

The sinister, silver-grey fog grinned as it strangled the brittle building. The building screeched with pain and shuddered. Everything was covered with condensation. The normally dazzling, brilliant sun was converted into an ashen dejected ball of depression that was barely visible above the dark, villainous fog. I cautiously climbed the wet, slippery scaffolding, my sable jacket just barely protecting me from the vicious cold that ferociously bit at me. I looked down and immediately regretted it.

Cars looked like minuscule ants and people weren't even visible. The world seemed tiny from this high up. It was a long fall. A tsunami of nausea drowned me. Suddenly the high-speed winds felt too strong for me. The cold was too much for my thin jacket to handle. I gripped the scaffolding with all my might, hoping to not fall and become a bloody splatter on the ground. My gloveless hands shivered, I knew I should've put on gloves before this. Well, I couldn't put on any gloves now so there wasn't any point in thinking about it.

Suddenly the bitter fog cleared with a shriek of pain. The sun brightened. The building started screeching with encouragement. It was as if a guardian angel was looking out for me. I imagined one with a halo, lily-white robes, and an aura of friendship, and help. A new determination flowered inside my heart. I pushed on and climbed up the scaffolding. The distance between me and the top rapidly decreased. It all seemed more possible now. Easy. Within minutes I reached the top. I touched the spire. I had done it. The height didn't seem so scary now. It all seemed impressive and amazing. I couldn't believe it. My childhood dream of reaching the top of this building, this very building had been done.

Note:

This is a good narrative because of your application of figurative language and vivid imagery. I have also traced the tenets that were required to be written. However, I was not able to trace oxymoron in your writing. Please be informed that oxymoron means that it contradictory, such as jumbo shrimp. Even though we are talking about the animal, we use the term shrimp to mean small, so it conflicts with the term jumbo. Like a sit-in can be called a quiet riot, this is contradictory because riots are defined as violent acts. Please include this in your writing next time.

Mark: 48/50