

# SIMILES AND METAPHORS

Underline the similes and circle the metaphors.

The early morning sun in the sky was like a radiant golden coin, casting its glow upon the town. The ocean, a vast blanket of shimmering silk, reflected its brilliance. Children's laughter at the park was the music that danced on the breeze, harmonizing with the birds' choir overhead. Mrs. Jenkins' garden was a rainbow after a storm, boasting flowers of every hue. Their scent, a sweet symphony, drifted through the streets. The town itself, nestled in the embrace of green hills, was a sleeping giant at this hour, waiting to awaken with the hustle and bustle of the day. The old clock tower stood as a sentinel, guarding the town's secrets and stories. By midday, the market was a buzzing beehive, with people weaving in and out of stalls, and the cacophony of voices was like the bustling bazaar of a distant land. Young Tim, with energy that could rival a charging bull, dashed through the crowd, his excitement palpable. As the day drew to an end, the setting sun painted the sky with strokes of orange and pink, like an artist's masterpiece, and the town settled into a peaceful lullaby, ready to rest under the blanket of night.

