

altitude

(formal)

Say it: /ˈæltɪtjuːd/

The height of a place above sea level.

“From high altitude the lake was a blue spot in endless mountain grey-greens; yet with feet on the ground it was a poet’s daydream.”

blizzard

(everyday)

Say it: /ˈblɪzəd/

A heavy snowstorm with strong winds, when blowing snow makes it hard to see.

“In the car headlamps the blizzard became a chaotic constellation.”

canopies

(everyday)

Say it: /'kænəpɪz/

The high covering of branches and leaves at the top of a forest or group of trees. A canopy can also be a cover held over something, such as a bed.

“The wind greets concrete and skin just the same, yet I am blessed to feel it. Its giddy currents flow through woodland canopies, unaware of how its song soothes those who can hear.”

capricious

(formal)

Say it: /kə'prɪʃəs/

Changing suddenly and unpredictably,
as if on a whim.

*“All shook in winter's icy resolve, in
that capricious wind so washed out -
so dun, so dull, so dim.”*

confluence

(formal)

Say it: /'kɒnflu.əns/

The place where two rivers meet and join. It can also mean a coming together of different things.

“Wind - eddied, swirled and ambient - lifts my hair into a dance. As I watch the strands at their confluence of tether and vortex, a sense of calmness comes.”

dragonflies

(everyday)

Say it: /'drægənflaɪz/

Insects with long thin bodies and four long, clear wings, often seen near water.

*“The air was a hum of dragonflies,
the grass a riot of asters and, in a
wide arcing circle, grew softly
waving evergreens.”*

drizzled

(everyday)

Say it: /'drɪzəld/

Rained lightly, in fine drops.

*“In a sigh of lamplight, rain drizzled
down the hill.”*

droplets

(everyday)

Say it: /'drɒpləts/

Very small drops of liquid.

*“Twas a largesse of fine water
droplets, barely more than a mist, yet
plenty enough to soak.”*

expanse

(everyday)

Say it: /ɪk'spæns/

A wide, open stretch of sea, sky or land.

*“Beneath an expanse of blue, rose a
pathway snug to the meadowland.”*

granite

(everyday)

Say it: /'grænit/

A very hard rock, often grey or pink,
used for building.

*“The once granite faces were alive
with waving fronds.”*

lichen

(everyday)

Say it: /ˈlaɪkən/

A small, flat or crusty living thing, made of an alga and a fungus growing together, found on rocks, walls and trees.

“Lichen and fungi blush brighter.”

lightning

(everyday)

Say it: /'laɪtnɪŋ/

A flash of bright light in the sky, made by electricity in a storm cloud.

“The gathering storm glowered dark and low, spitting lightning forks.”

moor

(everyday)

Say it: /mɔː/

A wide area of open, hilly land covered with heather and rough grass, where the soil is poor.

“To wander a moor is an enchantment that both warms and chills, and that day was no different.”

panorama

(everyday)

Say it: /,pænə'ra:mə/

A wide, unbroken view of everything around you.

“Such a view! The prettiest panorama to wash eyes anew!”

ripples

(everyday)

Say it: /ˈrɪp(ə)lz/

Small waves or movements that spread out across the surface of water.

“The silver hues were as molten silver, swirling in steady and radiating ripples.”

rumble

(everyday)

Say it: /ˈrʌmb(ə)l/

A low, heavy, continuous sound, like distant thunder.

“From the distance came a slow and low rumble and the air was water-heavy and thick.”

sodden

(everyday)

Say it: /'sɒdən/

Soaked right through with water; very wet and heavy.

“Sodden, soggy, soaked through and, of let up, there was none.”

tornado

(everyday)

Say it: /tɔ:'neɪdəʊ/

A violent, spinning column of wind that reaches down from a storm cloud to the ground.

*“Into a recalcitrant wind, the kind
that coddled the rain as kindred and
twirled it in merry-go-round swirls,
my joy was an untamed tornado.”*

tousled

(everyday)

Say it: /ˈtaʊzəld/

Untidy and messy, especially hair that has been ruffled.

“I grow strong against this wind; muscles working all the more. It is the freshness over my skin, that which makes a fine flag of my tousled hair.”

waterfalls

(everyday)

Say it: /'wɔ:təfɔ:lz/

Places where a river or stream drops over a cliff or a steep edge.

“Though the birds had sheltered under wing and branch as the torrents fell, the rivers and lakes were glad to take their fill. Then, as streams and waterfalls chattered on, upon earthen tones made richer from this soaking, our heroes began to sing once more and let the beams warm their hearts.”