

## DESCRIPTIVE WRITING EXAMPLE

### Write a description of a busy medical center.

I sat on one of the chairs on a row, which was attached to the tiled wall. The medical center looked rather old and dirty. I did not like the grimy edges where the tiles ended, the fading colour of the cream-coloured tiles or the untidy floors that seemed to be neglected. I was seated at a sort of a waiting room where all kinds of patients of all ages and sizes passed. From the hall where I was seated, there were doors and corridors leading to other wings of the medical center. I felt a sense of fear, anxiety and urgency looming like a shadow. There was a deathly presence: many feared for their lives, or the lives of their loved ones.

A doctor walked past me, speaking on his phone. He seemed to be in a hurry and his white coat trailed after him as he paced towards the exit. His stethoscope dangled from his neck. There were about seven nurses moving up and down with purpose and speed, attending to the patients and communicating with the doctors. There was urgency in their eyes. It was a normal working day for them; they were dressed in their immaculately white gowns, long white socks, and nurses cap on their head. One of the male nurses saw me, a 14-year-old kid, seated alone in a corner of the waiting room, and approached me hurriedly. I explained that I was waiting for my mother. He nodded, patted my head gently and paced towards one of the doors.

There were beds with attendants guiding them, moving from one end to the other. For a moment, it seemed like a choreographed performance – a theatrical experience. On the beds, patients lay conscious, unconscious, bleeding, writhing, dazed or paralyzed. Seeing such terrible sights generated a strange feeling inside my stomach. As a patient with a mangled hand was moved into a room, his agonizing screams filled the entire hall, causing heads to swing and all eyes to follow the man in distress. Few minutes after he disappeared into one of the rooms, the litanies stopped abruptly. The clattering of feet on floor and utensils on plates continued. My head began to spin. The waiting was becoming unbearable and the air conditioner seemed to be broken. The heat was getting worse.

A man was wheezing next to me. The painful inhale of air seemed like the last breaths of a dying animal. I glanced at him askance; his eyes were red, his cheeks were pale and he looked weak and frail. An attendant moved towards us and spoke to him in a loud voice. The frail man walked gingerly towards the main desk at the center of the hall, where two women wearing business attire operated the phones and spoke to people who had any inquiries.

I heard the distant wailing of a baby from one of the rooms, and an overwhelming feeling of trepidation clawed at my entire being – I got up from my seat and hurried outside to catch some fresh air.