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Descriptive Pieces Compilation for EFL

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The Encounter

Nature. It encapsulated me in its hypnotic allure and beauty. I gazed around at the labyrinth of endless birch; a mausoleum of bark and branch. Crooked, ashen-brown outcrops rose from the ground as though one had attacked an insignificant morsel of food with a million toothpicks. The occasional cloud-like entity reeked of fresh mint writhed around them, in a blanket of warmth and secrecy. The ground was a dim, scarred warzone. Craters and hills of mud and muck were dissolving into fluid mirrors peppered across the land. Yet, there was the faintest presence of a faint melody of chirp and chatter passing an aura of peace permeating through all life present in the region.

Then a peculiar body passed into view. It was as though one of Picasso's legendary paintings had been reincarnated into a form of flesh and blood. Stripes of orange, black and white brought a fresh new colour palette to the environment. Then, its jaws lunged at a lifeless cadaver and engulfed a rotting meaty mass into itself then pondering about for a moment before rejoicing with sounds of satisfied crunching as a crimson waterfall flowed down its lower half.

Then it stopped.

Fibres of muscle pulsed under the striped carpet the creature, as its neck rotated at an abysmally slow pace. It was as though time itself was chained to weights, struggling to move. Finally, with tensed fibres, its feet departed from the ground- almost like a bald eagle chasing the winds on its first flight, before coming down on a frail bipedal frame that I was unfortunate to inhabit.

Its pungent, musky odour coupled with an excruciating compressive force on my torso was enough to cloud all rational thought or resistive squirming. A pair of crystals with the pigmentation of carnelian stared at me with a blinding gaze. A dark, endless abyss opened to reveal a group of pure white harpoons. Strangely, fear had a taste- akin to that of slobber.

It was a peculiar sensation- to be bested by beasts of the unknown, to have to pay the price of curiosity and face a bitter and undesirable end. It had now been demonstrated that challenging creatures of nature was a futile and self-destructive endeavour. Alas, it was too late.

As my soul was drained by a ravenous and natural desire for nourishment, thoughts of being able to observe a true child of nature filled my mind.

The River

Atop a sentinel of rock and snow, a behemoth undisturbed. A cold white mist writhed around and shrouded this serene environment. The soft, mushy snow was enough to provide peace to even the most restless of souls.

Some would compare it to a soft cotton bed; One could embrace heaven's luxury.

This place was the start of a joyful journey. Beams of amber pierced through the most, applying a generous coat of gold and warmth, as solid ice turned to frazil, forced by gravity's might to explore the unknown.

Babbling and bobbing about, the new-born stream frolicked about like a child who had just discovered the joy of life and existence.

The rejuvenating aroma of moisture diffused through the air, making its way to the stomates of tireless flora climbing out of little cracks and crevices on this serrated mountain.

It was not paid by before the cold mist cleared, revealing an enchanting emerald-green carpet that stretched beyond the horizon.

Flicks of black and grey flapped ferociously across the diamond blue skies, occasionally stopping by to perch upon a weathered rock or two.

The stream, inquisitive and mischievous splashed at them, hoping to make a new friend, perhaps?

Regardless, the time had come for a daring leap of faith, as the stream split into a million columns of water in an uncontrolled frenzy, its magnificent transparency turned opaque as bits and pieces of stone cried out for help, only to be washed away mercilessly by an unstoppable force of nature/. It roared with all its might.

The stream had now coalesced into a calm, wise river. Miniscule particles deposited below, with a dazzling sheen; Someone had sprinkled glitter all upon the riverbed.

Complementing this enchanting effect was the chorus of millions of brown-red sparrows, singing in unison with the sweet tune of a Christmas choir. The nutmeg scent of Christmas joy radiated from the healthy and hydrated mausoleum of bark and birch all around.

Pillars of white and silver threaded through the apertures formed by autumn of bushy leaves.

That was when a peculiar four-legged wonder would visit the riverside. There was much diversity between these creatures, yet they came for one sole purpose: To unleash their jaws upon the peaceful body of water, snatching up mouthfuls of azure-blue reinvigorating elixir, followed by grunts and howls of satisfaction.

Now and then, there would be a sight that would fill one with dread; Eyeballs would be forced deep into their dull caves out of fear. An innocent lifeform would lay spewed up like a broken spider-crab on the tarry shingle of the morning.

The water would be dyed a rich blood-red with the cadaver and rotting stench washed away by this ever-exploring yet tired river.

Finally, it was time for this exhausted young stream to reach its final destination. It would bid goodbye one last time to its abode of origin, lapping against the coastline and joining the ever-welcoming tides and embracing the final course of its eventful journey.

The Woods

There I was in the majestic woods... drifting over the leaf carpeted path that littered this leafy paradise. It was an ancient, beech-brown forest that reeked of age. The mystic forest beckoned me into its pulsing heart with its charismatic beauty. How could one resist the call of the wild that emanated from this garden of Eden? Older than Adam and Eve, the forest yet retained its palatial elegance. The song of this woody paradise echoed across the woodland- an archaic chant that nourished the essence of this grassy wonderland.

With a pulsing heart lighter than a feather, I descended into the mausoleum of leaf and limb. Perplexing darkness arose. The tenderness of illuminating daybreak had not yet arrived to revive the sleeping souls that lingered in the forest. The woods wore a cowl of obscurity, revealing lucent pentagrams of shining silver and molten gold sparkling and shimmering in the void that lay above. They were like diamond dust tossed into the sky. The shaggy oaks were engulfed in the coils of ethereal mist. It writhed around them like a pale snake strangling its prey, spreading a fearful aura. It slithered through the thickets with deadly intent and an intimidating glare.

Then a spear of astral luminance pierced into the heart of darkness, it was followed by a whole loom of light, filtering down in seams of gold. It hunted and expelled the darkness, eradicated the gloom and spilt into spaces where the mist once stalked. The silence was split by the melodious chant of a songbird. I was barraged by a detonation of trilling and warbling all around me. The snuffling boars, slinking Wildcats, scampering hares, scurrying squirrels, screeching jays, shambling badgers, skittering mice, loping wolves and lumbering bears awoke to the harmony of the canaries. I darted through the pillars of lustrous-gold light. The Almond-brown trees rose tall, as the guardians of the woods. My ears perked up at the sight of a stream-it rushed past with a tinkling yet metallic resonance. It was like a stampede. Swish-Clunk-Clop-the rocks gurgled in the tide. Sweet fragrances, alluvial and palliative, seemed to flicker into my awareness. Sight and smell strived for attention in this soul-enriching utopia. I rest my back against a slab of gravel, letting the water nurse my sleepy feet. A moss pillow cradled my skull, as I drifted into an eternal sleep.

The Hailstorm

Peace. A truly wonderful gift, a rare blessing. It was not often that nature took out of its spare time to provide us with a cherishable melody- one made not from singers or instrumentalists, but rather an orchestra of natural phenomena.

First, there would be a wave of anticipation. Cold, almost Antarctic gusts would bring with it foreshadowing of a bleak future. Without mercy or restraint, it would ensnare all life in its frigid hearth, a freezing warmth. It would whistle like the grim reaper on a day when business was 'flourishing'. Then, the crusaders of mist would corner the endlessly ornate patchwork of blues, before finally engulfing the carnelian guardian in the skies under a tsunami of monotonous grey.

These embodiments of gloom would dematerialise without reason, into pearls of true beauty. Even though they had just been born, they rushed to the lifeless grounds of brick and bitumen with unmatched courage, with trillions of them participating in an ever-anticipated marathon, only to be shattered at the end of their journey, completely oblivious to their sealed fate. These trillions of blurs coalesced to form one giant mirror, one with much to reveal, yet always showing the same reflection of pointlessness.

Beyond the gloom of existentialism, something heavenly was produced. The meet between wet droplets and dry mud produced petrichor – a smell as pleasant as the aroma of a masterpiece perfume, one a perfumer would value as much as their children. Nevertheless, the rush of rain produced sounds similar to that of a pleasant shower, drowning out the deafening noises of wheeled metal behemoths, or the thumping of inconsiderate residential companions.

That was until the erratic timpanist joined the melody.

It seemed as though the oblivious pearls had achieved sentience, forming frozen globes to declare war on the defenceless lifeforms that came from the mud. They instilled fear on those that hid behind thin walls of glass, with a shrill war cry upon impact. Even when collected by curious hands, they would threaten them with potential hypothermia.

To add to the chaos, beams of light would pierce through the blanket of monotony, as though the sun was struggling to break free of this grim mould. The skies would phase between dark and light, with unfathomably loud sounds of rumbling, as though two titans were battling for dominance.

Yet somehow, when these elements of chaos came together: The whistling of cold gusts, The showering of tears from the skies, the war cries of frozen globes and the bellowing sounds of thunder the perfect alignment for a masterful melody was complete. It was as though a philanthropic orchestrator had carefully created this intricate plan- to create peace from chaos.

The Ocean

A beautiful masterpiece of splashes of coral red and goldfish yellow on an azure blue canvas. It was painted by none other than nature, an artist greater than the likes of Vincent Van Gogh or Michelangelo, for it, was unique in one special way. Even the intangible forces of the armies of gust were enough to convince becoming one with this canvas. Ashen devils from above would threaten to fall if one avoided a graceful embrace with this canvas.

As anything inevitable, a leap of faith was to be made, and one would be engulfed into a new reality as unrecognisable as an alien planet yet as comforting and familiar as a mother's womb. Delaying curiosity was impossible. It is something as sure to come as the very end of the universe. One's tongue would find the extremity of saltiness as painful and revolting as burns from a ravenous fire. White pearls of vision would cry in despair.

Only those who venture deeper discover the true treasure that lies in wait. A city of neon lights and articulate, multichromatic trees lay within sight. Every flare or flash of glowing blue would be blindingly bright. Although the rigid reefs did not dare to move, their vibrancy and colour were the embodiment of liveliness. Yet as with any beauty comes a feared evil. Its hull, grey, encompassed a body of bone and flesh paired with two flapping brutes of pure muscle. Several parallel scars on its side seemed natural and purposefully placed. A dark void opened to reveal mountains of calcium shaped like marlinspikes.

At this point, there would be nothing left to do but to have gratitude for having experienced the unimaginable.

The Fair

I stared down at the flock of tiny peppermint-shaped tents. They littered the crust with an amalgam of burning reds, alloy-silvers, and birthstone blues that decorated the conical roofs. As I descended towards the mysterious 'carnival', civilisation dived into the horizon that lay behind me, with tall abominations of steel and concrete scraping past.

The shards of emerald green grass pierced my fur, as the charismatic garden of joy exploited its multichromatic charm, with a curious glow. I was hit by a gust of aroma – I felt a strange tingle in my mouth, and a frothing wave of saliva materialised in my mouth, along with an explosion of colourful flavours – zesty lemons, astringent lentils, dulcet caramel and piquant curries setting my mouth ablaze – A truly ambrosial experience.

Daylight became an archaic memory as this heaven of happiness strangled me in its inescapable grip. The infinite hues invaded my mind, as I lingered on with an interminable journey, bound to this divine circus for the rest of eternity.