

House after house hunched at the side of the road, showing signs of age, exhaustion and battle scars, like a row of war-battered soldiers. It was winter, and the trees were bare of leaves and life, somehow making the street seem even more deserted. Rubbish bins lined the pavements, haphazardly; they were a testament to the fact that people had once lived there. Now they sat, unused, at the side of the road- very much like the houses. There was an eerie silence on the street, apart from the odd car which passed through on its way to somewhere more interesting. Shattered window panes, dislodged roofing tiles, peeling paint and broken guttering all helped to make the each house feel unloved and neglected. Even the streetlights no longer worked, and in the dim, grey light, winter seemed to have crept into every building and touched it with icy fingers.

