

Nathan

My pallid and sweaty hands clasped the tarnished gelid bars of the tower. My forehead bore alabaster pearls of sweat, drenching my mask and face in clammy perspiration. A Siberian wind battered my body, making the flimsy metal structure wobble precariously as if it was nothing but matchsticks. I flinched at every creak of the bars as I silently prayed for the tower to not collapse as its intense fragility shook me to the bone.

Just above me, clouds sneered down at my enervated body, its misty abyss above shrouding what I would climb up into. Digging painfully into my back and hands, my harness, the only thing preventing me from tumbling off into the crepuscular mist below clanked once more at the tower. At the back of my head, I could faintly hear the arrogant voice of my father, who thought I would never succeed, his shouts and jeers stabbing my heart like a dagger of ice forged from the depths of a poisoned well.

“Don’t even think about trying – you’re a failure – you’ll never succeed – what good is climbing anyways?” I remembered my dad’s words, hot tears welling in my eyes quickly whisked away by the whipping winds, mimicking my callous father, shutting all my emotions inside myself, never letting the dam of my heart breach its wretched waters of sobs and tears.

But today, a dam breached. A waterfall of tears cascaded out of my eyes, each held-back teardrop now gushing out. I pounded my fist on the tower, no longer caring about the height. My hand caught on a rusty bolt, **vermillion blood** now mingling with the tears on my body. I could already hear the distant whir of police helicopters A little voice poked out of the winds.

“Don’t worry – you’re almost there!”

With renewed courage and blurry vision, I continued my forlorn ascent. I needed to prove my dad wrong and wipe the smug grin off his face. The clouds brushing the tower hit me as I reached the top of the tower, swirling and snaking around me with its countless tendrils of mist, the police helicopter waiting for me.

Nice work! Your piece is well-written and you utilised most of what was asked. However, there should have been a Disney element in this piece like adding magical themes. Also refrain from mentioning anything grotesque and violent since this is Disney inspired and it may be disturbing to young readers. This work already has potential, but you just have to work on the suggestions provided :))

Mark (49/50)