Cliché Paragraph: \*There should be at least 15 clichés in here

Once upon a time there existed a kingdom by the name of *Metaphortia*. The new king, *Metaphortis*, inherited his throne from his father *Clichétis*. However, *Metaphortis* fell far from the tree. He loved poetry and came up with many metaphors he thought would replace the clichés of the older generation. Unfortunately, his father loathed poetry and had it banned. He believed that there was no point in using language that the only people who could understand it are few and far between. So, once *Metaphortis* became king he laid down the law and banned the use of clichés; everyone in his kingdom had to be original. No metaphor or phrase could ever be used more than once because it would soon become a cliché. In fact, the punishment for such an offense would have to be as ironic as possible and could easily cost someone an arm and a leg. Any man caught saying, “*No stone unturned*” would have to turn every stone in the kingdom. Woe is the man who ever said “*no guts, no glory*”. The king would uninspiringly call it *PUNishment*. In contrast, the man who thought he would be rich by saying, “*Rags to riches*” just had his tongue cut out. Not everyone could be as poetic and silver-tongued as the king and thus, silence became golden. This made the king feel very down in the dumps and filledhis heart to the brim with loneliness. Finally, a smart cookie suggested that everyone adopt a different language, one that the king doesn’t know. So, the people started to adopt the language of the neighbouring kingdom, *Alliteria*. In *Alliteria*, every word begins with the same letter. Driven mad as a hatter by the cacophony of constant alliteration, the king exiled himself into the land of *Kruelirony*; where his words would forever fall on deaf ears.

Revised Version:

In a period of time there existed a kingdom by the name of *Metaphortia*. The new king, *Metaphortis*, inherited his throne from his father *Clichétis*. However, *Metaphortis* was very different than his father. He loved poetry and came up with many metaphors he thought would replace the clichés of the older generation. Unfortunately, his father banned poetry because he believed there was no point of using language no one understands. So, once *Metaphortis* became king he grew stringent and banned the use of clichés; everyone in his kingdom had to be original. No metaphor or phrase could ever be used more than once because it would soon become a cliché. In fact, the punishment for such an offense would have to be tremendously ironic and could easily be fatal. Any man caught saying, “*No stone unturned*” would have to turn every stone in the kingdom. The phrase “*No guts, no glory*” became especially feared. The king would uninspiringly call it *PUNishment*. In contrast, the man who thought he would be rich by saying, “*Rags to riches*” just had his tongue cut out. Not everyone could be as poetic and eloquently-spoken as the king and thus, no one in the kingdom would ever speak. This greatly depressed the king and overwhelmed his heart with loneliness. Finally, a clever citizen suggested that everyone adopt a different language, one that the king doesn’t know. So, the people started to adopt the language of the neighbouring kingdom, *Aliteria*. In *Alliteria*, every word begins with the same letter. Driven horribly mad by the cacophony of constant alliteration, the king exiled himself into the land of *Kruelirony*; where his words could no longer harm anyone.