

Across **the arena of pain**¹ that was the Morrison Playing Fields, the low hummocks of earth lead to the river bank. Sunlight **dappled**² the shadows through trees and onto the swiftly moving river. The **swish**³ of the branches as they **turned and twisted**⁴ in the soft breeze played a background song to the **low rumble**⁵ of far off fighter jets from Lossiemouth and the **chirping**⁶ of birds high up in the lofty green reaches. The river **burbled**⁷ in parts before then falling and tumbling over the weir and becoming a **fast raging torrent**⁸ of peaty brown water; bearing the soil from the hills to the far off sea. The colours were **autumnal**⁹; oranges and green split by yellows and reds, each slowly changing before **drifting gently**¹⁰ to the earth. **Gnarled**¹¹ fingers of branches **clutched at us**¹² as we walked slowly along the bank, **meandering like the river**¹³. By the old air raid shelter, a relic of a past conflict we saw modern graffiti declaring the thoughts of some illiterate and rather poor painter. Where is our Banksy with his wit and artistic flair? **Scrunching**¹⁴ our feet on the gravel footpath we carried on with our journey towards the darker, **wilder wood**¹⁵ and places to explore....

¹ Metaphor – imagery of gladiatorial death fights in an arena in Rome, ancient field of war training

² Word choice – dappled means some parts – almost like a few brushes strokes of paint

³ Onomatopoeia

⁴ Alliteration

⁵ Onomatopoeia

⁶ Onomatopoeia

⁷ Onomatopoeia

⁸ Imagery/Personification – rage/speed

⁹ Word choice – implies the season of year

¹⁰ Contrast – soft and gentle leaves versus fast raging river nearby

¹¹ Word choice – implies great age – almost arthritic fingers

¹² Personification

¹³ Simile

¹⁴ Onomatopoeia

¹⁵ Alliteration