

By CHOW Aidan Marcus

Danny the Champion of the World

Q3: Write an alternative ending to your chosen book. (Hint: Make sure you are descriptive in your version of the alternative ending. Use vivid language. Consider verbs, adverbs, adjectives and nouns and other literary devices you have learnt (e.g. similes, metaphors etc.)

[Starting from Page 210 of Danny The Champion Of The World]

Dad decided to buy the oven anyway, so that we could make his favourite toad-in-the-hole and maybe even roasted pork, complete with crispy crackling. On the day the oven was delivered, I had an idea. "Why don't we use some of the leftover raisins to bake raisin bread, Dad?" I suggested.

"By golly! What a good idea!" he said. Whilst looking for bread ingredients, Dad found a brown paper bag. Inside were some "special" raisins, left over from those we fed to Mr Hazell's pheasants.

"You know what we can do with these, Dad?" I said, coming up with another brainwave.

"What, Danny?" he asked.

"We could make some drugged raisin scones so that we can catch ducks for supper!" I said excitedly.

"Why, Danny, I wouldn't be able to think of that myself! Ingenious!" Dad cried, slapping me on the back as he spoke. I beamed.

After a morning of baking, we were preparing to go down to the pond to catch some ducks when all of a sudden, Mr Hazell rushed into the caravan. Dad cried out, "What do you want, you madman?"

"I am looking for evidence to get you arrested!" he said menacingly. Spotting the delicious-looking raisin buns and scones on the cooling racks, he added, "But before I do that, I'll have some of these freshly baked scones, if you don't mind."

Before Dad and I could open our mouths to utter a warning, greedy Mr. Hazell snatched two drugged scones and scoffed them with relish. It wasn't long before he fell down, unconscious. Dad and I wheeled Mr Hazell back to his grand country house in our humble wheelbarrow. That was my third suggestion of the day. When we got there, we were greeted with shocked, excited and relieved family members and cheers erupted from the crowd.

"Why, that's Victor!" A plump woman that I soon identified as Mrs. Hazell said, "Thank you! Now you may have your reward!"

"What reward?" Dad asked.

"I promised a two-hundred pound reward for anyone who finds Victor and brings him home safely! And here is your reward." She handed us a small pile of crisp bank notes.

Dad grinned at me and said, "Well, Danny, look what your marvellous ideas brought us? You are Danny, the Champion of the World indeed!"

And so we walked home, pondering what we were going to have for a scrumptious supper.

(400 words)