

Good carefree and cheerful in a dark urban alley creative writing example

[Experience](#), [Happiness](#)



Felicia sat on the steps of her apartment building, bouncing a small yellow ball. It was dark out, only the dim light from the hallway behind her lighted the street. The sounds of sirens blared in the distance. A car rambled by and the thump of the loud bass vibrated through the cement of the sidewalk to where she sat. The vibration was almost soothing; she watched the car run a red light almost wistfully. It was late at night; it must be nice to somewhere to go.

She happily bounced the ball a few more times before some mischievous urge had her use all the strength in her skinny little arm to bounce it as high as it would go. She wanted to see if it could touch the sky. Unfortunately, it bounced not only high but far. Felicia laughed and darted down the steps, keeping her eye firmly on the little ball as it shot across the street and into an alley between two brick apartment buildings.

Felicia paused at the entrance of the alley. Her nose wrinkled slightly. The acrid, garbage scented smelled dank. She hoped her ball hadn't rolled in anything nasty. She could just make out the shadowy edges of a garbage can. The buildings were high enough to blot out most of the moon. Felicia shrugged and turned around to head back to her porch, and stopped short. "Hi," she said. A tall, broad figure blocked her way, slightly hunched like his shoulders felt too heavy for his body. Probably a man from the shape. He kept to the side of the building where the shadow blanketed his face and half his body.

"You shouldn't be out this late at night," the stranger said softly. His voice sounded rasping and harsh, like something was stuck in his throat. "There are bad men out."

With a sleight of hand gesture, Felicia's ball appeared like magic, nestled brightly in the cup of the man's hand. His arm stretched forward, a slow beckon. The shadow cast from the building muted exactly half of the cheerful yellow ball.

With a quick motion, Felicia snatched the ball out of his hand and darted around him. As the opening of the alley she paused for a split second, half tuned and waved her fingers.

“ Thanks, mister!”

Tranquil and reflective on a crowded subway train

Darren ran his fingers over the crisp edge of the envelope, staring at it thoughtfully. Inside were the results he'd been waiting two weeks for. All that hard work, long nights, fights with his girlfriend because he wasn't paying attention to her anymore – he hoped it was worth it.

The seat under him was too narrow and harder than stone. His knee bumped against the handrail and he had to brace his weight to avoid leaning into the person next to him going around the curve. He was glad it was crowded; strangers in all manner of business and casual dress blocked his view out the windows. Ugly brick with desperate advertisements flashed by. He wondered how much money the companies spent to grab a few seconds of his attention. It kind of made him feel important. Or it would if he actually had any money

Well, what was in the envelope would solve that problem or not. The process was tough. He almost didn't carry it through, but his mom had stayed on his back. Endless applications, essays, personal interview. More than once, he had wanted to throw in the towel and just get on with his life. He hated

wasting time on a long shot.

Darren finally turned the envelope over and ran his finger under the sealed flap. It tore open and he pulled out the page, skimming the letter for the one or two sentences he really wanted.

He smiled a little. Couldn't do a happy dance on the train. It said, "Accepted."

Enthusiastic and energetic at the funeral home

She had to nudge one out of the way even now. A young woman who turned with tear filled indignant eyes, mouth poised to say something, no doubt. Mrs. Harding gave the girl a look and her mouth snapped shut. What, was this her grandson Theo's oldest girl? Couldn't keep track of all her offspring anymore. At least not all the time.

She made her way to the gleaming maple casket, a little irritated at how slow the great grandson was moving. Did he think her cane was for anything but protection? She snorted softly to herself and looked down at her late husband. The old – something – lay there as prim and proper in death as any would please.

"Look at you," she cackled. "Never could stand to be second place. Just had to beat me, you old coot."

"Gram," the great grandson muttered, a little aghast.

"Go fetch me a peppermint, boy," she told him, nudging him along. "Let me pay my last respects."

Sad and contrite in the birthing room He didn't know what to do. He just stood there, the cliché of a contrite, helpless husband with not a single

solitary clue of what to do.

“ You could bring me some ice, sweetheart,” I said. The ‘ sweetheart’ wasn’t really said in the nicest of tones, but I was trying to be polite. It wasn’t really his fault after all. He rushed to get ice and tripped over the birthing ball. He didn’t go sprawling, thank God for small favors. I closed my eyes anyway. I could only handle so much irritation before I snapped. The knowledge that I had a lot longer to go deflated me.

“ Here, dear,” he shoved a cup of ice chips in my face, anxious and a little clumsy. The handle of the lid smacked me in the nose. He swore. “ Man, sorry about that.”

“ Just calm down.” I had to turn away and take a deep breath. His hangdog look frustrated me. I needed support right now, not his guilt over getting me into this position in the first place.

“ Here, help me up.”

Happy to be doing something useful, he assisted me into an upright position. I had him help me swing my legs over the side of the narrow hospital bed and stand up. It was frightfully pink in there. I guess the decorator thought that what laboring women want is to be enveloped in a cloud of cotton candy. The floors were nice and shiny, though, and didn’t hurt my eyes as much as the wall so I settled my gaze there. He helped me sit on the birthing ball and talked me through another wave of pain.

“ I’m so sorry about this, baby. You don’t ever have to do this again. You’re doing great.”

The mixed negative and positive reinforcement was a little confused but he was trying, and the back rub helped.

But he was right. I probably wouldn't be doing this again.