

A Sample of Descriptive Essay

Descriptive: A visit to the dentist

I push open the door. There's a tiny bell that makes a light tinkling noise which signals my arrival. The dentist's office is small and has an odd smell to it, like air freshener mixed with rubber gloves and the lingering scent of decay. I don't like the smell.

Magazines lie on the scratched wood of coffee tables—shiny, plastic covers loudly display advertisements featuring logos and slogans aplenty. A receptionist sits at a desk in front of me, smiling as I enter. She seems to have been expecting me somehow; she gestures toward some arm chairs by the magazines and goes back to her work as I sit down—a magazine clasped between my hands.

An army of nervous patients are already there. They try to avert their eyes from the promise of pain behind the threatening doors leading to the dental surgery rooms, where an ominous high pitched whirring sound is coming from. Occasionally, I hear a muffled thud or yell. One by one, the receptionist calls out the patients' names; "Trass, Sam!" or "Potter, Antonio!"

The walls are lined with faces of people whose teeth once struggled with discoloration and decay. They now beam brightly at me with pearly whites that are straightened, thanks to years of careful work by the orthodontist.

There is a red-headed woman, much older than myself in a bony state, that is posed with nice white teeth. They match her newly polished silver hair she has even grown out and dyed lately. She wears heavy eye makeup, but aside from that her face is free of creases and wrinkles; smooth and ageless. The other picture shows a man almost nearly identical to rock star Mick Jagger except he's in his mid-thirties; chubby lips wearing an enticing smile with pearly whites equally as attractive as they are unexpected on such an overall average looking individual.

The walls are painted stark white to make the atmosphere feel crisp, clean and well-maintained for the family members who come here often.

The smell of latex gloves and the sound of a knocking tool on my teeth make me think of the dentist, a person I have to visit every six months when I don't forget. He is an excellent dentist which I don't know how he does it.

The cool metal of the examining probe and the clinks it makes when it hits my teeth make me feel uncomfortable. It feels like metal filling in my mouth, too hard to chew. I can feel the vinyl of the reclining chairs which are covered in plastic by design; they aren't really comfortable for waiting for long periods of time, and tend to stick to sweaty legs. In my mind, I see my dentist's picture, a best advertisement for his clinic: he has ideal white teeth that look healthy and strong - two things that are hardly ever found in real life!

A sudden tapping of high-heeled shoes from the corridor awakens me from my day dreaming. I look up. My pulse quickens, and my hands sweat. I try to swallow the lump in my throat even as it quickly grows in size. Blood pumps through my head, yet even this din cannot drown out the dreaded words that explode into my ears next: "Lesley, Pat, Doctor Grown will see you now."