

The skyscraper of integrity

I glared at the formidable abyss below me as the glacial zephyr cholericly wreathed around my gasping throat and the brittle, putrid scaffolding with a savage thud. The depressed clouds were still oozing out drenched, miserable tears. I was petrified and baffled. "You won't make it" murmured the faint voices of the agonising memories of my parents as I ascended the skyscraper. "Go back! Go back!" my absurd brain thought. But it was a certainty that I was not going back. I had a hefty urge to prove to my parents that I could do it and that I was not the scaredy cat they thought I was. I would no longer be the timid, hesitant boy I used to be, not facing challenges. I would face them.

My father spanking me and my mother scolding me would not halt me in my tracks. My perseverance outweighed their puny spatula and their yells of destruction. As I continued pondering, I glanced at the astonishing canvas of the city being the radiant moon that was smiling jubilantly and scintillating stars twirling jovially in the majestic, ebony night sky. But, I still saw the immense height below me, making my anxiety aloft up my quivering spine. I could smell the divine aroma of the scrumptious food wafting in the faint, Siberian breeze. It made me yearn for some embrittled potato chips and charred steak from my hometown. However, I must go on.

I heard an abundance of police helicopters in the distance, calling me. Every appalling step had a sensation like committing a broken sentence, merge these two malignant crime. But still, I would not go back. My parents would not conquer me anymore.

I scaled up the mammoth skyscraper of hope for what felt like an eternity of metal lacerating through my frostbitten hands, which had a whirlpool of taunting memories. My maghony, blood-shot eyes were dehydrated as my sweat exuded out of my sable, oleaginous hair. My lubricated nose flared in a swelter and my rancid teeth deteriorated. In an instant, all my optimism was depleted from my mind. Would I make it? Could I prove my parents wrong? Am I just a failure?

And as it seemed that all efforts were in vain, a shimmer of hope glimmered in the shadows. The correct path radiated as if a supernatural being could sense my grief. Was it god? Hastily, I darted towards the path and sighted a lustrous ladder: a blessing from heaven. I escalated up the ladder and finally proved my parents wrong. Or did I?

I realisation came into my mind. I hadn't proved or won over my parents. What I had won over was the unequalled thing that nobody could possibly offer; myself. I realised that I had not proven anything to my parents. I had only proven to myself that I could climb the skyscraper. And that is the greatest possible achievement that someone could achieve.

Great piece! I like how you ended the entire narrative with a lesson. You also meet most on what was asked. However, before submitting, ALWAYS review your work as it may still have errors such as the ones i have highlighted. Besides that, content-wise, your work is splendid!

Mark (49/50)