

Examples of Description

Peer Example Description of a Person



Tony

“ My grandmother is a special person and has played a big role in my life. It was fun and a little frustrating trying to describe her. I tried to focus on her spiritual qualities but convey them through her appearance. ”

Grandma Anderson

My grandmother is a special lady. She stands barely five feet tall and weighs under a hundred pounds, but her will is as strong and fierce as a lion's. As long as I've known her, her gray hair has been pulled into a tight braid at the back of her head, and she has worn the same simple cotton dresses she has worn all her life. Only on Sunday, when she goes to church, does she put on the lace-trimmed black dress that is shiny with starch and ironing. Her face is small and lined with her years, but her eyes are as bright and attentive as a hawk's. She misses nothing in the world or in you. When I was young, I believed she could read my mind because she would take one look at me and know what I was feeling. I still sometimes believe she can read my mind today. Although her frame is bent slightly with her more than eighty years, her smile is as warm and free as a teenager's. Because I love and respect my grandmother, nothing gives me greater pleasure than to sit down at her dinner table and see her face light up when I ask for a second helping of her famous peach cobbler.

Peer Example Description of a Place



Dan

“ One of my favorite places to spend time is Clearwater Lake. I seem to relax and leave my troubles behind whenever I'm there. One of the problems I had in describing the lake was settling on a time of year to describe it. I go there all year long, so I know what it looks like in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. I finally decided that the lake is at its most spectacular in the fall. ”

Clearwater Lake

Fishing on Clearwater Lake puts me in touch with nature. Clearwater Lake is a small lake nestled in the Adirondack Mountains. The glassy lake is ringed with aspen, larch, birch, and fir trees, and in the fall, the mountainsides are on fire with brilliant oranges, reds, and yellows. I arrive at the lake early, with mist still clinging to the surface of the water like smoke. I slide my canoe silently into the clear, cold water, step in, and push off the sandy bank. Each stroke of the paddle pulls me farther out into the lake, the wind crisp and cold against my cheeks. The world seems to go silent around me; only the sound of my paddle moving through the water breaks the silence. Once on the lake, I am cut off from the world of work and school and family, and I'm free to meditate on the beauty and tranquility of the spot.