* *The light had disappeared in the distance now and all Mole had to lead him was the yellow path.*
* *In the dead leaves, the roots sat patiently waiting to trip someone up.*
* *The trees clumped up together in the darkest sky ever.*
* *The creepy cave was getting gloomier and gloomier.*
* *Underneath dead leaves, roots were waiting to trip people up.*
* *As the night was closing in, the darkness was getting closer.*
* *The spooky eyes appeared in the trees.*
* *The wind howled as loud as a wolf.*
* *The red, spooky eyes were staring at Mole. He thought they were very scary.*
* *1am in the morning. Pitch black. The moon light was stuck in a tree.*
* *The trees were as dead as a dodo.*
* *The broken trees were crackling in the wind.*
* *Broken trees and dark-holed hollows stand together in the black night again.*
* *As long as a snake, the winding, brown roots made Mole trip.*
* *The creepy, orange little pineapple-shaped eyes were just the size to creep you out.*
* *The cave is as dark as bats wings with moss clinging on like a broken gate hanging to its hinges.*
* *The ragged roots slowly crept amongst the twiggy path, tripping someone up at their every step.*
* *In the trees, red spooky eyes were following Mole.*