

- I can vary sentence length for effect.
- I can choose vocabulary to create a picture.
- I can use all five senses.
- I can create a picture with metaphor, simile, personification.

Jack paused at the sight of the forest, he felt chills down his spine as he heard trees whisper or screech. Though he was desperate for answers he knew something, or someone, was lurking between the faces of the bushes. As he stepped into the forest, the arms of most trees started to swallow up the light leaving him with darkness. All loaded up, Jack threw off his coat not understanding the consequences of this. Slowly, thorns began to invade the pathway, tearing at his skin and coat.

Not wanting to wait for more, Jack hung his coat on an overhanging branch, as blood trickled down his arms. Jack stumbled through the dense forest, crying in pain, just as blossoms rose up from the dead. But as Jack got closer he realised, they were roots... from others who had come across this endless maze. Question was... did they ever make it out, in one piece?

Some Jack spotted bits of snow but they weren't what he thought they were as they began to get bigger in size. After some time, he noticed they were fragments of fingers and toes! It also looked as if someone had tried to bury them in the underground. Jack continuously crawled through to find himself in a pile of bones. Freshly planted ribcages and spines.

Though something was off about the skulls, they were all lined up perfectly, but then they began gnawing... every... single... one. Then one by one they chattered "The journey ends... the journey ends... the journey ends."

Every path Jack took there would always be a wall of poisonous bushes, right there, right now, controlling him... on the spot.

His journey had started but soon it would be over.

Wow! You have used many great techniques here - using the "text" and your knowledge of the character.