



The Storm is a Lion

All is quiet in the forest.
Trees sway in the wind.
Suddenly, he roars!
The sound reverberates through the forest,
Scaring everything around the gloomy forest.
He starts slaving.
Puddles start to form.
Unexpectedly, he strikes with all his power,
Lighting the trees with the strike
Flames roar,
Burning everything in its path.
Every smooth leaf and every rough log burns to the ground!
He roars once more,
But a lot louder.
Eventually he stops drooling.
He strikes once more,
And then starts dying!
The roars die down,
But there is nothing left of the forest,
Other than a few stumps.
The fury moves on,
As a white, pale mane.

By Daniel