

Descriptive Paragraph 2

Smell
Sight
Touch
Hear
Taste

The alley smells of dirt. Cars rush by, making echos through the alley. Andy lays still. Arms beside him and his legs in an awkward position, one on top of the other. His purple jacket still against his skin. Feet steps came from behind. A drunk man walked cautiously toward him, but did not help him. The warm rain hit his face as he lays in the same position. Bright metallic blood pours from his mouth and onto the cold ground. Neon flashing lights on one side of the alley brightens the darkness of the alley and crashing of metal garbage cans comes from the other, but nobody knew he was there.

✓

Smell - ✓
Sight - ✓✓
Touch - ✓✓✓
Hear - ✓✓✓
Taste - ✓