**Last in Line**

This was utter chaos.

Draft days always were.

It was as if the wailing of the sirens was in direct competition with the barking shouts of the officials. Eight foot giants prowled up and down the line, each with their own fierce dog in hand. In their huge black trench coats, they would stop now and again to inspect one of us. Standing. Staring. All the while, the dogs would be snarling as if their sworn enemy were standing in front of them.

Despite the fact it was clear that we had all followed the orders, the announcement system continued to demand that all females from Draft Group B should get in line for selection and deployment. We would quietly chatter amongst ourselves, exchanging stories and myths about draft days gone by, keen not to attract the disapproving stares of the officials. Whilst I knew my prospects of being chosen were good, I was aware of the fact that I was last in line. Being last in line is rarely a good thing.

Like mist gently lifting from the surface of a lake, the fumes from the deployment vehicles soon created a foggy haze. One by one, the mechanical giants would belch out black fumes and ascend into the sky, never to return to this planet again.

It was, of course, impossibly hot. It felt like the temperature was climbing by the second. It must have been no later than 9:00AM and yet the palms of my hands were drenched with sweat and I could feel the thick overalls clinging to my back. The air, made thick by the heat and fumes, was positively nauseating.

It’s hard to imagine just how hard it is to draw breath when you live on a dying planet. It took everything I had to keep me from collapsing in that line right there and then.

Excitement mingled with fear as the line began to move along. Water on Earth was now so scarce that many of us were severely dehydrated. Every time I swallowed, a vile bitter taste overwhelmed me, serving as a reminder of just how thirsty I was.

Eventually, I arrived at the processing desk. Reeking of something I could only describe as rotting meat, the official stared at me for what felt like hours. With the heat continuing to rise, I had no choice but to steady myself by leaning on the hot metal desk in front of me. I could tell by the grunt he made that he did not approve of this sign of weakness. But what choice did I have? Whilst I was deteriorating by the second, the official continued to study me with a mixture of curiosity and hatred.

Eventually, he had made his decision, and video-logged his judgment in the computer to his left.

“Too weak for transportation. Would be of little benefit to the colony. Review in one year.”

He knew all too well that the chances of me surviving another year on Earth were practically nil. Still, he couldn’t help but smile as he sent me back home to a slow, painful death.

**KEY**

* Highlight all the examples of sensory description the writer has used (you may like to create a key – highlighting each sense in a different colour)
* ***EXTENSION – How does the writer’s use of sensory description help to enhance the writing? Use Point-Evidence-Explain.***