

Back in business

I= idioms

I=personification

I=metaphors

I=allusion

I=hyperbole

I=puns or homophones

Good morning, my name is Donald Mitchell Andersen. I once appeared as an extra on a James Bond movie. I was popular because I ended up falling off a Building. I was hailed because I 'saved James'. Well now I act in foreign dancing movies. If I could describe my career. **I would probably say it was a homeless person raving on about the career he could've had if he didn't get stuck on his way to the big audition for a Hollywood movie.** times have changed, no, times have literally changed, it's been 15 years. Anyways now I'm a family man blah blah blah you know the stereotype. **Basically a whole time period epically wasted.** Long story short I'm in mid life crisis and I'm trying to revive my career. And the only way that's in sight is to join this nightmare reality to show filled with 'celebrities', actually it's more like c - list celebrities trying to do the same thing as me. **I guess it's only to infinity and beyond from now. I hope I can get a miracle! Like a genie from a lamp!** I think I've heard that somewhere! Oh well doesn't ring much of a bell.

I entered the game show and I realised that the show's kind of popular. How unexpected considering I was the most popular 'celebrity' in the room. **They looked at me and crawled over me like I was the wolf in little red riding hood,** they acted like I was a weird different and intriguing 'thing'. I can't say I didn't enjoy it at first but I'm kind of getting sick of it now. **I'm starting to feel like I should be much meaner, like the step 'things' from Cinderella!** But much more better looking of course! The show apparently was helping my career much much more because of the ratings we received. **Even though every bloody person in the show was as lost as nemo and was as oblivious as Dory.** It seems like everyone came from the same place that Oompa Loompas came from. **If only they were as useful as them! They were as useless as a pebble.**

Okay so the show has kind of died down. Everyone just sleeps and eats all day. Not out of the ordinary though. **But all I can say is I truly am a sleeping beauty and when I wake up in the mirror I don't need a voice to tell me I'm the greatest of them all. But I'm not on a high horse I assure you. Neigh! I'm truly not.** See what I did there? No? Okay.

Nevertheless there was a talent show coming up. It was the pride of this show. Everyone in Iceland tuned into watch it. **It was as important as the ball in Cinderella!** I decided to write a play. The play channeled my inner ballerina. I was a spy that liked to take part in ballet before a big mission. And he didn't have time to change into his spy uniform.

I rehearsed and rehearsed until I got it right. **If I got it right and captured the lungs of the audience I would surely take their breath away.** I performed it and there eyes watched while their jaws dropped. I concluded in my final ballet position the upside down crane. **Something did smell fishy though. I knew something was going to happen while my head was in the clouds. Someone yelled out "he's going blue!" I then felt like Something blew in my direction.** The blood rushed to my head while I heard the cheers and I woke up in the hospital after a pit of darkness. **I woke up extremely hungry, I could've ate a horse!** It turns out I passed out and woke up 4 hours later. I returned to the show and I was informed that I got a contract with a movie studio to produce a full length movie about the story I portrayed. **What a change of C(horse). I would have neigh-ver thought this would happen.**

Well to round this off I would like to tell you guys one more component. I used the money to bet on a horse race. Well the least I could say is I'm back to where I started. **I'm definitely not on my high horse. Neigh. I wish I was good with horses. Well that concludes my story. Make sure you do something productive to-neigh.**