

A delicate tapestry of mist caressed the man's emaciated back in a gentleness exotic to nature's forces as his feet implanted themselves against the dilapidated pillars of the scaffolding. A panoramic scene unfolded in an iridescent kaleidoscope of moonstone and saccharine emerald, strangling him in a concoction of colours. The zephyrs, however, dictated the man's actions, whipping him with tendrils of tempestuous gales, sending his clothes fluctuating in the air. He pursued. Blades of agonising distraught pierced his soul, knowing his goal was just another imagination floating unwanted, fading into the clouds of mists just like any other of his attempts to impress his parents. He could turn back, safe, but a coward. Yet the only thing that ameliorated this pain was death itself. He was willing to embrace it, to die in the cradle of the skyscraper, forever a hero etched into the minds of his parents.

Like a beehive stencilled onto the pavement, swarms of figures launched tirades of disbelief at the man, who was still in a state of assimilation as one by one, his haggard toes, calloused from the hours of balancing on the carnelian scaffolding ascended a step. Then two. In a peak of pure zest, he unleashed arrows of intoxicating rowdiness throughout the town square. He banged on the brittle steel, stripping the top gnarled fingertips from his hands, overtly displaying a quilt of vermilion in ecstasy. He had not reached the top. He had not succeeded. He had not done anything. Then why was he celebrating?

His father's words rang in his head in a subtle brush of pain. "What have you done? You will never be **Samantha or anyone like her. Now she's dead because of your ignorance.** Leave this place until you can prove me wrong. Otherwise, I don't even want to hear your name after this,"
[Who is Samantha? What is the context behind her death? Do not leave the readers hanging.](#)

As Laistrygonian tempests collided in a harsh battlement on the man's flushing cheeks, he had proven his father wrong. A conglomeration of reprimands and the whirl of choppers released him from his state of absorption. A blaring intercom rang from the top as people bowed in veneration. "Sir, get off the top or we will remove you by force!"

[death*](#)

"So be it," he muttered, as he jumped off into the brumal air, caressing **Death** in his very palms. He'd proven himself. It was all that mattered. Then all faded, and a pallid white struck him.

[This writing work is sufficient but concise which is a good thing! However, I was hoping that you could have added MORE descriptions like even adding the five senses to make a huge variety of descriptions. Besides that, this homework is DISNEY THEMED so it would be best if you added other Disney elements such as magic, or something enchanted, or even a magical twist in the end just to meet that Disney standard. Other than that, do not be scared to ADD MORE context behind your piece. Add a dash of backstory in order to have the readers less confused.](#)

[Mark \(44/50\)](#)