

## Sample of Descriptive Writing

Behind our apartment building, past the chain link fence, there's a dead tree that somehow hasn't fallen yet. It's standing up tall and straight, pretending to still be alive. Or maybe it's just scared to fall down—it's surrounded by briars and poison ivy and all sorts of weeds. It looks like nobody's set foot near that tree for a hundred years.

I like that the tree is an undiscovered place. I also like the honeysuckle, which grows in clumps of twisted, looping vines with delicate yellow and white blooms. They smell like honey tastes. Over time the honeysuckle has taken over the stumps and the shrubs and even the dead tree. Lydia and I stomp our way through the briars to get to the tree, and we sit on its roots, which stick out of the ground like the humps of sea monsters. We look up and it's a honeysuckle sky, little bits of blue showing through the vines. The honeysuckle is over us and around us—it falls down like curtains and hides us. We drink up the flowers sip by sip.

I breathe in the warm, sweet air. I don't know if they have honeysuckle in places other than Alabama, but here it's the best part of summer. There's a down side, of course. By the time the honeysuckle gets here, the air is so thick you can't breathe. The heat presses down on you until you think you'll sink right into the asphalt. Two seconds after you leave the air conditioning, you can hardly remember what it felt like to ever be cool. That's summer.

Today was the last day of school, and it's getting close to sunset. We can hardly see each other—it's all shadows under the tree. I don't need light to talk to Lydia, though—she's my best friend and I can see her face even with my eyes closed.