

There was once only the sound of bees and the wind in the wiry grass, the low murmuring moles in the cool dark earth and the sound of birds in the high blue sky.

Poppies waving in the green green grass, but that ^{was} all about to change in two days time.

Leaving Home

*the warm sun was now sleeping

of number 21, me, Slamming the door behind the smell of cigarets and alcohol still lingers in the air. gazing through the cracked window, I see dad sleeping and mum in the kitchen. Strolling down the streets the grass that was green was now white*. The grey ripped bag with all of my essentials: phone, hat, fingerless gloves, picture and clothes, was hanging on my sholder, it felt like it was pulling me down into the depths of the cobbled old path. My head down. Hard up. My task to reach the streets. The winter frost numbing the tips of fingers into a sharp purple. ^{I reached} ~~reaching~~ into the bottom of my bag to search for

* I was know the nameless girl, the girl that no one new,

my gloves, I slip them on and blow on my hands. Robins signing over head it sounded like a christmas carol. Snow crunching under my feet as crisp as Autumn leaves. My toes feeling like there ~~was~~ going to drop of. ^{was in sight} ~~Reaching~~ The street I ~~found~~ ^{was waiting} a lamppost and I went to sit down by it* my legs stiff and swolane from the cold frost breeze. ^{my} eyes so bright ^{and blue} you could see them in ^{the} darkest night, my ears turning red as than blood. ^{I remember} ~~remembering~~ I had a photo in my bag I reach for it for joy and love it warms my cheek up ~~like~~ in a flash. Then a pong of smoke ^{and alcohol} fills my nose, and it reminds me of: dad. When ever he had been to the pub he would always arive home drunk and violent trying to hert me and mum, and I think to myself Lauren thats why I left home.

I am really pleased with the way I used a choice of vocabulary, such as 'sharp purple.'

I still need to use some more speech when I do it again.