Final Sprint Writing HW

Q1. If I was given a large sum of money, I would spend it on building homes for the poor, and also buying food. This would be my top priority, but if I had extra money, I would use it to build a park or community centre, where people can talk to each other, make friends, and meet friends.

Q2. The way I like to handle conflicts is to hear the side of the person I am having a conflict with, and then think about my side. I do this because often, it is easiest to talk than argue, and I don’t like hurting others feelings, which I might do if we are arguing.

Q3. If I was asked to teach a subject for a day, it would be Minecraft. I would choose Minecraft because it allows players to express creativity, and when I am angry, I often kill enemies to let out anger. It is also a fun game to play.

The carpet, with it intricate purple and orange patterns lay there, its mystical secrets revealing themselves, a confession to the truth behind the stitching. Its magical reality, a reality where no light was meant to touch, finally sees light again. Hesitantly, I lean forward and touch it. Words start appearing in my head, along with an irrepressible urge to say them. I close my eyes, and try to pull my hand from the carpet. I fail miserably. I start panicking, worrying about what will happen to me. While I worry, the words in my head find their way into my mouth. I start saying them, and make a futile attempt to stop. The carpet throbs and glows with an ethereal truth, and when I finally finish speaking the magic words, the carpet reacts, it starts screaming, and my eardrums beg for mercy. The carpet throws me around, and when I can’t take anymore, it stops. It just lies there, completely still, its magical secret pushed to the deepest depths of my mind.

His trembling hands, shaking so hard they were a blur, reached out for the door handle, when he noticed there was none. Boom! Aiden whirled around his mind glad for the distraction, his eyes not. He refused to believe it. He ran at it. Thunk.

“No… it can’t be…”, Aiden cried. A wall, the same eerie blue that the door was, had slammed down behind him. Aiden thought of his parents, of his sister, his family. He wished he had never entered that cave. Resignedly, he turned around, only to see the door slowly creak open. Terror pierced his heart. There was nowhere to hide. An ugly blue hand appeared, and the rest of its body followed. But instead of a monster, there was a man with webbed feet, webbed hands, gills, and cheerful, smiling face.

“Well, who might you be?”, the man asked. Aiden, still shocked, shook his head, blinked, and managed to stutter, “my name is Aiden, sir.” The man called out to his friends, and said, “Did you hear him. He called me sir!” a cacophony of laughs echoed through the small area.

“Come, Aiden, come. Meet my friends.” the man said. “Oh, and my name is Daniel.”

“Nice to meet you, Daniel. Aiden followed, and when he saw Daniel’s friends, he screamed. They were monsters, ugly blue monsters. They ran at him and Aiden closed his eyes