

10: Writing a description

In the dark, gloomy Mirkwood Forest, there isn't a sign of life, unless you look carefully. On the damp, muddy floor ^{you can see} the lifeless, old leaves, which ^{have} fallen off the giant giant-like trees pine trees. You can't see far because of the thick fog. A thin path continues through the forest mostly overgrown by foliage. The further you walk the darker it gets, as the sky has been taken over by the trees covered by ivy. When you get to the deepest, darkest part in the forest all you can hear is faint noise of breathing and rustling and the sound of your heart thumping. As you go in deeper you will find yourself surrounded by the tallest trees; they are covered in thick cobweb. In the middle is the only pool of light you'll ever see in Mirkwood Forest. The sound of quiet scuttling comes towards you. You suddenly feel even lonelier than ^{before} in the background the crows start to squeak. The noise of the scuttling is getting louder and then you realise it's right behind you.

Olivia

We have been reading *The Hobbit* by JRR Tolkien.

Bare branches curled out through the air, cutting it like a sharp knife. Filling the forest was a smoky, continuous grey and gloom - no sun at all. Stinging nettles and thorns, that were as deadly as poisons, sat at my feet, waiting for one of us to step up and be stung and scolded. Weedy, oily ditches lay on the uneven path and we tried our best to avoid them. A disgusting, gagging stench lurked in the darkest corners, although the walking plants smell rotten too.

Stumbling over dead logs, our hearts stood still as we heard the squeaking of something and snappy grid crackles. It was frightening. The ground sank down to deep dark depths of horror and despair, which made us quiver. My hands seemed clutch my wrist and I stopped abruptly. Mysterious secrets seemed to pierce in the air, and flew through my fingers, that were shaking uncontrollably. There seemed to be danger written all around me - on the gnarled tree trunks and on the oozy, slimy floor.

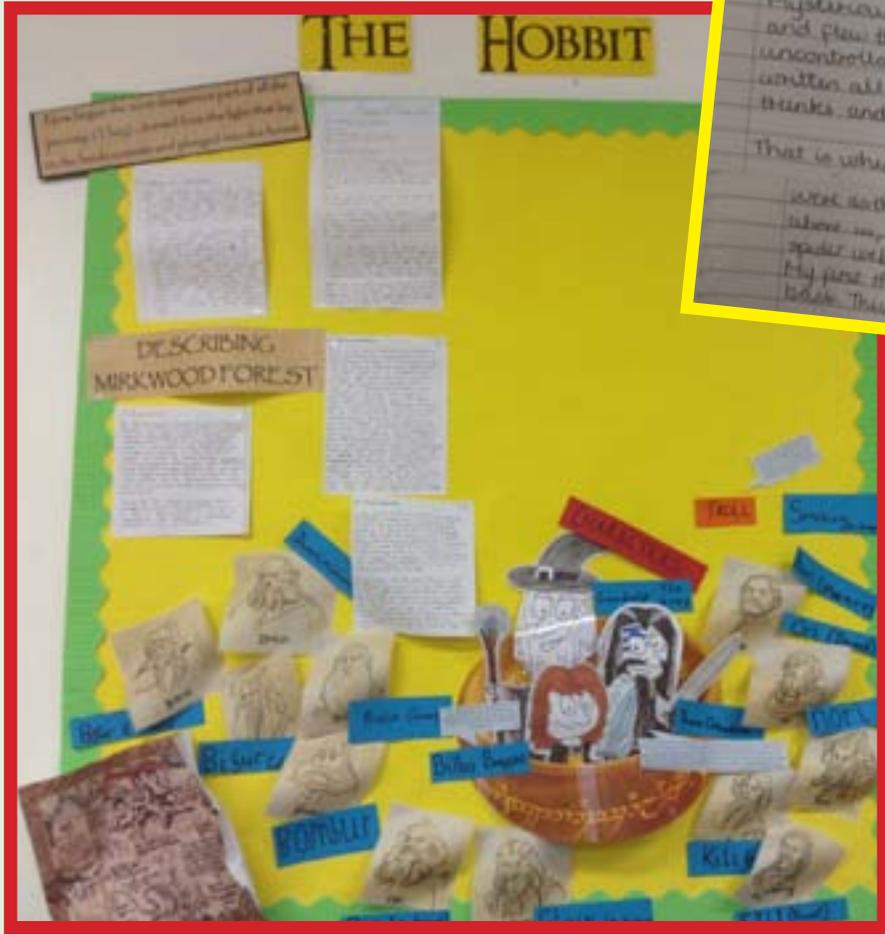
That is when I saw the spider webs, that which were as thick as poles and as stiff as wood. Hanging above us, still and luminous, were more gigantic spider webs, spiking their way through the trees. My feet thought with this hur away and don't look back. This was happen.

Emily P

Aimee

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In the dark, gloomy forest, where no light shines through, you can see nothing but darkness. When you look all around you even when there is light you find yourself surrounded by pitch black. Blood-red eyes stare down at you and you feel their stare on the back of your neck will run a chill down your spine. There is silence everywhere, except the faint sound of a river nearby. There is no life in the forest, no bugs, no insects, just, mysterious creatures that lurk in the shadows. The smell of wet soil and dirt fills the air, your not alone but you feel it. It is moist yet there are no gaps in the trees for rain to break through. You feel the slippery soil below you but you feel the warmth above you. However though night time as thick, snow-white clouds surround you, fear of something worse comes into mind. Shaking, they sense your presence. You wonder why how you got there. Fright and confusion consumes you.



Take a look at the descriptions of Mirkwood Forest written by Olivia, Aimee and Emily P.

These won 'Work of the Week' this week.

We have looked at speech and descriptive writing.