

Using the 5 Senses to make your story feel real:

Big idea: Your goal as a writer is to help your reader experience the world and the story as if they were the main character. You want them to be able to imagine they are really in your story world, experiencing, seeing, hearing and feeling the story and the action.

Here are some tips to start your story in a way that brings the reader into the world-

Step 1: Write a great setting with details and adjectives to help your reader 'see' the scene (use **Settings Toolkit** from class 1)

Step 2: Create an interesting character with an interesting problem.

Step 3: Use the 5 senses to make the reader feel as if the world is real. This helps them experience the scene through the eyes and body of the character.

Step 4: Focus on the sense of 'touch / feel'. How does the world feel to the character? How your character feel inside their body?

Step 5: Use emotions, reactions, thoughts, fears, predictions or memories to show how the character experiences the setting,



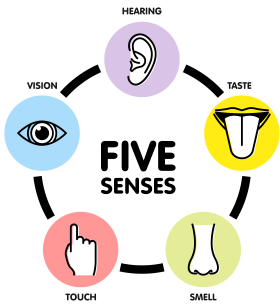
Remember to use: colours, light, dark, shapes, sounds, and lots of descriptive adjectives!






WRITE WAY AHEAD

Creative Writing 1: Five Senses Toolkit

Writing a setting: The 5 Senses

- Use the planning board below to plan how your character would experience the setting through their senses. Really imagine you are there. What does your world feel like?



<p>See</p>	<p>What can be seen? What does the character notice when they look around them? Describe what you want the reader to picture in their mind- what does the landscape or the place look like? Describe the items/objects, people, animals, nature around- what do things look like, what shape, colour etc...</p>	
<p>Hear</p>	<p>What can be heard? What sounds are there? Can your character hear the wind rustling through the leaves on trees... the sound of voices or fighting in the distance? Is it loud or are the voices whispering and barely able to be heard? Describe them so the reader can imagine the sounds...</p>	
<p>Touch</p>	<p>What can be felt when your character touches something or feels something brush against their skin? Describe the texture, temperature, and how it feels? Does the rock feel smooth/rough? cold/warm? wet/dry? Maybe something brushed against their leg- clothing, an animal or plant? Is it soft, silky or prickly? Does your character feel anything wet, cold slimy, furry etc.</p>	
<p>Smell</p>	<p>Are there smells in the air or in a room, or does a particular object have a scent? Does your character catch a whiff of something as they pass- sweet scented roses or moody rotten garbage?</p>	
<p>Taste</p>	<p>Does anyone eat or drink something. or does something (like seawater) get in their mouth by accident? How does it taste? Is the liquid salty or bitter? Is the food sweet or sour, delicious or disgusting?</p>	

WRITE WAY AHEAD

Creative Writing 1: Five Senses Toolkit

5 Senses Language



5 Senses sentence starters:

He could feel...

She could feel ___ against her skin.

It felt / She felt / She felt as if...

A sudden feeling of...came over her...

She had a strange feeling that...

Texture: rough, sharp, stinging, soft etc.

Temperature: icy, chilled, numb, warm etc.

She could see... She saw

All around him he could see...

Far in the distance he could see...

She was surrounded by...

To her left were... Above her ...

The door opened to reveal...

(Use Toolkit 1)

He smelt... / She could smell...

The scent of ___ filled the air

The air smelt ...

She caught a whiff of ___ in the air.

There was a ___ smell / scent in the ___

Her nose picked up a ... scent/oder lingering in the air

His senses were invaded by the strong scent/oder/smell of ___ in the air.

The warrior could hear... She heard...

Sounds of... filled the air / rang out came from ___ / echoed through the air / around the mountains / school / forrest.

... broke / shattered the silence

It tasted

The ___ taste of ___ filled her mouth.

Example sentences:

- He could feel icy cold wind slashing at his face.
- The clean clothes felt warm, soft and comfortable on her skin.
- A sudden feeling of dread washed over her as she felt a large hand grip her arm.
- He felt the sharp bushes scrape and sting against his legs as he ran.
- She could see dark shadows slowly creeping towards her.
- In front of him, he saw a huge wooden door with a shimmering light beaming from the golden lock.
- She was surrounded by lush green leaves and sprouting flowers and plants.
- The twisted branches above almost blocked out the sun.
- She could smell fresh flowers as the wind gently blew through the forest.
- Kara awoke to the smell of charred wood. Thick smoke filled the air, something was burning!
- There was a musty scent in the attic.
- The harsh chemical smell of burning oil invaded his senses.
- The girl could hear the joyful sound of tropical birds singing ringing out from the trees
- sounds of gunfire filled the air.
- His cry echoed around the mountains.
- Sounds of running footsteps filled the corridor.
- A bone shuddering explosion broke the silence
- The vile taste of muddy water filled her mouth.
- It tasted tangy and sweet, unlike anything she had ever tasted before.

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Creative Writing 1: Five Senses Toolkit

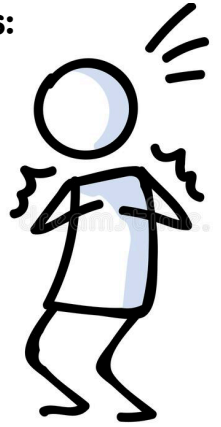
Inside Body Feelings and Emotions

Make the setting real for your reader by showing your character's feelings:

Her pulse quickened / raced / hammered / stopped

He felt overjoyed / exhilarated / miserable / anxious / worried / confused / hopeful / embarrassed.

She felt warmth / joy / a chill / fear / terror / spread through her.



His heart raced / stood still / did cartwheels / sank / felt heavy / pounded / hammered / exploded / shuddered / shattered / leapt into his chest / thundered like it wanted to escape his body

His legs felt heavy / exhausted / like lead weights / like jelly / collapsed beneath him / shook / wobbled

She was numb with terror / burning with anger / heavy with doubt / giddy with excitement / shaking with worry / frozen / stunned in panic / sweating with effort

My footsteps faltered / I stopped dead.

Her hands / legs / body / mind ached / felt numb / felt stiff

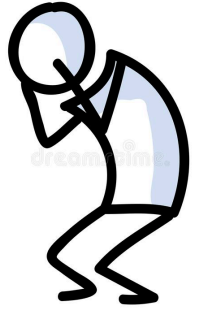
I felt a rising tide of panic / fear / terror / doubt / worry

His mind raced / stormed / filled with thoughts of... / was flooded with memories / images of

excitement / joy / hope / fear / doubt / terror / worry / anger
- washed over him / rose up inside her / flooded his mind / exploded within him.

Connect it: Show how your character **INTERACTS** or **REACTS** to the Setting and Senses

Showing how your character reacts, interacts with, feels or thinks about the setting helps to bring both your setting and your character to life and make them real for the reader. You can do this by showing how your character feels about what they see, hear, smell, feel or taste. Perhaps it reminds them of something, or makes them reflect on their mission/plan.



Sentence Starter Ideas:

It reminded me of... The sudden image... / memory of... flooded into his mind
She had never felt so... He started to feel hopeful / worried / annoyed etc.
He wished he could... / hoped that.. / wanted more than anything else to... / thought of...

The sharp twigs cut into her feet. Sophie bit her lip and tried not to call out in pain. Her heart was hammering through her whole body, but she knew she couldn't make a sound or they would hear her.

A smile spread across his face as he felt the soft, clean clothes against his skin. He could feel his body start to relax as the familiar smell of his mother's lavender laundry detergent reached his nose. It was nice to finally be home.

The stifling hot air in the small cramped room made her feel suffocated and annoyed. She wanted to leave now.

The morning sunlight began to trickle through the trees dragging me from an uncomfortable sleep, back to the reality. I knew I should get up quickly and get away from this spot, but the other half of my mind protested. I wanted to remain enveloped in the comforting warmth of my sleeping bag for just a few moments more. Just a few more moments, before taking on the icy chill in morning air and the cold the reality of my situation. The thought of what the day would bring made my heart shudder.



The rising sun warmed the wizard's skin and he felt joy rise in his heart. Everything looked bright, peaceful and fresh with the morning sun, like the world was smiling. He allowed himself to feel hopeful that everything would be okay after all. His heart lifted and he decided to try his plan.

The putrid scent of rotting food filled the air and made her stomach churn. Something terrible must have happened here for the room to be left like this. Sandra felt a pang of fear. She should leave now!

WAGOLL 1: The Door Quest



The heat was horrendous. Sarah had never felt so unbearably hot, sticky and uncomfortable in her life. Sweat trickled from every part of her body, her lips, her back, everywhere, and her clothes clung damp and heavy against her skin. The air itself felt thick and the baking heat made Sarah feel as if she was walking through an oven. Sarah wanted, more than anything, to take off her heavy boots, which were making her feet feel suffocated. She looked down doubtfully at the tangled plants and jutting rocks and knew she had better keep them on.

Sarah's heart was hammering from the effort of walking for hours under the blazing yellow sun, which was beating down relentlessly from above.

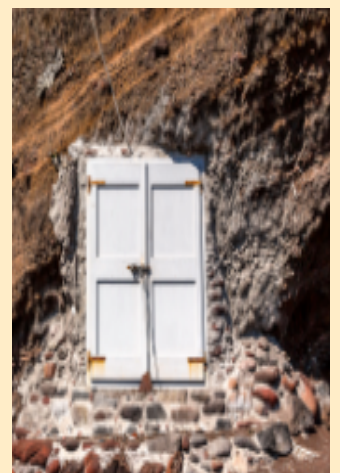
She felt a rising tide of panic. How far was there to go? She wasn't sure how long she could go on without water or rest. The path along the mountain had not seemed so long when she had been planning this with a map. She knew that if she didn't find the door soon, she wasn't going to make it. Thoughts of her family suddenly flooded her mind. They had told her not to come, told her it was too dangerous. Maybe she should have listened...

With a snarl of frustration, Sarah flung herself behind a jutting rock and sunk deep into a shadowy crevice. She almost let out a sigh, when she felt the cool surface of the rock against her skin. Her hands shook and fumbled as she pulled the crumpled map from her pocket. Her eyes blurred with sweat and exhaustion as she tried to work out where she was from the smudged images. Surely she should have found the ancient pass by now.

With a heavy sigh, Sarah dragged herself to her feet. She had to keep going, there was no other choice! However, after trudging on along the rocky cliff through the blistering heat for yet another hour, Sarah's determination started to fail. Her lips were cracked and sore. Her mouth felt dry, her tongue sticky and heavy with a metallic taste like rusty old coins. She could feel her body starting to shake from exhaustion and she was panting for breath in the stifling air.

It was at that moment, she saw it. A sharp turn in the path, that wound back towards the rough, rocky side of the mountain. She almost squealed with excitement, a sudden surge of adrenaline rushing through her. She had made it. Despite the weariness she had been feeling only seconds before, she sped up to a run, hurtling towards the turning.

Turning the corner, the ancient weathered door rose up before her, set within a crumbling, grey, stone entrance chiselled into the rocks. It reminded Sarah of a giant tomb stone and her footsteps suddenly faltered. She froze for a moment, paralysed by a sudden feeling of dread and foreboding. She had an overwhelming sense, at that moment, that it had been a mistake to come. An icy finger of fear slid down her spine and she shivered. She could hear something. The door was whispering.



WAGOLL 2: Adrian's News

Adrian was *soaked to the bone* as he finally closed the heavy oak door behind him, shutting out the storm. The *howling wind and pelting rain* had not let up throughout his entire journey back to the castle. He was glad to finally be home. *His teeth chattered together* as he peeled back his hood and pulled off his *sopping wet* cloak. *He could already feel the warmth* of the castles enormous log fire bringing some life back into his *frozen and numb fingers*.

The *rich smell* of roasting meat filled the air as Adrian reached the great hall. He paused in the open doorway for a moment, *looking out* over the grandly decorated room and sighed. *All around him, he could hear* the happy buzz of conversation and laughter coming from the tables. *He could feel* the atmosphere of excitement and celebration in the room. High pitched laughter erupted, *drawing his attention to the* guests, all dressed in *brightly coloured tunics, celebration costumes*. The excitement was clear on their rosy faces as they chatted and tried to hear each other over all the noise.

As he looked at all the smiling faces, Adrian's *heart sank like a stone and he felt* the heavy weight that had been pressing on his mind all day return. Today was the one day of the year the whole kingdom looked forward to. *He saw* lots of young knights sitting proudly with their commanders at every table, looking around nervously but clearly excited to be at the feast. He sighed heavily once more.

Adrian remembered being sat there himself not so many years ago. A young man *staring up in awe at* the high stone arches, watching as the decorative tapestries in deep reds and golds seemed to come to life in the flickering of the candles, trying to imagine what it would be like to actually live here. He wished he could just stay here and continue to soak in the joyful atmosphere from the room once again.

He hated to be the one to ruin this day of happy celebration, but he must. For he had bad news, the worst news. If he hadn't seen it for himself he would never have believed it.

He must tell the King right now, before the it was too late. For the one thing they'd all long feared had now come to pass, and everything was about to change.



WRITE WAY AHEAD

Creative Writing 1: Five Senses Extension

Extension Challenge: (optional)

- What does the scenery remind your character of?
- Show the reader more about your character by showing how they think or feel about what they can see/smell/touch etc.
- Perhaps something sparks a memory of the past which tells us more about your character or their backstory.

The warrior smiled *to herself as* she smelled the sweet fresh scent of the colourful flowers, taking a moment to pause and remove her helmet so she could better appreciate the delicate fragrance.

It *reminded her of* her childhood home. Her mother *had always* kept a fresh bunch of her favourite star-gazer lilies by the doorway for good luck, and *it was the first thing Kiana* would smell when she came home from school.

The warrior *sighed sadly*. Those *simple flowers* reminded her of happier times which were long gone now. *She wondered if* she would ever see her childhood home again. Was her mother even still alive?



Tips:

- show the character's body language and actions
- use memories and flashbacks as tools
- have your character wonder and think about something
- use questions