

Descriptive writing about a time in history: 1666 - The Great Fire of London by Emma Eastwood

Panic surrounds the city in a cloud of thick black smoke. Everyone rushing around, to get water, to escape or even just in fear. Chaos is the only noise that fills everyone's ears, overpowering the crackling of the fires. Everything seems strangely inside out, normally all the people are hurrying about their busy little lives, preparing food in the kitchens and hanging washing in the gardens, but now all the hustle has been flipped and nothings inside.

When I passed the threshold in my home, the singe in the air hit me immediately. Like the first breath of fresh air in the morning, only chaos filled it instead of chirping birds. The sound of the streets is that of a riot and similar in behaviour too. The only difference would be the orderly way people are pushing and shoving each other to get to their loved ones. After a while, the noise dies down, purely due to the fact you get used to it, it never stops getting louder.

The stench of smoke and burning thatch fills the air to the point where clean air is not an option. You must either breathe through the burning or not breathe at all. It gets hotter and hotter, unusual because its drawing to winter and colder months now. The further you run the faster the fire catches up to you, its like a prison: no escape.