

#2

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Descriptive Essay

With the hustle and bustle of school and work each day, I hardly have time to myself. Each morning I get up to join the daily grind consisting of morning traffic, barking customers, and Frankenstein steps. So <sup>you</sup> can just imagine how much time is put into my car. I really <sup>no contrast</sup> don't have time for anything but squeezing in the basics, such as changing the oil and pumping gas. Obviously, signs of neglect begin to show. The sights that make my car the typical student-mobile are the paint job, <sup>the</sup> broken parts, and the inside upholstery.

My dad gave me my 1992 Buick Regal in March of this year. The color is like that of the underside of a beached whale. A nice way of putting it is mother of pearl. Of course, there is also a thin layer of dust and grime because there is no way I have time to wash it. On the roof, the paint is peeling away revealing a grayish thundercloud-like color beneath. Worse, there are also rust spots on the roof that grow like a malevolent fungus off the "X-Files". There is even some spotting the bottom of my car, near the tires. The rust is a reddish-brown color, and it has a queer scale-like texture, like that of a lizard. Odd, they even are starting to look like scales. Maybe my car is turning into a prehistoric monster.

A common feature of Buick Regals is that the door handles like to break off. Of course, mine <sup>driver's side?</sup> developed a case of bad manners and broke. I have a two-door, so I must be a sight climbing in on the opposite side of the car everyday. So <sup>you</sup> will notice a door

great  
similes!

looks like? (describe) - ok, next page



handle that snapped off, hanging like a broken corn stalk in the wind. I also neglected to fix a leaky gas tank, so the acrid scent of gas lingers like cheap perfume in the air around my car. I have a theory that maybe the evil fungus from outer space is under there doing its dirty work. There is also the "low coolant" light that is possessed and likes to flick on at will. (You also have the engine roaring like a <sup>wounded?</sup> tiger, threatening to die any day.

comma splice

Then <sup>I</sup> we have <sup>my</sup> our inside upholstery. It reminds me of the Atlantic Ocean, it's color <sup>ed</sup> a deep blue. Its material is soft, like a well-worn couch. <sup>BUT?</sup> It carries the faint odor of cigarettes and Lysol. Here you will find a couple cigarette burns from your occasional feather-brained pal <sup>or</sup> when I am in a hurry. They are like those random birthmarks, you never know where you'll find one. <sup>(thru...)</sup> There are some spots of the upholstery that are darker than the rest. Some are from a hastily eaten <sup>hmm</sup> burger or hoagie. Then you have coffee that was spilled flying over a bump. You will also detect the faint smell of mold from the upholstery in the trunk. The rain leaks in, leaving the musty scent to tickle your nostrils like ghostly fingers.

comma splice

So there you have my car in a hectic world. Maybe on Christmas vacation I will have time to pamper it. Cars are just like us; they need to be taken care of. I am afraid to take it to the car wash because the rust may get ideas and start to spread!

repeat thesis support

4 sentence errors

\* no "you" (POV)  
- no contractions

\* transitions (Btw sentences)

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