



Write about a time when you were brave

I remember the tight rope...

It's all coming back to me now the sun was beaming out extreme heat my face oozing with sweat and covered in painful blisters. The travel up to now has been a problematic journey through the rain forest! As I've been attempting to avoid some of the unknown devilish creatures unfortunately upon my adventure my sister and I came across a few treacherous demons in the grasslands and swamps.

As we were attempting to make it home safely the heat and lack of water started to cause confrontation: "How on earth did you get us into this mess!" blurted out Tilda

"That's not important now we need to urgently find refuge - are only way across is a tight rope!" I retorted. "You've got to be kidding! How many people do you think have actually survived getting across? It's over an 85ft drop and at least 15 or 20ft across and the rope itself is meagre and shrivelled" Tilda Recoiled in horror

"As if we have another choice! I know it's scary, but I'll help you through it too reach safety," I said urgently.

I remember reaching for my backpack and nudging tilda encouragingly to take hers and we headed towards the daunting tightrope. As we approached the tightrope, suddenly the rock started to crumble. We knew, there was no other way across to safety, and we had no choice. I remember thinking, 'Were we going to make it?'

My palms where sweating heat beaming into the back of my neck shaking with fear as I leached over for my chalk and began the tightrope first! I could hear Tilda reluctant to take the only route as I was trying to focus 5 metres into the horrifying challenge. As I was attempting to maintain my balance along the tightrope, I made one wrong move and my heart screamed in pain my leg slipped and the only thing keeping me on this rope was my belief! I stopped for a second and there was a still movement! (oxymoron)

I lifted myself back up using one arm as I thought these where my last moments, I couldn't help but persevere.

Moments from reaching the finish line I hear the sound of tilda's voice "Look I've found an alternative way after all!" Her voice was a sanctuary as I looked up to the sky the clouds were smiling at me "We've made it".

By Noah (17 years)

GCSE English Language paper 1 - Q5.