

Descriptive writing based on Setting

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The forest was a silent one, far from the roar of traffic and trampling footsteps and the calls of stall owners in the market. There was a faint buzzing in the air and the thick, humid air clogged my nostrils.

It had been one shot in a million and somehow I'd won. I watched the forest stretch out all around me and followed the river with my eyes until it curved out of sight behind a curtain of trees.

Mangrove trees, just how I imagined them rose to the sky and sunlight filtered through the leaves. The water was shaded by the canopy of trees.

I was panting, the stifling heat affecting me. Sweat glued my red t-shirt to my back and my feet itched to rest.

The water rippled gently and I removed my shoes, setting them on the bank. My socks peeled easily and before I could change my mind or hesitate, I stepped into the river. The cold water shocked me and I was left breathless for a moment. I laughed.

Reaching down I sprayed myself with water and the sun's barbaric gaze bothered me no longer. I laughed at it and waded in further, shaded from the rays of light.

I could feel the mangrove's roots beneath my toes and I climbed up onto it, hoisting myself up by pulling the long grasses I felt small twigs pressing into my feet but I ignored it and looked around at the forest.

I could no longer see the bank where I had left my shoes and it occurred to me that it didn't really matter. Nothing mattered now that I had reached the forest and escaped the dreadful desert. Five months, one shot in a million.

I climbed down from the mangrove and this time I was prepared for the freezing water lapping my feet. A rustle. I looked up and caught a glimpse of a small bird darting about at the roof of the trees.

Instead of going back to retrieve my shoes, I continued on. I followed the curved river and didn't stop even when my feet were numb. I hid from the sweltering heat in the shade provided by the mangroves,

Elongated shadows spread over the river as the sun sank lower in the red-stained sky. The heat subsided and I was suddenly sorry to have left my shoes.

Clambering onto the bank, I travelled by foot. The forest floor was brutal and unforgiving, scraping the bottoms of my feet. Say what you would about the desert, the *forest* was the dangerous place for children to be out at night in.

I heard a distant howling and hurried my footsteps.