Use one of the following images, or an apocalyptic vision of your own, to write a descriptive passage (50 – 100words) that conveys the desolation of the landscape. Work on showing the desolation and bleakness of the landscape, rather than ‘telling’ how it is.

Optional: (thinking about style) – Alternate between complete sentences and sentence fragments. What effect does this have?

Write from either a first person or a third person limited POV, in which the character is alive and present in the landscape. Try writing in the present tense. Is this version unremittingly bleak? Or will convey a sense of hope in among the bleakness.

**Week 2**

The president was speaking. He was talking on the television set. The words were hard to remember. The only memorable ones were “its midnight”.

A faint scream woke the man from this dream. The smell of fire and cooking meat drifted in through the window of the car shell he used as a bed that night. It could have been early morning or late afternoon. He could never tell any more. The watch his father had given him was broken on his wrist. He hurried, grabbed his things and his gun and rushed through the valley towards the smell.

The valley was once green and bountiful but is now grey and covered in ash. He saw faint wisps of smoke running over fallen trees. He had found the source of the screams. A savage pulling a woman by the hair from what looked like the body of a boy. Without hesitation the man aimed the gun and pulled the trigger, killing the attacker. The woman returned to the boy’s side.

The man ran through the sludge and muck and reached out a hand to the woman whom now clutched at the boy’s body.

“We have to leave. More will come.”

“There is no running.”

“What?”

“There is no running from damnation.”

“There is still hope. If we get to the coast we can get out of here.”

“God has abandoned us.” The woman then snatched the gun from the man, pointed the barrel to her temple and pulled the trigger. The shot rang out louder than the first and echoed throughout the valley. The man lent to the ground, studying the scene in the poorly lit area. The body she was clutching had only one arm. Turning to the fire, he saw the burning flesh of the boy’s arm on a poorly made spit.

*God didn’t abandon us*, the man thought to himself, studying the sight. *We abandon him*. Slowly he began to walk back through the muck and set off through the grey.