

vate

Descriptive paragraph # 2

A1

In the distance a dog barked at some alley cats, but a boy lay curled in a ball, arms wrapped around him self. The steadily beating of rain hitting some trash cans was soothing. The boy was cut open and bleeding like a butchered pig. The taste of blood was salty. The odour of drunken people filled the air around him. A car drove past splashing water on him as a shiver of coldness rushed through him. He tried to lift his hands to see if they were still there but enough energy was wasted laying there bleeding. The only thing that came to his mind was staying alive another day. His jacket was damp from the constant rain battering it. The beats from a nearby club echoed in his mind. He looked down and saw his blood flow over his arm and flow through both of them.

✓ Super!

Kilroy