

Descriptive Essay- The Earthquake

It was May 12 2008. Glancing through the window, it was a perfect clear sky. I caught a glimpse of sunlight shining through the valleys, signaling the rooster to crow a warm 'good morning' to us. Hurriedly, I strode to the door and left home for school without bidding my mum goodbye.

It was stifling inside the classroom where I was feeling drowsy when I was having lessons. Outside, the sun was boiling, shooting strong rays onto our skin. With the yummy lunch being digested in my stomach, I was all in a daze until the pile of books which were originally settled in the middle of the teachers' desk created a loud bang as they slipped to the floor. Abruptly, I was awoken and alarmed. I looked blankly into my 'neighbors' eyes, questioning about the abnormality inverbally. Within a second, my legs trembled with the throbbing ground. The shock spiraled up my spine, causing absolute dizziness and pain in my head. My eyes followed the thrumming noise from the ceiling. I quickly spotted a line appearing and moving across a big piece of concrete which I knew was going to crack down in any second. Hastily, my numb legs got back the senses. I stood up despite the appalling dizziness ruling over my head and struggled for a way to leave.

Luckily, the windows were just next to me. After catching a good grasp of the window frame, I inhaled a deep breath and shut my eyes so tight that my only exposed sense of hearing focused my whole self to my pounding heart beat. Without another second of thought, I jumped through the window and fell onto the ground. The feeling outside was no better than in the classroom. As soon as I was able to balance myself on the shaking ground as if it was a beating drum in a vigorous tempo, a surge of horror ran through my veins to reach my entire body. The school building behind me was about to collapse. Trees were uprooted and toppled onto the land, smashing against one another's boughs. Furthermore, boulders were rumbling down the hills with a terrifying speed. Realizing that there was not a sanctuary in sight, I blindly followed the crowd and ran for my life.

It seemed that the quake had lasted for years. I was muddled to find that the next moment I was lying helplessly on numerous rubbles, trapped by a thick concrete wall on top. Yet, such a dreadful impasse didn't create pain to me. Instead, a wave of numbness had replaced the physical torment. With my face forced down to the gritty, rough ground, I could still hear the squeals and screams, shouts and cries. Fresh air was elusive in such a circumstance that my heart rate escalated and my breathing soon became weak.

In spite of the fact that I was dying, I stayed awake relentlessly. My stomach was churning as the devastating scenes kept spinning in my head. Smothered by grief, I got only one thought left - were my mum and dad still alive? Feeling almost no strength, I closed my eyes hopelessly.