

L.O. Use figurative language to set a scene.

It was late when Torak came to the ice forest. Tall trees loomed over him, jagged with icicles that hung down like strange, sharp teeth. The last thin rays of winter sunlight slipped through the bare branches, casting a maze of ebony shadows on the forest pathway.

He couldn't remember exactly how many days belonged to each month, but any way he reckoned it, the month of September must be almost over. He only needed to look about him. The maple trees circling the clearing flamed scarlet. The birches and aspens glowed yellow, holding a sunlight of their own even on misty days. The woods had become quieter. Jays still screamed at him, and chickadees twittered softly in the trees, but the songbirds had disappeared. Twice he had heard a faraway trumpeting and had seen long straggles of wild geese like trailing smoke high in the air, moving south. In the morning, when he stepped out of the cabin, the frosty air nipped his nose.