

All summer in a day essay example

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All Summer in a Day Essay In the short story, All Summer in a Day, by Ray Bradbury, the author expresses a tone of enthusiasm and excitement. On the planet Venus, the sun only comes out once every seven years, and when it does, it only stays out for about two hours. Margot is a 9 year old girl who was only two years old the last time her eyes met the luminous sunlight. She has dreamt about this day ever since she made that contact, and today is finally the day that she gets to feel that warm sun beaming down on her again.

Because she was so caught up in her own little creative world, dreaming about this day, Margot typically shut the rest of the world out, which included her fellow class mates. Margot's class mates don't like her so they pick on her, and bully her every single day, all due to Margot not wanting to play games and sing songs with them unless they have something to do with the sun coming out. As a result of their hatred for her, the students decided to lock Margot in the closet when the teacher decides to leave the room for a few minutes to prevent her from seeing the sun come out.

All of the children surround the window as they know that something magnificent is about to occur. The typical rainy weather finally comes to a stop and everything becomes absolutely silent. So silent that they can hear each others presence. They can't even hear Margot's pounding on the walls of the closet doors begging to be released. As the sun at last creeps through the mist of the ugly rain clouds in the sky, the children are filled with joy and playfulness. Just then, the teacher comes back into the room and shouts "Who wants to play! All of the children race outside to play in the glorious sunlight and let the fire burn their craving bodies. Page 8 describes the

terrain and environment of planet Venus at this very moment, “ They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of flesh-like weed, wavering, flowering this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon. One girl suddenly screamed out of nowhere as she opened her palms to a terrifying drop of rain. This marked the childrens’ last thirty seconds of their brief, glorious spring time. When the children finally got shoved back inside in class room by the adrenaline rush of the thunderous lightening from the hideous gray sky, they remembered that Margot was still locked locked in the closet and began to feel bad as they slowly crept open the doors to let her out. Margot had missed the chance to make her wildest dreams come true.