

✓ An icy cold splash hit me, as if someone had just
✓ slapped my face as hard as possible. I turned and
✓ glanced over ^{soaked} my shoulder to see the instructors cackling
away evilly whilst we all screamed, cursing them
under our breath. From that moment on I knew ^{it} mud
world _s was war.

I ~~climbed~~ climbed the splintery wooden ladder as it scratched
my palms, ~~se~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ~~me~~ I dreaded the merciless tyres that led to
the treacherous journey ahead. ^{Feet?} ~~Feet~~ first, I felt for the ^{hiding} gaps
and felt my self slipping down towards the murky depths
of the water below. A slight feeling of claustrophobia ✓
kicked in, ^{inky} as the black void of tyres surrounded me. ✓

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The Swing

6th of September

✓ The harness jerked, ^{and} with a sharp tug, my feet were removed from the ground. I still heard the cheers, but I didn't listen.

The ground stretched out below me, as I was ✓ lifted higher and higher, paralysed by the thought of how I would stop. The only way to get down, pulling the small rope, the small rope that would drop me fifteen metres to the ground. Again I looked down, ^{with a} full view of the lake before me. The rope was close, but I couldn't reach it. With a jump I grabbed it, pulling it with a sharp tug, a click. For a ✓ millisecond, everything stopped. I took ✓ gazed below me, to the lake. The sun reflected on the water, moving slightly, yet ^{with} bustling ✓ with life. I was then going down. A ✓ silent scream burning on my tongue. A swing ride, terrifying, but I enjoyed it. When I finally reached the ground, I asked "Can I go again?"