

A Fatal Drop

HW by: Claire Wang

Stygian, crepuscular tendrils of vexed, irate, puissant fog lashed out in infuriated indignation, twisting its lips in a mutilated, murderous sneer as it glared down at the nimble man, scaling up the teetering, emasculated skyscraper. Acting like an impenetrable shield as it bastioned around me like a **Guardian Angel** defending as the wind reached out its clammy, muculent hand almost as if it wanted to slap me right through the gaping, treacherous holes in the fatigued structure. Clawing as though like a tiger pouncing on prey, wind swirled in tumult, mayhem as it banged against the scaffolding. But I wasn't going to let the clangorous wind get the best of me, I was here for one thing and one thing only. I wasn't here to brag and tell the world how valiant I was, I was here to finish him. He would regret he'd ever been born until the wind was knocked out of his lungs by my squeezing hands. That he'd regret he'd ever laid a finger on my Dad.

Wind lashed at me, making my eyes swell up as it mocked, zig zagging in byzantine, convoluted patterns like a rattlesnake slipping through the open doors of the museum, then attacking. A sudden jolt rattled the brittle, debilitated skyscraper as the bolts keeping the last of the structure rattled uncontrollably in the savage, choleric zephyr that whipped and flagellated, desperately trying to fling me off. My stomach churned and lurched forward as the tremulous, fluttering butterflies tried to get out. The skyscraper shook side to side frenetically and I stared down in fear at the teetering, formidable, elevated buildings scattered around the roads filled with the daily hustle and bustle of people even in this tornado of wind. Screeching and roaring filled the air, mixed with the clamorous honks of cars. My mind kept wandering off to the fatal drop and splattering of blood that would meet me if I made one tiny mistake. But this time, there weren't going to be any mistakes, no more teasing of 'scared little Tom afraid to do anything scary' and how my father's death had affected me more than anyone else in my family. My hands rolled into tight, impervious balls as they clenched and unclenched.

"I'm here to do it. Now." I muttered under my breath. "Now or never."

Taking trepidatious steps, I cautiously scaled up to scaffold before I was only metres away from the gaping hole, ready to engulf me and swallow me into a cavernous room where I would meet him, though he would've known I was coming, because I was here to take him by surprise. I reached into my jacket pocket and felt the cool metal and instinctively clutched the handle of the dagger, he had finished Dad off with the exact same dagger. I could remember my shock as the crimson blood curled up the edges as the knife quickly devoured the new fresh blood crawling up. My Dad's blood. He had come to wave it in my face, then dragged my Mum out of the apartment, in a fit of screams and cries but she had been silenced by the gleaming knife held dangerously close to her throat and the sedative that made her drop, limp in his arms as the sheeny, fulgurating azure eyes scintillated with newborn menace under the caliginous shadows of the balaclava covering his face, then he left. I never heard another word from that day, and soon I was an orphan.

I gripped the sides of the railing for support and muttered all my utter strength, ready to jump the last two steps. Clang!

My body swept down, the racing wind sweeping through my fingers as I clenched onto the railing, I watched in terror as the last three bolts buckled, making the lone railing I was holding drop abruptly.

"Help!" I screamed but my voice was instantly ingurgitated by the blustering, vehement wind that drank my voice right into its mouth, I watched it settle into its stomach, my voice broken. Myself dangling a daunting drop from where I was hanging. A fatal drop.

Robust hands seized me and I used it to scramble up, only to be let go off. I barely managed to catch the railing, arms burning I jerked my head up. The surprise nearly made me tumble back as those same cerulean, twinkly eyes bore into me. My jaw dropped in a silent scream.

"Yes, pretend to be shocked Tom, but really, you would recognise me anywhere."

"Uncle... Dener..." I spluttered, unable to form a single word. He grimaced cunningly and drew a foreboding, aciculate knife and pointed it right at my chest.

"Yes, the exact same place I killed you dad, in the heart. I'm looking forward to doing it again, though, to his son. Your mum? Well, let's just say she's not with you either, she's not exactly dead but close enough to dead. Soon she'll be dead." A sense of hunger and longing arised from the depths of his heart and he made slits with his eyes.

"Now, Tom, any last words?" My mouth stayed in a thin line, no, he couldn't.

"I can Tom, even if I am your Uncle, hated you always though. Now," He adjusted his grip on the knife.

"I'm going to finish you off and exactly like your father let you drop. Let you drop with blood streaming out from your chest."

Note: What an excellent narrative! The vocabularies that you have used in this is superb. Moreover, it levels to the Disney-like storytelling because you have provided thrilling scenarios here. However, I have noticed that this story lacks Oxymoron and Magical features. Let me give a short refresher: an oxymoron is a figure of speech that juxtaposes concepts having opposite meanings inside a word or phrase, resulting in an apparent self-contradiction. An oxymoron can be used as a rhetorical technique to highlight a point or demonstrate a paradox meanwhile, magical features depict the real world as having an undercurrent of magic or fantasy. Still this is a great narrative.