

The Savage Skyscraper

Whoosh! A blustery, turbulent wind almost swept me off my feet. I balanced precariously on the compact rail that was as narrow as a drainpipe on the towering, altitudinous skyscraper. I shut my eyes, imagining the criticism and laughter of the people of the kingdom below me; like a gaunt snake, poisoning my thoughts, slithering into my brain. Perhaps that was why I had agreed to this **fatal job** that will surely bring me to death. Oh, how I yearned for the comfort of the shimmering, iridescent palace that was my home. I could almost smell wafts of the delicious desserts and taste the freshly made dinners. Although, it was the location of this fine mess I had gotten myself into. Yes, I was the weak child, the scrawny one, the fragile, delicate weakling, nothing like the proud, gorgeous, high and mighty princesses of the palace; or the superior, cocky, attractive princes that were my father's sons. Yet I would prove I could do this. I could! I had to.

I glanced up and was unpleasantly surprised at the seemingly endless path up ahead, drawing back as an agonising, excruciating pain shot through my body; a steady stream of blood was gushing out of my pale shoulder. I tasted bile and blanched. Clasp my skeletal hand to the wound, I was chilled to the core as a numbing Siberian wind blasted me with hurricanes of bitter, frosty raw currents. It sure felt like the cyclone was taunting me, jeering and sneering as it circled me, howling and wailing hellish insults. I felt it lamenting me hysterically, hollering, "Of all the heroes I have devoured, the King sent you! Oh, this is almost too easy. Just give up already, little mortal, for you will never reach the top."

For a vast, sweeping moment that seemed to **last an age**, I believed it's deceptive words. I hindered to a halt and frozen tears rolled down my face. But then I thought of my family, the mockers, the people who scorned me; and I realised for all I had sorrowed and detested their despicable ridicule, all it had done was give me a resolve. And as I glanced at the helicopter hovering above me, the driver who signed for me to get on or I would freeze to death, I realised I could have just let go and freefall. But the arctic wind hardened my heart, and I shook my head.

With a new sense of glory, I painstakingly continued on, grasping with my calloused, blistered and frostbitten hands and reaching up, up, up. As I climbed, I felt my hypothermia fade away and I gasped in wonderment as a warm, tender, comforting glow that reminded me of nights beside the fireplace, and succulent, heavenly, enchanting cookies that smelled and tasted of fond memories surrounded me. I knew it must be an unquestionable sign; therefore I kept going, and finally, my hands seized the last step. Yelling in victory as I was bathed in triumph, I was celebrated respectfully as a hero; a hero who scaled the towering skyscraper. And as I looked around, I now understood this wasn't only for recognition – and I didn't only win over my perfect family, but myself.

Great piece! The whole story was beautifully described especially using the five senses and you also did a good job in adding emotions in your work. However, a quick clear and specific backstory would be great on as to why the character ended up in such situation. Besides that, make sure you got all Omniscient Magic, Beauty Phrases, Gemstone Colours, Oxymorons, Magical features present in your piece next time since the whole narrative itself should have been DISNEY-inspired.

Mark (47/50)