

Lava was lurking below the land, lying low, like a

lion ready to pounce on its prey. Lava was liquid, it

flowed fast and free, like a lake of lava. Leaping and

lunging, lava left a lasting legacy of destruction in

its wake. The light from the lava was luminous and

luscious, illuminating the landscape like a lighthouse.

Listening to the lava's low rumbling was like listening

to a lion's roar. Lava was both lovely and lethal, like

*a lullaby and a lightning bolt all at once.*