THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

COLOUR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEVEL 1</th>
<th>LEVEL 2</th>
<th>LEVEL 3</th>
<th>LEVEL 4</th>
<th>LEVEL 5</th>
<th>OTHERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>raven-black</td>
<td>cowl-black</td>
<td>witch soul-black</td>
<td>abyss-black</td>
<td>heathen-black</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mamba-black</td>
<td>coven-black</td>
<td>devil heart black</td>
<td>succubus-black</td>
<td>blasphemous-black</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. Lightning *flashed* and slashed through the mamba-black sky.
2. Lightning *flickered* and cackled in the coven-black sky.
3. Lightning *flared*. It seethed and streaked across the witch soul-black sky.
4. Lightning *flamed* in the sky. It whirred and whipped across the abyss-black clouds.
5. Lightning *enflamed* the heathen-black sky. It whimpered and wriggled like a wizard’s whip before dying into nothingness.

SOUND

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>booming and blasting</th>
<th>clapping and bellowing</th>
<th>groaning and growling</th>
<th>roaring and rolling</th>
<th>sonorous and stentorian</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>clanging and clanking</td>
<td>cracking and crashing</td>
<td>grumbling and rumbling</td>
<td>pealing and yowling</td>
<td>cacophonous clangorous</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The booming and blasting thunder burst *the cocoon of silence*.
2. The clapping and bellowing thunder ripped *the fragile veil of silence*.
3. The groaning and growling thunder fractured *the sacristy-still peace*.
4. *The mausoleum-quiet silence* was rent by the pealing and yowling thunder.
5. *The ecclesiastical silence* was blasted apart by the sonorous and stentorian thunder.

SHAPE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>boiling skies</th>
<th>riotous skies</th>
<th>crumpling skies</th>
<th>moiling skies</th>
<th>turbulent skies</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
churning skies | rumpled skies | buckling skies | roiling skies | tumultuous skies
---|---|---|---|---

1. The boiling sky was *gun barrel-black*.
2. The riotous sky was *gunpowder-black*.
3. The crumpling, buckling sky was *thundercloud-black*.
4. The moiling and roiling skies were *midnight-black* and looming over us.
5. The turbulent skies were a ruinous, *vulcanite-black* and spoke of impending doom.

**ACTION**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>explosion</th>
<th>rang</th>
<th>mournful</th>
<th>resonated</th>
<th>sombre</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>detonation</td>
<td>echoed</td>
<td>discordant</td>
<td>reverberated</td>
<td>sonic boom</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. An explosion of thunder tore split *the vault-like silence*.
2. Thunder echoed in the sky and shattered *the shrine-still silence*.
3. The mournful thunder tore *the womb-like silence* apart.
4. Thunder resonated in the sky and splintered *the tomb-like silence*. Then it faded into tintinnabulation.
5. *The cenotaph-still silence* was ruptured by the sonic boom of thunder. The aftershock hummed in the air long after it had died.

**LIGHTNING COLOUR**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>star flame-gold</th>
<th>lustrous-gold</th>
<th>glitter-gold</th>
<th>foil-gold</th>
<th>gaslight-gold</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>star blaze-gold</td>
<td>luminous-gold</td>
<td>gamboge-gold</td>
<td>fulvous-gold</td>
<td>God-goldened</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The *brilliant* lightning was star flame-gold.
2. The *radiant* lightning was lustrous-gold.
3. The *resplendent* lightning was glitter-gold.
4. The *scintillating* lightning flashed like foil-gold.
5. The *incandescent* lightning was a-blaze in its God-goldened glory.
1. The **alien** lightning buzzed and crackled.
2. The **unearthly** lightning hissed and sissed.
3. The **otherworldly** lightning fizzed and fizzled across the sky.
4. The **arcane** lightning seared itself into flame and scorched across the sky.
5. The **eldritch** lightning sizzled itself into fire and whizzed across the sky.

### SHAPE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>branched</th>
<th>pronged</th>
<th>crooked</th>
<th>antlered</th>
<th>dendriform</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>forked</td>
<td>veined</td>
<td>contorted</td>
<td>splayed</td>
<td>bifurcated</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The branched lightning was *shaped like twisted veins*.
2. The pronged lightning was *shaped like creeping capillaries*.
3. The crooked lightning was *shaped like misshapen plasma streams*.
4. The antlered lightning was *shaped like spread-eagled rivers of solar flame*.
5. The bifurcated lightning was *shaped like a witch’s, warped whip*.

### ACTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>blazing</th>
<th>humming</th>
<th>whining</th>
<th>slashing</th>
<th>razing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>purring</td>
<td>quivering</td>
<td>writhing</td>
<td>squealing</td>
<td>zigzagging</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The blazing lightning was *as crackly as frizzy, electrified hair*.
2. The quivering lightning was shaped *like a cat-o'-nine tails*.
3. The whining lightning was *as bright as the crawling cracks on stained glass*.
4. The squealing lightning was *as vitrified as the creeping cracks on a frozen pond*.
5. The zigzagging lightning was *like the ruinous cracks on crumbling mortar*.
COLD SEAS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>a cold, steel-blue</th>
<th>an icy, polar-blue</th>
<th>a chilling, Siberian-blue</th>
<th>alpine-blue and algid</th>
<th>Antarctic-blue and frigid</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a cold, wintry-blue</td>
<td>an icy, Prussian-blue</td>
<td>arctic-blue and corpse-cold</td>
<td>iceberg-blue and Cossack-cold</td>
<td>glacier-blue and gelid</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The cold, steel-blue waves created a gentle *sea-song*.
2. The *soft symphony* of the sea was caused by the icy, Prussian-blue waves.
3. The slobbering waves were a chilling, Siberian-blue and created the *sand-song*.
4. The *wave-hum* was caused by the gentle roll of the alpine-blue sea.
5. The *wave-music* was caused by the salty tongue of the glacier-blue sea.

ANGRY SEAS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>bashing the rocks</th>
<th>smacking the cliffs</th>
<th>buffeting the coast</th>
<th>spewing spite</th>
<th>whooshing waves</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>battering the rocks</td>
<td>smashing the cliffs</td>
<td>bludgeoning the coast</td>
<td>suppurating hatred</td>
<td>walloping waves</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. The *wild* sea was bashing the rocks.
2. The *savage* sea was smashing the cliffs.
3. The *barbarous* sea was buffeting the stoic coast.
4. The *feral* sea was spewing its bruised-blue spite against the adamant rock.
5. The *feckless* sea was walloping its brutal waves against the obdurate cliffs.

LEVEL 1: ADVANCED PARAGRAPHS

1. The sky was *raven-black*. COLOUR
2. It made a *clanging and clanking* noise. SOUND
3. It was *churning* with anger. SHAPE
4. The thunder *detonated* in the sky. ACTION
5. *Star blaze-gold lightning* flashed briefly. COLOUR
6. It was whipping with violence. SOUND

7. Its shape was forked. SHAPE

8. It was purring with energy. ACTION

9. It hit the cold, wintry-blue sea. COLD SEAS

10. The sea began battering the rocks. ANGRY SEAS

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The sky was cowl-black. Thunder was cracking and crashing above our heads. The sky seemed rumpled as the clouds were deep and in different shades. Thunder rang out across the sky. Luminous-gold lightning flared once. It was wriggling towards the earth. It was veined and branched out. It began humming in a terrifying way. It blazed onto the icy, polar-blue sea. The angry sea began smacking the cliffs.

LEVEL 3: ADVANCED PARAGRAPHS

The gloomy sky was as black as the devil’s heart. It was grumbling and rumbling with thunder like the stomachs of the Gods. The sky was stirring itself into frenzy, with pockets of grey and black clouds colliding. It pealed and yowled with bursts of brute force, making discordant noises all the while. The riotous sky was suddenly illuminated with gamboge-gold streaks. Lightning flared and contorted in forks of gold. It screeched and scorched towards the sea, writhing with pain.

The sea had been placid until then. It was arctic-blue and corpse-cold. Then the lightning slashed down and the sea began to boil. Its underbelly heaved up, causing huge waves to rise and crash down upon each other. They lurched across the sea in a mighty heap, dragging their foamy swells with them. Billowing and surging, the breakers cascaded towards the land. Enraged, they bludgeoned the cliffs with all their might, crashing into the stony walls. Unmoved, the cliffs stared back contemptuously. Then, when the sea had spent itself, they returned to their age-old dignity.
LEVEL 4: USING THE FORMULA

Each sentence contains the **shape**, the **sky**, the **sound**, the **colour**, the **brightness** and a **simile**.

1 **Antlered lightning** blazed in the **boiling**, autumn sky. It **buzzed** in its **beeswax-gold** splendour. The **brilliant lightning** was like a **cat-o’-nine tails**.

2 **Bifurcated lightning** electrified the **buckling**, autumn sky. It **crackled** in its **foil-gold** intensity. The **lambent lightning** was as **bright as the crawling cracks on stained glass**.

3 **Branched lightning** flamed in the **cacophonous**, autumn sky. It fizzed with its **fulvous-gold** ardour. The **radiant lightning** was as **vitrified as the creeping ice-cracks on a frozen pond**.

4 **Contorted lightning** flared under the **churning**, autumn sky. It **fizzled** with **gamboge-gold** streaks. The **resplendent lightning** was shaped like **crippled capillaries**.

5 **Crooked lightning** flashed under the **crumpling**, autumn sky. It **hissed** its **gaslight-gold** hatred. The **scintillating lightning** was like **electrified frizzy hair**.

6 **Dendriform-shaped lightning** slashed through the **moiling** sky. It **scorched** through it with its **glitter-gold** lasers. The **alien lightning** was like **misshapen plasma-streams**.

7 **Forked lightning** streaked across the **roiling** sky. It **seared** through it with its **globe-gold** wrath. The **arcane lightning** was like the **ruinous cracks on crumbling mortar**.

8 **Pronged lightning** wriggled in the **schizophrenic sky**. It **sizzled** through it with its **God-goldened** glory. The **otherworldly lightning** was shaped like **spread-eagled solar-rivers**.

9 **Splayed lightning** writhed in the **thunderous**, autumn sky. It **skewered** through it with its **halo-gold** spreading branches. The **sorcerous lightning** was shaped like **twisted limbs**.

10 **Veined lightning** zigzagged through the **weeping** sky. It **zoomed** to earth with its **star blaze-gold** branches. The **unearthly lightning** was shaped like **a witch’s, warped whip**.
LEVEL 5: COMPLEX WRITING: SAMPLE PARAGRAPH

I ran towards the mighty oak, the only shelter in the field. Above me, something strange was happening. The nitrous-blue sky of a moment ago was morphing into something much more sinister. The clouds began to churn. Boiling and roiling like a vortex of hatred, they paused, coalesced and finally fused into a vast thundercloud of pagan-black. The land became tombstill. The vaporous water-fountain loomed ominously overhead. A shroud of eerie silence descended. Nothing moved. Nothing stirred. Nothing dared to breathe. All at once, the first splatters of rain fell and the sound of a sonic boom rent the hushed peace. Thunder rumbled, a clangorous clap of fury like heavens anvil being rung with rage. A sudden flash seemed to stun the cracked sky. A gash of liquid light appeared from the breach above, a lesion in its seething surface. The sky still steamed like a witch’s cauldron as pronged lightning spit and hissed like sizzling pulsar-whips. It looked like an upturned version of Neptune’s fiery fork. An electrostatic crackling, natures nylon-shock, charged the atmosphere. It buzzed, cackled and fizzed with furious intensity. Splayed tentacles of glitter-gold blasted forth. I desperately increased my pace, fearing that I would be zapped. An explosion of lightning-flame emblazoned the Stygian sky, scarring its darkness. It writhed in its fleeting agony before illuminating into sorcerous sheet-lightning. It skewered through the sky and a single vein arrowed towards the oak tree. It squeaked once in terror before rupturing, fracturing and finally splintering. With a resounding crack, the once-mighty oak fell into two pieces, its heart tasered out. The lightning’s fury and scintillating brilliance spent, it flared once more, fizzled fatally and faded. It left behind a stricken oak tree and a grateful survivor.

LEVEL 5: COMPLEX WRITING: THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

The autumn sky was as bright as Zeus’ eyes. Nary a cloud blemished its bliss-blue complexion and the sun was like a glowing medallion pinned to a sheet of white paper. I ambled through the meadow, enjoying its peaceful air and the way it seemed to stretch into eternity. The grass was fairyland-green and the gentle swish of the blades, swaying to and fro, was hypnotic. It was like autumn’s dreamscape.

In the centre of this large vale, quite some distance away, was a wizened oak tree. Its gnarled and hoary girth lay under a tangled old man’s beard of leaf and bough. In a far-away field, stilt-legged lambs gambolled and frolicked with each other in merry innocence. The
mountains in the distance loomed into the sky with a heaven-kissing majesty, silent and stern. Nothing disturbed my peace. It was merely the oak and I, just like in the storybooks. The sweep of sky, the lack of sigh, made me feel like I was walking through the finespun masterstrokes of a Michelangelo painting. I decided to rest my weary head for a while and let the spiritual beauty of this Jerusalem of nature seep into me further. Resting my head on my knapsack, I drifted away into infinity, letting the locked-away memories of joyful times steal into my dreams. A drowsy smile played on my lips and I floated into slumberland.

When I woke up, the sky was as black as the devil’s soul. The clouds were damnation-black and glared down balefully at me. Like a tightening noose, the sky seemed to be coiling in on itself, purring with a suppressed rage. A distant rumbling, much like the sound of an avalanche, echoed in the air. The world became cellar-dark and the buckling, heaving sky looked fit to collapse down on top of me. Then there was an explosion like a sonic boom and I feared for my safety. Doom-black clouds, pregnant with malice, churned and roiled. They looked as vaporous as mist and as fleecy as black wool.

Then the rain came. It wasn’t the nectar-of-the-gods type rain beloved of all those wandering adventurers lost in the desert. It was icy, stinging nails of rain that seemed to strip my skin and shrink my soul. Then the hailstone came. They were bone-white and as big as baseballs. They bombarded me with their spite and I had to put my rucksack above my head. Hobson’s choice was facing me. I could die on my knees out in the meadow or risk the lightning under the leafy womb of the oak tree. Mussolini’s famous quote came to me unbidden as I pondered my options. “Better to live one day as a lion than a hundred years as a sheep”. I decided to be a lion. I ran. It occurred to me as I ran that he might have retracted that one (just before they hung him and his mistress upside down from a girder in the Piazzale Loreto in Milan).

I made it to the oak tree just in time. A clanking sound could be heard from the sky. It was if a huge anvil was being dragged across the vault of heaven against its will. Branched lightning lit up the Stygian sky. They were like liquid, golden ore streaks that were being moulded and forged into forks above my head. Buzzing and hissing, they trembled with the anger of being shackled to the sky since time began. They say that there are no atheists on a storm-tossed ship. I had my Damascene moment also and I prayed to the Lord above. He mustn’t have heard me over the awful thunderclaps and the fizzing sound of electricity in the air, nature’s nylon-shock. A single vein of lightning, large and fearsome, blazed out in the sky. Writhing
and wriggling with the pain of its existence, it flashed once, glossy and polished, like a cold, gold prong of the Apocalypse.

Then it hit the tree. Lightning is the megawatt smile of nature, but there was nothing friendly about the terrawatts of violence it unleashed. It hit the shaggy head of the tree with an explosion of branched lightning-flame that shook the old man to his core. He tottered, staggered and then had time to squeak once in terror before the lightning splintered him in two. With a mighty crash that shook the ground, he came apart like a split pear. Three hundred years from little acorn to mighty oak meant little to nature. Three hundred years of brooding silence, dripping memories and questing roots were paid for with his destruction. Three hundred years of survival only to see his heart tasered into oblivion.

My own heart wasn’t doing too well either. My left ear was on the ground, my eyes looking at the world from an ant’s point of view. Wreaths of steam were rising slowly from the oak, all that was left of its soul. I could smell the sweet, sickly smell of singed grass and the faint perfume of scorched clothes told me I was in trouble. The quote from Mussolini came to me again, and although I strained my ears to hear, all I could hear from the fields next door, before drifting away, was the silence of the lambs.