

A Shadowy Forest

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LO. Be able to write a description using figurative language

Crack! Crack! The sound of bones breaking on the forest floor as I tumbled through its crippled leaves and devoured trees, guided only by the voice of the wind, whispering intently in to my frozen ears, telling me to go back!; but then to carry on. The darkness was unbearable. I couldn't see my bony hands in front of my frittered face so all of my other senses had to be twice as sharp, although all I could hear was death.



Gliding through the shadows, hearing the horrific creatures that groaned in the dead of night, I felt the ground shake like a drum, thumping. Boom! Boom! I fell as a gigantic log grabbed my leg and pulled me to the ground. My leg felt like it had been slashed open with a butchers' knife; the pain was unbearable. I knew if I wasn't up and on my feet quickly, the raging bugs would be at me in no time.



I started to run and run as fast as I could; it felt like an eternity of running till I was stopped by a scraping across my face by the unruly branches. I felt my heart skip a beat.

I was alone in the centre of a gargantuan forest. I was scared.