

## Creating a written description

Stars \_\_\_\_\_ overhead in the night sky. The only sounds that punctuated the night were the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ of the flames in the camp fire. A \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ breeze \_\_\_\_\_ across the forest landscape, \_\_\_\_\_ the faces of the \_\_\_\_\_ children. The smell of the marshmallows toasting over the \_\_\_\_\_ fire wound their way up the children's noses. Flames stood \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, their sparks \_\_\_\_\_ the dark, creating \_\_\_\_\_ shadows on the children's faces. Everyone was completely \_\_\_\_\_, as \_\_\_\_\_ as \_\_\_\_\_ . They sat, watching, waiting for the stories of the olden days to begin.