Alcatraz

by Chloe T.

The boat finally pulled up to the dock, and we were at Alcatraz. I immediately saw a huge building in front of me. I heard all of the loud seagulls and the metal bars clanking on the inside. It smelled like birds and rusty metal, almost like we were in a dungeon. We went inside and it was a little chilly and the air was damp from the ocean breeze. I put my hands on the cell bars and they were cold like I dipped my hands in the ocean. When we walked outside in the back, we came across houses that had been burned. They looked like if you touched them even with the lightest touch it would crumble down like a house of cards on an unstable surface. We walked a little further and there was a beautiful garden. It smelled like I was running through a big field of wild flowers. On the boat ride back, I watched Alcatraz get smaller and smaller as we got further and further away.