

Part 1

The unwelcoming cold-blooded claws of the eerie argentine vapour snaked their way up the brittle desquamative skyscraper, pursuing the disguised man as he leapt from scaffolding to scaffolding. As he began to saltate the building, he started to question his decision. Turning back would ensure his safety, but would prove his family correct about him being a coward. Climbing the skyscraper would allow him to join his family at the top of the tower, but the rickety path would be fraught with peril. An eternity passed, but he finally decided to climb and set off to reach the top.

As he climbed, he glimpsed the scintillating sapphire windows glinting in the distance like shimmering stars a million miles away. The frostbound hypothermic air started to get to him, giving him frostbite and turning him blue. The excruciating pain from the frostbite seared through his body from his ear. Still, he endured the painful sensation and let the cold numb his aches. The man rested and let his aches leave his body. He stared out on the horizon, able to see the whole city – his house, the hospital, the church... but the most amazing sight he could see was the beautiful encaptivating sunset. The fluffy marshmallow clouds drifted around the amber, rosette sun. The silhouettes of large distant trees oscillating in the zephyr caught his eye and he watched them until he could no longer see the sun. It was an awfully good, intoxicating sight to watch.

It was now night so the cloaked figure once again resumed his long and treacherous journey. He climbed up until he reached the neglected incomplete part of the skyscraper. He was level with the feathery fluffy clouds now and the rest of the journey to the top would be the most death-defying part yet. There would be jagged nails sticking out at every twist and turn, there would be inconceivable heights he would have to face, and unfastened,

insecure scaffolding that could collapse at any second. As he reached another part of the scaffolding he was climbing, he realised that it was precariously swaying in the wind. It tilted to the left, then to the right and finally, fell backwards.

Down, down, down the man flew, unable to grasp anything while his arms flailed about helplessly. Suddenly, he felt his unyielding right hand clench onto a razor sharp nail, drawing a deep red crimson stream of blood like sewage leaking into a river. He abruptly stopped falling, but his sweaty moist hand immediately began to slip from its weak grip. "WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!" his body screamed in pain, the words ricocheted through his feeble mind. The man fell again, almost down to the clouds at this point.

POOF! He crashed his way into the fluffy cloud and the giant pillow cushioned him from the impact, shielding and protecting him from any injuries. He looked up, still paralysed by the confusion of what had happened. He stared at the clouds beneath him and then looked around and saw a staircase of clouds that led to the top of the skyscraper and his family. So, once again, he began to climb.

Note: This was an excellent narrative. You have demonstrated the development of a person through the chronological retelling of an important event. Furthermore, this work's vast vocabulary helped in advancing the plot. Also, the format was followed, however, I did not see any oxymoron being written. Remember that an oxymoron is a figure of speech where two words of opposed or contradictory meaning are used together to create emphasis. Lastly, good job on reaching the word count requirements.

Mark 47/50