The unhinged, foul stench of decay and neglect created such an evil concoction that it invaded the nostrils and made even the driest eyes stream with unstoppable waterfalls of muddy-brown water.

The sky was garishly overcast, infected with a malnourished tint that shrouded all under it’s deceased gaze, a nasty shade of sick yellow.

Gusts of wind cursed and whipped through the streets like invisible battleships, colliding and destroying all that they could. The sharp sickle of death hung over all the congested streets and the buildings within were squat and squalid, abandoned with shattered windows and rotted raion packets.

In one house, an unfed and sickly dog could barely support itself on it’s bony legs, as it stood obedient  waiting for an owner who had forgotten him, and would never return. Fleas festered over his patchy black hair, patchy in the same way as when the hair never fully grows back to cover mangled, operation scars. A further council of fleas whizzed around a disregarded dog bowl, still holding the faint memory of bone, it’s flesh which had been shredded of meat clinically and absolutely by the uniform hatred of the flies.

The dog’s eyes were sunken back and pure, black hole, black and filled with hurt as it whimpers and weeps at the view outside.

Further off, a neglected monstrosity of a tower, named after some long forgotten monarch in the days *before*, winced and creaked in its crumbling foundations, vacuuming ire and ridicule from the diseased, half chewed rats that scuttled across it’s cracked, clock face, both of it’s arms sagging down in misuse - as if the tower has lost all hope.

Ancient clumps of rot congealed and clustered in every rotten crevice and the constant onpour of acid rain had eroded and infected it’s figure into an almost unrecognisable shape.

In the basement a larger rat had made it’s lair (a ‘king rat’ if you will), it’s sharp incisors gnawing at a human body so mangled, that it would have to be identified only by its dental records.

Many other rodents huddled around it, nestling into it’s monstrous flesh, praying for scraps.

The desolate wasteland that had once been called home was a disgustingly pale, imitation of what it once was, chock full of the direst cruelty.and the worst of human deed, filled with desperation and hate. But, someplace, somewhere there was a soft, barely noticed murmur of salvation, throughout the hundreds of square miles of death, posters were littered, covered in promises of a promised land, a safe land, just over the horizon.

Grade 9 Richard. Amazing and engaging piece of dystopian description.