

Feb, 2014

Descriptive Writing: Turning sentences into paragraphs

“My Neighbor is so weird”

My neighbor is so weird. She could be twenty-five or fifty five, its impossible to tell. I think that she wears a rare perfume called “Eau de Cats and Burning Hair” She has a porch that’s well kept, and overflowing with strange potted plants, but she never on it. Instead she sits cross legged in the very center of her lawn, with her skirts spread out around her like a picnic blanket. Her eyes shine like a cats, but are as wide as an owl’s , giving her an air of permanent surprise. Her hair is blond and fine and swirls, cloudlike around her head at all times. She has deathly long fingernail on, the ends of slender hand that never stop moving - either they are fiddling with the endless beads around her neck or sticking the ears of the at cat she has. She is constantly pinching his ears or twirling his tail and talking to him in that dreamy, distant voice of hers, as he walks in countless circles around her, giving everyone else the stink-eye.

I try to avoid her house when I can -- she gives me the creeps.

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Tell about a time when you were disappointed by a decision or event

... bottom of page 1 is cut off. It reads “shimmering mirror, and was horrified at what I saw. My mind flooded with disappointment...”

... bottom of page 2 reads “sobbing, I ran off into the night, where I was promptly struck by lightning and died.

I was barely still a child the time I experienced the first real disappointment of my life. Before that I had lived in blissful ignorance, content to be play my childish games, looking out at the world without ever pausing to look within.

It began on a day like any other. I was frolicking through town, when I came to the square and saw an enormous mirror standing in the center of it, shimmering with the telltale glass of metaphorical resonance, I had never had had time to look in mirrors, but as I was about to continue on my merry way, my literary device devil appeared on my shoulder as he always does in times of great symbolism. He pulled at a box with the words “ Coming of Age” etched on the top and opened it with a flourish. From within its depths, a voice whispered “ Lock in the mirror.” I obediently strolled over to the shimmering as I was confronted with the genetic joke that was my reflection.

Feet, roughly the shape and size of shoebox lids connected to skeletal calves topped with knobby knees that panted in on each other. My hair was matted mass of muddy brain. My face was blotchy, covered with warts and completed with small, piggy eyes, a nose that looked as if it

had been made by a small, cruel child playing with model magic and a single long eyebrow. Cartoon Squiggly lines floated around my head to more clearly illustrate my total all-consuming hideousness as I stared, horrified, into my own ghastly face.

My bitter disappointment crashed around me like the the 50,000 tons of makeup that I obviously needed. I threw my head back and cried out against the aesthetic gods that mocked me. I sank despairingly to my knees and cried tears of wretched, agonizing disappointment. After a few days of hopeless sobbing I ran off into the night where I was promptly struck by lightning and died.

Showing Writing = The crowd was very angry

The crowd was very angry. When I looked closely, I realized that it was composed mostly of people I knew- Men, women, and children I had been talking to all my life. But they seemed to blur together into one unanimous, unrecognizable mass of anger. Indignant shouts and furious tirades formed a venomous cloud from which no individual complaint could be distinguished. The air was polluted by a jumbled delirium of harsh words, shrill cries, and booming protests. The bodies that made up the mob no longer seemed to be bodies but rather a constantly moving mass of clenched fists, pointed finger, angry gestures, grabbing desperately and mindlessly at anything in its path.