

Part 1.

The satirical voices of dejection thundered in my head as the empyrean above me glouted in a pompous way. The brisk ocean beneath my woozy feet were manoeuvring anchovies and pewter blocks. Tentacles encroached up the gimcrack and bewailing scaffolding. Trepidation brimmed my heart like grains of rice. The pillars of flimsy iron felt penetrable with my straining grip. The arctic beads of sweat advanced down my tautened jaws like the rain droplets on a window. But the disdainful voices of my parents invertebrates against my skull was as torturous as a brick to the head. Such a nice way of writing. Death bathed in the pool of anxiety in my eyes. Someone a mile away could've spotted it. I felt abased by my impetuous lack of certitude, confidence had abandoned every inch of me and my void soul.

But I wasn't going to licence this miraculously petrifying height to get on my nerves. I would establish I wasn't a mimsy and lanky man who still lived with his parents. Suddenly, an extravagant wisp sailing beneath me, bestowing the dastard tentacles grasping for my disquietude. This wisp was a **Guardian Angel** This is not a proper noun. Thus, should not be capitalised. descending down and safeguarding me from the treacherous Kraken. The flocculent and finely etched wings enveloped the unwelcoming creature. If this has a name like Guardian Angel Gabriel, it should be capitalised. Otherwise, lower case it. The **Guardian Angel's** radiating halo, shone the light I needed all along.

Suddenly, I wasn't a timid and naive youngster anymore, I would venture further. The glacial ice that felt like ice smothered on my cheeks but now the zephyr was merely a soft caress on my face. Every inch I went forward was a big leap, I would prove my parents wrong. I had success and triumph under my thumb by now, it would never leak out of my reign. I could now remark at the hope and faith that the generous don't capitalise **Guardian Angel** gifted me when empires and mythical gods condescended down at me. But then... I heard a deafening quiet crack in one of the planks. I glanced down, my hysteric eyes

darting around in the small but vast piece of wood. My mind pounded and churned. Would I fall? Did I meet my abrupt end? Was it time? It would be a bittersweet feeling if I stopped now.

Incorrect capitalisation.

The **Guardian Angels** mellow glow just like a plate crafted with gold shimmering in the evening sun. Even the pinpoint of light illuminated through the agitation and alarmingness caving in rapidly. So I strived forward, closer to the glory I longed. When I actually had reached the tip, I could scrape handfuls of celestial stars. They were at my fingertips. But that wasn't what brought so much pleasure to me and it wasn't I had just proven my parents wrong, I had proved myself wrong in the best way possible. My heart glowered with amour propre.

Note: This seems like a Disney short story, I must say because there are beautiful phrases, colours, and magic embedded to it. Good work on the precise word choice, too. However, I can see that your capitalisation of the phrase "guardian angel" is incorrect. If it's a title or honorific, capitalise it ("Guardian Angel Geoffrey will have the half-caff soy latte because he's lactose-intolerant.") If it's a generic phrase, don't capitalize it. ("A hundred guardian angels are on their way! Last but not the least, I traced no writing of oxymoron here. This type of literary device is just contrasting two different ideas. Please follow the format next time.

Mark 46/50