

Middle School Descriptive Essay Examples (Grades 6-8)

Example 1: The Corner Store (Grade 6)

Length: 312 words | Type: Place Description

Mr. John Corner Store

The bell above the door jingles when I push it open. Mr. John's corner store smells like a mix of fresh bread, candy, and the cleaning spray he uses every morning. It's a smell I've known since I was little.

The store is small and packed with stuff. Shelves reach almost to the ceiling, filled with colorful boxes and cans. Near the front, there's a glass case with lottery tickets and cigarettes that I'm not allowed to touch. Next to it sits the candy display—my favorite spot. Rows of chocolate bars, gummy worms, and lollipops shine under the lights. I can hear them calling my name.

Mr. John stands behind the counter like always. His white hair sticks up in funny directions, and his glasses sit crooked on his nose. He wears the same blue apron every day, covered in pockets that hold pens, receipts, and sometimes a dog treat for the neighborhood pets.

The wooden floor creaks under my feet as I walk down the narrow aisles. I pass the chip rack—the bags crinkle when other customers grab them. The refrigerators in the back hum loudly, keeping the sodas and milk cold. When you open the doors, a blast of icy air hits your face and the bottles clink together.

"The usual?" Mr. John asks, even though he already knows. He pulls out a red Slurpee cup and hands it to me with a smile that makes his eyes crinkle.

I fill my cup with cherry flavor, watching it swirl red and icy. The machine gurgles and spits. At the counter, I hand Mr. John my dollar fifty. The cash register dings when he opens it.

Outside, the afternoon sun feels extra hot after the cool store. I take a long sip of my Slurpee, the cold sweetness making my brain freeze for just a second. Same as every day. Same as I like it.

Example 2: Saturday Morning Soccer (Grade 7)

Length: 328 words | Type: Event/Experience Description

Game Day

My cleats squish into the wet grass as I jog onto the field. Last night's rain left the ground soft and muddy. The air smells fresh, like cut grass and damp earth, mixed with the fruity scent of someone's sport drink.

Coach Martinez blows her whistle sharp and loud cutting through the morning chatter. "Warm up! Two laps!" she yells. Her voice is rough from years of shouting at players, but somehow it makes me feel safe. She's wearing her lucky red jacket, which means she thinks we can win today.

The field is soaked. With each step, small puddles splash up, dotting my white socks with brown speckles. My teammates run beside me, breathing hard. Sarah's ponytail swings back and forth like a pendulum. Marcus's shoes make a slapping sound against the wet turf.

Parents line the sidelines in folding chairs, clutching coffee cups with steam rising into the cool morning. Some wrap themselves in blankets even though it's not that cold. My dad waves from the blue chair the one he brings to every game. I wave back quickly, trying not to look too eager.

The ref's whistle pierces the air. Game time. My heart pounds faster, matching my footsteps as I sprint to position. The ball is a blur of black and white, moving between players. Someone kicks it high, and I watch it arc across the gray sky before dropping toward me.

My first touch is terrible. The ball bounces off my shin, skidding toward the sideline. "Shake it off!" Coach Martinez screams. I can taste sweat on my upper lip, salty and warm.

Then the ball comes again. This time I'm ready. My foot connects perfectly—that sweet spot that makes barely any sound but sends the ball exactly where you want. It soars past the goalie into the net.

The best sound in the world: my teammates cheering my name.

Example 3: My Dog's Favorite Thing (Grade 8)

Length: 298 words | **Type:** Object Description

The Tennis Ball

It used to be bright yellow. Now it's more like dirty dishwater gray with patches of the original color showing through. This tennis ball has been Max's obsession for three years, and it looks like it.

The fuzzy felt covering is almost completely gone on one side, worn smooth by Max's teeth and tongue. What's left feels rough and prickly, like a cat's tongue. When I pick it up, my fingers come away slightly damp and smelling like dog slobber a warm, musty smell that makes me wrinkle my nose but somehow doesn't bother me anymore.

The ball has permanent teeth marks dented into its surface. I can fit my thumb perfectly into the deepest groove, the one Max made last summer when he carried it for six hours straight during our beach trip. There's a small split on one side where the rubber underneath peeks through, yellow and smooth.

It doesn't bounce right anymore. When Max drops it at my feet which he does approximately seven hundred times a day it lands with a sad, wet thunk instead of a proper bounce. But Max doesn't care. His tail whips back and forth so hard his whole back end wiggles. His brown eyes lock onto the ball with laser focus, and a tiny whine escapes his throat.

I throw it across the yard. Max explodes forward like he's been shot from a cannon, his paws thundering against the grass. He slides in the dirt, snatches the ball in his jaws, and races back, dropping it at my feet again. The ball leaves a wet circle on my shoe.

It's disgusting. It's falling apart. It probably should have been thrown away two years ago.

But it's Max's favorite thing in the entire world, which makes it kind of special to me too.