

**Cindy Sherman**

**Untitled #470**

**2008**

### **Nga Roto's Metaphors and Similes:**



*She was dressed in a red skirt.the woman was standing in a corridor made of bricks.  
Her voice was shrill and high like a flute. The skin on her face was wrinkled and scarred like an elephant and she spoke Indian. She smelled like coconut and leaves mixed together. Her eyes were red and smirking.*

**By Oliie**

---

*Nicole Wolessworth is a witch, literally. I once saw her vaporize a bird. As you can't exactly see she's cruel,not to birds but to Humans especially... little boys. Her face is like Medusa but without the snakes and she can't turn you to stone, but she can petrify you by staring at you like an owl. She speaks like her vocal chords suddenly turned to stone. Fortunately she hardly uses her voice, unfortunately when she speaks she uses it for cursing or telling people off or using normal english in mean ways like you are strange. She curses people for a living she also kills people and turns people into cats that live with her. Rumour has it that her plan is to be the Empress of the Cosmos and learn the secret of the universe*

**By Hector**

---

**Photo Description of Cynthia Pullman**

*Her lips were like a juicy red apple and her eyes were like the veins of a devil trying to get out.  
Her voice sounded like a sickly cat it made me want to tear my hair out or better yet get a piece of duct tape and stick it on her mouth. Her cheeks looked like a small hollow rubber ball. Her face looked like like a peeling cicada trying to get out of her shell. I couldn't bare to watch it crackle in despair.*

**By Jessica**



*She stood there proud as a peacock, her gold earrings sparkling like the sun "What do you want?" she asked in the most poshest voice i had ever heard, it sounded like a high pitched flute , " I was just wondering if you needed any chores done so i can earn some pocket money" i answered calmly " you could vacuum for me and i can pay you \$10." she said looking surprised...*

**By Zoe**

---

*I woke up in a small room which was using only the light from the beaming sun. my hands were tied behind my back and my legs were tied to the chair i was currently sitting on. The door creaked as a lady walked in elegantly. " Hello, she said boldly. My name is Isabelle Woolsworths." Her voice sort of croaked and she had a very strong english accent, like the queen. Her breath smelt very strongly of sour green grapes, and she was staring right into my dark brown eyes. Her bright blue eyes faded into red around her eyelids, this made her look very tired, and like she did not get a good night sleep. Her lips were so red it looked like she had been drinking blood, so did her dress. I don't understand why she would be wearing such long and baggy sleeves on such a hot and sunny day, who would do that? Her makeup was so caked on, it made her look fake, like a mannequin. Her hair was brown, thick and slick like mine, and was cut very short, but not shaved. Her eyebrows were as thin as needles, they looked like she had plucked them too thin and had to draw them back on. She held a fan, this made sense because it was boiling hot, like the room was a sauna, a very hot sauna. " Welcome home." she said.*

**By Nomi**

---

**Charlotte hughes**

*Her lipstick was like a splatter of blood. Her fingernails were as sharp as pencils. She smelt like perfume mixed with vomit. Her voice was as shrill as a dolphin. Her neck was as wrinkled as a scrunched up piece of paper. Her clothes were as red as a ruby. Her eyebrows were like snakes slithering down her face. Her hair was as brown as bacon. Her room was as big as a church.*

**By Cormac**



**Victoria**

*I looked at the glistening sea, it was shining like a star as I walked to the mossy castle. I knocked on the wooden door, I was scared as a person fighting for their life. I walked into the stinking building feeling like sharks were in my tummy. I sat down in the poshly sick chair as I pretended not to smell the stink of the rotten air filling my nose up.*

**By Riley**

---

*Her gaze was as isolating as Medusa's stare. Staring right down into it, into your soul. As darkness loomed over you, your life being sucked out of you, tormenting you, tearing you apart. A great cascading shadow slithered down devouring your essence. The frothy waves blighted the rocky mounds.*

**By Daniel**

---

*I was walking my dog down the gloomy street. Weirdly my dog started cowering. Then a door across the street creaked open and a lady stepped out. Her face was like a melted candle, she had a mischievous smile between her bony cheeks and her clothes were as red as blood. She pulled a golden watch out of her pocket then everything went dark...*

**By Jamie**

---

**Victoria Hughes**

*Her face was like a melted candle and she smelled like cabbage perfume from the 80's. Her voice was a sickly cackle. Her clothes were as red as blood and the room around her was as big as a castle. Her expression was in a mischievous smile and her hands were as rough as sandpaper. Her fingernails were as sharp as razors.*

**By Max**

---



**The woman I met on Sunday!!!**

*Knock knock knock. Any body home? A bloodshot eyed crone opened the door. "What do you want little grub?". Her voice was low, her skin was tan. I could feel her ice cold breath making me colder by the minute. She scrunched up her thin eyebrows. She put her flowery fan against her red hot lips she steps closer to me and stares at me like I'm a deformed animal in a petting zoo. I can smell her french perfume. I could tell she had put a lot on this morning. I try to get a glimpse of her stubborn cruel face I guess I only get a good look of her fire red dress.*

**By Ruby**

---