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# Descriptive Paragraph x2

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Andy lays in the corner of a dark alley. With garbage cans running all along the back of the alley. The bright street lights glisten over top of Andy's body. The saltiness taste of blood is sliding into his mouth. The sound of a heavy truck is near by and it burns a lot of gas and gives off it's automobile odor. The rain is pouring down splashing into tons of puddles. The door to enter a bar is right beside Andy and everytime it opens it makes a haunting creek. The rain was falling on top of Andy for hours. Blood was drying on Andy's body, but more was rushing out of him. The fog hung over Andy and got thicker and thicker as time passed.

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