

Write a DISNEY-INSPIRED narrative about the man climbing the skyscraper (400 words)

To overcome my fear of heights, I have scaled sky scrapers. Next was to conquered the tallest, most torturous scaffolding known to man kind.

My journey began with feverish anticipation and boisterous ignorance. Arrogant clouds shot a plant-like bullets across my haggard face as their tendrils of mist crept into all my open orifice My bloodless hand latched onto the circumpolar poles of the formidable scaffolding. The relentless bombardment of wind gouged chunks off meat off my body, ^{the} contemptuous, agonizing laughs of thunder sheathed its homogeneous arms around my ears. A bone-chilling sensation running down my back irascibly inducing rabid shivers that excruciatingly withered through my tatterdemalion musculature like lightning.

A morose ripple of Siberian cold beads of sweat dripped down my clammy back. I forced my tears-filled eyes up, espy through the apocryphal grey moonstone that carried the mysteries and powers of the new moon, glimpsed beyond the veil into unseen realms. My family and my friends beckon me home like a lighthouse.

Encyclopedic movie reels of my life decisions, mistakes, triumphs, academic achievements and bucket list of adventure, travels, experience, life goals and meaningful loving relationships.

I stopped for sententious moment, trying to coalesce my thoughts. Awakening the pockets of courage that served to enhearten and rigidify my purpose.

Bolstered by newly awakened unyielding determination, my steel-capped toed boots inched perilously along the elongated orange-red zircon steel tentacles, held by sylphlike harness. Threading between life and spiralling into the abyss.

Courage sheltered by dune, formed by the wind, pushed me forward, inching closer to my lighthouse. I could see my entire family, embraced and cocooned in their love and warmth. Heard their imperceptible affirmation, a beacon that guided me to the shoreline towards the lighthouse of love and hope. Failing was no longer a possible course of action.

The amaranthine journey, bedarkened and weeping with consternation. I was oblivious to the crippling fear, undiscerning and voracious wind in my quest.

Reaching calm water, threading my debilitated body, delved into adamantine ground. I could hear my family's words reverberate through my body, 'we love you and you can do it'. I am feeling immensely relaxed and deeply somnolent when my steel-capped toed boots brush up against uncompromising ground. I realised; I had made it.

The angel of mercy, forgiveness, courage, love, support and acceptance chaperoned me to my lighthouse where my friends, family, adventure, dreams and hopes lives.

This writing piece is beautifully written however, you need to cut back on your choice of descriptions as it may sound too exaggerating and could lead the readers astray. Make it not too much and not too less. Also keep an eye out on capitalisation errors such as the one I have highlighted above. Please do review your piece before submitting to prevent such errors from occurring again.

Mark (50/50)