

Imagery Story

"Hurry up! We're going to be late!" exclaimed Pastor Sara.

"I'm trying, but I think we took a couple wrong turns somewhere," retorted the driver. Our youth group has now been trying to reach our destination for 45 minutes when it should have only taken approximately 20. We were all becoming restless and jumpy, especially me, being stuck in the back of the cramped van with five other guys.

One of the boys shouted, right in my ear, "We just passed the street! Turn around, quick!" We had five minutes until our session started without us. The whole reason we came to Minnesota in the first place was to volunteer our time and the Feed My Starving Children Organization and there was a great chance we wouldn't be able to.

"Finally!" we all gasped as we piled out of the vehicle.

"That was close," sighed Pastor Sara, "we almost didn't make it," as we heaved open the doors and scurried inside. (DIALOGUE INTRO)

We passed through the heavy doors as if entering into a different world; everything was spick-and-span with order and cleanliness. (SIMILE) The aroma of citrus scented soap with a hit of veggies immediately overwhelmed me. As we moseyed over to our red-cushioned seats we discreetly glanced around at the occupants of the other comfy chairs. As soon as the speaker entered the room everyone quieted as if a switch controlled their voices. (SIMILE) Her presence demanded attentiveness and often danced along the line of frightening. She started off describing the organization and what it was about. Her soft voice carried well to all of our eager ears. She showed us a slide show of the children in Africa that the program helped. As the pictures passed by it was as though the

hollowed stares of the skin-and-bone children were crying out to me, pleading for my help. (PERSONIFICATION)

After learning exactly what we were going to be doing, we couldn't wait to get started. We rushed into the washroom where, to our displeasure, we were handed a hairnet. White and blue aprons were also passed out and added to our wardrobe. After thoroughly disinfecting ourselves the workers, being experts, quickly demonstrated the order to put the ingredients in the bag and how to seal them. The first person would dump in the dried vegetables and chicken flavoring. Next, rice and soy would be added, and then weighed. It was the last person's job to seal the bag of food and package the boxes. The process took about three minutes to go through once, but it was repeated over and over and over again for about three hours. Once we were all confident we knew what we were doing, we were split into groups of four and guided to our workstations.

There were a couple other youth groups there, all of us around the same age. Three girls from a different church were directed towards me at a table at the far end of the room. We quietly introduced ourselves but quickly got over our shyness and were laughing and chatting like old friends. (SIMILE) At first the workroom was very quiet except for the whispers past between friends. If it weren't for one group leader, we never would have gotten to know each other and have such a great time. He was such a wild-looking guy with his fro and funny beard. Everyone was sore in the stomach from laughing at his hilarious impressions and horrible singing. At one point almost all of us were singing along although out of tune and off beat. By breaking the ice he allowed us to joke around and get crazy.

Ding! (ONOMATOPOEIA) The shrill pitch of the timer, making everyone jump, signaled the end of the day. Reluctantly, each of the packaging stations began to tidy up. With haste, a couple of chicken flavor-covered teenagers made their way across the boundary that separated chaos from the tranquil washing room. Hot water began to fill the stainless steel sinks along with large amounts of foam originating from the heaps of soap squirted into the accumulating water. (IMAGERY) Meanwhile, in the workroom, each station was immersed in an unspoken race to tidy up their area before the others. Putting away supplies and ingredients became an intense competition between stations. (-ING VERB) Some were practically throwing their dirty utensils into the sinks, splashing the busy washers with the sudsy-hot water. With everyone in such frenzy we looked like wild animals caged in a zoo. (SIMILE) Out of breath and staggering we all, slowly but surely, made our way out of the building.

Even though we were so competitive with each other just moments before, all of that was put aside and forgotten as we made our goodbyes. (SUB. CONJ.) We squeezed back into the van, giving our two cents on the recent experience and began to plan our next trip. (BEGINNING OF A NEW STORY)