

Grade 9 Creative Writing Description

Based on a snowy setting

Silenced echoed through my hollow heart.

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white cheeks; a violent cacophony of snow pelting onto the once verdurous grass was deafening; a fetid smell of rotting bark and pine attacked my nostrils, singing each fine nose hair.

Silenced echoing through every inch of my lifeless body.

Searching for salvation, every inch of the sky was being engulfed by an inky impenetrable blanket. The darkness cascaded across the sky: dull grey, diminishing iridescent white, jet-black, and chalky white. There was no escape. The once iridescent streaks of magenta that grew and shrunk at dusk were replaced by its menacing sibling- darkness. It was as if nature had given up on it's azure painting it once painted and was now submissive to this omnipotent ebony nightmare.

She wanted to create a blizzard. She created an exogenesis symphony, ordering her orchestra, the wind and snow, to create an ear-piercing song. Bashing and bashing and bashing- the only sounds that now vertebrated through my sunken body. She menacingly relished in seeing the freezing blanket shroud the park that was once full of vitality.

Alone, broken, and solitary.

My bleak trajectory was inescapable: this barren nightmare was my reality.

Hopefully hopeless, the chocolate brown leaves tangoed with the gushing wind, circling round each- other in a playful, yet demonic way. The continual cannibalistic frost gnawing at the 100-year oak that stood helpless. The row of forlorn trees stared at me with fear-stricken eyes, mouthing "there's no way out!". It was like she was squeezing every inch of life that had ever existed. It was as if she was God, determining life and death.

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.