

Sense of Place – Descriptive Writing – My Uncle's House

All around was silent and still as we arrived at my old uncle's mansion at the end of the street at the end of town. His bent-over posture and scratchy voice matched his house. Despite our monthly visits, I never felt fully at ease there. Can you imagine why? A dusty cobweb usually flew off the gatepost like a piece of cotton wool floating in the damp air. The walkway leading up to massive front door were cracked with weeds and dandelions poking out here and there. In my imagination which was working overtime, it always felt like great grey ghostly figures circled around the building screaming and howling their message to keep away. I cringed at each creak on the old warped stairs that led to the front door. Vines formed a twisted maze on the left side of the house, reaching their tentacles towards the roof. We jumped onto the creaky porch and pushed open the heavy oak door, hearing the hinges groan in protest. My uncle was not a good cleaner; the dust floating in the air seemed to coat my tongue as I held back salty tears. Splotches of original paint hinted at the house former prosperity. Cobwebs covered the corners, and I imagined tiny black spiders threading towards their prey. The old portraits that lined the walls seemed to be staring at me in reproach. Just as my steps were faltering, there to greet us, under a mane of matted hair, the warmth of my uncle's smile made our visit just a little more bearable.



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