

Descriptive Essay Samples

Descriptive: Visit to the Dentist's Office

I push the door open. The bell tinkles, with a soft but shrill ring. A wave of rubber gloves and disinfectant masked with cheap air freshener washes over me. Chairs are cluttered in the waiting room of the dentists. Clusters of magazines lie on the scratched wood of the coffee tables, shiny bright plastic screaming out logos and slogans. A little way forward from where I stand is a desk. A smiling receptionist sits there. She seems to have been expecting me somehow, as she indicates to the couches and chairs.

A few nervous patients are already there. They try to avert their eyes from the closed, threatening doors leading to the dental surgery rooms, where an ominous high pitched whirring sound is coming from. Occasionally, I hear a muffled thud, or yell. One by one, the receptionist calls out the patients name; "Baker, John!" or, "Higgins, Samantha!"

Plastered on the walls are dramatic "Before/After" photos. They show yellow teeth, set crookedly in red raw gums becoming brilliantly white and straight. The walls are painted a stark, clinical white, however photographs of people with toothy grins beam down at me, from newspaper clippings over the years. It must be my imagination, but already I can taste the slightly stale, bubblegum flavoured gloves, the cool hard metal of the examining probe, and the chink clink it makes when it sometimes collides with my teeth. I can feel the vinyl of the reclining chairs, which are covered in plastic, and also which clammy legs have a habit to stick to. In my mind I see the perfect teeth of my dentist, an ideal advertisement for his clinic.

A sudden tapping of high- heeled shoes from the corridor awakens me from my day dreaming. I look up. My pulse quickens, and my hands sweat. I swallow the lump in my throat that has accumulated somehow. Blood is pounding through my head, but even that cannot block out the dreaded words that I hear next; "Barron, Cissie, Doctor Lush will see you now."

Descriptive Essay:Place

I have always been fascinated by carnival rides. It amazes me that average, ordinary people eagerly trade in the serenity of the ground for the chance to be tossed through the air like vegetables in a food processor. It amazes me that at some time in history someone thought that people would enjoy this, and that person invented what must have been the first of these terrifying machines. For me, it is precisely the thrill and excitement of having survived the ride that keeps me coming back for more.

My first experience with a carnival ride was a Ferris wheel at a local fair. Looking at that looming monstrosity spinning the life out of its sardine-caged occupants, I was dumbstruck. It was huge, smoky, noisy and not a little intimidating. Ever since that initial impression became fossilized in my imagination many years ago, these rides have reminded me of mythical beasts, amazing dinosaurs carrying off their screaming passengers like sacrificial virgins. Even the droning sound of their engines brings to mind the great roar of a fire-breathing dragon with smoke spewing from its exhaust-pipe nostrils.

The first ride on one of these fantastic beasts gave me an instant rush of adrenaline. As the death-defying ride started, a lump in my throat pulsed like a dislodged heart ready to walk the plank. As the ride gained speed, the resistance to gravity built up against my body until I was unable to move. An almost imperceptible pause as the wheel reached the top of its climb allowed my body to relax in a brief state of normalcy. Then there was an assault of stomach-turning weightlessness as the machine continued its rotation and I descended back toward the earth. A cymbal-like crash vibrated through the air as the wheel reached bottom, and much to my surprise I began to rise again.

Each new rotation gave me more confidence in the churning machine. Every ascent left me elated that I had survived the previous death-defying fall. When another nerve-wracking climb failed to follow the last exhilarating descent and the ride was over, I knew I was hooked. Physically and emotionally drained, I followed my fellow passengers down the clanging metal steps to reach the safety of my former footing. I had been spared, but only to have the opportunity to ride again.

My fascination with these fantastic flights is deeply engrained in my soul. A trip on the wonderful Ferris wheel never fails to thrill me. Although I am becoming older and have less time, or less inclination, to play, the child-like thrill I have on a Ferris wheel continues with each and every ride.