

The story in narrative

A volcanic eruption and subsequent fire swept through the North Hills residential area of Noblesville, Alaska today, claiming 132 lives and 472 injuries. Damage was estimated at over 10 million dollars. A strong north wind hampered the efforts of fire fighters to bring the flames under control. Tonight, nearly six hundred rescue workers and Red Cross personnel are on the scene as they bring aid to the stricken victims of this charred city.

The story using personification

The dark moanings of the earth gave voice to the flames to bid them welcome, while trees mourned and hills grimaced in pain. A remnant of those still walking upon the earth tried valiantly to silence the mouths of the flames but fell useless under the deadly breath of the conqueror. While midst the chaos as a mother hen quieting her children those who grant aid stood defying the madness of the night.

The story with imagery and symbolism

Remember the garden in the days of its splendor, before the evil days came; when the sky was reddened and shrieks came up from the streets; when an enemy came upon us and joined forces with nature's breath. Ah cursed hour, thou hast left behind thee scores of open pits, each claiming its dead. Men and women are cast down in ashes. Mourners go about the streets and red angels stretch our loving arms to lift up the fallen.

The story in poetic form

O tortuous memory of searing flames and the cries of the dying
Begone and let us rest;
What bleakness thou hast cast upon us,
And cruel wind, why didst thou visit us in this ill-appointed hour?
Why didst thou choose to heap sorrow upon sorrow?
But for the angels of mercy crossed in red,
We might all have gone down into the pits
O tortuous memory of searing flames and the cries of the dying
Begone and let us rest.

The story in apocalyptic

And I was carried to a high place and saw what must soon come to pass. That the Great mountain will throw off its cities hurling them into the four corners of the earth. And Six chariots of the demon shall appear out of the north and their host will carry forth basins filled with the fire of torments from the mountain to pour out upon the middle earth which is also called pride. One-third of all those in the region will die when the fires come. And all the merchants and shipmakers and craftsman and tailors will flee without their goods. The bankers will give up their coin and the mothers of young children will perish. And I despaired but I heard a voice that said, "Do not despair, this is not the end of the earth." And I looked and an army of salvation appeared. They

rode upon wings of mighty angels. They were marked with a seal of a red cross and were girded about by white and their number was 1200. And for 7 days they made war against the demon horde and overpowered him in strength. And a cry went up to the heavenly host and an Angel gathered those who fell at the hands of the demon unto himself and they will dwell together in the garden of consolation for ever and ever.