

# A Child's Christmas in Wales

## Figurative Language Quotes

<p>Our snow was not only shaken from whitewash buckets down the sky, it came shawling out of the ground and swam and drifted out of the arms and hands and bodies of the trees.</p>	<p>The wind through the trees made noises as of old and unpleasant and maybe webfooted men wheezing in caves.</p>
<p>And they ran their tidings over the bandaged town, over the frozen foam of the powder and ice cream hills, over the crackling sea.</p>	<p>In goes my hand into that wool white bell tongued ball of holidays resting at the rim of the carol singing sea.</p>
<p>Mrs Prothero was announcing ruin like a town crier in Pompeii</p>	<p>He went in his ice-bound boots like a man on fishmonger's slabs. He wagged his bag like a frozen camel's hump, dizzily turned the corner on one foot, and, by God, he was gone.</p>
<p>Zebra scarfs of a substance like silky gum that could be tug-o'-warred down to the galoshes; blinding tam-o'-shanters like patchwork tea cosies</p>	<p>Snow grew overnight on the roofs of the houses like a pure and grandfather moss, minutely white ivied the walls and settled on the postman, opening the gate, like a dumb, numb thunderstorm of white torn Christmas cards.</p>
<p>When there were wolves in Wales, and birds the colour of red-flannel petticoats whisked past the harp-shaped hills</p>	<p>When out of a snow-clogged side lane would come a boy the spit of myself, with...the violet past of a black eye, cocky as a bullfinch, leering all to himself.</p>
<p>Bring out the tall tales now that we told by the fire as the gaslight bubbled like a diver. Ghosts whoood like owls in the long nights when I dared not look over my shoulder.</p>	<p>They stop at the rim of the ice-edged fish –freezing waves</p>