The wind howled about my window that February night.

This summer day is like sweet music.

Her love for him was a book of trouble.

The ship cried in distress upon the turbulent sea.

My teddy bear gave me a hug.

She was as busy as a bee.

Even diamonds are jealous of her beauty.

The snow-covered hills were like welcoming pillows to the mountain climbers.

As he dreamed about winning the lottery, his eyes became twinkling stars.

The storm stared me down to my core with its beady eyes.

The fog curled over the tombstones like locks of hair.

Our lives are grapes, both bitter and sweet.

Track coaches look for runners who sprint as fast as cheetahs.

The rose stretched out her arms and yawned after the long winter.

“Food?”  Chris inquired, popping out of his seat like a toaster strudel.

Grandpa lounged in the middle of the pool like an old battleship.

The climbing rope laughed at my weak efforts.

My binder is an overflowing sea of papers.

She was fairly certain that life was a fashion show.

Justice is blind and, at times, deaf.

Her eyes were like fireflies.

Love is patient and kind.