

Part 1.

I look back. My safety harness clenched on to me, as if trying to pull me down, already increasing the ^{agonising} ~~agoniing~~ pain in my shoulders. I looked up. Just a bit further, and this would all be over.

The rusty metal framework of the building was like a ladder. Any horizontal bars, I would climb, whereas any vertices would be neglected. I found crevices to cling on to, so I wouldn't fall. I continued to climb. The wind blew against me, ushering the words my father had said to me:

“You shall perish upon this very day. No one offers you mercy, and no one gives you kindness. But at the same time, no one depresses you, nor do they hurt you. Simply, you are trapped in an oblivion. By climbing this, you show your pride and stupidity. Do you think you can climb up this 300 metre high building if you can't even climb up a 300 centimetre high tree? No, of course not. But we all know you're doing this because you want to escape from your worries. All you are doing is trying to run away, by earning a medal or something and then gaining money by saving it to leave. But you won't. You're just going to end your suffering here, and not achieve anything in life. So what even is the point of doing this? Nothing. You are just a plain loser. I don't think you will go anywhere in your godforsaken life. I hate you, but I dismiss you. Sometimes, I question your existence. What can you do to this world? Nothing. You will fail, and you will perish”.

The world came crashing down on me with my thoughts. I was absolutely depressed by my life. I had done nothing to help anyone. I was straight down the middle in everything: my grades, my abilities, my IQ, my thinking speed..... Everything exists. And here I was, trying to do something extraordinary. Would I make it? I would. I knew it and had no doubts. ^{Add a space.}The

ebony black city skyline was lit up with luminescent light sources, making it seem like the sun was falling towards us. Then, it finally happened. While holding onto a bar, the rope snapped. I thought this was the end of my life. But it wasn't. I pushed on. Finally, it came. Hope. I saw the top of the building, lit up like the candles on a birthday cake, guiding me. I found that the rope was still there, just not connected. So I tied myself to it, quickly.

I was wrong. I was delusional. It was ^{not the} **nother** 150 metres up. Helicopters ^{lowercase this} **S**wirled around, their rotor blades spinning like a top, and turning the gentle breeze into a tornado. I continued, making my way up. I saw a man, with a gun, aiming at me, in a police uniform.

“Stop, or we'll shoot. Put your hands in the air”

I did. I fell. Into a bar. I survived. I continued climbing. The man realised what I was doing. But he followed me up. The jet black skyline was still illuminated, and it motivated me. I wanted to see it from a higher point. The wind continued to push me towards the building. I couldn't bear this torture anymore. I was close. Suddenly, out of rage, I climbed, pulling on the rope I tied myself and climbing like a monkey. I made it. Alive. Now, how would I get back down?

Lucky for me I need not think about this as one of the helicopters picked me up. I had gone beyond my family's expectancy.

Note: In summary, this Disney-like story covers a serious and introspective subject with a powerful voice and a distinct perspective, as well as unusual private values. It's written in the first person, and the tale focuses on a specific point in time that deserves to be discussed. The oxymoron, however, is lacking. Remember that a figure of speech in which seemingly conflicting terms appear together. Oxymoron might also be used as a sentence. Last but not the least, take a close look at your spelling, capitalisation, and spacing. You might have minor mistakes, but, they would still undermine your story if not resolved.