

Descriptive writing narrative essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The ever changing face above, morphed into a grimace as charcoal wisps entice the Their structures tower: well defined, prominent chestnut veins of planks, only more daunting hen accompanied by the stone barrier which proudly shows off its battle scars. The clock tower, chiming with glee, stands at the villagers' side. Marking how many minutes and seconds the maiden has left. A madman's smirk carved onto the clock face; growing wider with every passing second.

Every second she could have spent in an elegant field, far away from the inferno she is now trapped in. Gusts of air, carousels of agony, carry nothing but hate and pain. The piercing wind shrieks the word, an octave louder and louder than the last. Betrayal! " The daunting hour comes closer as her body grows weak.

Although her fate is inevitable, the fire in her eyes has not left her obsolete. Burning against the crowd's rage ever so brightly, challenging even the strongest of opponents. Her locks that once rivaled the rays of the sun block her vision as she start praying for anything. Shriek screams for her savior escape her cold lips. Desperation clouds her thoughts as she is drugged with the excruciating sense of pain. Determination courses through her veins.

She scans for any sign of a miraculous escape from the solemn hour. However, her fate is no one's fool.

She watches as virtue reduced to vice. The flames of justice are lit for a new tomorrow. The mahogany shape her savior was pinned to is buried in her unclean attire; not even that is safe from the clasps of the ongoing inferno.

The burning light that screams “ infidel” torments her like a school bully. Charred remains of a pure gown, cling to the dame’s distorted figure as she stands upon the dancing flames against the darkness. Oh the deformity! It is brutal to a family name that will never be blossom the way it did before the mess descended. She tries not to cry but her tears betray her.

She stands alone and may die alone; fighting for a belief that is righteous and just. Amber tongues envelop what is left of her torso; devouring everything that dare touch it, in gluttony, drowning out the whispering and sneering of the audience. Screams echo through the endless night but no one says a word. It takes a moment for the shock to go through.

Her body is rigid: then convulses as she screams, long and loud for all to hear as the cold night starts taking her as its own. Paralyzing her body, frying the magenta blood and her nerves, leaving her body in pure, flaming agony.

Her only support being the cost hell-bent on keeping her there with a hateful passion. She leans against it like a raggedly, discarded by a child, attempting to suck air into her torn lungs.

Her pulse, getting slower. Dark rimmed bloodshot orbs of dull emerald, scan the crowd. Pupils dilating as she slips deeper and deeper into submission. Expressions loom over her: shock, satisfaction, uncertainty and pity paint the crowd a burning crimson. Wide eyed mothers protecting their children, feeding them filthy lies.

Saying nothing important is happening. Their enslaving gazes never breaking from the dark blistering flesh.

In the distance, others are screaming as though they have just pain on an indescribable level. Her family: confused, horrified, hurt, torn, destroyed. Her invincible father on his knees, eyes rimmed with tears, deafening cries escape his mouth, growing louder in desperation. His head wrenched back towards the burning skyline, silent cries of agony being torn from him.

Her siblings look as though they have been through hell and back; their mouths moving, and the ground shuddered as they tried to sprint over, but patriots with long, sleek spears in their possessions forbid their movements.

Usurper. The blockage grows but she sees them. Tear stained faces pushed next to each other, mouths warped into screams that she is unable to hear. Some yelling hesitantly at the girl on trial, words fatigue forbids her from hearing.

This is death: silent, agonizing, terrifying and completely unstoppable. As her eyes slide shut without haste and pain swells to unimaginable sizes, she remembers the peaceful mornings in the church. The reminisce of memories gives her unbearable misery but the smallest of smiles is shown. This is what it truly means to be forsaken...