

Leah

All

## Descriptive Paragraph #2

The young body lays lifelessly in the dark, damp alley. His limbs sprawled out. The cars rumble the ground on the near by road. The music from the near by dance beats loud and clear. The soft pitter patter of peoples feet is echoed by the heavy rain beating down on the pavement. The smell of week old garbage lingers in cool, rainy air. The boy could feel his blood oozing from the deep stab wound that happened a few minutes ago. The neon light from the bar across the street lit up the rain soaked pavement.

Nancy