

## Part 1

The fluorescent scintillating fairy lights strung over each building illuminated the dark, cloudy sky. Cars zoomed past me as I strolled along the sidewalk. Finally, after walking for ages I came upon a rickety, worn down, rusty ladder. The metal ladder was clinging located in an alleyway, clinging onto a senescent sandstone building. Cautiously, I looked around and began to climb. Up, up, up I went, scaling the altitudinous ladder in a matter of minutes. As I reached the top, I hauled myself up with a final strain and sat down to catch my breath. I walked over to the edge of the building and curiously peered down at the city below. Then, I realised how big New York City really was.

Even through all the pollution and contamination everywhere, you could still tell how beautiful the city was. The luminescent moon illuminated the sky, and from this height, you could see all the shining windows and lights inside every building. The place was an immense arrondissement full of incandescent lights and busy streets packed with people. I crept over to the edge of the building and began making my way down to a large, stone gargoyle. As I approached it, I heard it asking me “Why are you here?” in a low pitched, vibrating voice. “I have come to see the city,” I replied in the most non-suspicious tone I could, but I didn’t tell him the real reason I was here. Recently, I had found out about a dark, iniquitous soul lurking beneath the very streets of the city. Swiftly, I left the gargoyle and went back down to the ground.

Across the street, I saw an enigmatic skyscraper under construction. Something about it attracted me to it, and I began to walk over to the other side of the road. It felt as though it were evil and surrounded by a dark cloudy mass. I got closer and closer. I was trapped in its tight grip, pulling me further away from the path. Snakes of shadows grabbed my legs and constricted, leaving me no escape. Then I saw his face. The gnarled, pale white face of my late father.

### Note:

This is a good tale since you used language features. Your precise use of them powered your tale. The concept of estrangement is also present. However, I am confused because you did not respond to the writing prompt questions. You should have answered the following questions: What do you learn about the city and the people? How has your stay in the city impacted you? Nonetheless, this is an excellent piece of art!

Mark: 45/50