

Description Essay (1)

by Tufas

General metrics

3,808

characters

680

words

31

sentences

2 min 43 secreading
time**5 min 13 sec**speaking
time

Writing Issues

No issues found

Plagiarism

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Unique Words

44%

Measures vocabulary diversity by calculating the percentage of words used only once in your document

unique words

Rare Words

34%

Measures depth of vocabulary by identifying words that are not among the 5,000 most common English words.

rare words

Word Length

4.5

Measures average word length

characters per word

Sentence Length

21.9

Measures average sentence length

words per sentence

Description Essay (1)

Descriptive Essay About My Childhood home

Childhood is the era of being a child, specifically between being an infant and an adolescent. Many minors in the world enjoy being young due to being able to participate in playful activities that make them joyful in their residences. Past experiences and memories in my childhood have enabled me to grow personally in various aspects. Children worldwide have diverse backgrounds that moulded their lives into who they are today. In this essay, the four main descriptions regarding my childhood memories comprise the vivid Victorian leadership era, the view inside the house, the kitchen area and the weird dreams I experienced at my childhood home.

Firstly, during the Victorian era, the events I recall that happened were Greek mythology, a painted purple colour, the hot weather in Spring and the big willow tree. I remember a massive Victorian-era structure standing before me, towering over me like a giant you would read about in a book about Greek mythology. The painted purple colour reminds me of lilacs blooming in the garden in Spring. In case of an abnormally hot day that is as hot as hell for a spring afternoon, the sun beats down on my face, and I look up at the sky. A bead of sweat forms on my forehead, which feels sticky when I run my fingers to wipe it off. Surrounded by blue sky, the clouds remind me of pillows. With its long, wispy arms, the big willow tree in the front reaches for me as I run up the front steps.

Secondly, the pleasant view that generally comprised of the flowers as sweet as a rose, my lovely cat and the kaleidoscope as a result of windows of the entire living room. The aroma of freshly cut flowers my mother always liked to

adorn the home invades my senses. A massive wooden staircase leads upstairs. As I run my fingers along the bannister, I feel scratch marks embedded where my cat clawed its way up. A stained-glass window that, when the sun hits it, bursts a kaleidoscope of colour around the room that resembles a rainbow. A long narrow hallway leads me to the living room, a big bay window lets natural light in, and the shadows dance like a ballerina around the room, which my cat is running around trying to chase.

Thirdly, the kitchen design reminds me of four main things: the spot in the wood, the wall texture, a fan and the aroma of spices. Firstly, I would always hit the spot in the wood flooring that would let out loud squeaking sounds resembling that of a mouse. Secondly, the bumpy texture of the wall as my fingers skim for the light switch resembles the feeling of sand. Thirdly, the light from the ceiling fan blinded me as if I was looking at the sun, the cold breeze from the fan touching my face producing a tingling sensation down my spine. Lastly, the aroma of cinnamon invades my senses; a sweet yet spicy taste tingles my lips.

Lastly, reminisce about what I experienced in my childhood home regarding weird dreams accompanied by strange loud sounds as loud as a horn. I would hear a faint sound in the distance, resembling church bells, dinging back and forth like tapping a knife against a glass. As I try to move forward, the sound keeps getting louder and louder until the room that stood before me is suddenly gone, and I am forced back into reality. The dream is gone, and the house is no longer there. I feel sad but then remember that I can feel it all over again night after night once my head hits the pillow.

In this essay, the four main descriptions I have discussed regarding my childhood memories comprise the vivid Victorian leadership era, the view inside the house, the kitchen area and the weird dreams I experienced at my

childhood home. My childhood home had many pleasant and gruesome experiences that I will never forget and will be memories to keep in mind.