W6A, Lesson 6, Essay 3, Draft 1

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2020/07/25

Topic: Using variety when introducing the narrator's thoughts

**Walk on the rope**

“You can do it! Come on,” my friend was totally screaming.

I stepped on the rope beneath my feet and used my whole body strength to grab the safety rope. I tried to think straight, but I just couldn’t help myself from looking at the ground that was 45 meters below me. I told myself that walking on this rope is totally safe because I have a safety rope that could catch me from falling down, but I was too busy wondering about this confusing positive sentence. It felt totally ashamed because I’d never been afraid of heights before, but my whole body was shaking. I didn’t even know that I was moving slowly to the rest area in the middle of the challenge course.

Every step I took move was like hours to me, and I imperceptibly caught my breath quickly. The weather was hot, but my whole body was sweating because of fear. My safety rope and the rope I was stepping on were both shaking. My mood was chaotic, every part of me was nervous. I was shouting in my mind, but I would never have seen that kind of view if I didn’t step on the rope.

“Michelle! What are you doing? Go on,” my classmate who was behind me yelled. He was nervous too! He was totally afraid of heights.

I think if he waited one more second he would definitely cry, so I quickly walked on to the next part.

The next part was even worst, the shape of the rope was like a strand of DNA, and it had short plank on each side of the rope! When I thought I was ready to put my feet on it, I was fool. The rope didn’t shake the same way as normal straight rope! The whole DNA-shaped thing totally turned over when I stepped on it, which meant I nearly turned over and fell down. But didn't lose all my blood because my quick reflex made me catch the safety cord. I promise I must have spent 20 minutes on this 4-meter strand of DNA rope, but I suddenly I was clear headed and I knew I could do this, because I was never afraid of heights, so why should I be afraid now? I still grabbed the safety rope, but I walked more quickly; and soon I found the secret of success! One foot, one brick, then slowly move to the next one.

“Jesus Christ, aaaaaaaaaaa!” one of my classmates screamed as he fell down from the rope. The rope caught him, but that still hurt.

Everybody who wasn’t walking on this rope was laughing, but I’m pretty sure they wouldn’t laugh if they actually stepped on the rope, too! I quickly went to another rest area. The instructor changed my safety rope for another steel wire to keep me safe.

After a lot of difficulties, I finally reached the end and my whole body was sore. I couldn’t suppress the joy in my heart. I never want to see any view like that again.

Word Count:

*Note: Michelle, great job writing an exciting narrative! Now all you need to do is add a few orientation details (who, what, where, when) and write a stronger conclusion.*