

Omar's Amazing House

The quaint cottage was surrounded by fully-grown trees. By the front of the cottage was the aqua, clear sea. At the front of the house is a crusty looking blue, wooden door. When you are a few feet away from the house, you can see two chimney pots that are breathing out grey, whispering smoke. The garden has been looked after well and was of beautiful, fresh flowers; there were red roses, violets, bluebells and an apple tree in the far corner of the garden.

When he entered through the cramped door, he walked into the house and could see a wooden desk for him to sit at when he writes letters to his Mum.

When he walked through the hallway, his eyes were immediately drawn to the roaring, crackling fire. He could smell the scent of the fire and it felt smoky and warm. When he looked up at the roof, he could see it was painted like the town so he felt like he was outside in the fresh air even though he was inside. The windows were very stiff to open, there were rusting and they needed to be replaced.

When he started to walk up the spiral wooden stairs, he tried to make sure he would not bash his head on the roof. When he made it upstairs, he could see his room, he charged inside and jumped straight onto his long bed, it must have been at least 12 ft long. Right by his bed was a wardrobe so he could put all his long clothes on.

When he walked out of his room, he went to go and see what the bathroom looked like. The bathroom was light with blue tiles on the floor, to add a little decoration to the house. The bath was ginormous it would be 3 times bigger than a normal size bath. He was very fascinated by the last room, which was the study. Not every house he has lived in has never had one so he felt very excited. The study was quite small, he mostly used it to play in but at least he was having fun. He was so thankful for the house that they gave him; he started to show a lot of appreciation to them.

As I entered the cozy house, I gazed at the hut in astonishment. My heart skipped a beat. I crouched as small as a bush and leaped in. The wooden door gracefully danced behind me. My thoughts were ubiquitous. I could hear lullabies racing through my mind. It was them, the little people. They were the ones who were humming that lullaby.

I walked obediently towards a mattress. It was ever so smooth. My back kissed the smoothness of the mattress. I gazed at a blue sky with neon, yellow stars smiling at me. The way they painted the moonlight sky touched my feelings. I felt beads of tears plummeting down my cheeks.

There was a chair big enough for me to fit in. It had golden embroideries adorning it. A seat as red as a dawn rose. I felt like their king. The beads covered a wooden elegant sculpted low back. A face with eyes of Sapphire and lips of Rubies stared at me. The sculpted figure looked like me! I didn't understand how I could deserve such a treasure.

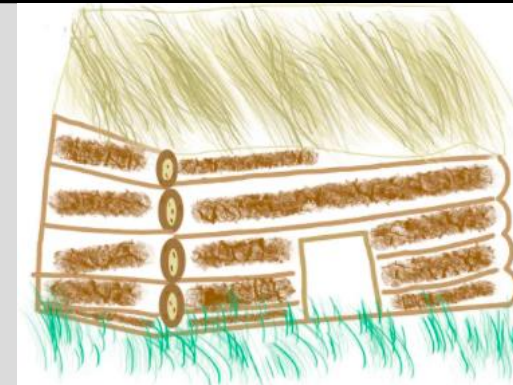
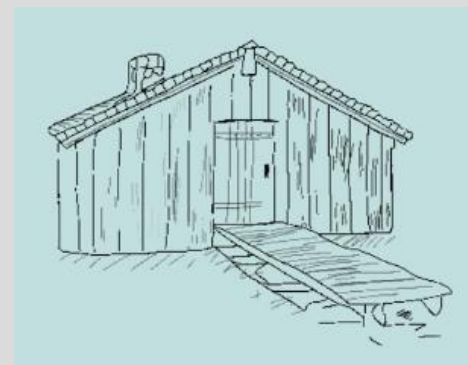
I felt like I was at home. A candle in the corner caught my eye. It scented the hut with a familiar smell. The way the flames welcomed me inflamed my cheeks with emotions and ...happiness. A heart-warming atmosphere made me understand that this hut was really made for me.

The house that Omar now owned, had a strong wooden structure with a delicate straw roof. Omar could barely fit through his wooden door, which the tiny people had made for him. Inside his mini mansion He had his ornately carved plate along with a Immaculate spoon and glass which were the right size for Omar. His sturdy table was made with elegant, swirling walnut.

A Beautifully decorated chair which the giant could sit on was also made of wood, with wooden rushes to form the seat. His bed was made with fine oak wood to hold the soft straw mattress in place so that he could easily lie down.

The ceiling had a picture of the enchanting dark blue night sky with a magnificent yellow crescent of the moon and with stars illuminating the sky like the lights on a Christmas tree. The house which stood on a mountain was the biggest house of the land and the village. The tiny humans had thought of everything. It was extraordinary.

Omar's home
Whilst listening to Chapter 9 of our class book, Year 6 imagined the home that the Lilliputians had made for Omar. They created artwork showing what they imagined the house to look like. After listening to Chapter 10, Year 6 then wrote setting descriptions of the house based on what they had heard.



The house was made of wood. It had a thatched straw roof and a chimney. There was a garden. Full of beautiful flowers that were every colour you could think of. Red, blue, yellow, white, even purple. Inside the house, was a bed. Crafted out of wood with an excellent straw mattress. A table sat in the middle of the room, with a chair tucked into it. Everything was the right size.

The ceiling was just tall enough for Omar to stand up in. It was painted like the night sky, dark, but alive with stars. A porcelain mug perched on the table, next to a plate and some wooden cutlery. Against the wall, was a beautiful wardrobe, crafted with amazing detail. It was the type of wardrobe that was bigger on the inside than it looked on the outside, with pegs that Omar could hang his clothes on.

It had windows with frames that Omar could sit on. The light flooded in through them, making the place more lively. There were curtains that could block out the sun if he was going to bed early. But best of all, it was made with love, and that's why Omar liked it so much.



Wedged between heavy chunks of rock, a narrow wooden house was staring up at the moonlit sky. It was the biggest building on the island but only around the size of a small room. It was round and plump with a little door wide enough for a small human to wiggle through.

Inside was a wide, straw mattress running the length of the room. A cup and a plate were placed neatly on a sturdy looking oak table and I wondered, for the first time, however they had done this in just one day...

My heart was pumping rapidly as I contorted to fit under the low arch of the door. I was speechless. Then the word came to me. "Thank you" I blurted out in English.