Pearl – The Confidence

My gaze dropped down the rickety scaffolding , which swayed hazardously in the caliginous sky, like a gibbon swinging on a tree. I instantaneously regretted thinking up the word dropped. A cold shiver ran down my back as I tightly gripped the vermilion bar with my blistered, motionless palms. Half-way to go, I thought to myself. I took a steady step, then another. The nearing clouds sneered mercilessly at me , spitting out bursts of rain, that smacked me hard, torturing me with their whips of wind. What was I thinking when I decided to make this suicidal mission? The faces of my parents disapproving looks appeared in my head. That was why. Well, they'll see, I'll make to the top alive, and they can stuff poisonous mushrooms up their noses. That thought distracted me enough to tread up the stairs of the half finished scaffolding. A sound startled me overhead , but I could feel it before I heard it. This wind wasn't the thrashing wind of the sky. It was the sharp, constant wind of a predator stalking its prey. It was a magnificent ,giant, but monstrous sound of a helicopter , a police helicopter. My sensitive heart skipped a beat as I looked upward, shielding my eyes with my protective hands. ' HOP DOWN FROM THERE, SIR, WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO USE OUR GUNS, BUT THERE MIGHT JUST BE AN ACCIDENT' the officer called. 'So be it', I muttered treacherously. I sprinted up the scaffolding, confidence finding me, my parents would be proud. But as I neared the top, a jolt of realization hit me. I had not won over my parents, I had won over myself.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, AND YOU SHALL COME OVER ALL THE CHALLENGES