Ms. Legault

Block 4

***Divergent* – Al’s Point of View**

I stood at the railing, looking down into the chasm. The water crashed against the wall all in a rush. How had I let myself fall this far? How had I done this to myself? I didn't mean to hurt Tris, I really didn't. But I couldn't sleep; I couldn't eat. I couldn't focus. She had it so easy...

The nightmares bled into everything. Even now I can see the knives flying at me. I flinch even though it's not real.

Carefully I step up onto the railing, climbing over it. I see their faces in my head: the disapproval, the anger, the hurt... Guilt rushes through me and tears sting my eyes. I can hear cruel voices in my head, those of my friends and family twisted into hate. *God, Al, don't be such a baby.*

I can feel the humiliation from when she stiffened under my arm. My stomach twists when I think of my parents’ sad or disappointed faces. It is good I avoided them on the visiting day. They’ll remember me the way I was.

The dreams, the nightmare, the guilt... It's killing me. I can only think of one way to make it all stop.

So I let go, and think of a small quiet girl from Abnegation.

\*Please note that this example is shorter than the one you must write, but gives you an idea of what you should be aiming for.