

Grade 9 Description

Based on a hot photo

The heat grabbed me.

An abhorrent taste pierced by my throat, an amalgamation of heat, sweat and desperation; my vision becoming hazy as beads of warm sweat drip from my brow bone to my heavy eyelids; burning hot, my skin was pulsating as minuscule yellow blisters formed like mole hills on my arms; the humming of small insects rejoicing in the barbaric heat tormented me as the sound travelled through my body; a pungent aroma of intoxicating heat singed the lining of my nostrils, charring my fine nose hairs.

The heat tightly gripping me.

A gradient of colours cascaded across the skyline: saffron, amethyst, azure, and fiery red. They blended into each other seamlessly, as if God himself had picked up a paintbrush to depict an awe-inspiring painting. I yearn to see chalky white opaque clouds roll in like boulders, yet the sky is exposed and bare and is ridiculing and mocking me from above. An impenetrable blanket of heat shrouded the sky, remorselessly creating a sepia barrier in which seemed unbreakable.

The humming of small insects now transcending into shrieks of hysterical screams as they cannot withstand the dazzling and blinding streaks of her rays. She stretched out her arms as she filled every crevice of the sky. The heat beating, and beating, and beating on. The relentless heat cooked the minute grains of dusty yellow grains beneath me- both of us now breathless victims to her tyranny.

Alone, broken and scorched.

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

Momentarily, the sun grew smaller, shrinking behind the herculean mountains that peaks grew and fell. A crimson glow outlined the mountains as they menacingly mouthed, "run whilst you can!". The crimson glow now forming a warning flag of scarlet red.

The heat beating, and beating, and beating on. My skin, once alabaster, was now alike to a glowing ball of fire with the blisters and burns becoming permanent tattoos on my skin. A piquant taste of sweat and tears caressed my tongue. Helpless. Hopeless. Despair. The taste of salvation was gone.

Defeated, the heat grabbed and shattered me.