

Part 1

I looked back. The unfinished skyscraper, still metres behind me. The agonising pain in my shoulders throbbed heavily against me, as if trying to pull me back. The dreadful memories flooded in my pounding mind. I thought about this for a moment. Just a bit further and all this hardship would be over.

The tarnished, metal outlines of the towering skyscraper was like a looming ladder about to fall. I was not just determined to climb this what seemed like a fortress, but I would climb and destroy anything that came my way. I was not afraid. The harsh wind blew against my face whispering the malicious words one had once told me. The terrifying memories still hovered above me, but there was this one, the most petrifying one, which was the one with the words my family had told me.

“You will die upon this very day. Upon this very day, you will end your suffering, not to deal with us anymore. You have no one to encourage you and you will never. You will have no one to give you kindness and you never will deserve it. You have been a pest to our family and you deserve less than others. At the same time, no one will hurt you nor discourage you. You are simply trapped in the middle of emptiness, no one to surround you and care for you, you are nothing and you will always be nothing. By climbing this, you only show how dumb you are and the stupidity that lies within you. Do you think you can climb a 500-metre building when you can’t even climb a 5-metre tree in the park? How absolutely stupid that thought would be. You are only doing this to earn money and be a celebrity to others to look upon at. We all know that you want to earn this money to be popular and saving up to leave. Why are you here on this godforsaken planet? Why are you even here? You are nothing. You are a plain, stupid loser, ^{who*} ^{her*} which tries to reach their goal but always fails. Sometimes I ask myself why you are here. What can you do to make this place a better place? Nothing. You will fail, you will perish, you will die”

^{rephrase this part}
The world felt over as I though the world died on me. I was not going to live this way. Thinking about the question ‘What can I do for this world?’ I was terrible at nearly everything from my grades at school, my abilities, to my IQ and thinking and calculation speed..... Everything was done. I was done. The world was done. And here I was, trying to make my family proud and trying to describe something extraordinary. But what if I don’t make it? What if someone already completed the task before me? And most importantly ‘Would I die?’ The question flooded like a river to a city in my brain. I knew I would. There was a feeling deep inside me that told me I would do it. The inky-black city sidelines seemed to lighten up with the sound of people chattering around. Oh wait! I remembered, it was New Year’s Day! I was really stupid after all wasn’t I. Finally it came. Hope. I saw the whole skyscraper lit up with decorations and candles. I found the harness hanging behind me. Was there someone else behind me? I slowly but carefully looked behind me. Thank goodness. Just the harness had fallen off, so I connected it.

This part is too dragging and its the same point over and over again. You can try and simplify this part

I was wrong. There it was, another 170 metres up from where I was standing, giant helicopters swirled like a tornado above my head while coming down. I almost fell right out of the tracks! It continued to level down and when it landed, a sly and quick man jumped right out of the helicopter wearing a magnificently red police uniform holding a gun..... Which was aiming at ... me!

“Stop right there,” or we’ll shoot, we aren’t hesitant. Put your hands up and surrender”

I did exactly what was told. I fell onto the tracks. But I survived. How lucky! The police officer realised what I was doing. The jet-black sky, still lightened up with the decorative candlesticks. It somehow

motivated me. I was ready... to face anything that was left. Well, there wasn't much left, only a few metres. I would definitely get there. I wanted to see my full potential and what I could do. I climbed and climbed until... Yes! I somehow made it. Alive. All alone. Done.

Lucky for me, it didn't take me 2 seconds to think of a way to get down. By the helicopter of course! I had definitely gone far away from what my family and I had expected.

I really appreciate your nerve striking piece! You made passed the 400 word count which is still alright because you managed to express much of what was needed when climbing a skyscraper. HOWEVER, the general instructions mentioned to make a DISNEY-INSPIRED narrative piece. This would include magical features that you would normally see in a Disney film. Also add more descriptive words next time and be creative. I know you can do it big dog!

Mark (46/50)