

**99 WRITING**

# Alan Going Hungry

by Alan, 826DC

**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

The green scooter whizzed past me.

It reminded me of the flickering green lights above me.

The sidewalk was dirty, but somebody thought it was a delicious cake, so they licked it anyway.

I'm hungry now. Chick-fil-A smells tasty.

I hear the loud BEEP BEEP Of the bus.

I guess it's time to go home.