

*Week 7 exercise, big confident third person narrator. It introduces us to a setting and a few characters. The narrator has intimate knowledge of the place. Tried to play with language. Some lyrical descriptions used in tone. After describing the setting grounded in a scene.*

The sky in Colitas looms grey. The days are short and harrow. Traffic thickens the air with brooding noise and pluming smog. The sun scorching the asphalt, it crumbled the horizon black and hot. For how lifeless this place seemed, it overflowed with it - life which once was.

In the midst of this asphalt plain, a metal box stands tall. Amongst the other buildings, it doesn't stand out much. But those who've ventured its dimly lit tunnels, hollow hallways and metal veins always lose something they never fully recover.

Steel plates scrape greased gears and rust. Sharp squeals mute heavy machinery hums. Crimson creeks leaked from its base. Wrapped around its concrete trunk, metal roots emerge in a strict angular pattern. But not all roots flow with water, not these. These lukewarm pipes provide the blood of this concrete tree – a viscous pink sludge of decay and rot.

There they arrived, today's first batch. Unloading in the compound's jaws. The soft eyed creature had already entered a place of no return. He was among his peers, friends, family and strangers. The sharp metal grid flooring making cuts in his feet, feces and blood quickly seeping in. His sweaty skin sticking to grey plumes. His paws shaking under the heavy air. The soft eyed creature didn't look at the iron beasts around him. But he never lost them from sight. Drifting forward, pushed by pinkish masses behind him. Losing sight of his friends, he walked on alone. Yet he didn't know he would meet them again soon. Separated by plastic tubs, gathered in gore – together.

The man who commanded the iron beasts didn't see any soft eyed creatures. He didn't feel the thick of suffering hanging in the air. He didn't hear the harrowing screams cut through the machinery. He didn't smell the desperate terrified pink. He only saw pipes and rust, buttons to press, levers to switch. For every life he fed to the metal pipes, he also fed his sanity. A sanity which would always remain between these concrete walls.