Maple and Laurel’s class ideas for figurative language and fronted adverbials

Trees of death bend with each crackle in the sky

The moon was shining like a spotlight on the stormy sea

The grass was like millions of knives sticking into my feet

The tree is reaching out to grab your soul

The clouds mumbled as they emerged through the storm

A big bang from the ship crashing into the mountain

The clouds cry with rain tearing down

The gates are the entrance to your nightmares

The moon stared at me with a mischievous grin

The path is like a curving staircase

The horrible haunted house howled at me

At night, the midnight black crow cooed across the sky

The mountain whispered evil sounds

Creak! The gates slowly opened

The fence stood up like swords

The sky is as black as ink

The gruesome, green, grass whispered evil murmurs

The decapitated statue muttered to me to come

The path groaned with each step I took

The sea waves are as tall as skyscrapers

Smashing sea

The stormy, screaming sky

Aggressively, the gate slammed behind me

The moon was frowning down at me

Below the cliff,

The fireflies are shooting through the sky as fast as shooting stars

Trees sulking

Creepy cracks

Below my feet,

Terrifying trees

Spooky spirits

The moon peered through the sky

The trees gigantic arms reached out trying to grab my soul

Twice a year, the abandoned castle rises

Around the tree,

The wind howled

Down by the cliffs,

The air smelled like a heap of excretion

The road was a ribbon of moonlight

The rusty, old gates

Down by the cliffs, there is a demon waiting for someone

Walking through the gates of doom,

Dancing branches

The trees bend over like a ballerina