

Different Types of Atmospheres Writing

Sad Atmosphere

A cold wind swirled restlessly disturbing the patchy grass and grubby plants on the ground in front of the isolated figure. Dirty-grey clouds hung listlessly overhead and below, the bleak town stretched out; little lifeless streets with dark, dull houses. The figure sat with rounded, slumped shoulders, greying hair covered the head held in bony hands.

Hopeful Atmosphere

Humming under his breath, Bert pulled on his welly boots. Picking up his flat cap, he fitted it snugly on his head and pulled open the back door. Stepping into the faint morning sunshine he breathed in deeply, filling his lungs with the cool, fresh air. A smile hung around his lips as he rambled down the lane, drinking in the abundance of colours and smells.

Moody Atmosphere

Gulls screeched at one another, swooping low over the desolate harbour. Rusty boats were being flung constantly nearer the sea-worn wall by brutal waves. Like a shadowy monster, the fog drifted over the scene and the wind roared angrily. Tin cans clattered along the dirty street and rain began to lash down.

Suspenseful Atmosphere

Lily crouched down behind the wall, trying to make herself as small as possible. Her hands trembled. Her breath sounded loud in the silent air. The silence did not last. Slow, deliberate, heavy footsteps were making their way towards where she cowered. They stopped. She heard a low, menacing laugh, felt a sharp pain and then, nothing.

Calm Atmosphere

Gentle waves bubbled over the smooth sand as the sun made a lazy start to the morning, stretching its fingers of light in stunning streams across the shore. A small group of birds softly touched down near the shoreline dipping their elegant necks to wet their heads before shaking off the pearly beads of water. A crab scuttled gracefully across the sand and the wind tenderly ruffled the sea foam.

Busy Atmosphere

Car horns blaring, the high-pitched beeping of pedestrian crossings and the slamming of lorry doors was the music of the street as Kuba opened his red front door. He twisted his body quickly, shooting his feet forward as hastily as he could to get out of the way of the cyclist who shot past him without a backward glance. As he put his bag over his shoulder the other received a thump from a rushing passer-by. Shouts of market-traders as they prepared for the day and business men jabbering hurriedly into little mouthpieces dazed him for a moment and then he plunged into the moving forest of people, pushing his way through the branches of bags and arms.