

Bella

A1

Compose and Create (Part 2) Descriptive writing

With the overwhelming pain still ripping in his abdomen, Andy heard a different sound than just the rhythmic thumping rain on the rusty tin garbage cans. He heard faint tapping footsteps somewhere in the distance. Andy slowly looked up, his entire body heaving in pain and misery. He saw a regal, strutting old woman with a nearly useless umbrella, watching her <sup>take</sup> ever-so-small footsteps closer and closer to the bins. He smelt a disgusting scent of skunk mixed with gasoline, as he continued to gasp for what could be his final breath.

Wonderful.