

Recognising the Features of an Imaginary Setting Description

Read through the setting description and use coloured pencils to highlight examples of the following features:

Prepositions to help the reader to visualise the scene¹

Figurative language (simile, metaphor, personification, pathetic fallacy, oxymoron, onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance...)²

Interesting nouns, adjectives and verbs³

Character responses to the surroundings e.g. sweating, shivering, screaming⁴

Varied sentence structures e.g. fronted adverbials, short sentences, relative clauses⁵

Movement of the character and plot alongside descriptive writing⁶

Before Cole was a set of spiral, stone stairs. The chamber was as dark as the night outside, with only a few flickering sconces to light the way down into the gloom. An eerie cold swept up the staircase towards Cole and, as his eyes adjusted and the wolf's grip tightened on his shoulder, he saw that the walls lining the steps were hung with chains, manacles and gruesome-looking instruments made of rusted metal.

A shiver of cold sweat skated down Cole's back. "I can't go in there!" he protested as he slid nearer to the dark staircase. "I haven't done anything wrong." With a firm push from the wolf, he clattered down the winding steps with the wolf close behind him. "My family are waiting for me. They'll come after me. They won't let you get away with this."

Hot breath tickled his neck and pointed teeth snapped by his face. Cole yelped and hurried down the last few steps into the room below, clutching his ears to keep them from being bitten off. As his foot reached the grimy floor of a dark dungeon chamber, Serla's claws curled over his shoulder and steered him across the room.

"Have a nice stay," laughed the wolf, throwing him into a dank cell and clanging the door shut.

“Wait!” Cole grabbed the iron bars and shook them. “Come back! Let me explain!” But the howl of laughter was already fading to nothing as his captors vanished upstairs. There came a loud *thunk* from the slamming door, then silence.

The green torches illuminating the dungeon gave off a poisoned light that seemed to drip off everything it touched. It was a circular room lined with many small cells with gated fronts. Cole shivered. The warmth from the world above clearly couldn’t penetrate the thick walls, and the air was polluted with the stench of damp stone and animal droppings. Cole squinted through the dark, looking for any other prisoners behind the bars of the adjacent and opposite cells.

“Hello?”

He heard scuttling and wheezing and scratching, but whoever the other occupants were, they were keeping to the shadows.

Based on this description, list some things that Cole could:

hear _____

see _____

smell _____

feel _____