

Response to hunchback in the park

The park was teeming with joyous people, children screaming, shouting and playing. An elderly woman was feeding the birds. All except one was happy. In between the trees and water, a man sat in the mist, his shoulders deformed. Clutching a paper cup in his hand, he sat on a bench, motionless all day. A group of boys were passing, giggling, and pointing.

He was silent motionless like the trees that surround him; no wind was blowing. A small family walked past the hunchback. The little girl fixed on the hunchback, her eyes were wide open, she froze staring at the hunchback as he lowered his newspaper the little girl let go of the balloon she had won at the park. Her mother seeing her daughters star hurried her along as if he was some sort of dangerous monster.

The night was closing in, the hunchback started running through the old misty wood. A fox startled by the hunchback took one look at him and dashed away. When the hunchback made it out of the wood he reached a road, he decided to follow it to his kennel. When he arrived he sat inside his old rusty kennel where the moonlight leaked in through the entrance.

The kennel was isolated, only a small farm house and barn that had been abandoned for years stood nearby. The windows were all boarded up and the door was covered in cobwebs, a hill was to the left of the kennel and a field lay behind it surrounded by a barbed wired fence. An old worn out road wound past (covered in pot holes). Crows were in the fields looking for worms and seeds for their hatchlings. The hunchback sat there feeling sorry for himself, flies floating above his head and crawling up his nose. A mole was on his chin puss was oozing out of it. He sat there wondering how it ever came to this, what had gone wrong.