

The savage wind whipped through my coarse hair as my hands ~~the~~ rusted ^{the} metal poles as I stumbled forward, ever so wary of my steps. I cast a quick eye down at the earth. While staggering fiercely, the shattered skyscraper soared over all the indistinguishable buildings. ~~The chilly arctic morning fog blasted through my frostbitten ears as I cackled with joy when I heard the zephyr vociferate an ear-piercing song. While my lacerated shirt clung tightly to my lacerated back, I felt nauseous, and freezing sweat streamed down my torrid back. I knew I couldn't go on, but the desire to show my family that I was more than an underdog won out. The nasty harness dug through my emaciated shoulders, while my broken, bloodied hands gripped tightly to the tarnished poles, which also appeared to be in anguish.~~

I had been ascending for what seemed like an eternity. My mindless body was alive with chills that burnt my shaking hands like electricity. The wind slashed at me with steely fists of denial, threatening to numb me with each fiercer blow. The nation, which had shrunk to the size of a droplet of water, glistened alongside me, the pale mist producing an oddly attractive sight. Then I resumed my contemptuous ascent up the tower's unfathomable height.

As the empyrean above me gloated pompously, sarcastic voices of dejection thundered in my thoughts. Under my drowsy feet, the brisk ocean was teeming with anchovies and pewter blocks. Tentacles infiltrated the gimcrack and bewailing scaffolding. My heart was filled with trepidation like rice grains. With my strained hold, the thin iron pillars felt penetrable. The freezing beads of sweat cascaded down my clenched teeth like raindrops on a window. The scornful sounds of my parents' invertebrates against my skull, on the other hand, was as painful as a stone to the head. In my eyes, death was soaked in a lake of dread. Someone a mile away could have noticed it.

Avoid copying
from other's
work.

I looked up into the blue ashen sky, I could see the end just mere metres. The sweat covered my pale fingers as I pulled with the last remaining I had. And then all of a sudden I was at the top. An unearthly laugh escaped my lips as I looked down at the city. My nerves weren't jittering anymore. In the distance, I could see some police helicopters flying towards me. What did I care? I was just an insane kid at the pinnacle of a skyscraper. This was it I realised, I had beat myself.

Note: I noticed that you have copied an entire section from other's submission. Do not do this, plagiarism is a serious crime. On the other hand, you need to write your own narrative. I know you can do it. Think of possible plots then translate them into writing. Moreover, you have to adhere the prescribed format: Omniscient Magic, Beauty Phrases, Gemstone Colours, Oxymorons, Magical features. Next time, just create your own story, I know you can do it.

Mark 35/50