

Can I create a sense of wonder in my writing?

With a crack, the window shot open. I clumsily crashed onto the metal floor of the shuttle; my head snapped down. Dazed, I remember seeing for a moment through my outstretched fingers, a huge terrestrial disc, peppered with strips of thin cloud. I clambered up to my knees and gazed at the majestic sight through the hole. Even from 800 miles, it was clear that a massive globe was hovering in the blanket of stars. The sphere filled up all of heaven. Showers of shimmering sunlight shone over the glistening sapphire oceans, like a solar eclipse dawning on the horizon. Diamond waves lashed on the coastlines of cliffs and rocky beaches. From cliffs came hundreds of tall towers of stone in ice-capped mountain ranges, several erupting into lava, shining like beacons in the snowy wastelands. The continents sat proudly in position, with seas of golden sand, like an ocean of molten silver, but eastward, luscious grasslands and forests lay quietly, in contrast to the deserts' glaring sunlight. Still shocked, I was thrust back as the window closed with a click. I floated and softly landed on the polished steel floors of the shuttle, sliding, confused at my momentous sight, yet filled with the everlasting relief that we had escaped.

How can I describe the thing I saw...

At once, Cavor's face lit up. He stuttered.

"It can't be!" cried Cavor. The spiralling stems branched out into leaves, long sticks coated with pink dust poking off the branches, occasionally disconnecting and dispersing from its parent. Fluorescent, neon green flowers pulsed and it caught Cavor's eye. "It is moving!" Cavor shot an unbelieving look at me, "This isn't a trick?" Before I could warn him, he was knocked over by a purple plant, coating his face in bioluminescent pollen. He coughed harshly. While he was struggling to get up, I noticed something: the soil was translucent. In the unknown depths of the dirt, I could see roots sucking the same purplish liquid I had stepped on before. I returned my vision to the plant; Cavor stood next to me and stared. We were silent.

"Do you know what that is?" breaking the silence but keeping my eyes locked on the stick.

"It is a seed," said Cavor. And then I heard him whisper, very softly, "Life!"

Can I create a sense of awe and wonder in my writing?

“Life!” and then it hit me like a slap in the face, that our quest across the galaxy was not in vain, and we had explored a desolate landscape to discover a world that lived and breathed. Our gaze drifting from the plant, our eyes rested on the sunlit hill-side, that was swiftly sprouting dozens of small saplings. It looked like small green hairs growing on the dirt and soil. From the stems were scarlet bulbs, which were, one by one, exploding into whorl of spiked hazel leaves. Their discarded pods; fallen husks tore open like paper, and the crimson flowers turned their heads to the cascading waterfall of sunlight. It sucked it in like a vacuum, as hundreds more heads ruptured their shells and faced the newly risen sun. Swifter than any plant, yet slower than any animal. I stared intensely, until suddenly, the shock of the truth made me collapse: we found life, and the adrenaline pumped through my veins, I felt my heart in my throat, and I opened my eyes. The bristles of the soil were still there, and I lay there, staring incredulous at the life in front of me. Everywhere around me, whirls and spirals of leaves lengthened to about as long as a foot. I looked behind me. Cavor was stills standing, looking both distressed and relieved. The vigour of their growth made me look to the trees, already twice as tall as me, shooting up from huge gullies in the mountains. Beyond this safe haven was a barren wasteland, a perfect contradiction to the alien meadows I stand in now. Spores fluttered out of the flowers, and before I knew it, everything went black.