

## SELECTIVE SUPERSTAR

The nebulous clouds engulfed me in perilous indignation, spewing a horrendous mixture of gushing rain and powerful zephyrs onto my emaciated body. My calloused palms gripped the precarious, bone-chilling scaffold as my blustery sweat dripped profusely down my ebony sweater. My pallid limbs persevere; every step felt like my limbs were being dipped into buckets of penetrating ice. "Go back; you will kill yourself," a small but dominant voice hissed in my mind. I shook the thought off immediately. Not even the breathtaking auburn cake that my mum used to make, with a distinct taste of moist milk chocolate crumbling into my mouth, will turn me back.

The voice wasn't going to urge me to get down now. I was desperate to prove that I wasn't that intimidated naive boy, who used to curl up in a little ball and whimper in tepridation when he saw a little puppy yapping across the road. I wasn't that boy who would sob in the attic alone, his hazel eyes puffing up like ripe tomatoes when he was scolded for his mischievous behaviour. That was all in the past. Now is the future. I clenched my fists, forming maroon crescents in my gnarled palms. I ignored the agonizing pain and the zephyrs that kept biting at my nimble legs. I closed my eyes and sighed. Suddenly, a miracle formed out of the blue. It was as though my guardian angel had been sent down from the mystical heavens and was protecting me from the treacherous beryl. It was flapping its milky white wings, gracefully whirling around, its scintillating beauty bedazzling me.

It had to be sorcery. The angel didn't have to utter a single word as its tranquil doves followed her silent commands, raising me cautiously from the ground to the top of the scaffolding. The angel finally winked at me and whispered graciously in my ear, "Wake up." Almost abruptly, my hazel eyes fluttered rapidly and finally opened up to reveal there was no guardian angel. But I was at the top of the monstrous scaffolding. Sighing in relief, I whooped with joy, a toothy grin forming on my face. I was the king of the world, and I had proved my family wrong. I did it; I had won over my family.

What seemed like a second later, interviews started brimming around me, and flashlight cameras started to flash rapidly. Most importantly, the calignous clouds disappeared, and the vibrant rays of warmth and light shone upon me. Despite the fact the police helicopter was urging me to get inside in an exasperated tone, I took in the prideful moment, breathing in the lukewarm air and reflecting on my experience. That's when I realized, I didn't win over my family, I won over myself. That's what my father was trying to teach me the whole time

Excellent writing piece! I can see that most elements were present in this work, including the magical feature-- the angel. But what I liked most about your piece would be the lessons you have learned throughout the experience--which is winning over yourself and your own personal hindrances. I really appreciate the amount of though you have made into this. Please do make more writing pieces with this type of quality that includes life lessons.

Mark (50/50)