



English 9 Assignment

Describe this setting
using techniques we've
discussed in class.

Fog seeped throughout the dark forest floor while the dull trees grew crookedly, allowing only the slightest bit of sunlight to peak and illuminate the already ^{dark} jungle. The air was thick with moisture ^{from the humidity of the summer day} and was tinted a greenish tone. On the ^{black} jungle floor, the only signs of life was the crackling pieces of decomposing tree bark as the wind bustled the above tree leaves with a sing-song blow.

Taina Moynihan

*

The anfractuous trees appeared dark in the hazy mist. The crunching of twigs on the cool earth lingered in my ears. I could almost taste the moisture in my mouth. The warm summer air devoured me as I continued my morning jog.

*

Running down the narrow path, I try to escape. Being enclosed by the thin trees. Which look black from the dark gray shadow that the sky casts. Tripping over slippery leaves and tree roots. This gloomy October day I try to escape what's been haunting me for years. I hear crows and sticks breaking. The sounds make me run faster. Even though the cold air tries to tell me otherwise. But I keep on going, not knowing what awaits me.

Jasmine
Miller

*

As I walk into the dark, gloomy forest, a stick breaks below my shoeless feet. You would never expect the forest to seem so filled with fright at this time of morning. As I follow the raging white river through the vast, open space, I see the sun dancing between the trees. The path in front of me is almost unseeable. It's so bitterly cold that nothing can keep a person warm. As the cold fall air surrounds my body, I march back to my warm apple scented house to engage in the amazing festivities.

Andrea Johnson

① Traveling along I ran by a mysterious path. I stopped, never before have I've seen such a drawling path. I needed to explore it my curiousness drew me close I walk in, I fall down, all I see is black, I get up. It's like a horror ~~movie~~ movie, no leaves, just tall straggle ~~leaves~~ trees, the dim light gleaming through just barely the thought of danger, then fear. I leave, or atleast I try.

Alaina Woods

There is a thick canopy of leaves over me. The sun is breaking threw them in streams of light that light up this dark, depressing place. There are hundreds maybe thousands of trees. I don't know. They all tower over me making me feel like an ant in a corn feild. The branches stretch towards the sky. Growing any way they want to. The ground is uneven with roots sticking up out of it. There are holes covered by leaves waiting to twist the next ankle that goes by. But who would want to take a walk here? Were the only source of light is the light rays that are strong enough to break threw the ceiling of leaves keeping this place sheltered from the rest of the world.

4

The dead leaves gusted down the dirt path, rustling as they rolled along. The faintest of lights shone down, past the impenetrable wall of broken and dead branches forming the natural roof of the trail. Mist, mist everywhere - ankle level, face level, chest level - everywhere you looked, the world would be cradled in a blanket of grey. Only now was it realized that the wind blowing past was chilly, cold - the last remnants of a far gone summer flowing away through the dark black trees.

*

Cassandra Martin

English Period 2

It was mid October. Late at night. The air was thick and dense. The moon was out but covered by the thick blanket of clouds and fog. The trees rustled and creaked as the wind whipped through each branch, having a special personal touch. As I walked through, I could feel my feet sink into the chocolate brown goop. I would sink with every step, like a monster was buying, pulling, me down. The owls cooed with each step.

It was a dark and tranquil night. Blankets of fog had rolled in, consuming the dim light of the crescent moon, that hung low in the sky. The air was damp and an aroma of soil and bark filled the air. The dying trees that stood bathed in fog had an air of loneliness to it. Every once in a while, an old barn owl would hoot, creating a soft melody with the creatures of the night that lay hidden in the darkness.

*

The fog set in. The trees invited me into the forest. As I walk the beaten down path I took in the true beauty of the land. The trees standing tall, the sky dark, and the leaves covering the ground. The sun pierces through the trees often, giving me directions through the maze of paths, helping me find my way home.

Billy Meeker