

## Deepening Understanding

### YR2 Fiction Text

#### Loch Ness Adventures by Hannah Raven



Tom loved spending time with Grandad. Every year, they drove through green hills to Loch Ness for a fishing trip. They would sit on the bank of the huge lake all day talking, looking over the calm waters and waiting for sea trout to bite on their bait. The one thing that Tom wished for more than anything, was to catch a glimpse of the famous monster that was said to live within the deep, cold waters. This creature was called the Loch Ness monster.

For as long as Tom could remember, Grandad had always told him stories of how the Loch Ness monster had lived in the depths of the Loch for hundreds of years, and only a few people had claimed to have spotted its green body when it came to the surface.

Tom and Grandad had just finished lunch when Tom started to hear gentle snores coming from Grandad's camping chair. Grabbing his book from his bag, Tom settled himself into his chair and began reading. Suddenly, he heard a heavy splash on the water. He peered over his book and saw ripples moving across the Loch.

"It must have been a fish or a bird," muttered Tom. He sunk back into his chair and continued reading.

Without warning, the sun disappeared. Tom looked up. His mouth dropped and his book fell to the ground. Blocking the light, was a long, scaly, green neck. Bright amber eyes glared down at him. Tom's arms were quickly covered in goose bumps as the serpent-like creature glided through the water towards him. Slowly, Tom walked to the edge of the Loch and stood face to face with the creature. The Loch Ness monster gave Tom a gentle smile.

"I know who you are," whispered Tom.

"You can call me Nessy then!" replied the monster, "Would you like to go on an adventure?"

Tom turned and looked at Grandad, who hadn't moved a muscle and was still snoring.

"Yes!" said Tom excitedly. It was his only chance to find out more about this fascinating creature. He climbed on to Nessy's neck, gripping tightly at the slippery scales. Picking up speed, Nessy began swimming through the water. Tom held on tightly and watched as the highland hills rushed past him.

"Hold on!" yelled Nessy, "we're going under". The next thing Tom knew, his body was fully under the cold water. He could see fish darting around next to him. Tom didn't realise how deep the loch was as Nessy dived deeper and deeper. Eventually, they arrived at an underwater cave at the bottom of the Loch. Nessy rested on the rocky floor, as Tom sat down next to her.

"It is really nice to have company," said Nessy "I have seen you and your Grandad at the Loch every year, but I have always been too shy to come up and say hello."

"I have always wanted to find out if you were real," said Tom. "I can't wait to tell everyone about you."

"Please don't do that!" cried Nessy "Stories about me have been told for so many years and my one fear is being captured and put in a tank for people to stare at me."



Tom thought about this and looked at Nessy's sad face.

"Ok," said Tom, "But you have to promise me that you will come up and say hello next year. Maybe we could even go for another swim!"

"Deal," chuckled Nessy, "Let's get you back to the surface before your Grandad wakes up and wonders where you are."

Tom climbed back on to Nessy's neck and they swam towards the light above them. As they reached the surface, Tom gave Nessy a tight hug before swimming back to the bank.

Wrapping a towel tightly around him, Tom sat back in his chair and looked out over the water, where he could see Nessy swimming away. At that moment, Grandad woke up.

"Oh I must have dozed off," said Grandad, "Tom why are you dripping wet?"

"Well, I was really hot and needed to go for a swim," replied Tom with a wide smile on his face.

