

## The Tense Tower

The chilling gusts of icy wind crept up my hunched back, as I cautiously climbed up the rickety scaffolding, firmly grasping the ebony railing with my rough hands, shaking in terror. I dared not to look down, as the old, rusty scaffolding creaked with agony as I took another quaking step upwards. As the nearing clouds laughed mercilessly at me from above, the tyrant clouds spat at me with their small pellets of spit landing on my delicate face, weary from climbing the unstable skyscraper. The croaky wood strained to support me as I fought against the howling demons, blowing me back with their foul breath. My blood-stained hands gripped the supporting beams tighter, as the gale pushed me away from the final destination.

The heavy load of back-breaking items in my oil-black bag made me stumble, but I pushed on, putting my physical limit to the test. As I continued to scale the unsteady skyscraper, birds flew past me, reminding me how high I was. The immense skyscraper was metres behind me. There was nothing I could do. I had to continue to climb the treacherous scaffolding. My throbbing feet laboured to complete the climb. As I progressed the scaffolding, gripping my way up the unsteady path, a nail stabbed into my hand. As my carnelian-red blood spewed out of the opening, I bellowed in pain. I ripped the nail out of the wood in frustration. It was a grave mistake. The plank that I was standing on came loose. I plummeted down but managed to grab onto the pole. As I mustered all my limited strength to lift myself back up, I sighed in relief as I made it back up alive. Doing pull-ups finally paid off. As I almost collapsed onto the floor, I saw the last few steps ahead of me. I was going to make it.

In a waterfall of excitement, I sprinted up the remaining platforms, jumping with happiness once I reached the top. I had done it. As I looked down upon the miniature city, it felt good. It felt as if I was the king of the world. I appreciated the moment, but I had to get down before the scaffolding collapsed. I pulled my paraglider out of my bag and got ready. This was going to be great.

I jumped off the rusty scaffolding without a care in the world. I glided down and as I descended, the people on the streets stared at me in wonder. News reporters followed me around, as I slowly descended. The golden sun was rising. The perfect view. As I landed softly, the reporters rushed toward me for interviews. I pushed them back. I wanted peace after that experience. So, I told them to come in a few hours. As I reflected on what had just happened, I realised that this was what my parents tried to teach me all the time. "When you have done a great feat, you can be proud, but stay humble and don't brag."

Note:

This is actually a good story. I like how you interpreted the image and translated it into a unique story. However, you still did not follow the prescribed format. You did not write about the oxymoron and magical features. I will give you a short refresher about the two. First of all, oxymorons are figures of speech that combine conflicting terms with opposing meanings, such as "old news," "deafening silence or "organized chaos." They may appear nonsensical at first, but they generally make sense in context. On the other hand, magical features simply refer to magic, it could be magical creatures, places, or events. Please incorporate these two features next time to ace the perfect score. Alrighty?

Mark 45/50