

Creative writing – life in the city

Life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The day in the city is starting: Claustrophobia. Frustration. Overcrowded. Crushing. Swarming. Cacophonous. Obstreperous. Clamorous. Vociferous.

The gloomy grey sky, with its heavy nimbostratus clouds, blocking all of the sun's rays from reaching the Earth. The smoke from the industrial factories polluting the atmosphere and smelling like a failed chemical experiment. The fridge-like coldness of the winter air freezing your face.

Claustrophobia on the streets; commuters, shooting menacing glares at each other, attempt to rush to work. They fight their way past each other, determined to do anything they can to get to their destination. One businessman, dressed in a shirt and tie and clutching a black leather briefcase, is shoved back as the current of the swarm of people against him is too strong. The towering skyscrapers looking down at the strugglers in battle.

Across the road, the unpleasant cacophony of cars blaring their horns is heard above everything else. Frustrated drivers, already late for work, bellowing at the ever-changing traffic lights and wide lorries blocking half of the road. The overpowering skyscrapers watch over the events; their roofs almost brushing the heavens. Hectic life in the city goes on and on, and feels as though it will never end, that the commuters will never stop fighting their way into work, that the car drivers will never stop cursing at the traffic, that the city will never be empty...

... Night time in the city. Empty. Deserted. Silent. In the charcoal black sky, the effulgent crescent moon, the glistening stars forming illuminating

constellations, the flickering lights of a plane that glides through a sky like a hawk.

Descending to the Earth, we observe the city in its now desolate state. Looking through a dimly lit, litter strewn alley, a homeless man crouches defensively, ready to go to sleep for the night. His scruffy, short, light brown hair covered with a worn out, chequered hat. His torn, tatty shirt and his trousers covered with holes both sizes too small for him. A few meters away, a rat scuttles over to the litter, scavenging around for food.

Turning into the car park, we see that the once overflowing place full of resting vehicles of every size and shape, now contains nothing but the dormant parking meter that patrols the area. Standing on one leg and lining up in a straight row like soldiers, the street lights provide the only source of illumination, their one eye emitting a golden beam of shining light down on the dusty, cracked pavement below.

Through the city park, the sea of trees is seen swaying gently in the whispering wind. Rippling reflections of the stars are shown in the peaceful pond. The vastest tree of the park comes into view with its narrow finger-like branches reaching skywards and brushing the heavens; its gnarled bark and broad trunk radiating infinite wisdom.

The silent, harmonious noises of the city now amplified. The ticking of the clock tower, the rustle of the autumn leaves being softly blown down the road by the wind, the high pitched creaking of the iron gates to the car park.

Soon the silent, tranquil city will be once again transformed into the blaring, claustrophobic city, and life in the city will start again.