

Descriptive Writing Example A

As the lift descended, the air seemed to close in, getting cooler by the second until the sunlit warmth at the surface was a distant memory. For several minutes, as the lift creaked downwards, the only change was the pattern on the chiselled rock face in front of their noses. Finally, the lift reached the bottom of the shaft and, with a reassuring click, the fence-like door sprang open. The passengers shuffled forward into a well-lit passage. The bare rock felt damp and slightly slippery underfoot and there was the tang of salt in the air. The ceiling gradually lowered over their heads until there was barely room for the tallest to stand. They pressed forward as if drawn by an unknown force.

All of a sudden, the roof of the narrow passageway soared up into nothingness and around them, in all directions, was space. They had reached a vast and impressive cavern. The space, like an underground cathedral, was difficult to take in all at once. Standing at the bottom, looking like tiny lost ants, they turned this way and that, trying to make sense of the size.

As their eyes grew used to the darkness, some of the details of the cavern came into focus. Set into small alcoves on the wall of the chamber and lurking in shadows were statues carved out of the very rock. Varying in size and shape though they were, every single one was ugly and grotesque. Features were locked in strange grimaces, eyes jutting from their sockets and tongues dangling from twisted mouths like baleful stalactites.

Descriptive Writing Example B

The hot air hung low in the valley and felt like a spongy wall of heat as I climbed wearily from the car. I fought the immediate urge to turn around and retreat to the air-conditioned safety of the vehicle and moved forward on to the road. Standing in the very centre of the road, I listened as a deafening silence descended. No zebra crossings needed here I thought. I turned towards the mountains and felt the sun burning my neck like a laser. The road rose and fell like the humps of an oversized camel as it travelled into the distance but the two yellow lines held their course as far as the eye could see. The sky was the sort of solid blue that made it seem as though time itself had stopped.

Then, incredibly faintly at first, and then with ever so gradually increasing volume, I could hear an approaching car. Next I saw it – way off in the distance and as tiny as an ant but trailing a dust cloud behind it. I stood and listened to the throttling motor sound battle the silence until the motor was winning. I took several steps back from the road and watched as the green, low-slung car approached ever faster and finally tore past me in a blur of energy.

Descriptive Writing Example C

You see the transport pods zipping along in orderly fashion like conveyor belt products in a factory. On the other side of the platform, the pods, which are returning, wait for new passengers in a neat queue. The buildings in the background seem to be competing to see which can be the tallest trees reaching for the sun. One is glassy and reflective, another is made from red brick. In the dusky gloom, you notice lights starting to go on in the living pods and you see the buildings lighting up as you watch. Down at the very bottom, on the dark streets of the surface, heavy service transporters growl and grumble along, trailing an oily smell of the past.

You sense something unnamed hanging in the air. A joyless sense of fear. The darkening sky seems to strengthen the feeling. You pull the collar of your coat up around your neck and the temperature drops noticeably, making you shiver involuntarily.