

Part 1

Haughty clouds spat pellets of drool across my gaunt face as their tendrils of strangling mist crept upon my nostrils. My emaciated knuckles clung tenaciously onto the icy poles of the shivering scaffolding. The relentless bombardment of numbing wind lacerated across my body, threatening to kill me. The mocking, tormenting laughs of thunder sheathed its manacle arms around my hyperborean ears. Callous upon callous, my maimed hands forcing my flopping body into disrepair as I ventured higher. A morose wave of icy cold beads of sweat dripped down the back of my haggard back. Trying to take my mind off the abysmal sensation, I forced my weary eyes up. Climbing higher and higher. The zealous zephyrs keen to blow me off. Merge these 2 into one sentence to make it less fragmented

Below me was the grimy, dilapidated slums of Brazil. Derelict roofs surrendered at the whips of rain. A cleanliness forlorn penurious city littered with slums and ramshackle huts. The serrated steel spire uttered shrill squeaks as the harrowing clouds let out one final blow. The acerbic talons of morbid air pierced my dry skin. Focused on ascending this spiral of metal, my languid legs flopped against the rigid metal. My mission-ascend a tower-400 meters of space between me and the ground-I had to connect a lightning rod to the tip of the tower. Yearning for the safety on the ground which was perpetually spiralling out of my gaunt hands, I reluctantly climbed on.

Through the mist, *

Abruptly, I heard a sound in the distance. Through the mist my dreary eyes set themselves upon a flock of flamboyant birds. My feet at this point were nearly as dilapidated as the blurs below. A multitude of flying devils approached my afflictive feet. Their beaks pecking at my shoes at every step. "Come on, you can do this" I whispered to myself. "A few more steps and you're there"

The twisting spire of manipulative clouds shrouded my view of the top. And with dozens of birds threatening to break my loose tether, I found it complicated to reach the top. So, I ran. I ran as fast as my fatigued legs could carry me. I ignored the numbing pain shooting through my ruptured, severed body, I ignored the rivers of cold sweat pouring down my frail back. I ignored the satanic, demonical birds ripping apart my feet. I ran. The clouds didn't stop, their caliginous veins seeped through my clogged nose. The pellets of rain sliced at my face. Finally. The top. The slums, now a blur of murky brown, grey and more brown. I steadily planted the rod. Chink! It was in. I sat down. My bones aching and grinding in their savaged tendons. Laying down, I closed my wearisome eyes. And the world went black

Splendid! Your writing piece is wonderfully written and it was also descriptive as you added adjectives to bring about colour in your piece. It was as if I was the character experiencing the event. Good job! Just keep an eye out on the highlighted phrases I have emphasised above and you are good to go.

Mark (49/50)