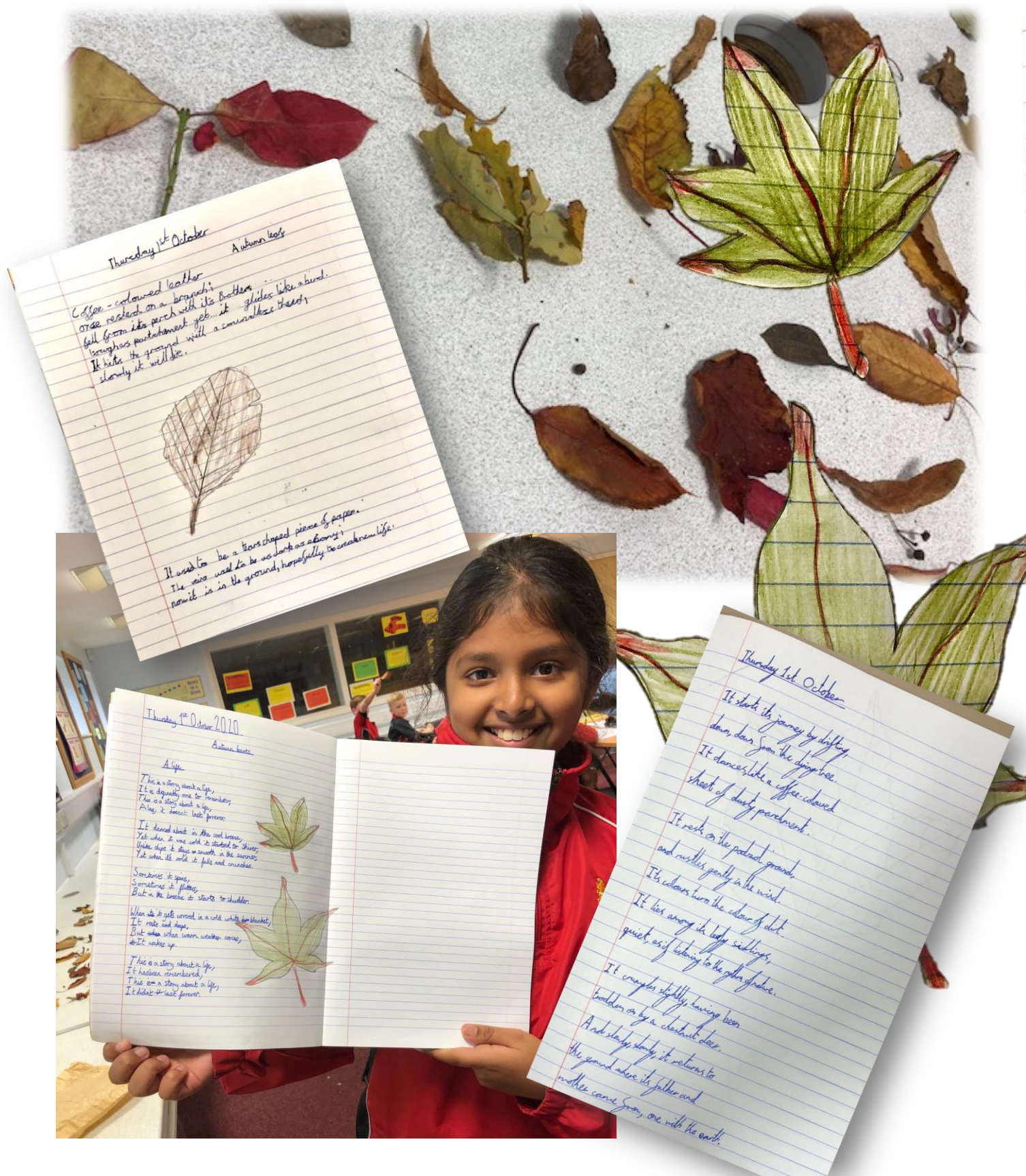
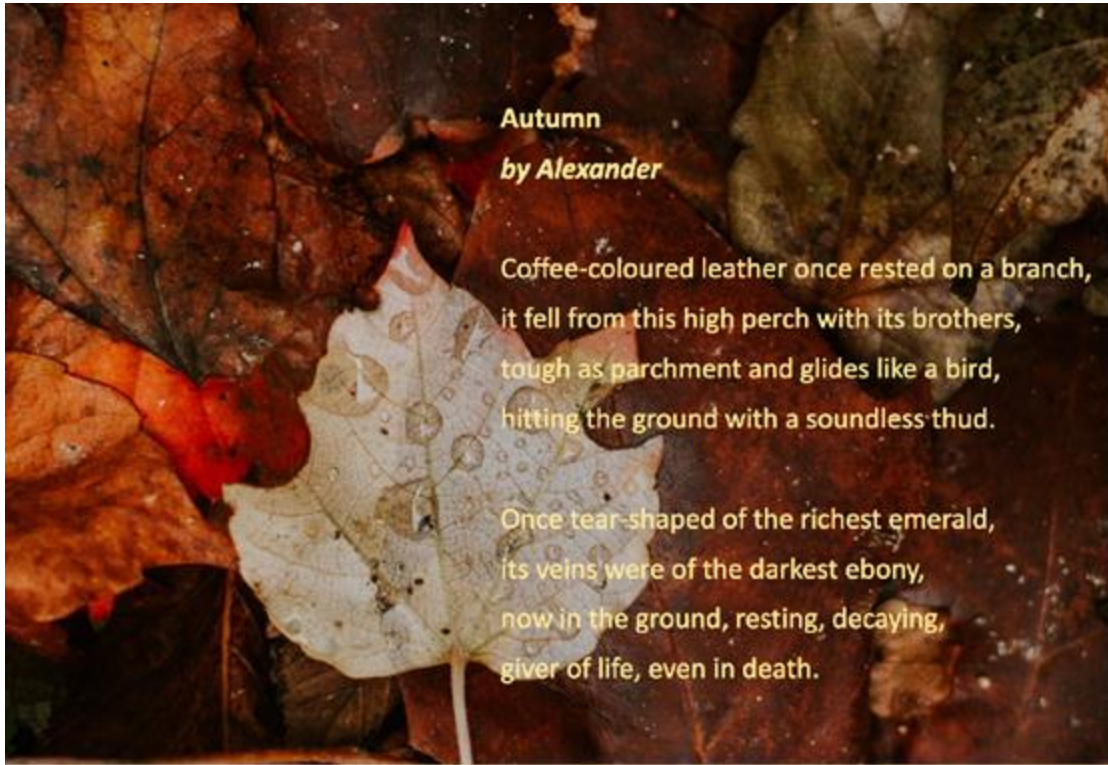


The 6F Challenge – to describe a leaf in detail, without ever using the word 'leaf'! Look out for beautiful colour synonyms, similes, personification and other 'show, not tell' elements in this selection of super poems and descriptions.



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Last Moments

Drifting to the floor, the leathery wrinkled palm follows the wind cheerfully then whispering its last words, it waltzes to the ground.

The rough chestnut skin is frayed on its border and its pistachio-green veins protrude outwards lifelessly. The fragile, beige and golden parchment weakens and cracks leaving the freckled page to fade and wither away.

The foliage's dignified descent enraptures my gaze and captivates its audience. Its whispering greets send a shiver of excitement up my spine, but the dancer departs from my hand reluctantly. It gathers with its family, forming a river of crimson, hazel and honey brown for eternal rest.

By Navya

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A life

By Gatha

This is a story about a life,
It is definitely one to remember,
This is a story about a life,
Alas, it doesn't last forever.

It danced about in the cool breeze,
Yet when it was cold it started to shiver,
It stays smooth in the summer,
Yet when it is cold it falls and crunches.

Sometimes it spins,
Sometimes it flutters,
But in the breeze it starts to shudder.

When it gets covered in a cold white blanket,
It rests and sleeps,
But when warm weather comes,
It wakes up.

This is a story about a life,
It has been remembered,
This is a story about a life,
It didn't last forever.



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Autumn Dance

One zooms towards me like a miniscule helicopter. A slim minute tail protrudes. It's dry to the touch. It's got little crinkles everywhere. Its skeleton is showing in the corner, and veins have sprouted all around it.

It whispers to me as it tangoes with the wind. I grasp one between my fingers before it runs away. It rustles and crinkles. When I rub it crumbles and floats down from the inside of my fist, in tiny specks.

One elegantly lands on my shoulder. The chocolate-coloured parchment spikes me, like a sharp pencil would. A holly berry rolls off my shoulder.

It was like the life had been sucked out of it. I watch more of its family waltz down to the ground. They gather around me like friendly butterflies. Another berry plummets to the ground.

I stay, observing, listening, wondering. I gaze at them as all of the paper-thin leather end their lives. They still murmur to me, as they spin. They don't stop twirling their autumn dance.

By Amy



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A Journey

by George

It begins its journey by gliding down from the tree,
Down, down, fluttering in the wind.
It gently rests its parchment body against the floor,
Blending in with the podzol.

And there it lies, gently rustling in the breeze,
And glides gently among its siblings.
It may flatten itself on the floor, crumpling slightly,
As a chestnut deer treads its foot over it.

Its journey will end soon, after many days,
It will be drawn into the roots and soil,
Where it is at home, where its parents are.
Now, it is one with the earth.

Then a sapling rises from the tomb of its parent,
And reaches both ways, toward soil and sky.
And a century later, there it still stands,
Shedding the children of nature once more.

It begins its journey...

Autumn Leaves

By Ellen

Sunset-coloured foliage glides through the wind; sharp
steps climbing the sides; snow-white spots dotted around
a vein; lime tinted edges, at the very top; a chestnut,
backward tick that shimmers in the
light; a ballerina twirling when the wind
catches it. Press it up against your ear
and rub with delight; you may hear
footsteps crunching through the
snow. Chocolate rivers run
in every direction.
Coffee-brown
point.



Autumn Leaves

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Alex

Foliage of ruby and emerald, each the size of your palm. It smells fragrant and feels smooth. Berries look like tiny oranges. The stem is drawn out and narrow, almost like a broomstick. As it drops, it twirls like a helicopter. When it hits the ground, it starts a new life, finally free. It dances in the wind with friends. Finally tired, it comes to a stop. As it sleeps through winter it dreams of becoming a majestic tree.



Flying like a Bird

By Georgia

Golden parchment
Glides to the ground from the tree.
Rustling, spinning,
Honey-brown fluttering, it begins its descent.

Coffee-coloured speckles,
Scattered across the veins.
Crackling among a flurry of friends,
Twirling round in whirlwinds of ruby-red or scarlet, emerald-green, fresh as grass,
amber or pink, so colourful.

Swooping, soaring,
Shaped like a claw.
Riding the wind,
Sailing up, down, skimming the mud and gravel.

The wind stops,
The fragment of sun drops.
And lies there, thinking,
What a glorious time it had had, but it couldn't last forever...

...as it drifts off to sleep.

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Autumn Leaves

The pea-green, rutted skin glides down to the ground with mini oranges on the flowers, attached to reddish-green stalks. Miniature veins spread out like paint splodged on paper. Delicate light green parchment, it dances in the wind and shivers and waves on the trees. It crawls along the paving and jumps up with the wind, whispering to you. The dying stalk is turning coffee-brown with rough skin, and the edges fold in, like a paper aeroplane that has been broken, for the end of its life.

By Theo



Autumn Leaves

*They crunch and crumple under your feet,
After they glide from a tree,
Oh, what a graceful magnificent tree,
Its beautiful hands swaying in the wind.*

*The tiny exquisite things, emerald green let's say,
Some have nuts, a coffee-brown, so elegant,
Like mini-coconuts.*

*They are smooth and have round edges,
Its veins so small and sleek,
It dances in the wind,
And then it descends to the ground,
Into an eternal sleep.*

By Tobias

The memory of life

*A papery flame,
Gliding, drifting,
Landing with the grace of a
ballerina,
Divine touch,
It feels like home.*

*Dancing across the ground,
Drifting dreamily across the
cobblestones,
Its crimson flames cold as ice,
Like frozen fire,
Divine to smell,
It smells like home.*

By Matilda

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A Last Burst of Beauty

A sunset pattern swirls and twirls,

The soft, silk plant emerges with peachy-pink and vanilla-yellow.

It glides from the tree like delicate feathers.

Tiny lotus flowers sprout out,

With balls of mango-orange.

It has so much energy!

I can feel it in its veins,

Bursting with colours.

Enthusiasm fills the air.



By Lily

