

Part 1

The pernicious gales curved in a never-ending vortex, oscillating at a sickening speed as I looked up at the inauspicious scaffolding touching the sky. The ubiquity bathing me in a basin with an abominable amalgamation of apprehension and affliction, yet I maintained my ground, or, should I say, maintained my metal pole.

Oxymoron. This is a good figure of speech.

I sharply shot an unbelieving glance at the microscopic yet immense world underneath, almost losing my grip and lunging wildly for the rungs. I closed my careworn, lachrymose eyes, allowing the dark to engulf me in its wings. I stayed like that for a second, or was it an hour? it's hard to tell when you plunge yourself into the vast cave of memories and listen to the excruciating, snide remarks of your family. "The failure's not ready!" "he'll die trying!" "The loser would fall on the first step!" each assault felt like a small, yet ever-so-acute knife flying right into my dreams, my ambitions, and my heart. for a second, letting go felt like the best alternative... a cold zephyr hoicked me out of my agonizing with glacial, crystal-clear hands, knocking me so close to the edge, then, my eyes widened as I realized that I was climbing into a storm.

I lost my footing, lost my calm, and lost my jacket, and already, the hypothermic tempest <sup>and</sup> hypothermic cold ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> seeping into my soul and grasping my heart in its talons. Its frigid talons of doom. The ferocious frenzy of remorseless rage seemed to have taken hold of the cyclone. It thrashed my dying body in endless circumrotations, throwing me into a daze. I knew that the only way to succeed was to keep climbing, so, hand on ice, I thrust myself upwards, desperate to stay alive. I vaulted from one palisade to another like a daring monkey and dodged the falling blocks, and after an eternity of scaling, the infinite ladder came to an end.

I tossed my hands onto the platform and just remained there for a minute, trying to grasp a greedy amount of air. My senses were circulating in circles, shrieking "I DID IT! I DID IT! I PROVED THEM WRONG!" I had done it. I, Hugo first, had reached the top of a spiraling sprawl of a malevolent maze, without giving up, which proves anything, as long as you try, can become a reality, as long as you never give up.

“Congratulations Hugo, you’ve reached the top of that 20-meter treetop climb without breaking your neck” was what my father said when he caught sight of me. It was something he never said before.

Note:

This is a good narrative story. It is nice that you were able to use descriptive and emotive words in this piece. Emotive language is the use of descriptive words, frequently adjectives, to convey the reader how an author or character feels about something, elicit an emotional reaction from the reader, and persuade the reader. Moreover, I also like that you created a twist out from the picture and prompt since it demonstrated that you have thought of the plot before writing this. Further, I also traced several applications of figurative language in your work which makes your story more creative. However, there is something that I need you to look into. You have to follow the directions, you have not written or mentioned about "Magical features". You need to include this. These features are reminiscent to the Disney storytelling. Here, you could create magical creatures, events, or characters with powers. All in all, this is a good story, just heed the instructions next time. Good work!

Mark 47/50

Scholarly