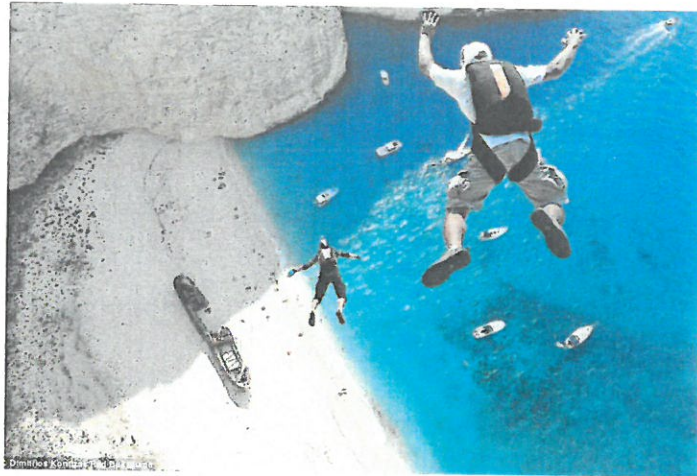


Wednesday 4th January 2017

WALT Recount an extreme experience.



As I shakily, nervously stumbled into the plane like a man who was shot in the knee I thought deeply to myself: "Should I be doing this?", "Is this even smart?", "Will Eddie?!" Then my thoughts slowly died away as the tall, ferocious Pilot bellowed at me "hurry up we don't have all day!". Then I swiftly dragged myself into the plane, rooting myself steadily to the seat. Then through the tall, broad window I could see the vast, blue sea ~~or~~ cheerfully grinning at me; villainously laughing at me - waiting eagerly for me to plunge into its deep, vast sea and be swallowed its deep clashing waves.

Soon objects seemed real to me. - I felt like a man who went to a bar who chugged ferociously at a massive ~~size~~ jug of beer: The ~~grey, worn-out~~ <sup>worn-out</sup> chairs were gasping, the broad windows were bobbing, the metal floor was laughing - I was doomed. - Soon the plane stopped; I gasped nervously the pilot's words fell on deaf ears as I snap out of my thoughts. My skydiving-mad friend was also ~~excitedly~~ <sup>quiet</sup> however was eager than I was tapped by him; as he ~~alerted~~ <sup>alerted</sup> me while the parachutes ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> handed <sup>out</sup> by the pilot. This was my final chance, I could back ~~or~~ now but return with ferocious parents, gleaming red hot with rage; so...

by Adit.....