

The paradise – Pearl

The barbaric storm scowled atrociously as it ordered the caliginous clouds to loom into a diabolical, cobra-black mass. I could feel its anguish agonizing the tides into extinction, swirling in a vortex of havoc. My heart quivered to the spasm of the ocean as the rickety boat groaned in distress. I knew I shouldn't have come out here. It was a suicide mission. If only I had listened to my father. I spontaneously sought myself for injuries and felt some dried, flaked-off, ruby-red blood on the back of my head and scratches all over my body. Otherwise, I was all right... actually, I wasn't. I still hadn't quite accepted that I could die here. Well, no one would really care if I died, so what was the point of surviving? I **laid** down, carelessly. But, just as I was about to close my eyes, a shape appeared above me. A majestic, monstrous shape, with two large wings and a whip-end tail. The sun reflected off its scales, giving me a blinding glare. Spikes as sharp as icicles decorated its back and tail, and it had piercing blue eyes. Its forked blue tongue flickered in and out as I noticed its throat had frost stuck to it on the edges. Its rigid, serrated claws gripped my chest and I instantaneously felt nauseous and tried to wriggle from its bone-breaking grip. I looked down and stopped moving, if it dropped me, I would drown. I focused on figuring out what it was, instead. Think, Think, Think! Why don't you know this Dodo?! I scolded myself. And then it hit me like a jolt of lightning. These species were supposed to be extinct! It was a dragon. I had read about this once, there were different types of dragons. I think these ones were one of the deadliest. They could breathe frost and if it touched you, you'd be dead. Suddenly, drowning didn't sound so bad anymore.

It landed and set me on a patch of leaves and inspected me curiously. My eyes were wide with fear, but I pushed the terror down and stared confidently into its humanlike eyes. It **layed** lay down gently and beckoned me to sit on its shoulder. The war between fear and curiosity started within me and as often as I **did**,

curiosity won. I strode onto the dragon's back and clutched its neck firmly. It took to the sky and headed towards a mountain that pierced the clouds mercilessly. I stood in awe, as I saw beds, hammocks, scrolls, and signs around the mountain. Were dragons really this smart? Smart enough to create a boarding school? I made my decision. I would live here now, with these dragons. I don't care about the other humans, I know they won't even notice me gone. So, here I will stay, in this paradise of dragons.

You did amazingly well, with the use of descriptive terms. You were able to describe the picture with the use of narrative and it is outclassed! The use of proper vocab is so on point. Keep up the hard work! You have got it!

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