

Alice

The tenebrous gusts of clouds spat spindrifts of sudden condensation across my anhydrous face as its oceanic apatite rivulets down into the citrine crane, initiating the skyscraper to convulse on preliminaries. As it eluded, I kept on immersing myself in the next object as I accelerated to the next stepping stone which was as flat as a latterly desiccated tourmaline pancake. My palms were in perspiration as goosebumps were being detonated in a flash of lightning in silence and my almandite heart bludgeoned into the indicolite aqua sky. Hearing the sudden winds lurking up to me as my sluggish breath tinkled in the rain. My guts sensed up my throat as I pondered to wonder about rushing back down at the speed of light.

I knew my senses would not get me back towards the bottom of the incessant land of paradise. I scurried rapidly as my foot broke into tranquility, but the colossal crane was slanting just as my foot broke into tranquility. I scurried rapidly like the [Leaning Tower of Pisa](#). My chest ran up a mountain into the humungous tourmaline sky with eyeballs popping out of my doomed face facing the difficulties glaring against the hurricane of clouds. My ears tinkled in the storm of clouds, as I spoke to the sound as if there was an earthquake speed running down to the ground floor to collide with destroying the whole city into nothing but bits of tin and metal.

My hands lifted one another but soon made it up to the unfinished skyscraper with more fingers than I could ever have. My sacred sardonyx stomach sensed a fright of a call in the wind, but little did he know it was to pass on that he had done nothing no one else has ever done.

The sky summoned into pure brecciated jasper black and haughty clouds waiting to be turned into grey moonstones floating up above the mystical land queuing to be seated on. "My gosh, why does the sky have too always be like this?? It does not make sense." I excogitated. My legs tremored to face my efficacious phobia to ever exist in my spessartine heart. My phobia was being in skyscrapers which was a sterling stereotype phobia. The moment I stepped into the construction skyscraper; I knew the world had ended for me but luckily things were not the way they seemed. Later that day, the News had inspected that someone had creped into the in-development skyscraper.

You already did quite an excellent job in providing good and full on description! It seems like you went all out and went for all sorts of types of describing words but you gotta take note-- too much good stuff is bad stuff. Don't exaggerate too much as it might lead the readers astray. Why not add more action or even a brief backstory about the character and what he/she is doing in the place. Be creative in a way that the readers will not get bored in just reading full on descriptions.

Mark (48/50)