

Emily Hanvey

A Shadowy Forest

**L.O**

- To be able to write a description using figurative language.

Darkness fell instantly, with nowhere to hide, I ran. Crooked branches hit me like pins and needles, stabbing me painfully, reaching out to grab me like bony fingers of a beggar. Roaring, ragged, scattered leaves cut me to pieces as they ripped my skin like razor sharp blades, hitting me as I faced the whirling wind, sweeping me up in a whirl wind.

Infested logs lay silently, holding dozens of creatures, hiding from the ferocious weather, like dead mice in a trap. The lifeless trees swayed fiercely as wind struck them directly, choking with weakness. CRASH! I lay motionless on the ground as bony twigs tripped me up like fingers of a beggar, desperately tugging for whatever I had.

The sky painfully moaned. Silent secrets whispered throughout the forest. All my thoughts were gone, rotting, ragged and useless.