

The Toxic Waste Dump

Descriptive Example

The smell of dirty socks and surfboard wax lingers in the dust-infested room. I enter cautiously. Every wall is covered from ceiling to floor with surfing posters, maps from previous adventures, and childhood photos. The bed, only nicely made when its occupant “feels the need,” looks like the aftermath of a tornado. The sheets are scattered and twisted every which way, and a pile of jeans, shirts, underwear, and socks drape over the bed like an extra blanket. The dresser drawers are halfway open with clothes seeping out, perhaps trying to escape. The hamper beside it is overflowing with clothes and radiates a repugnant scent into the room. Dozens of CDs are scattered carelessly across the floor among marble sized dust balls, soda cans, candy wrappers, and dishes with remnants of ancient food long dried to their surfaces. The closet doors are wedged open, it’s belongings bulging out, yet every clothes hanger appears to be naked. The stereo is covered in a filmy mess and emits a constant buzzing noise.

An island in the chaotic room, I see the desk is clean, as always. All seven drawers are neatly shut. On its surface is a glittering, new computer, looking foreign in the messy room. Schoolbooks are neatly stacked, pens and pencils stand at attention in their containers, and a single carefully dusted photo acts as decoration. The faces of my brother and his friends stare out at me from under graduation caps.

The surfboard rack on the wall is empty, signaling he is once again on a surfing adventure, riding the waves. Maybe one of these days my brother’s “toxic waste dump” will get cleaned up, but probably not.