

Version 1:

In the junkyard, a line of refrigerators were like soldiers. Nuts and bolts were at the bottom of deep puddles filled with oil. A crane looked tall above a pile of cars in the sunshine and smelled of petrol. Some plastic bags floated through the air. Lots of wires twisted round a television. They were like snakes.

Version 2:

At the entrance to the junkyard, a never-ending line of refrigerators stood like soldiers on guard. Just past the entrance, nuts and bolts shone in the murky depths of the deepest puddles that swirled wildly with giant, glistening oil spills like petrol rainbows. To the left, a metal crane spread its rusting neck over a mangled mountain of car skeletons which rotted in the sunshine and stank of petrol and decay. Dancing and spinning wildly, a gang of childish plastic bags played tag through the air. Silently, millions of wiggling wires wound wildly round an old television.