

The climb.

Moon-white mist engulfed the the climber's emaciated body like a mystical semblance. The partial, yet derelict statuesque convulsed against the choking wind forcing the adventurer to helplessly erect his hands to safeguard his tumescent eyes. The wind cascaded against the climbers face cauterising a luminous aura as the natures phenomenal powers kept brewing. Millions of questions racing in the mind. The pertly ideas domiciliatingly discombobulated him. His begrudging mind salvaged his hands to persevere. His cracked palms deemed like they were clobbered by a tyrants legionnaire.

Notwithstanding, he elongated his arms, and hand by hand he magnified as the aeruginous scaffolding.

Not withstanding*

He could feel the clammy grasp of the mist's crisp fingers wipe away the perturbed beads of distress as he clambered wearily up the tarnished tower. The demonillion nebula guffawed in approbation acquiring brawniness every second passing by. The climber staggered oblivious of power accentuating around him. Flabberghasted by how much left to go, puissance extricated out of him. The ongoing hexagonal pattern of tapestry was like a labyrinth imperishing and enduring in perpetuity. The wind was now snaked around his neck choking him. Unprecedentedly, he continued, incognisant of the amount of time he had left. Then, his families word ricocheted in his mind, "Your impossible, I can't trust you! This is why you are lost, no one will ever love you. Reminisce about the last two holiday we had. You almost assassinated us and you ran away! You will never make the top."

First person's point of view. Inconsistent.

The words penetrated my heart like daggers, and making the top of the scaffolding was like a hallucination now. Blackness swelled my eyes.

His hands bludgeoned the bitter cold metal making an ear-piercing sound. The cognition of being with his family again was over. He was nearly at the top. "Just a few more steps..." was the only thing that came out of my sullen mouth. He prayed for protection upon him but the only thing that was upon him was death. Then, the insignia of red and blue appeared in the sharp corner of my eyes. The sound of the devastating drill sound of the engine vibrated in my sorrow ears. The mountaineer was at sixes and seven's until a voice. The cacophonous amplifier's sound was defeaning. The herculean gales blew harder. Promptly he shook out of unconsciousness, as he continued to shinny up.

The cops gazed in nescience and they withdrew their weapon. However, there was nothing they could do. The helicopter was too enlarged. Then, with the final stretch, he pulled through. He was at the top. He succeeded. Although, all those hate comments, he pulled through. Then the natural instincts took over and he closed his eyes for the first time in a day.

Excellent work! You managed to make a well-described writing piece. It is truly consistent all throughout. But you need to be wary on your POV. As you can see, majority of the text uses 2nd person's POV. On the 3rd paragraph, you used 1st person POV making the whole piece inconsistent. Please do take note of this next time to further improve your work. All in all, it's still good. Also add a theme and element that you often see in Disney films next time.

Mark (48/50)