

The street lamps
dimly lit the rain-
soaked streets –
creative writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The street lamps dimly lit the rain-soaked streets of the small town in which I live. Terraced houses line each side of the narrow streets and the sound of raindrops on tiled roofs constantly drum in my ears. The streets are totally empty, not even the odd car or person breaks the monotony of the black tarmac. A rusty iron fence surrounds the small park by the houses and the play area is deserted and broken. The sky is dark and overcast, with the occasional roll of thunder rumbling in the distance.

By ten o'clock my shift at the local supermarket is over and I have to begin the long, mind-numbing walk home. The supermarket car park is covered in red, yellow and brown leaves from the old trees at the side of the road and I struggle across the slippery surface until I reach the dark subway that leads under the main road to the terraces. The subway walls are covered in graffiti while broken bottles and cigarette ends line the floor. I always feel slightly nervous when walking through this subway; its intimidating darkness makes me uneasy. Emerging from the subway I meet the usual dim glow of street lamps illuminating the small terraced houses that, to me, signified safety and protection.

" Empty your pockets!" shouted a gruff voice, as a man jumped out from the side of the subway exit, " Give me your money or I'll kill you!"

There stood a tall, well built man, dressed in dark, ragged clothes in an aggressive stance with his fist raised and his other hand in his pocket. He wore a hooded top concealing most of his face, except his black rotting teeth and his stubble covered chin. His shoes had holes and there were cuts and

scars on his face. He shivered and shook while the rain soaked him through as he pinned me against the wall.

" Please don't hurt me," I begged. " I've done nothing wrong."

" I said empty your pockets!" repeated the man

" What do you want from me?" I asked nervously.

" If you don't give me your money, I'll..." he nodded his head towards his pocket, where my eyes met with the tip of a shining object that I presumed was a knife.

" Ok, just please don't hurt me!"

By now I was petrified, so I nervously put my hands in my pockets and scrambled around for and loose change and then pulled everything out and dropped it on the floor. The man immediately bent down to pick up the coppers and chocolate bar that fell to the floor. He counted the change rapidly and put the chocolate in his pocket.

" What's in your jacket?" the man shouted.

" N-n-n-nothing," I stammered.

" Don't lie!" he shouted, as his voice became more and more desperate. "

Now take your jacket off and give it to me!"

I didn't move.

" Give it to me!" the man screamed at the top of his voice as he tore off my jacket and turned it upside-down to empty it. My wallet, keys and mobile phone fell out and as the man bent down to pick them up I spied my chance to make a run for it. I hesitated to think of my escape route but this proved to be a huge mistake. As I tried to run, the man got a hold of my trailing foot and dragged me to the ground, my feeble body could not escape the grasp of the man. He stared down at me and then kicked me in the stomach to stop me getting the same idea of trying to escape again. Lying in a puddle, I watched him gather the phone and wallet; leaving the keys and throwing away the wallet once he had taken the £10 that was in there.

" This doesn't look like nothing, does it?" he screamed with his face right next to mine, holding the crumpled note in front of my eyes. " Does it?"

" N-n-no" I managed to say.

" Get up!" he shouted angrily.

I scrambled to my feet, still holding my stomach to try to suppress the pain of being kicked.

" Yes?" I didn't actually want to know what he wanted.

" I'll see you again later." He said it with an evil smile and chilling abruptness, and then he turned away and walked, with a limp, towards the subway. As the dark figure merged with the darkness, the thought of how long 'later' would be, and what he would do then, ran through my mind.

During the confrontation, the rain had turned to hail without me realising, and the hail was stinging my cold, wet face. I was breathing heavily as I
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picked up my keys and torn coat, draping it over my head. I turned towards the street, still in a state of shock over what had happened and began to take nervous footsteps towards home.

Soon the nervous footsteps turned to a sprint when I had come to terms with what had just happened. The street and houses turned to a blur and somehow I just kept running, all the way to the entrance of my street, where I had to stop and coordinate myself in order to find my house. I reached in the pocket of my jacket to retrieve my keys, and slowly found my way to number 56. The keys had a constant jingle, due to my hand's vigorous shivering, which also made it hard to get it in the lock and open the door. After a minute of nervous frustration the door opened, I jumped in and shut the door behind me.