*Name:*

*Block:*

*Step One: Read the First Paragraph as a class.*

*Step Two: Identify all descriptive words.*

*Step Three: Provide a synonym for each adjective or adverb (Increase Vocab Base)*

*Step Four: Select 5 paragraphs and repeat steps 1-3.*

*Step Five: Write your own descriptive paragraph for the next class.*

**Descriptive Write Samples**

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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The infamous dark elf cunningly set the trap. He knew he was mere seconds away from capture his nemesis Drizzt, the legendary white elf of Azzerbakan. Knowing the Drizzt movements would be silent; the Dark Elf mastery crafted a ploy Drizzt would not notice. There was an invisible to the eye black hole that had a false floor. Once the dark elf release the two vicious goblins, which were ferocious warriors, would no doubt give Drizzt a fierce battle. In the end, it did not matter if Drizzt slayed them. What did matter is that they forced him to stand on the false floor. All the dark elf had to do was remove the spell and Drizzt would ominously fall to his brutal death. This would be a momentous day. The white elf has never been capture before. Anticipation heightened. Unknowingly, the dark elf’s heavy breathing and smelly perspiration might be his own demise.

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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Stars twinkled overhead in the midnight sky. The only ​sounds that punctuated the night were the crackling and ​spitting of the flames in the campfire. A gentle, cool ​breeze drifted across the forest landscape, kissing the ​faces of the mesmerized children. The smell of ​marshmallows toasting over the flickering fire wound their ​way up the children’s noses. Flames stood tall and proud, ​their sparks illuminating the dark, creating dancing shadows ​on the children’s eager faces. All present were completely ​silent, as still as marble statues. They sat, watching, ​waiting, for the tales of old to begin. ​ ​ ​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​The house was dark. Not a sound could be heard, it ​was as still as a graveyard. The windows were shut. ​The door was unpainted. It looked as though the ​house had been empty for some time. The lawn was ​unkempt and the driveway full of weeds. Children ​didn’t venture near the haunted house. Its ​reputation was bloody.

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​The garden flowers were in full bloom. Violets and ​roses were in every corner of the vast garden. The ​air was filled with the scent of freshly cut grass. ​Children’s voices could be heard in the distance. The ​sun shone brightly overhead. Bees buzzed in and ​around the flowers. ​ ​ ​ ​ ​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​The vast volcano towered over the rocky landscape. ​Its angry rumblings could be heard from miles away. ​The town’s residents looked warily at the foreboding ​mountain. It was like an angry child – ready to ​explode at any moment. Animals fled the area, even ​birds did not fly by the mountain any more.

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​October arrived, spreading a damp chill over the grounds ​and into the castle. Raindrops the size of bullets thundered ​on the castle windows for days on end; the lake rose, the ​flower beds turned into muddy streams, and Hagrid's ​pumpkins swelled to the size of garden sheds. Oliver ​Wood's enthusiasm for regular training sessions, however, ​was not dampened, which was why Harry was to be found, ​late one stormy Saturday afternoon a few days before ​Halloween, returning to Gryffindor Tower, drenched to the ​skin and splattered with mud.​ ​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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Harry went down to breakfast the next morning to find the three Dursleys ​already sitting around the kitchen table. They were watching a brand-new ​television, a welcome- home-for- the-summer present for Dudley, who had been ​complaining loudly about the long walk between the fridge and the television in ​the living room. Dudley had spent most of the summer in the kitchen, his piggy ​little eyes fixed on the screen and his five chins wobbling as he ate continually. ​ ​Harry sat down between Dudley and Uncle Vernon, a large, beefy man with very ​little neck and a lot of mustache. Far from wishing Harry a happy birthday, none ​of the Dursleys made any sign that they had noticed Harry enter the room, but ​Harry was far too used to this to care. He helped himself to a piece of toast ​and then looked up at the reporter on the television, who was halfway through a ​report on an escaped convict.​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but ​Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even ​smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear ​were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times ​bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, ​and bright green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a ​lot of Scotch tape because of all the times Dudley had punched him ​on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was ​a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of ​lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first ​question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he ​had gotten it.​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​The villagers of Little Hangleton still called it "the ​Riddle House," even though it had been many years ​since the Riddle family had lived there. It stood on a ​hill overlooking the village, some of its windows ​boarded, tiles missing from its roof, and ivy ​spreading unchecked over its face. Once a fine-​looking manor, and easily the largest and grandest ​building for miles around, the Riddle House was now ​damp, derelict, and unoccupied.

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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​The Little Hangletons all agreed that the old house was ​"creepy." Half a century ago, something strange and ​horrible had happened there, something that the older ​inhabitants of the village still liked to discuss when topics ​for gossip were scarce. The story had been picked over so ​many times, and had been embroidered in so many places, ​that nobody was quite sure what the truth was anymore. ​Every version of the tale, however, started in the same ​place: Fifty years before, at daybreak on a fine summer's ​morning, when the Riddle House had still been well kept and ​impressive, a maid had entered the drawing room to find all ​three Riddles dead.​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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Looking into the inside, Lucy saw several coats hanging up - mostly ​long fur coats. There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell ​and feel of fur. She immediately stepped into the wardrobe and got ​in among the coats and rubbed her face against them, leaving the ​door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to ​shut oneself into any wardrobe. Soon, she went further in and found ​there was a second row of coats hanging up behind the first one. It ​was almost dark in there and she kept her arms stretched out in ​front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the ​wardrobe. She took a step further in - then two or three steps - ​always expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. ​But she could not feel it.​

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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I nearly got into the garage that Sunday morning. I took ​my own torch and shone it in. The outside doors to the back ​lane must have fallen off years ago and there were dozens ​of massive planks nailed across the entrance. The timbers ​holding the roof were rotten and the roof was sagging in. ​The bits of floor you could see between the rubbish were ​full of cracks and holes. The people that took the rubbish ​out of the house were supposed to take it out of the garage ​as well, but they took one look at the place and said they ​wouldn’t go in even for danger money.

***Descriptive writing has the following modifiers:***

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Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for ​she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, ​and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she ​tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but ​it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides ​of the well, and noticed that they were filled with ​cupboards and bookshelves, here and there she saw maps ​and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one ​of the shelves as she passed – ‘orange marmalade.’

Assigned Date:

Due Date: 5 Paragraphs: