

art 1

## War Of The Worlds.

Entangled and lacerated in the asphyxiating tendrils of smoke, hyperborean beads of sweat dripped down my emaciated back. Fluorescent glowing lights shone in the distance. An intoxicating hatred seeped through my shivering body. As if a dagger had wounded my heart, a mind-tingling ache had spread throughout my forlorn mind. What if I couldn't escape the city? Turning back, I glanced at the world I was leaving behind, coils of luscious, benevolent people, turning gray. Incarcerated in a layer of morose fury. Lost hope took the hearts of citizens as the bombings grew bigger and fiercer. My watering eyes, weary yet filled with livid, irate rage.

Cadaverous, gaunt faces were all everyone has seen. Their eyes feasting on a desolate smorgasbord of disconsolate jaws. Whatever the government said didn't matter to him anymore. Whatever his guardians said to him didn't matter anymore. Or did it? His anorexic mind fumbling with the scarce power to think. His parents had told him explicitly not to leave the city. "If only they could see me now", he muttered to himself.

The warm, chivalrous arms of his parents could still be wrapped around his body. Soft, reassuring tears dripped down his face. Wisps of garroting, malevolent anger perforated his mind. His parents. Sitting beneath the headstones of deceased love. Arms and legs trembling with vehemence. They weren't here by his side because they were puppeteered under the hands of the government for too long. A zealous zephyr ravaged across the city as he kept on running. The hellacious, ominous towers of glass reflected his disarrayed face. Scars of pain and misery lashed across his eyes like chains holding him back. The firm, nodose chain etched lines of tortuous excruciating trauma. His mutilated foot throbbed in ebbing waves of pain. Finally, out of the city. His mind flashed back to the carefree, wholesome moments in the countryside. Spending time with his mum and dad fishing. Free from the incarceration of opposing governments. Now living in Armageddon, scarred with the remnants of war. Hatred becomes life when life chooses hatred over happiness. A warm, fuzzy feeling was all he felt before the world went black.

Great descriptive essay! I commended you for applying such quality of words in the workpiece there still should be a balance between utilising great words and keeping the writing piece comprehensive and cohesive. The work is indeed good but it can be done better if the descriptives are not too obvious but rather less vulgar on the words as it seemed too scripted. Nonetheless, there is always room for improvements. Keep it up!

Marks (48/50)