

The pernicious fog reached out at the skyscraper, snaking up the rickety building full of malevolent anger. The fog reached towards Steve, who was jumping nimbly from beam to beam, going further and further up the rickety, half-finished skyscraper. The furious wind choked Steve trying to persuade him to go down.

*'It's too gruelling, it's too agonising. Give up!'* The tough wind spoke kindly. ✓

Steve looked into the aquamarine sky, where a police helicopter was blaring its sirens. A **man** megaphone was yelling at him to come down or they would force him to. Steve fought an internal battle. man's

One side was screaming at him. 'Are you crazy? Not only are you breaking the law, but if you slip, you will definitely die!'

The other side was more persistent. All he needed to do was to climb to the top of the skyscraper. That was it. All his life, he had always been ordinary. He had never found any talents inside himself. Steve enrolled himself in so many challenges and tried so many activities but he could never find what he was good at. That was until he found cliff climbing. Now, all Steve needed to do was to climb to the top of the tower and he would prove himself to be better than the rest of the world. He would be above human, superhuman, one that people would admire.

The tip of the skyscraper was visible, like a shining blue spinel. It looked like a church's pinnacle, a stairway to heaven. He had to reach it and all worries in life would disappear. Steve climbed the skyscraper, beads of sweat rolled down his face and red beryl angry sores appeared on his blistered hands. He couldn't keep on climbing forever. Then, a cloud rolled over the irate rays of the sun. It rolled calm cold wind over his pained wounds and wiped away his beads of sweat. It gave him strength to continue. Steve blessed guardian angel and kept on climbing up towards his goal.

When he reached the top of the skyscraper, he had finally proven himself. He now knew his talent. He was the best climber in the world. He raised his arms in victory. Steve laughed. Suddenly, the police helicopters arrived. They were there to arrest him. But Steve had no idea. He saw angels around him. They were singing hymns. The gateway to heaven was open. His worries were gone.

Note:

This is an amazing narrative! You have adequately used all of the tenets in Disney-like writing, except oxymoron. Please follow the requirements next time. Oxymoron is just a very easy thing to write. Here's a recap, an oxymoron is a term or phrase or an amount of words that contradict (go against) themselves. For example, "happy clown" makes loads of sense, because clowns are happy. But "sad clown" is an oxymoron because all clowns are happy, so they can't be sad. Or another one, "false truth" is an oxymoron, because by definition, truth can't be false, so it makes no sense. Please heed to these to improve.