



## Descriptive Essay on a Stormy day

It was a horrible look out of the window. The sky was pitch dark, and massive clouds were moving. The sound of tapping was being heard on the window, which turned into a pitter-patter. As the clouds spat forth their droplets of water, people hurried for protection outside, and umbrellas were opened. As the rain fell harder, puddles began to form. The car roofs swirled with spray, and it could be clearly heard the rain murmur through the glass. It sounded like angry bees buzzing.

As the clouds began to gather in the sky, the sky had been picture-perfect up until now, but that was changing. The lovely cocktail-blue colour was darkening into gravel-grey. Large cloud pillows were building, obscuring the sun's old-gold colour.

The rain was halfway across the meadow when the first splatter of rain is experienced. Many people took cover under an old tree, trying to see out the shower. Droplets of moisture started dripping from the leaves. They were watering the lawn with a garden hose. The stormy day then became more severe. A wall of rain moved over the oak, and the raindrops tapped against the canopy. Because there was so much rain, the sound became muddled into a single lengthy, whirring noise. It reminded everyone of helicopter rotor blades. The loudness eventually subsided, and the drips dissolved into a melodious chime.

The sun shone brightly once more, spreading slanted rays of light across the meadow. Slowly, steam emerged from the grass. It ascended strangely and drifted mistily towards the molten-gold sun. The vision lingered with me all the way home because it was so vivid.

It started as a whisper in the air. The day had been lovely, and the sky had been like a dome of plasma blue. The clouds had appeared to be airy anvils swaying beneath the shining disc of light.

People had pitched their tent just as the autumn Reaper's moon appeared over the trees. The moon appeared to turn the leaves into a blazing patchwork of burning yellows, lava-reds, and burnished-browns. It gave a strange glitter to an otherwise lovely landscape. Most of us heard a ravenous thrush, snail a-tapping on rock; he finished his food before fluttering into the forest's owl-light. The sorrowful scream of a lonely fox resonated through the trees' vault-still silence. Then a gust of wind blew up, ruffling the flaps of their tent. As the first beads of rain fell into the leaves, we heard a tinkling sound. The sound was sweet and clear, like the sparkling clinking of a champagne flute. The sound became more intense when a sheet of rain went over us.

The noise on the tent was similar to the phut-phut-phut made by ripening nuts when they hit the ground. It wasn't the soft, sodden, bloated drips of spring we were hearing; it sounded like ball-bearings slamming on the canvas roof. There was also the occasional ker-plunking sound. The raindrops accumulated on the tent fell to the earth in a tremendous swash of release.

As we gathered together and chilled in the tent, the thermometer plummeted. We didn't have to be concerned. By the time daybreak dawned, the rain had passed. It was as if the rain had never fallen, as an explosion of birdsong erupted from the soaking trees.

'Life is enabled by the sun. Its progress is made easier by the rain.'

Be clouded and weeping, the winter sky is a widow's sky. The clouds are ungrateful and Kraken-cruel in this stormy day. They cough forth huge gouts of water and thumping balloons of soaked dampness. It descends in a biblical downpour, flooding rivers, drowning farmland, and overflowing dams. It's a Noah's-Ark-style rainstorm, a never-ending torrent of water sluicing from the heavens.

Cities are overburdened, and power outages leave people living in terror of the unknown. The rain is never-ending. A stormy day crackles and snaps like bracken pods in a bushfire. The floodgates in the sky have been opened, and no one appears to be present to close them.

Is this a scene from a science fiction film? Is it a terrifying glimpse of the future? It certainly isn't. It has become the new reality for folks from Missouri to Manchester, Mumbai to Melbourne. According to news sources, rain is man's new adversary. It is the public's number one opponent. It has betrayed man and has become nature's most destructive arrow. At the present, the rain has a terrible rep. Is this the correct perspective? Perhaps we are forgetting the blessings it bestows on us.

The sky in spring is a delicate, pellucid blue. The clouds are delicate and angelic in appearance. They're borne by a gentle, ruffling air. Mother Earth's soil is titanium hard and in desperate need of feeding. Light misty rainfall. It's as delicate as a Scottish smirr and its foggy dew are like warm butter melting on your face. It falls, one by one, unlocking the glassy fingers of winter's frigid fist. At low tide, flowers softly unfurl in the meadows and ripple like coral arms. The rivers emanate a murmurous purr of contentment. The spring showers have arrived, and they are as pure and gleaming as an angel's tears.

Summer skies are vivid and neon-blue. The sun-crisped blossoms in the meadow are withering. They gape at the tufty clouds and beg for an insulin shot to rehydrate their parched petals. Rain pours in sparkling silver drops as the clouds acquiesce. If you stood in the meadow, the drops would feel as glittering and sparkling on your skin as champagne bubbles. The rain makes a harmonic thrumming sound, like nature's white noise.

Silver droplets of water penetrate the soil, revitalizing the life-roots of the plants below in a stormy day. A familiar, baked-earth smell comes from the ground as the dewy tears of summer rain wash and refreshes it. The aroma of petrichor rises like a miasma following the first shower after a dry period. It has a nice and fresh jasmine-and-gingerbread aroma, and it leaves the land with a sweet aftertaste. The farmer is ecstatic. What the sun would have taken away has been replaced by the rain.



The October sky appears ominous and ferocious. The wind turns furious. It's a shrieking, keening portent of the impending catastrophe. The clouds race across the sky, throbbing with the charged energy they desire to release in a stormy day.

Everything begins with big, dripping drops of water. They are indiscriminate and wild, plump missiles of mass destruction splattering across the soft earth. It makes little difference whether the topsoil turns into mushy goo. The harvest is in, and the farmer stokes the glowing embers with a poker and a happy sigh. Rain is squeezing and hissing off the roof and swarming onto the squishy ground. The farmer considers how most presents have a monetary value. However, he dreads the idea of another winter but is thankful that the rain has once again supplied for his subsistence.

According to him, rain is the nectar of the gods and the serum of the sky. He is neither a philosopher, a writer, nor a jungle explorer, but he understands the importance of nature's bounty. Rain is God's crowning achievement if beauty is his signature.