

The Surprise (Narrative)

23/5/2023

Droplets of rain make the sky go dim. Shades
fade through the air as the wind brushes
past my car as my trench becomes soggy and
cold. ~~Plants~~ Plants not getting enough sunshine
and puddles giving holes so deep, it's a
mess pool. The grey clouds ~~to~~ become bold by the ^{metaphor} bottom-
lessness, faint darkness, like a ~~darkened~~ ^{small} soul,
soon to wither. The weather isn't much different to
the town's contentment. No contentment at all. I
pack my bags to this new upcoming case... ^{Exposition}

I am a detective, firm and strong with what I
do. My abilities greater than the sharpest ^{personification} swordsman
and mightier than a pack of lions. They believe it's
from ~~our~~ ^{my} ancestor my greatest abilities came from
our ancestor, known as warrior and honourable
magesties. You may ~~believe~~ wonder who 'They' are,
what my abilities are and who these 'magestical
ancestors' are.

'They' are my grandparents, noble and wise, just
like every elder and every master. My abilities are yet
to come like self-intelligence and blazing mechanism
all self-taught. My ancestor aren't 'king or queens'
but rather humans from generations who taught each
other. And made an empire in secrecy, who thought
being on the throne was selfish. I am nothing like
them as I have tend to forget the past. It's nothing
that I know of, other than the solving of murder ^{rising} action
and a glimpse from the future