

PART 1 WRITING HW:

Trepidation gripped me tight. The corroded, ramshackle composition of brittle metal rods shook savagely to remind me of the perilous danger if the corrugated building ever collapsed. The blustery winds crowed with gelid contempt, its sinuous tendrils crackling with an unhinged madness. Its searing blade of icy barbarity impaled my agonised heart with a galvanic cackle, mangling my petrified soul into corrupted tatters. My rusted second-hand carabiner clunked in unfluctuating rhythm with the worn harness, as the acrid smog strangled my lungs with bloodthirsty aggressiveness. I was trembling like a deranged madman on a rickety tower...

But I had to do this. I had to prove my family wrong. Their harsh, slicing words tore through my mind – “This is the one thing you will fail. You shall never reach the top”. Their paralysing comments had scared me, their callous words sliced my confidence and it tore it down into reclusive shatters. I wanted to gash at their wounding foolishness, I wanted to free myself from the malicious shackles of self-scrutiny, I wanted to regain my seat of superior prominence.

And then I heard the static rumbling of the helicopter’s formidable engine, as the main rotor flickered in the sultry grey fog. The coarse yell emanating from the cockpit mocked me as a “stupid maniac who should come into the helicopter now”. Their ignorant reprimandment. I felt the icy gossip of the tempestuous winds critique my every step, as the harsh jibber of the helicopter’s reverberating roll cruelly exchanged notes with the grating wind.

I felt a hiss of demonic rage spark inside my indignant heart, concocting a rancid landfill of resentment, bitterness and fury. How dare they judge me? I

sensitively scaled my way up the frail, sangria arc, slowly snaking my way across the serrated steel spire. Meanwhile, oppressive, anchor grey smog choked me with its constricting jaws while its scaly whip threw punches at my cowering figure. Yet still, I shoved on, gingerly trying my leather-clad boots forward in the last portion of the daring climb.

The rush of air greeted me; I had made it. I was intoxicated with the sensational exhilaration of intrepid accomplishment. I felt like a king, and the scintillating silvery skyscrapers clustered together were my dangerous artillery of swords that impaled the alabaster clouds, feebly bowing before my feet. I felt pulsating exuberance as I tightly clenched the final bar.

Alongside, though, the displeased police helicopters were shrieking warnings of hyperbolised punishment. When I reluctantly slid into an irked pilot's seat, my bursting feelings of excitement had dissipated into the logic of rational consideration. I felt a sneaking sense of insightfulness restrain my pulsing exuberance. I didn't beat anyone. I hadn't proved anyone wrong. I had just won over myself.

Note: This is a very good narrative, Caleb! The words you have carefully chosen evoked the feelings of the main character and translated them to the audience. I would also like to commend your work since it does not have any grammatical or spelling mistakes. However, there's one thing that you should incorporate - oxymoron. This figure of speech juxtaposes concepts with opposing meanings within a word or phrase that creates an ostensible self-contradiction. I know you know how to write phrases using this. Good luck!

Mark 48/50