

## SENTENCES

The majestic trees stood tall and proud.

The trees were joined together like a crowd of vivid green umbrellas.

The magnificent trees flung their branches up to the sun to frame the deep blue sky.

A white blanket of snowdrops danced on gusts of frosty air.

They were welcomed by wave after wave of the gently nodding heads of daffodils.

The ground was painted with red poppies and yellow gorse.

The hedge was alive with splashes of red and orange berries.

Hanging from every branch were icicles that glistened like liquid diamonds.

The branches swayed to the rhythm of the wind and their leaves fluttered like graceful butterflies.

The petals had been shaken off the bush and lay like a carpet of pink confetti on the floor.

As they entered the wood, they were greeted by the bowed heads of a blazing carpet of bluebells.

It was impossible to move quickly through the spidery tangle of trees and bushes.

The brambles and thorns tore at their arms and legs.

The forest floor was a writhing carpet of buzzing, crawling insects.

An eerie, greenish gloom filled the clearing.

Patches of misty light shone through the gaps in the trees.

The leaves glowed in the early morning light like hundreds of tiny hands.

The bonfire blazed in the background. A thousand flickering shadows painted the ground.

Rotting leaves hid the roots that wriggled across the ground.

The forest was a dark, tangled maze and it was impossible to find a way through.

The branches of the thick, tangled trees had spread and twisted to form dark, overhead tunnels and created secret paths.

The ceiling of thick branches shut out the sky and covered the path in darkness.

The dead branches rose up and grasped at her ankles like bony fingers.

The branches twisted and grated against each other like rusty hinges.

Like some prehistoric beast, the huge, twisted limbs of the tree guarded the entrance.

Pressing in on her from all sides, it seemed that the forest was trying to trap her in its thorny grasp.

As it drifted through the forest, the fog made eerie shapes and shadows.

Cloaked in mist, the trees looked like ghostly, stooped figures.