



Pranav - Week 5 Writing Homework

Story Starter -

1869, Brooklyn. As the monumental Brooklyn Bridge rises from the murky depths of the East River, fourteen-year-old Rick watches his father descend daily into the treacherous caissons below. Born to an Irish immigrant caisson worker, Rick finds himself straddling two worlds - apprenticed to his father's perilous underwater trade while harbouring a clandestine passion for engineering, nurtured by a young draughtsman who recognises his prodigious talent. Through Rick's anguished perspective, we witness not merely the birth of an American icon, but the excruciating metamorphosis of a boy torn between filial duty and burning ambition.

Story -

The murky olive-green water of the East River made Rick feel like he was visiting a swamp. The metallic dirt brown of rust infected across the beams and supports, as seaweed spewed on the rotted structure. The new metal chains contrasted stark with the Brooklyn Bridge. "Alright! Bring 'em in!" Rick's dad - Thom, said, with a bright Irish accent cutting through his words. Orange freckles glittered his pale face, as a slanted french hat really made him shine sharply in a crowd. Rick glared at the prehistoric Bridge. "Rick, really focus on that crane there, that's where you should fit." His Irish accent clouded the meaning, but Rick knew what he meant. And he thought otherwise.

The noxious air of coal created an atmosphere like no other, which made it unmistakable. Hammers pounded against anvils, and metal was being bent and forged. Cross Beams and support pillars held up the architectural magnificence of the work-in-progress bridge. Contrary to what Thom thought, Rick's dream was always to be a structural engineer, and the blacksmith's dock was a

sanctuary for him. Ideas were crafted and innovation was bended and welded. But the joy seemed to seep out of Rick. Thom's one and only dream was for Rick to pass on the family business and continue the caisson ancestry. Rick was being torn apart.

"Rick! Rick! It's your father." Rick's best friend - Aston, panted. "He got injured! The Chains fell and... We need you in the hospital!" Aston's voice faded away, as Rick rushed toward the hospital. "Dad! I'm here." Thom was weary on the bed, as the candles and lanterns provided an aura of death. "Rick. You're here. You know my dream." His voice was weary. He handed a necklace saying 'Diver', as he slowly lowered his head. Rick stood in anguish over his father's deathbed. Rick was left with a gaping hole in his head. *What should I do? Why me? I'm not ready.* Rick was in grief, as Aston and the doctors stood, as they couldn;t do anything about it.

Rick pounded the hammer against the metal, slamming the helpless hammer against the barely malleable metals. Memories of the past flooded Rick's brain, extinguishing the fires of hope. Aston was the new owner of the caisson company, with Rick not living up to his Father's dream. Rick had run a new engineering company, aligning to his needs, but not Thom's. Rick was almost in full grief. When he realised that he doesn't have to listen to anyone. He can keep building bridges and roads. But he could do it, for Thom. It might not be what he wanted, but nothing turns out perfect. Just then, a spark of ambition was lit. One that would grow into a bushfire of innovation, and dedication.