beast yet strangely, yet unsurprisingly, not one person felt a sense of victory. Hundreds of eyes merely gazed on, all caught in an awful sense that they were guilty of ending the life of a creature that had not posed a danger to the Kingdom for hundreds of years. And now it was gone.

'It was the last of its kind' was all the Queen murmured. 'This beautiful - yet terrifying - beast has rested in safety for centuries. My ancestors promised...it had posed no danger. We respected it and now...' With this she broke off, desperately trying to control her anger, her hurt, her shame. 'And now you two - boys - have destroyed this most ancient of beings.' She said no more but the look in her eyes told Geoffrey and George all they needed to know. It was in silence that the troops began to disperse, their swords held low, their eyes to the ground.

'But, we had no choice...' George began.

The imp that had been sitting on the highest vantage point of the castle tower for all this time, through the wind and the rain and the roars and the battle and the death came flying down. Its little leathery wings slowed to a stop as it hovered before them and dropped to the ground. It tilted its head and simply stared, its eyes never leaving them and never blinking - not even once. Geoffrey and George felt a power, felt a realisation that began in their chests then seeped through their veins until their whole bodies were flooded with an emotion they had ever experienced before. They knew what the imp was going to say before he softly uttered the words,

'Yes you did. You always had a choice.'

With the glow of the sun illuminating more than their suits of armour, all three walked towards the creature, bent down and stroked its head.

