THE ALLEYWAY

The cold is wild this is a colloquialism – can you think of a better word?, but it makes why present tense? me feel awake and refreshed. The ground has a slight slip what exactly do you mean? to it. Looking around I can see graffiti on the back of dreary looking buildings that smelt like oil and smoke combined. Cars kept passing the road in the distance, I could hear them; every one that passed sounded different yet the same. The atmosphere is busy on the road ahead but lonely and calm in this alley way. It’s like two different worlds. I liked the feeling of being free. It felt exhilarating to be alone and in a new place.

Of sudden the atmosphere switched. The cold was still wild, but it wasn’t awaking nor refreshing. The smell of oil and smoke grew stronger, so much so it was hard to breathe. No cars passed. Everything was still but not calm. A worried feeling came over me and the excitement vanished. The streets of New York were always busy but now they were still. No voices could be made out, not a single car passed. The gases from the buildings became so strong that my vision became clouded.

I can see a figure in the distance. I felt the urge to walk over to see who it was. I git closer and closer and I could make out an old man with round glasses and a wrinkled face. His face seemed sweet and genuine but as he saw me approaching his face turned sour. I could hear him whispering to himself. When I reach him, I ask him what he is doing outside on a winter’s day with no coat on, he reply’s to this in a gentle voice, “I don’t feel the cold.” It made me feel uncomfortable to hear this. I couldn’t understand why but the way he said it made it seem like there was a strange reason why he can’t feel the cold. New line for a new speaker “Do you need help to get home?” I said as calm as I could although the feeling of worry was still swarmed over me. “We don’t need any help from you. Now leave child before you regret it!” The man bellowed in a voice that didn’t match the one before. I stood shocked. His face was blank, and his eyes were black. I couldn’t move. This man was not a man at all was he? He was some sort of demon, monster, ghost. When my legs finally caught up with my brain they ran. But after only beginning to run I look back and see the man is still standing there. My brain must be affected by the gases from the buildings because my legs start to walk toward him again. Before I was close enough for him to see me, but I was close enough to completely make him out I close my eyes, take a deep breath and count to three. When I open my eyes again he is gone. You have slipped into present tense again – check all tenses and stay in past.

I start running home as fast as my legs can carry me. When I walk inside I see my mum on her with her ear glued to the phone. She sees me and puts down the phone. I tell her everything before she can even open hr mouth. “I was worried sick! I called you a million times and this is exactly what I was worried about! I thought the house was far enough away from there that we would be safe but evidently not! I told you not to go there because children go missing there every year but no you decide it would be fun! Any children that escape say the same thing as you just said. Never ever go there again understand me?” she rambled frantically. I think you need to make some reference to the fact that you had been told not to go there earlier in the story – maybe at the point where you say you are glad to be free – it seems like an adventure … you like the sense of risk.

“I understand now.” I responded with no hesitation.

Excellent work – tense is a problem to sort out – and a few places where you have commas instead of full stops.