**Test**

**Q) Describe two very different locations you know which have lots of trees, plants and flowers. (Remember you can describe any people there and the atmosphere, as well as the trees, plants**

**and flowers.)**

Two very different locations I know

*The two different locations which i know are, a dark forest and a beautiful garden in spring weather.*

The trees in the forest are malady brown. Grains of poison begrimed the dark and gleamed like witch dust. Trolls haunted the sooty copies, salivation over their prey and smearing the blood over their heavy faces. The decaying air and stifling atmosphere provided the perfect abode for those who worshiped the darkness rather than the light.

In the dense shadows, spiders clutched their snare strings, their webs shimmered like meshed steel dipped in silver. Eyes a-flame with hunger, they were hoping to dine on bloated bodies and slurp on hot blood.

The forest was primordial. Centuries old trees with sprawling limbs guarded the darkness, blotting out any sunlight. their bark was mottled and splotched, as if bubbled soup had been frozen in time on its surface.

Bewailing sounds ghosted through the trees. Whether it was from victim or victor, only the forest could tell. It was truly a place to make your veins freeze over. Everything considered edible in another forest was nauseating here. It left you with the same, sickening taste of your own blood.

It was a forest to be avoided.

*The second location which has lots of trees and flowers is a garden (in spring).*

Every Morning the Sun washes the garden with a golden glow and the sugar-frosted coating of winter melts from the grass. Birdsongs filter in through the glass. There is a pond in the middle of the garden and I can see frogspawn glistening like mini moons. They even have dark spots as if to suggest they are old and alien, as the moon itself.

There is a groove at the end of the garden. Buzzing bees surfing the open spaces from flower to flower, desperately seeking pollen. Pollen is like floating grains of pixie dust, scattered by the blustery wind.

The grass always seems to be whispering in the spring, like a church full of people all saying shhh together. The stalks sway with a salsa rhythm, nodding their heads in delight. At night, the winds dies down and a newly-minted moon appears, drenching shady glades with silver light.

When the morning comes, the sun will once again peep through the clouds and inject life into the winter-stunned garden. It becomes lush and bountiful for another year, an oasis for life in a shrinking world.

Word count = 401