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Iris

Thursday 1st December

Shinning hill

Lo: Writing assesment (lined)

I cannot remember a time when I was as cold as this.

I slipped my gear boots on and tugged at the sliding door, struck just with ice, before gliding out stealth-like, careful not to wake a single soul.

The docks were nearby; I couldn't see a thing though, thanks to the ~~fast~~ biting, lashing hail but I could just make out the bright lights from the cargo ship, drawing out the night time beauty. Nevermind, at least it hadn't left.

As I galloped down the snowy hill I felt an uneasy feeling, like I had forgotten something. Aha! Food, a ~~stowaway~~ stowaway needs food! I skidded to a halt, but in doing so I slipped and my body hit the icy snow and I felt like I was being punished. The cold, nipping pain sound ~~(s)~~ way to every part of my aching body, while the hail continued its mission of pelting me with its tiny ice balls. My clothes were drenched, as I gourd out when I stood and started dripping & like a drain pipe on the most rainy day of the year or even like I had jumped into the ~~sea~~ ocean two or three times! I knew I had to go

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back home though, due to Norway's ridiculous temperatures, before my hair and clothes turned to ice, but I couldn't, I felt so weak, feeble and pathetic. I felt like the whole world had turned against me, the cold wind howling wind & danced around me, as if it was trying to drain me of the little amount of warmth ~~to~~ ~~had~~ in me that I still contained inside me. I ~~could~~ couldn't take it any more. I fell to my aching knees and cried.

I don't remember much of what happened after that, but what I do remember is, looking up to the sky, I saw a thousand diamond like stars & glimmer in the navy blue ~~sky~~ ^{curtains}. But there was another thing that caught my eye. The whole sky was filled with magical, swaying lights. The Aurora! The beautiful curtains of rose

pink, ~~and~~ pine-green and a touch of fiery crimson like the fires of hell swayed and glimmered in the never ending blue. My body stopped shivering, my tears dried up and I started to feel more human, as I watched the most skilful dancer, dance the most graceful waltz. Suddenly, the boat horn sounded. Five minutes till it departed. Five minutes to become a possible stowaway.

I needed to focus. I wrung out my sodden coat but in the process I soaked my boots. That same chilling pain returned again and I felt my insides twist and turn ~~the~~ drowning my ~~day~~ out my happiness and enjoyment for the Northern lights. I felt my hands suddenly shriek with unbearable pain. I stared at them my mouth open with shock. Gloves, how could I have been so stupid! My hands had ice icicles hanging from the tips of my blue fingers. I ran back home I couldn't do it, I was hopeless and useless.

As I stared longingly out my window I felt like I had been torn away from the thing I love the most, so I opened my window just to smell the fresh, nipping sea air. I suddenly felt an unexpected delight glow through my body. I knew what I had to do.

I stood on the edge of the ~~window~~ ^{roof} sill ~~corner~~ conservatory, an ~~iron~~ Kransetake ring in one hand, a glass in the other. I jumped and when I felt the crunch of the snow below me it was happiness that came to my empty ~~empty~~ ~~feelings~~. I sprinted down the snowy hill the angry raw wind chasing me, the hail thrashing me. I didn't feel cold though I felt happy and joyous nothing could stop me now!

As I approached the very end of the docks my heart pounded this was it. I jumped for the anchor, my hand slipped, the rust ~~for~~ stabbed me as if it were trying to say, "Back off, this is my ship!". I fell.

I crashed into the violent ocean, the waves towered above

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before crashing down on me. I felt cold, I felt un-
I felt as if the waves were whipping me for being a
naughty girl. The pain was more than unbearable, it was
punishing. I was ~~so~~ ~~feeling~~ feeling so cold that I felt like
was a seal with no blubber blubber or a world with
sun. My body weakened, I was chilled to the bone. I closed
eyes. I felt unconscious. I didn't even want to live.