

Full Mark - Grade 9 - English Language response

I feel like I am floating; I drift freely, amongst the trade I take and the life I love. Brick by brick, building the very foundation of everything in the living world. The world is my construction site, and I am it's builder. Today, it is the Tower. The very Tower of London to which it could no longer support the weight of all of the ties lapsed since its very first slab. Age began to wear it away, as it does to us all. Standing before me in all its stature, I treasure the years of workmanship birthing this beauty. An orchestra of wild flowers stealthily welcomed the rotting steeple, some settling in it's cavities, but the lions, testing the sunlight like snails eyes, before into huge hues of lemon and plum satin.

A wheelbarrow of bricks steamed ahead of me - hauling me into the echoes of the past. "Jones - hurry along, just wheelbarrow them over!" I bellowed, but it was too late, "Mr Charming's" husky voice had already seduced this season's bait: a young girl twirled her hair, gazing into Jones's "ever-so-striking eyes". The wheelbarrow now meandered out of sight; trawling me out of my reminiscent trance and trailing me into reflection. I jolted back into reality like a tonne of bricks from my memory, the sun now smiling in its midday best. Jones was flawless, his alluring charm to women, his brotherly bonds with us. His charming smile, his cheery eyes, his chiselled face, mere perfection herself would shun the specimen in envy. What virtue of God could have blessed him so? It was a shame he passed away so suddenly.

"INCOMING BRICKS! WATCH OUT..."

BAM. Panging pain rages inside of me - the bricks perpetually drilling against my skull. I attempt to rescue my head from the fracturing gashes, but my fingers deceive me; fo they failed to find the texture of a warm gushing of red. No blood? The agony abruptly halts. The deafening silence screeched inside my eardrums. I disjointedly spasm from the foetal like cradling of my head to the fluid release of the latter muscle tension, into an ordinary stance. Plucking my sight open, plumes of smoke panted out, escaping into the soiled atmosphere. Where am I? The truant Tower had reverted back to its infancy, as faceless men toiled away on the humdrum of the foundational slabs; heaving, breathing, hauling, breathing. Dear God, this is Victorian London! Truly the question was when am I? The sun had almost set now, the tides of overwhelm washing out any sense of sense. Just this morning, I was humbly building, and this evening I stand in 1850! A small husky voice creeps timidly "Smith? How did you get here?"

Jerking and Jolting backwards, my soul wrenches out of me, Was it.. Jones? My vision deluded me, exploiting my absolute memory. Reptilian disfigurements consumed his skin, his left eye hollow, gouged out. Scratches and slashes, grazes and gashes enslaves every inch of his body. What wrath of God had damned him so? Puncturing my bewilderment, the married man pierced "How do you end up here?". The shattering truth demolished my soul. Hell. Eternal punishment for sin, that I now deserve to bear in the land of the living dead. How did I end up here?

I hear my bones straining against all of the lives I did not get to live. I begin to descend, my limbs plunge, my heart plummets; drowning and drowning into the depths of death. I feel like I am sinking; I fall forcedly amongst the end I avert, and the death I detest.

