

I suddenly glimpsed the world below me. Cold sweat dripped down my already drenched back. The biting cold wind lashed at my freezing legs, as I clung on for dear life on one of the rusted poles of the scaffolding. My harness seemed to be pulling me down as if telling me not to go further. The only thing it did to me was increase the agonising pain on my already exhausted shoulders. With every excruciating step I felt the ferociousness of the wind lashing like a whip against my already sodden legs.

I was about to make another weary step up, but my foot slipped through a tiny crevice in the scaffolding. Just as I thought I was going to fall, one of the straps on my backpack caught on something and there I was, hanging from one backpack strap 200 metres in the air. As I dangled there I thought; the chances of a strap on my backpack catching on something was one in a million chance. So that means fate has saved me because it thinks I am worthy enough to climb the skyscraper! With one excruciating effort, I heaved myself back onto the scaffolding.

I staggered forward. I gritted my teeth, and I knew I had to keep going. As I wobbled to put one foot in front of another, I thought what it would be like when I finally reached the top. How high would it really be? Maybe when I reached the top, I could touch the celestial stars. Who knows? These were the thoughts that kept me going. That kept me moving. I felt if I was just going to slump there and just die a miserable death, but I was determined to reach the top, thus I kept going.

Then just when I was sure I was going to collapse, I saw a light, a light at maybe the top of the tower, that light sparked a little bit of hope in me as I scrambled on up the groaning skyscraper. I kept falling over but the light on what seemed like the top of the tower was growing brighter and brighter and that lifted my hopes up. I stumbled up and up, my ears were popping as I ascended up and up the colossal skyscraper. Every step felt like injecting a whole tube of anaesthetics into my legs which made them feel so numb I couldn't feel pain when my leg got caught on something and it started bleeding. The light seemed to be getting closer, closer, and closer, until it was only about one hundred metres away.

That last one hundred metres put me in deadly peril as the metal of the scaffolding creaked and one of the bolts even fell off and tumbled down, down, down, down, onto...my head. Suddenly, I began to see stars and if it wasn't for my harness, I would have died, I must have been knocked unconscious and when I woke up again a few minutes later, I found myself dangling from a rope from the scaffolding. I pushed myself up until finally I was only metres away from the light. And I realised that the light wasn't a light, but star balanced precariously on the tip of the scaffolding...

This is a gut clenching piece! I really like how you managed to put through a well organised flow of ideas, and there was a proper transition from one thought to the next. Perhaps adding more description and a Disney element would make this piece 10 times more better. Despite all, this is still great.

Mark (50/50)