

The deserted street essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

“ I hate you, I hate you! ” I cried as I ran out the front door. What was the matter with them, why did they always argue? My parents’ relationship was hanging on a thin thread. Every few nights I heard the shrieks of anger and remorse. I just stood there, I watched them, and I waited for the silence, it never came. Throughout the night I would cry, cry myself to sleep. Tears landed on my pillow as if they were drops of rain filling an ocean only that this ocean seemed never ending. My heart drummed in me, it kept the sudden rush going, the rush of sadness and guiltiness. I suffered the pain but why did I?

A rush of air flew in like a bird in awesome flight, I wondered if something was not right. Silence surrounded me like a cold draft and the dark night set in. They had stopped, some peace had come. I knew they would still be secretly throwing daggers at each other; nothing was ever pleasant and homely. I crept out of my rickety bed and tiptoed over to the window, I searched outside for some life, everything was clear. Down, I went on the ivy dodging the rats and mice. I walked slowly down the avenue making a crescendo into a run finally sprinting at full pace. Without looking at street names and turning many corners I stopped.

A dead end. Back I went slowly this time, shivering in the nights cold. Where was home? Shudders flowed in my spine violently as a warm sensation passed my leg. It was small and fluffy generating warmth around it. I felt for it and molting fur covered my hand. My brain was dead until a ferocious meow emerged into the silence. The flickering lamppost revealed the fuming cat staring into the depths of my eyes. Never had I felt this before. A few trees in the distance danced in the wind and teased my mind. They were

enticing and surprisingly enchanting in the dark of the night. Home was nowhere near.

The horrifying fact of home now being so longed for was scary. I had never wanted to be in the warmth of my house so much until now. I followed the deteriorating path searching for life. I was an alien exploring a whole new world, and it was almost a new planet. I walked carefully only looking at my feet in the fear of being hurt. Suddenly, an excruciating pain ran through the muscles in my arm. It was torn open. Layers of flesh ripped as the barbed wire attacked. My jacket was already soaking in my blood like a sponge. As I peered to my side I could clearly see a mysterious sign. It read " Dr Prima's Mental Asylum.

Chilling dashes of screams blasted in my ears and visions of sunken faces appeared in the mind's eye. Oh, how I had wished now that I hadn't watched that movie which chilled me to the bone. After my vision I looked back and it was obvious this was a dilapidated building. I cursed myself for believing this was real, after all it was closed down and no one could grab me to be tortured. The park was in sight and I knew I was a couple of blocks from home. Mother and Father, I hoped would be sleeping, not aware of my absence. I just savoured the silence at home when they were sleeping.

If they had found out, the roof would be raised. Groaning, came from the creaking swing which became animated in the wind. The wind whistled and whooshed around me. Clutching my arm, I escaped its grasp and ran down the lane. A dim light appeared in my house and I could sense panic inside. Sweat ran down me like the condensation which usually ran down the

window after a hot steamy bath. Stumbling into the house I saw a glimpse of my parents. I ran in and found them crying fiercely. I embraced them with a sorrowful hug. Not a word was said and it did not have to be, telepathically exchanging thoughts we were happily.