

PART 1-By Vinal Liyanage

The caliginous zephyr tortured the climber, with its merciless Siberian chill, spitting out sudden bursts of rain, laughing demonically baring ^{its} **it's** gnarled teeth. The climber was irritated but still, was determined to get to the top of this voluminous skyscraper. The pain in the ^{man's} **mans** body was gruesome. But as he climbed, one step at a time equalled more and more pain, he was even more determined to get to the top of this beast.

The torn orange skyscraper felt rusted as the man hanged onto the mechanical beast, holding on for dear life. Just as he put his leg out to go to the next step an eagle flew like a bullet right into his ankle and the poor man banged his head on the hard metal. He cursed. As he banged his head onto the metal, the ^{man's} **mans** beanie had fallen off. This meant in his natural instincts, the man looked down to see his beanie flying away and screamed like a 4 year old boy losing his lollipop when he saw how high he was. He was just about to give up and fall to the ground without reaching his goals, but the man was determined and he didn't let that happen.

Then he heard a voice that he was never willing to ^{hear} **here** ever in his life. His demonic, manic father ^{screamed} **screaming**, "You will never make it in life. You surely should have known that that by now. You will die from your stupidity and your silliness. You will die soon. Very soon." Although the man didn't want to believe that, he knew his mad father was right. He knew that ^{someday comma} **some day** he would die.

The only reason this man was doing this task was because he wanted to prove to his family that he was not worthless. He was brave and had courage.

After the man climbed a small amount of steps, the unfinished skyscraper wobbled a bit. The man looked around in panic trying to see what caused it and fix it then he saw a bolt coming out. "Oh no," he thought to himself. Then the man quickly tried putting the bolt back in but it wouldn't go in. So the man quickly ran up the stairs, hoping that having no equipment

like a harness was necessary. But this situation made it worse and he heard from the very bottom of the skyscraper rumbling and heard ^{clattering} **clatters** of metal on the floor. The man ran as fast as he could to get to the top. Where he was a minute ago, he would have been dead, and not buried in a cemetery. He would have been buried under a lot of metal.

As the clattering got closer and closer he finally saw the end of this magnificently tall skyscraper. He shouted at the top of his lungs and ran. But the metal falling was only around 5 stairs behind him. He got to the top only to be ^{heard} **hearing**, not applause but “You have committed a crime. Get onto the helicopter. Now.”

This was it. It was the end of his life. He would be taken to prison and be sentenced for life. “No,” he screamed and fell to the floor from more than 10 kilometres from the sky.

His blood curdling scream escaped his mouth just like his goals had escaped him. He wanted to show his family something. He wanted to win over his family except, he won against himself. His scream was so loud that it could be heard from all of the town.

Then a soft bump came. Even though the bump was soft, it hurt a lot. The metal kept travelling but he didn't.

“Lucky we caught you there,” said the police officer and then they took him down to the ground to the police station, where he would stay for the rest of his life.

The man was happy though, his bright smile in the night sky. He had not been killed which was all the man cared about, and he proved his father wrong.

Note:

This is an exciting story. I feel like I'm on the verge, just like the main character! Excellent work! I could tell you care about word choice in your work. Strong word choice makes the most of your vocabulary and language, establishing distinct emotions and pictures and making your narrative more powerful and vivid. However, you omitted the oxymoron from your story You must remember to follow the directions. It is relatively simple to create an oxymoron. One oxymoron is "deafening silence," which depicts a stillness that is so dominating that it almost feels deafening, or exceedingly loud—exactly like a real sound.