DESCRIBING A FOREST

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>bamboo-brown forest</td>
<td>teak-brown forest</td>
<td>conker-brown forest</td>
<td>umber-brown forest</td>
<td>mahogany-brown forest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nut-brown forest</td>
<td>tannin-brown forest</td>
<td>oak-brown forest</td>
<td>beech-brown forest</td>
<td>almond-brown forest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>creaking trees</th>
<th>crinkly floor</th>
<th>clacking boughs</th>
<th>crackling leaves</th>
<th>rustling foliage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>crunching twigs</td>
<td>crispy grasses</td>
<td>crackly ferns</td>
<td>snapping branches</td>
<td>phut-phutting nuts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>castles</th>
<th>high rises</th>
<th>fortresses</th>
<th>caretakers</th>
<th>sleeping souls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>towers</td>
<td>skyscrapers</td>
<td>citadels</td>
<td>guardians</td>
<td>pulsing hearts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>snuffling boar</th>
<th>scampering hares</th>
<th>screeching jays</th>
<th>shambling badgers</th>
<th>loping wolves</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>slinking wildcats</td>
<td>scurrying squirrels</td>
<td>scuttling rabbits</td>
<td>skittering mice</td>
<td>lumbering bears</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>luminous petals</th>
<th>lucid snowflakes</th>
<th>lambent asters</th>
<th>luminous pin pricks</th>
<th>lucent pentagrams</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>of silver</td>
<td>of silver</td>
<td>of shiny silver</td>
<td>of glinting silver</td>
<td>of flashing silver</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>mushrooms</th>
<th>berries</th>
<th>wild basil</th>
<th>stinging nettle</th>
<th>plantain</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>nuts</td>
<td>wood sorrel</td>
<td>wild garlic</td>
<td>chickweed</td>
<td>fairy ring champignon</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>moss-veiled trail</th>
<th>shady glades</th>
<th>clumps of moss</th>
<th>hoary boughs</th>
<th>leafy canopy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>leaf-carpeted path</td>
<td>reaching trees</td>
<td>secret groves</td>
<td>drumming woodpeckers</td>
<td>Jurassic ferns</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>heart-warming</th>
<th>soul soothing</th>
<th>soul swelling</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>heart comforting</td>
<td>soul nourishing</td>
<td>heart haunting</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>earthy</th>
<th>organic</th>
<th>mulchy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>pulpy</td>
<td>seasoned</td>
<td>loamy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>fruity</th>
<th>meadow sweet</th>
<th>trifle sweet</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>orchard sweet</td>
<td>sherry sweet</td>
<td>mead sweet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 choppier 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.