

PHOEBE

Part 1:

The glacial zephyr hit me and the scaffolding with an obstreperous thud. The amorphous, cryptic draught snaked and strangled around the brittle, infirm skyscraper as I scaled the building. I shuddered. "Turn back, turn back!" whispered the 'quiet voice' in my head as I ascended the skyscraper. I was not going to turn back, for whatever reason my brain could think of. Not mother's homemade bubble tea, not for father's cheesecake, not for any other reason! I was going to prove to my family that I was not a useless person with only a passion for climbing. I was going to prove that climbing would be a useful knack to have.
I am going to prove to them*

Put your tenses in the present tense.

I was no longer going to be the quiet girl at the back of the class, not participating, not talking. I was not going to bawl for what felt like centuries when I was spanked by my mother or father. I was going to change myself, I was going to change my attitude towards things. I was no longer going to hide. I was going to make myself known to the world, and nothing could stop me. I was going to do this!

I was going to prove that 'quiet voice' was wrong. After all, I was influenced by a bunch of people, including Alex Honnold and Lynn Hill, who had accomplished great things with climbing. I was going to climb to the top of the highest skyscraper in the world! I was going to keep on going. I unexpectedly vociferated as my left hand scrabbled on a nail. Ruby-red stains of blood seeped through my hands, exposing crimson-coloured flesh. I attempted to ignore this throbbing pain as I kept on going.

Suddenly, a miracle arrived; an angel emerged! It's opalescent-white wings radiated beauty and glamour, and it urged me to keep on going, that it would protect me. Its face told me the rest. "You did it," said the angel, "You nearly made it to the top." It was proud of me. And I was going to keep on going. Before it waved goodbye, its wings brushed past the hand with blood. The wings were stained, but like magic, it disappeared. What was more, the wound had vanished completely! It was like it had never happened. And then, the angel was gone.

Even though the caliginous cloud ridiculed me, with its merciless arctic chill, spitting out bursts of rain and laughing demonically, baring its gnarled teeth while scolding me, I was going to keep on going. The angel had convinced the 'quiet voice' to go away; it was gone. The cloud was furious that I was no longer afraid of it! It threw a tantrum as tears ran down its downtrodden face as he roars and weeps. I was nearly at the top! But here was the hardest bit, the only bit stopping me from being known to the world: the Bridge of Doom and Death; no one had ever won against the bridge. But I was going to try, even if I didn't succeed.
redundant. Rephrase: the only thing*

One step on, the other slides in place. One after another, my foot inched across the bridge. I was full of nerves and worry, butterflies and anxiety. I am not stopping now. I was nearly there. Alarming, the

bridge started to fall apart! I jumped from one rickety block of wood to another, two at a time, determined not to perish by the Bridge of Doom and Death. And just when I thought I was going to be consumed by the bridge... I made it.

Near-blinding camera lights flash phosphorescent from a police helicopter as I am revealed to the world. The first person to reach the top of the highest skyscraper in the world. I am all over the news for the entire week: I, Sophia Smith, made it to the top of the highest skyscraper. I had won over the family humiliation that I had always, until now, received. I was now famous, maybe even popular. My life was finally worth it.

The piece you made kept me reading on the edge! I really like how you added a few creative things in this writing piece that makes it Disney-worthy like the angel who appeared before you whilst climbing! The thing you need to improve on would be the tense of your verbs. Additionally, refrain from mentioning violent topics such as blood as it may not be too appealing to some readers. Also, try making it into present tense and try not starting your sentence with 'I' more often. Look for a variety. You also need to rephrase a few statements. Besides that, this is good so far.

Mark (48/50)