

The Difficult Climb

The infrastructure of the lofty skyscraper violently rattled as I nervously climbed through the unsteady rusted iron bridge. The skyscraper was the highest building in the whole city, towering over the measly ant-sized houses beneath. Death waited below me thousands of metres deep down, waiting and hoping to catch me and take my life away. The boreal chill conjured up bombs of zephyrs blinding my enclosed view as I tried to progress further up the building while my teeth were chattering fearfully from the brutal cold.

The angry winds attempted to mercilessly knock me over with their powerful and deadly blows, but nonetheless nonetheless I trudged on. I was a professional climber who had climbed all the tall mountains and skyscrapers in the world – except for this one. This famous skyscraper was definitely a must-tick. The skyscraper I was climbing was undeniably the tallest and hardest one of all the ones I had on my list. “I need to get the tick for this,” I constantly thought, as I kept on going. This was the only thing that fueled me to go on even though the sky was getting darker, more depressing and wanted me to retreat back to the ground below.

As I climbed, thoughts swirled around in debate. Would I make it to the top? Would all this be worth it? What if I didn’t even get anything from this and this was just a waste of time? I felt that climbing this skyscraper was a huge mistake, while thinking that I should continue on and safely get to the top. I was in a state of uncertainty for deciding which choice I should make.

Suddenly, while I was still battling the discouraging thoughts in my head, the winds stopped and the fog and mist parted. The bright sun shone through like a guardian angel, giving me some confidence and hope that I could reach the top of the skyscraper. The sun also came in useful, enabling me to see how far I’d gone. To my surprise, I noticed I was just a few steps away from the top! “This is it,” I thought, as I excitedly climbed up the last few steps, “This is exactly the moment I’ve been waiting for.”

Proudness filled the air as I stood at the summit of the skyscraper. I saw a police helicopter which had witnessed my grand achievement hovering close by so I motioned it to come over. But, as I embarked on the helicopter with my knees shaking like jelly, I asked myself, “What was the point of all of this? Nothing has changed, or has anything?” After a minute of deep reflection, I realised what I had done. I had won over myself and proved what I was – not just a person in the middle of a crowd, but someone who had gone over my comfort zone and passed the assumed limits.

Splendid work you got there! Your piece is beautifully written. However, you missed one element that could have made this whole piece complete-- the magical factor. The instructions specifically stated to make a Disney-inspired narrative. Also add MORE beauty phrases, gemstone colours, oxymorons. Despite all, the flow and content of your writing piece is exceptional! Keep writing big dog!

Mark (48/50)