

Personal Writing - Fiction
Descriptive Essay: A Place of Destruction

A dark, smoggy night in the middle of winter, children were running through the rooms of the house, like a ghost silently coming and silently going. Suddenly, in the distance, there was a faint booming sound like a drum being beaten. The noise soon started to get louder and louder and louder until all that could be heard was the deafening noise. People from houses along the street ran out in their dressing gowns onto the road and huddled together to witness a roaring fire devouring the house of a family living nearby. The warden of the house desperately attempted to retrieve valuable and sentimental items from the burning wreck, but all was in vain as the glaring fire obliterated their irreplaceable possessions and their home. The incandescent flames suddenly erupted scattering fragmented glass and debris several yards away. The skyline of the state, city almost obscured by the scorching flames of the distant element, which had just destroyed the heart of a victim family.

As the sun crept above the horizon, it slowly vibrantly lighting up the scenery in the countryside landscape, but the events of the previous night had left an indelible in the surroundings of the small, unfamiliar settlement.

At the area of destruction, smoke continued to billow out of the rubble, and a thick deposit of ash and dust had covered the street making it completely unrecognizable. The sky seemed as though it would release its contents on the gloomy scene. Impenetrable, dense smog polluted the atmosphere like a black oil-crawling around the streets, but the rain stayed where it was, like an army in a bottle, thus it needed for the bottle to burst, but when it does, it doesn't cause all that easily and quickly.

The night before, the neighbors had gone back inside their warm, pleasant, snug houses, but one family did not have the advantage of shelter or warmth. Instead, the entire family lay curled up on the dew-soaked grass, huddled together, shivering in the frosty, winter wind. They had managed to get very few possessions out of the burning wreck, the night before, but the remainder of their belongings had burned away over the silent, yet lively night. Even though the land itself had been severely damaged, the natural daily events started without delay. Birds were twittering and singing with