

Word Pictures by Pupils of Windlesham House School

The brightly coloured machines roared like dinosaurs tracking down their prey.
The Calm wind danced like ballerinas in a music class.

Behind me, the red leaves were like raspberries on the ground and when I stepped on them, they sounded like paper being scrunched up.

The clouds far up in the sky looked like rotten, cotton candy that had been there for days.

In front of me, the crackling leaves danced with each other to the soft, cold grass in the morning breeze. The leaf blower sounded like a lion roaring in the jungle when it had just woken up in the morning air. The morning breeze was mild and the cold, wet, lively leaves let the rainwater water trickle down their spines like water in a stream.

Alex

I slowly stepped onto the luscious lawn. The bright greengrass felt like a bristly carpet. I put my right foot down and a slow drumming noise started up. Slowly, I lifted my right foot up, the noise kept going on, and on, and on. Shakily, I put my foot down and the noise continued like a doorbell in my ears.

I turned around. Swish. There was a gargantuan house towering over me. The gloomy windows looked like a chess board.

Petrified, I walked backwards and bumped into something. Crash! I gulped and looked back, scared. There was a vicious dog, who looked as scary as a viking. There were tons of grey cones standing as still as soldiers.

I unsteadily took a breath. The air smelt damp as it floated through my nose and a slow shiver floated through my spine like spiders crawling down me.

Alexa

The clouds were gloomy. It made me feel melancholy. Looking down at the rocks, you could see that they were in the shape of an old man's rotting teeth. The rocks were smooth as glass. Suddenly, I looked up because I heard something. It was the trees swaying in the wind and the leaves rattling. The red leafy blanket reminded me of blood, the orange leaves were like fire. It would be nice to be inside right now. I felt numb all over. The wind started to get stronger and viciously slap my face like I was in big trouble. It left me feeling as freezing as ice. As I was walking inside, I heard the wind howling. I felt like I was stranded in the mountains with a wolf pack.

Annabel

The petals gently flew in the breeze like butterflies. I was outside and the crunchy, dried up leaves fell off the trees like birds first learning to fly. Then I saw the birds gliding through the sky. The howling, humming wind whistled as I walked past. As I was walking back, the sun slowly faded and then the door closed.

Archie

The grass was a sea of green, with soft water droplets resting their heads on the long strands of grass. A blanket of leaves was red as blood. The grey smoke bellowed out of the chimney in clouds. The clouds glided past in grey and white spots, which looked like rats scurrying by. The bollards guarded the road like soldiers on guard. The wind was drumming against my cold, red face. The branches towered over me and I felt surrounded. The shadows sent a trickle down my spine. As I stepped onto the icy gravel, it sounded like paper being scrunched up.

Florence

I was sitting on the grass watching the elegant trees dancing like ballerinas on a show night and the grass was waving, as if it were saying goodbye. The air was as cold as ice from Antarctica. Luckily, I had a coat on otherwise I probably would have been so cold that I wouldn't be able to move. The beautiful evaporating water wouldn't be able to be seen by me. The fat trees were as orange as fresh apricots, except for some were still green. The clouds looked like rotten candy which has been off for months. I heard the wind, it sounded like the roaring sea crashing on the rocks.

Harvey

The wind strongly pushed the clouds, like it was moving a water bucket. The green grass was like a big, monstrous velvet carpet. The wet grass was like touching a wet dog's tongue. The drops of water were like glitter on a grass picture. The trees were waving like a crowd at a football match. The clouds were like boats on the blue sky. The cones were like soldiers standing to attention. The chimney was smoking like a rocket about to lift off. The wind was like a zooming racing car reaching to the finish line.

James H

The machine was like a roaring lion, trying to kill everyone. The wet, soggy grass was like the wet and cold sea and the tall lanky trees were looking like the tallest man in the world, posing. The air repulsively hit me around the face and the old Windlesham House looked like a creepy mansion. The tall hills look like giants rolling into balls. The clouds looked like they were going to take me into a colourful land which was the scariest thing I have ever witnessed. The whispering wind wanted to take me away.

Leo

The slow drumming rang in my ears, it took me into an isolating trance. Above, the grey, hostile clouds fought with the other ones, using the baby blue sky as a dangerous weapon. The old windows of the house looked like somebody was playing chess on a glass chess board. The air smelt damp as it floated into my nostrils and a shiver ran up my spine like an evil spider. As I turned slowly back to go inside, the gravel sounded like broken glass shattering with every step I took.

Lolly

As the mighty wind blew, a wave of leaves washed away. Woosh! The trees were as cold as ice. They froze like statues. I smelt smoke from the lower corner of my nose. When the leaves washed away in the long hard wind, it was like a pitch invasion at a football match. The leaves were as orange as the cover of my English book. The rain flew out of the sky like gunshots.

Matthew R

The roof was as tough as a piece of scrunched up paper. On the roof, the tiles were as still as sleeping bricks. Their points were as sharp as a kitchen knife. The windows were rusty and there were old, deadly bars. It was very cold, the wind shivered against my skin. I was like a chicken in the North Pole. The sky was like a war but as silent as a book. The trees were like an orange and red nation. The leaves danced like they were ballerinas. The windows looked like they were staring at me. I saw a giant rooty arm, poking out at me like it was waving at me. The wind breathed like it was out of breath. The cones were like narrow small smooth mountains.

Oliver N

I jogged slowly towards the dew-covered grass, feeling the cold air deep in my chest. A blanket of blood-red leaves stained in the wet green grass. I could see a huge ship of clouds floating across the gloomy, grey sky. I bent down to watch the whole other world of the land below me. Camouflaged insects scuttled by, vanishing into a thick forest of bright green pillars. In the distance, the faint humming sound of engines rang in my ears. I stood up again, walking towards a group of tall trees, standing stiffly in the breeze like armed warriors ready for battle. As I walked inside, the whispering wind gently brushed across my face as I turned back to look back at the open mouth of the old, dark school.

Olivia

At Windlesham's grounds, the green trees were as beautiful as a multi colour painting. Not far away, the stone dogs stared at life around them. They also stared at the clouds that moved like they were in a very competitive race, but actually it was the wind which also danced with the green trees. The air smelt fresh and it was nearly winter. The chimneys were smoking hard to make it warm. It was also getting windy. The bin had been shattered to pieces by the ferocious wind. It was still autumn, so the grass was as thick as a green carpet with an orange stain. The beautiful birds swooped around in happiness as they watched the children playing football. Bang! Kick! Bash! Goal!

Robin

The chimney was bulging out smoke, like an old man smoking a cigar. I stepped onto the grass; it was like a soft green velvet blanket. Swish! Swash! The trees were like a crowd of people whispering to each other. They looked like sculptures of brown men made of wood. The water droplets on the grass were like glitter that had scattered all over the ground. The trees were swallowing me in their branches. The fallen over bin was like a roller skater that has just toppled over and given up. The clouds were like a fleet of ships sailing on the sky in perfect formation. The trees' bony branches towered over me like an umbrella.

Ryder

The machines were like monsters stalking their prey, ready to strike. Above my head, the clouds looked like moving, cotton-candy lumps. The raindrops were diamonds on the grass. Gently, the wind stroked my face while it glided through the air like an acrobat. The trees reached out to grab me. My ears were filled with the sound of a humming bee. The children talked as loudly as a herd of elephants.

Seb B

The vicious tree swooped down like it was attacking me as if I was in a boxing match. The freezing cold, emerald grass was too cold to touch. The iron grey clouds were puddles in the sky. Under my feet, the wet grass was shining with diamonds. All around me, tall, towering, ancient trees were a mixture of fire and exploding fireworks.

Seb M

I stepped onto the grass, with the wailing wind shouting at me as if I had got detention. The wind was dancing with the trees, making them swish, swish, swish, swish! The stone dog stared into the distance at the trees, which were covered in bright orange juice. The leaves were falling onto the digger which was as big as a playhouse. The chimney was smoking into the fresh air, and falling down onto the ground, the smoke was being blown away like dust disappearing into the distance. Lying by a tree, was a bin that had been crushed by the wind of Windlesham.

Taylor