

Vivid and Haunting Nights

As the tarnished and ramshackled dinghy advanced towards the muted dock. ^{tactile imagery} Coral reef worth of string tailored the mouth of the ocean. Every utterance was entombed in the fathomless and eldritch basin below. I had never yearned for rowdy symbols so much. The afternoon fluorescence of the sun bleached the canvas of the ocean with heliodor and beryl. It seemed like a sheet was drawn like the curtains of a stage and it divulged a forsaken and thundering silent city.

I reconsidered solitude and venturing alone. Was this what I got for what I'd gone through? Baneful waves and deprivation for a land of which was inhabited by dormant skyscrapers. What a waste. I walked on paper, drawn over by abstract lines that trapped my laces and made me topple over unanticipated crinkles.

I meandered through the maze unconsciously made by the buildings. I found myself in dead ends that looked like ghost towns and streets littered with pallid cigarettes and cardboard coffee cups that seemed to be dissolving into the ground. A blackhole here, hidden in the known man's land, luring all sounds, the voices of people, chattering of the destitute cafe and scurrying automobiles and magnetising them into the net below.

But just as the sun lost the edge of itself and the nebulas in the sky turned to light pantone clouds, silhouettes started to appear, possessing crates laden with nourishing fruits and shimmering dresses. The streets were turning into a walking market. Lanterns embroidered with robins suspended on rope. Stalls were set up. LED lights were outlining the pavements and windows. ^{cool} A snake of children came giggling past me with sparks sizzling at their fingertips. This was a city raised by fireworks and luminosity!

I strolled through streets, inspecting the magnificence they offered. Shoppers were adorned with bangles and bold earrings. I didn't even feel the hours passing till it was the next day. Every noise and every person seemed to evaporate.

I suddenly dropped the drink in my hand, for once I felt frightened out of my wits. ^{this is nice} It felt like the silence was pressing me hard, my head invertebrates and stomach churned. I stumbled and grazed my knees but ran. I ran. I ran furiously to the dinghy. I wanted to be released from this nightmare. Who could survive in such a hellish and dastard place?

Once I passed the barrier that concealed all sound, I felt replenished. The halcyon chorused by the waves seemed like an orchestra. I wanted to grab my headphones and play the loudest songs to fill my head with sounds, this city would haunt me if I ever heard nothing again.

Note:

I like this story, Elvial. There were no errors in grammar and punctuation. Moreover, the use of literary techniques spiced up this work of yours. The themes of alienation in crowd of people is explained indirectly which is great However, there are two questions that were left out: What do you learn about the city and its inhabitants? How does your time in the city change you? You have to answer this, not directly though. You may use indirect characterisation here to reflect the things that you have learned from the city's dweller and how your stay there changed you.

Mark: 48/50