

The gentle hum of an occasional whistler and the cheers and shrieks of children frolicking in the distance echoed from the shore out to the sun. I could hear the doors squeaking wide open to many new opportunities, after all, they say once a door closes, millions of new other ones will reveal themselves. The sweet scent of childhood flowed through the city, the perfume of exuberance, youth, and freedom. From the sun leisurely sinking into the horizon, to the skyscrapers, showering in the late afternoon sunlight, shielding over its inhabitants below, it all seemed perfect. Too perfect. There was something or someone behind all of this and I needed to find out.

(I am not sure if we just do a scene or a whole story)

There is indeed the presence of descriptive language, however, the city is not revealed and the work seemed rush despite only having one scene. It is best to summarise the work even in a short paragraph as long as the details are on point and all the content and topic needed are involved and included. The work can still be improved.

Keep going!
Marks (46/50)