

In English we wrote a setting description based on "The Dreadful Menace". This was used as a trailer for the Winter Olympics in 2012. We used figurative language to describe the scene.



[illegible]

The foggy mist blew over the Arctic land. Tall cliffs towered over the icy land. The wind dragged the snow around. Cliffs drop down if you fall it will lead to your death. The stormy clouds were letting out little flurries of snow twirling around. Snow built up like dust.

Towering over the lifeless landscape, stood the ominous, dismal mountain. Winter had taken a hold of the once lush valley. The few animals that could survive held onto the life they were allowed. The wind tore through every nook and cranny every crack and crevice. Avalanches thundered down the mountain throwing themselves off the edge of the cliff.

The longing wait for life to perish is soon on the horizon. Ice plummeted sparing the velvety snow. Ice clawed the eternally frozen rocks within the mountain, the tip of the iceberg, the savageness of the peaks. Wind the prisoner of the peaks howl in their wrath to be free from the spearhead of the mountain. The mountain shunned the life to a minimum, petite life forms are expected to live. Life is near impossible in the barren land scape conquered by death. They submitted to the massacre of the innocent lives stood dead in the battle for life.

Looking down below, on the cold landscape stood tall towering mountains. Walking across the mountains, crawled gathering mist. The spiky icicles gripping on the rock were standing strong. The dull cracks below the ice, stood still below the thick ice. The unilluminated sky was creeping together as the undomesticated wind was taking control of winter. The raging blizzards were charging towards the circumference of the mountain. The luminous moon was smiling to the mountains below. The vast cold waters were gleaming with the moon.

Winter

The snow was sleeping on the mountain top, the darkening sky were armies trying to attack. Light was fading it was so gloomy and dreamy. The wind on the trees made R whistle, it sounded as though a human was singing a lullaby. The icicles were hard sleeping in the day. The ground started to shake, the avalanche was a herd of sheep being chased. The mist was gathering, it looked as though snow hoppers were chasing their dinner.

Lurking above the mountains was a moon smiling down at it. Inside the mountains were icicles gripping viciously onto the rocks. As the wind was dancing amongst the trees, the trees were screaming as it crashed and tumbled to the barren land. On the mountains were blizzards racing across the mountain tops. Then gentle flurries of snow were jumping up and down along the barren land and avalanches off snow were diving off the cliff.

The rugged mountain stared across the barren land beyond him with a sneer smile on his face. The cold freezing avalanche slid across the mountain like a cross country skier in the final of the Olympics. Some ice hanging down from peicing rocks below was gnawing on flesh of an animal that got stuck on its sharp, cutting teeth. The deadly blizzard pushed around anything living and froze all sources of water. The tree tumbled on the frozen lake. Winter had arrived.

As the Sun was finished with its shift, the Moon rose above, then there was a loud sound of something tumbling down the mountain it's an **APLACHHE**. The moon light glinted over the cold, dead creature, while others were also dying from the awful environment. The deadly caves, the untrusted wary lakes, the ice, cold wind and snow and a lot more like a tree falling on you and the razor sharp colossal icicles falling and cutting you.

Viggo

The wild diabolical snow feels like acid here, if you're on a mountain at the wrong time you're dead the wind will wipe you off or you will slip on the black ice.

Your shivering/frozen feet will freeze and your blood will turn to red ice, the winter will turn you into a frozen ice cube.

The icicles are like broken glass which send shivers down your spine, the mist blows at your feet forcing you to fall over.

Avalanches of snow run down the mountain like stairs and crashes like a nuke with pieces of snow that travel so fast that when these little pieces come off they feel like bullets.

Wind is dancing strewn all over the place, with snow sitting on the mountain and some roaring because the wind is pushing the snow and trees. The dark sky is covering their view. The blizzards are crying down off the ridge to rock bottom. The moon is staring at all the deafening disasters.

Aya

The gathering mist walked along the mountain towering above the landscape. The fresh snow had not been stepped on yet it was crisp to the foot. The nooks and crannies kept cracking and cracking on the mountain the wind was dancing amongst the light green trees whilst the snow danced in the wind. The running avalanches poured down the gargantuan mountain as the darkening sky got darker and darker by the second.

Dylan

The ice cold wind rushed down into the snow covered valleys. The barren storm torned valley was a solemn grayed sky as the enormous rugged parent of snow and ice loomed above. The snow covered mountain of sweet snow and frost was blown away by the cruel wind that shook like a hammer. The snow covered landscape was dismal and gloomy in the night. The unsympathetic landscape was bitter and icy. The frozen tumult fell to be not clutched in its unforgiving grip. This valley was once a lush meadow full of life and kindness, now it is a desolate waste of ice and snow. The frozen river once meandered peacefully by joy in its heart. Little fishes of silver that are merry fish darting through the rocks would be lucky to still be alive. Dear users to drink from this beautiful and reliable water source but now its waters are buried under layers and layers of ice and are bitterly cold. The fishes and jagged landscape is unsuitable to all but the frozen ice and snow. Little fish hang from every possible ledge and overhang like insignificant bait that are bitterly cold.

1520

Among the timberly cold landscapes, the darkening sky was towering above the land in great biggers and darker in was like entire sunset together. As the sun gathered, it looked like a grey cloud up ahead. The immense blizzards were tearing with noise. The blizzards were running around chasing every other piece of snow. Up in the darkening sky, the moon was scolding the sun. The acorns were like sleeping birds in the day hanging from the acornstems. The barren land was shaking the wind the swatches had begun chasing down the snow like a sharp dog barking the sheep. The snowflakes rapidly fell to the floor. The trees were telling like a leopard pouncing to its prey.

Looking in the snowy mountain was a voice. Gathering mist whistled in the darkening sky. The moon sat smiling to the mountains. Gentle furies of snow were dancing in the sky. All the trees were screaming as they fell. The wisches were beautifully singing from the rocks. The avalanches were screaming as they plummeted down.

There

Towering over head, the snowy cold mountain was enormous and dark the stone covered in sleeping snow. The icicles were as sharp as a knife and as pointy as a spear as it hangs from above as still as a statue. The frosty trees were dancing as the wind whistled through them from down below.

Riley

Towering over the freezing landscape there were lots of mountains covered with sleeping snow. As the air blew colder and colder, your body started to freeze. The moon started to do a cheeky smile down at you. The icicles were clinging together for safety. The trees were screaming in pain as they fell on the fluffy snow. The blizzards wrapped around you like a team of snakes crawling up your freezing body. Gathering mist was making it impossible to see further than 5m. There were millions of avalanches racing down the rocky mountains destroying anything in its path. There were flurries of snow dropping on your cold hands and a darkening sky that dropped snow from their clouds.

Ray

The enormous mountain was as tall as can be. There was a blizzard wind. The snow was curled up. There was ice in the distance and there were snowflakes everywhere in the sky. It nearly looked like they were invisible. The clouds were fluffy and very ice cold. The dreadful wind was coming down. It was super cold. You couldn't move you were like an icicle. The snow was coming down on the mountain.

Brooke

Over away in a far freezing land, there are tornados spinning faster than rockets flying into space and maybe even faster than lightning. The icicles are as transparent as a window and as sharp as a knife. As the icicles hung from the monster like teeth, if you put one finger in the cave near an icicle your finger would get chopped off straight away and before you could run you would be frozen in the thick, cold, bitter snow. The wind could have blown you away or you could be buried alive by an avalanche. Once you are buried the last thing you think is have I done my purpose in life. Have I done what I wanted? With everyone running and screaming you are too frightened to think even more. The wind had started to whistle and the icicles have fallen screaming to get back up as they start to melt. After that, some snowflakes have started to fall down. As the snowflakes fall, the wind has come back rushing through because it's late for its job. With nobody around it is nice, quiet and peaceful. The monster that was once so angry who wanted revenge for all the people. It starts to rip anything in its path or anything that comes near. After that, everything is scared.

Eff

Gazing over the bitter land, the rocky mountain

The longing wait for life to perish is soon on the horizon. Ice plummeted spearing the velvety snow. Ice clawed the eternally frozen rocks within the mountain, the tip of the iceberg, the savageness of the peaks. Wind the prisoner of the peaks howl in their wrath to be free from the spearhead of the mountain. The mountain shunned the life to a minimum, petite life forms are expected to live. Life is near impossible in the barren land scape conquered by death. They submitted to the massacre of the innocent lives stood dead in the battle for life.

The gathering mist walked along the mountain towering above the landscape. The fresh snow had not been stepped on yet it was crisp to the foot. The nooks and crannies kept cracking and cracking on the mountain the wind was dancing amongst the light green trees whilst the snow danced in the wind. The running avalanches poured down the gargantuan mountain as the darkening sky got darker and darker by the second.

The ice cold wind rushed down into the snow covered valley. This barren storm ravaged valley sat sullenly gazing up at the enormous rugged pyramid of stone and ice above it. The continuous onslaught of sleet snow and frost was blown in by the cruel wind that shrieked like a banshee. The somber and bleak mountain was dismal and gloomy in the twilight. This unsympathetic landscape was bitter and icy. The frozen tumult left no land not clutched in its unforgiving grip. This valley was once a lush meadow full of life and birdsong; now it is a desolate waste of ice and snow. The frozen river once meandered peacefully with joy in its heart. Little flashes of silver that are merry fish darting through the rocks would be lucky to still be alive. Deer used to drink from this beautiful and reliable water source but now its waters are buried under layers and layers of ice and are biting cold. The lifeless and jagged landscape is uninhabitable to all but the forlorn ice and snow. Icicles hung from every possible ledge and over-hang like malevolent bats that are biting cold.

Standing over the cold, icy landscape, stood a tall mountain with sleepy snow resting on it. It was sharp and jagged like the thousands of teeth on a shark. The moon just above the mountain was smirking cheekily at the white, wet landscape. As the air got colder and colder, your body started to freeze. The wind blew through the trees screaming like a banshee. The blizzards wrapped around you like a teem of snakes crawling round you. Trees were crying in pain as they toppled over into the freezing snow, avalanches were swimming happily down the mountain destroying anything in its path. Mist was swirling round you making it impossible to see further than 3 meters. Icicles were clinging together like seals on a rock. Gentle flurries of snow were falling onto your cold hands.

The wild diabolical snow feels like acid here, if you're on a mountain at the wrong time you're dead the wind will wipe you off or you will slip on the black ice.

Your shivering/frozen feet will freeze and your blood will turn to red ice, the winter will turn you into a frozen ice cube.

The icicles are like broken glass which send shivers down your spine, the mist blows at your feet forcing you to fall over.

Avalanches of snow run down the mountain like stairs and crashes like a nuke with pieces of snow that travel so fast

Glimpsing down at the barren landscape, an immense mountain cast its eyes onto the land below. The ice clawed at the colossal monolith looming over the ground. The flurries of snow bounced around while the wind whistled through the trees. The gathering mist frolicked in circles until it couldn't stop spinning. The exhausted tree fell down as it could not bear it much longer. The blizzard pushed against the wind, forcing it back. The darkening sky roared as it peered over the ominous mountain. The snow chased down the mountain like a pack of wolves determined to catch their prey.

As the sky grew wrathful and dark and the gathering mist was dancing in the air, the towering mountain stood tall and brave in the wind. Avalanches tiredly fell off the ridge off the mountain as the wind ran through the evergreen trees almost in slow motion. Blizzards roared on the edge of the mountain as the moon floated happily in the emptiness of space. As gentle flurries of snow merrily fell to the ground, a snow-covered tree fell over in the distance. As the ice almost spat out of the rock, the untrampled snow sat on top of a hilly bit of the mountain like a person sitting on a chair. The air around the mountain was freezing. As snow fell from the chilly sky it covered everything it could see.

Towering over the lifeless landscape, stood the ominous, dismal mountain. Winter had taken a hold of the once lush valley. The few animals that could survive held onto the life they were allowed. The wind tore through every nook and cranny every crack and crevice. Avalanches thundered down the mountain throwing themselves off the edge of the cliff.

Among the bitterly cold landscape, the darkening sky was towering above the land it grew bigger and darker it was like armies coming together. As the mist gathered, it looked like a grey cloud up ahead. The intense blizzards were teeming with snow. The blizzards were running around chasing every other piece of snow. Up in the darkening sky, the moon was circling the sun. The icicles were like sleeping bats in the day hanging from the mountain. The barren land was shaking like mad the avalanches had began chasing down the snow like a sheep dog herding the sheep. The snowflakes rapidly fell to the floor. The trees were falling like a leopard pouncing for its prey.

Lurking in the snowy mountain was a voice. Gathering mist whistled in the darkening sky. The moon sat smiling to the mountains. Gentle flurries of snow were dancing in the sky. All the trees were screaming as they fell. The icicles were beautifully singing from the rocks. The avalanches were screaming as they plummeted down.