

Red and Orange

I woke with a thump my head had banged against the piece of wood beside where I lay. But where I lay wasn't my bedroom, not my house. It was a vast expanse of ~~sand~~ sand with only planks of wood for decoration. As I walked ~~thru~~ through the desert-like land I realised wood was the only thing on the floor, the Eiffel Tower, The statue of liberty, which had once stood proudly on the coast of New York city. There ~~building~~ were buildings, there were mountains. They all had one thing in common they were all sinking, being consumed into the sand. The atmosphere ~~felt~~ was filled with a dark chill. The red sky looked engulfed in blood, while the sand ~~felt~~ looked like a rusty bronze. Then ~~it~~ in the distance I saw a figure, a human figure.

It was waving at me. As I approached the figure, who was a good 2 miles away, I realised I was sinking to. Trying to move your feet was like trying to ~~eat~~ catch smoke, like trying to catch smoke with your bare hands. While I was ~~strg~~ struggling I realised that the sinking debris was ~~Eating~~ in around me, showing no signs of stopping. I had to run, but running was hard when your feet were in sand that was trying to sink you. The building were getting closer.

Answer Page: Don't write below here

As I advanced I realised had ~~most~~ probaly made
me closer to the figure, but ~~if~~ as I looked up
he wasn't there. The person who had been waving at
me had disappeared.

Answer Page: Don't write below here

CTFXRB2

Page 2

