

## DESCRIBING A FOREST

### COLOUR

LEVEL 1	LEVEL 2	LEVEL 3	LEVEL 4	LEVEL 5	OTHERS
bamboo-brown forest	teak-brown forest	conker-brown forest	umber-brown forest	mahogany-brown forest	
nut-brown forest	tannin-brown forest	oak-brown forest	beech-brown forest	almond-brown forest	

1. The bamboo-brown forest was a *leafy paradise*.
2. The teak-brown forest was a *woody heaven*.
3. The conker-brown forest was a *botanic wonderland*.
4. The beech-brown forest was a *sylvan Shangri la*.
5. The mahogany-brown forest was an *arboreal lotus land*.

### SOUND

creaking trees	crinkly floor	clacking boughs	crackling leaves	rustling foliage	
crunching twigs	crispy grasses	crackly ferns	snapping branches	phut-phutting nuts	

1. The *aged* trees had creaking branches.
2. The *ancient* trees stretched away from the crinkly floor.
3. The *archaic* trees had clacking boughs and snapping branches.
4. The *arcane* limbs of the tree rustled and shook its crackling leaves.

5. The *antediluvian* trees dripped with delicious, phut-phutting nuts and berries.

### METAPHORS

castles	high rises	fortresses	caretakers	sleeping souls	
towers	skyscrapers	citadels	guardians	pulsing hearts	

1. Trees are the castles of the *wood*.
2. Trees are the skyscrapers of the *glades*.
3. Trees are the citadels of the shady *groves*.
4. The sprawling trees are the caretakers of the *copses*.
5. The dendriform trees are the sleeping souls of the *thickets*.

### ANIMAL SOUNDS OF THE FOREST

snuffling boar	scampering hares	screeching jays	shambling badgers	loping wolves	
slinking wildcats	scurrying squirrels	scuttling rabbits	skittering mice	lumbering bears	

1. Snuffling boar ate under *combs of feathery moss*.
2. Scurrying squirrels searched for food under *bristles of wispy moss*.
3. Scuttling rabbits played under *goatees of hanging moss*.
4. Shambling badgers rooted for food under *whiskers of whispering moss*.
5. Lumbering bears snorted and clawed under *beards of dripping moss*.

### THE SHAPE OF STARS

luminous petals	lucid snowflakes	lambent asters	luminous pin pricks	lucent pentagrams	
of silver	of silver	of shiny silver	of glinting silver	of flashing silver	

1. Luminous petals of silver *freckled* the sky.
2. The stars were like lucid snowflakes of silver as they *sprinkled* the night sky.
3. The stars were like lambent asters of shiny silver as they *speckled* the night sky.
4. The night sky was *stippled* with stars, like luminous pin pricks of glinting silver.
5. The star-*studded* sky was flecked like lucent pentagrams of flashing silver.

### EDIBLES OF THE FOREST

mushrooms	berries	wild basil	stinging nettle	plantain	
nuts	wood sorrel	wild garlic	chickweed	fairy ring champignon	

1. Mushrooms grew under the shady *roof* of the forest.
2. Berries lay ripening under the leafy *dome* of the forest.
3. Wild garlic dotted the floor under the *canopy* of the trees.
4. Chickweed flecked the ground under the *wreath* of leaves above.

5. Plantain sprouted up unannounced under the green *garland* of leaf and branch above.

### OTHER IMAGES

moss-veiled trail	shady glades	clumps of moss	hoary boughs	leafy canopy	
leaf-carpeted path	reaching trees	secret groves	drumming woodpeckers	Jurassic ferns	

1. The moss-veiled trail snaked through the *care worn* forest.
2. The reaching trees were *time chiselled* and dying.
3. Clumps of moss swirled eerily from *toil worn* trees.
4. Drumming woodpeckers attacked the *wizened* bark of the trees.
5. The million-fold drip of rain sounded from the *world weary*, Jurassic ferns.

### SENSATION

heart-warming	soul soothing	soul swelling	
heart comforting	soul nourishing	heart haunting	

1. The forest's beauty was heart-warming.
2. The wonder of the forest was soul nourishing.
3. The splendour of the forest was soul swelling.

### SMELL

earthy	organic	mulchy	
pulpy	seasoned	loamy	

1. An earthy scent drifted towards our nostrils.
2. A seasoned smell wafted up from the forest's floor.
3. A loamy smell, rising up like a vent, drifted towards our nostrils.

### TASTE

fruity	meadow sweet	trifle sweet	
orchard sweet	sherry sweet	mead sweet	

1. The wild berries tasted fruity.
2. The wild strawberries tasted sherry sweet.
3. The wild raspberries tasted trifle sweet to the palate.

### LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. The forest was **nut-brown**. **COLOUR**
2. The twigs were **crunching** under my feet. **SOUND**
3. The trees were **the towers of the forest**. **METAPHOR**
4. I heard a **wildcat slinking** away. **ANIMAL SOUNDS**
5. The morning stars **shone like silver petals**. **THE STARS**
6. **Nuts** were scattered on the floor of the forest. **FOREST EDIBLES**
7. We took the **leaf-carpeted path** home. **OTHER IMAGES**
8. The beauty of the forest **comforted our hearts**. **SENSATION**
9. The smell of the forest was **pulpy**. **SMELL**
10. We picked some berries and they tasted **orchard sweet**. **TASTE**

## LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The forest was **tannin-brown**. The grass was **crispy** under our feet. We looked up and the trees were **skyscraper tall**. Hares were **scampering** away from us up ahead. The morning stars were **shining like silver snowflakes**. **Wood sorrel** flecked the blanket of grass. We walked in and out of **shady glades**. The peace of the morning was **soul soothing**. The forest's smell was fresh and **organic**. We picked some wild pears and they were **meadow sweet**.

## LEVEL 3: CREATIVE PARAGRAPHS

The forest we entered was **oak-brown** and primitive. The grasses we stepped on were **crackly** beneath our feet because of the recent dry spell. We were in awe of the size and majesty of the trees. Their knotted arms rose ever upwards, as far as my head could lift. They were **hoary fortresses** and stood proudly. The orchestra of birdsong we could hear from them suddenly stopped. A pair of **jays was screeching** high up in the canopy of the trees. Jays are the scavengers of the bird world. Their cruel, corvid eyes are always on the lookout for a feathered meal. In the winter, they raid squirrel stores for their nuts, often damning them to starvation. They drifted across our vision in a flash of flesh-pink and warlock-black, trying to size us up. That was the last we saw of them, as they are a furtive bird, full of suspicion.

The morning stars peeped down at us **like silver asters**, glinting and shimmering. They looked happy in their solar-silver isolation. We could see **wild basil** growing freely on the **clumpy, mossy mattress** of the floor. The simpering wind carried a fragrance with it. It was **spirit refreshing to** smell the **mulchy mix** of the forest's perfume. We ate a few windfall apples and they were **mead sweet** with a bitter twist. It was only after we got the stomach cramps that we regretted it.

## LEVEL 4: ADVANCED PARAGRAPHS

We were walking through an **umber-brown**, ancient forest. It reeked of age. Its woody incense was from centuries of **snapping branches** crashing to the forest's floor and rotting silently. The composting, organic smell rose up in waves like a miasma. Every sprawling tree we passed under reminded me of **a watchful guardian**, a silent sentinel of the groves. We

decided to venture deeper into the tangled heart of this primeval forest. We hoped that it would reveal its dark secrets to us.

The further we went, the more mystical and spellbinding it became. Huge roots spread-eagled the ground, twisting like the great backs of sea dinosaurs. The foliage became thick and lush, forming an arch of fairytale-green above our heads. Arthritic boughs, gnarled with age, dripped their bounty of nuts onto the path. Briars, brambles and berry trees flanked the trail, making it impenetrable on either side. **Shuffling noises** came from deep in the interior, deadened by the cunningly woven web of leaves. A troupe of **shambling badgers** crossed the winding trail in front of us at one point. They were finishing up their early morning foraging and looked startled to see us.

We arrived at a wide glade, where the trees fell away, revealing the bespeckled sky. The last of the morning's stars were glinting **like silver pin pricks**, luminous and bright. An ore gold moon hung quietly in the distance, casting a honeyed sheen over the trees. We sat down with our backs against a lightning blasted tree trunk and watched it fade away. As if on cue, an avian aria erupted from the knot of trees. The solitary songbird was soon joined by his beaked companions, creating a symphony of song. The **heart haunting** melody was an elixir for the soul. The **sap sweet fragrance** of the forest washed over us and we were seduced by its comforting goodness. We placed some **stinging nettle leaves** into the broth we were brewing and it added a **tingling, chlorophyll** flavour. When we were leaving, I risked a glance over my shoulder. The forest glade looked freeze frame perfect in the enhanced light of the full dawn.

## **LEVEL 5: COMPLEX WRITING: THE ENCHANTED FOREST**

The enchanted forest beckoned me into its pulsing heart. How could I resist such a lush Garden of Eden? The deep, haunting ballad of its ancient song called out to me. As old as Adam, the forest was still steeped in plushness and opulence.

With a light heart, I plunged into the over-arching vault of leaf and limb. It was not what I had expected. The exquisiteness of the dawn's light had not yet lanced to the lush, green sward. Because of this, hoods of black shadow hung in the groves.

Coils of vaporous mist enwrapped the shaggy heads of the oak trees. They writhed around them like a conjuror's milky smoke, sensuous and illusory. Sieves of mist caressed the lichen-encrusted bark. Adding its phantasmal gas to the damp breath of the forest, it glided with deadly intent. It deadened sound, haunted glades and poured into empty spaces. A sepulchral silence overhung the hallowed ground where the trees dared not grow. Nothing stirred, nothing shone, nothing sang. A hollow echoing, like the hushed tones of a great, slabbed cathedral, entombed the wood.

Then a finger of supernal light poked through the misty mesh. It was followed by a whole loom of light, filtering down in seams of gold. Like the luminal glow of the gods, it chased the shadows, banished the gloom and spilled into spaces where the mist once stalked. The fluty piping of a songbird split the silence just as the forest became flooded with light. A fusillade of trilling and warbling detonated all around me as the primordial forest came alive with the troubadours of the trees. I darted between shafts of lustrous-gold light as I went, admiring the butterflies. They pirouetted in the air, their wings a-whirr like little ripples of silk.

The glory of the forest was revealed in the birthstone-bright light. Almond-brown trees stood serenely, awash with a tender glow. Their bark looked like riffled toast and gems of amber clasped their crusty exterior. The first blush of the morn gave the leafy bower a green-going-to-gold complexion.

Idling past suede-soft flowers, I caressed them softly, getting tingles in my fingers. My ears perked up at the metallic, tinkling sound of a stream. It flashed with a tinsel tint through the lace of leaves. When the trees parted, I could see it was sliding into an infinity-pool. The pool looked like a polished mirror of silver, with skeins of swirl-white twisting slowly on the surface. A shiny spillway led to a choppiest pond. Boulders colonized the edges of the pond, buffed with pillows of moss. They caused a rocky gurgling as water met stone; a swish, a clunk, a swell and a clop. Sweet fragrances, alluvial and palliative, seemed to flit in and out of my awareness. Sight and smell vied for attention in this soul-enriching dream world.

I put my back against a knobbly boulder, leaning my head against the mossy pillow. I closed my eyes, let my stream of consciousness take hold, and drifted into infinity. When I awoke, I couldn't remember my dream, but softness and silvers still lingered in the memory of it.

