

## 9<sup>th</sup> Grade ELA

Students were asked to describe the setting using techniques discussed in class.



The dead leaves gusted down the drift 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.

Travelling along I ran by a mysterious path.

I stopped.

Never before have I 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, no leaves, just tall straggly trees,

The dim light gleaming through.

Just barely the thought of danger, then fear.

I leave,

Or at least I try.

There is a thick canopy of leaves over me.

The sun is breaking through them in streams of light that light up this dark, depressing place.

There are hundreds, maybe thousands of trees.

They all tower over me, making me feel like an ant in a cornfield.

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?

Where the only source of light is the light rays that are strong enough to break through

The ceiling of leaves keeping this place sheltered from the rest of the world.

Megan Tuckerman

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.

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.

It was mid October, late at night.

The air was thick and dense.

The moon was out, but covered by a thick blanket of clouds and fog.

The trees rustled and creaked as the wind whipped through each branch,

Leaving 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 laying, pulling me down.

The owls cooed with each step.

Billy Meeker

The fog set in.

The trees invited me into the forest.

As I walk the beaten down path I take 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.

Kelsey Harris

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 humidness of the summer day  
And was tinted a greenish tone.  
On the black jungle floor, the only signs of life  
Were the crackling pieces of decomposing tree bark  
As the wind bustled above the tree leaves with a sing-song blow.



Taina Moynihan

The anfractuous trees appeared dark in the hazy mist.

The crunching 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 shadows 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 sound makes 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 the 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 hidden.  
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.