

Beads of acrid, moist sweat slivered profusely down my spine, as I sneaked a sharp look at the world below me. My body was a manifestation of a fear I have not experienced before, with my racing heart pounding violently against my ribs, and my cold, clammy hands were shaking so uncontrollably I could not grip the rails. The scaffolding snaked treacherously beyond the clouds above the outreaches of the sky, overshadowing the miniscule buildings and hive of ant-like activity below. Just a few more steps, I thought to myself. "You have not proved me worthy. If you really loved climbing, you should have climbed the tallest building in the world!" my father's words echoed in my head. They stung like daggers to my heart. The mental scarring was worse than any physical pain one can ever feel.

Icy zephyr and hail pounded me on my fragile back. Ruby-like blood gushed out of my blistered hands. My apprehensive body took one step forward. It felt like the weight of the cold, misty sky was falling on me, crushing my soul into a speck of nothingness. Then I remembered I had to prove something to myself. Not the reporters, not myself, my unloving family. I shook myself off, now with extra, fiery fuel in my body. It felt like a guardian angel came down to help me. All the mist, fog and hail felt like it was gone. I took one step, another, until finally, I was nearing the end of this vicarious situation. This was all I needed. Nothing could stop me, not the rusty, blistering scaffolding, not my family, nor mother nature herself. I leaped and twirled, until finally, I made it.

I had realised there was a stream of crowds waiting for me on the tower. Half young reporters, and half strangers that had wanted to be on camera. I pushed all of them aside, wanting some time to myself. Breathing heavily, I parachuted down back to earth, where people on streets were gawking at me. Thinking back at my adventure, I thought 'Will my parents love me now?'. There was only one way to find out. My dreaded destination was set. Time to travel on.

Aidan

I am quite satisfied with your work. Your diction, and choice of adjectives was not too much and not too less, it's just enough to not bore out the readers. However, this piece would have been better if you added a touch of Disney element into it. Other than that, I do not think there is any major errors for this work so good job!

Mark (50/50)