

A

~~An~~ mystical, angelic shroud gently caressed the fatigued, puffy-eyed traveler. Its translucent tendrils wrapped him in its soft embrace like a mother cradling her beloved child. He feebly scrambled up the steep ramp and ascended for what felt like a millennia, not halting once to take in the view of the world he'd left. The traveller had come so far and he was not going ^{to} let fear's sharp claws sink in and slay his burning courage.

As he trudged on, he began to question his remaining sanity as all he could see for a leviathan

amount of distance was maroon -painted steel poles and snowy alpine, beige wood planks. The foreign traveller could no longer remember anything of his life before his current conquest, which he was wholeheartedly devoted to. As the traveller advanced upwards, he came to an enlightenment that he truly had nothing to lose his past was a forgotten chapter in the story of his life. This mission was all he lived for and so his heart, now laced with determination caused him to confidently continue, stronger than before.

Finally, the traveller reached a point where he could see an end, it was encased by enigmatic mist and he knew he had reached the end, he had travelled further than any living entity had ever. He came to two doors. He opened one. It had a picture of him standing next to a slim, graceful woman. He was smiling wider than he had ever been able to recall. Lying in his arms was a small girl with a small round face and a button nose. he didn't think he knew these people but then, it hit him. This was the world he had lived in before his search. Tears streamed down his eyes, clouding his vision. What was he really searching for? Suddenly, he was drawn to the second door, compelled to open it but, inside there was nothing, nothing but never ending darkness and despair. This was it. This was the end of life. The man contemplated was he really ready to die and never return to this world?

No, he decided. His life was not over yet he had to live it to the fullest so he ran back, down the bridge, down the skyscraper and down the path from which he had came. He was not ready to die. He started a new quest. A quest to find out who he really was and where he could fit in.

Good job on reaching the required word count!

Note: This narrative has a good twist. It's good that you are able to propel the plot with the use of alluring vocabularies. You have done a great job in your word choice. However, let me remind you how to use the articles a and an? Use the article a before a consonant sound, and use an before a vowel sound. Hence, you must use "a" before your word "mystical". Also, I cannot see any employment of the literary device "oxymoron". Note that it is figure of speech in which apparently contradictory terms appear in conjunction. Examples, "Awfully good," "bittersweet," "same difference," and "original copy".

Mark 47/50