

Acrophobia

by Daniel K.

"Vrrrrrr," that was the sound of the elevator that would slowly lead me to my most dreadful moment of my life.

"Welcome To N SEOUL Tower!" This was the word of our tour guide before my nightmares became reality.

"Ding," the elevator doors opened.

"We are on the top floor of the N Seoul Tower," our tour guide said.

When the elevator doors opened, I saw some normal things in the tower like a cafe and some shops selling plush or snacks. Then I went to the view deck, and I looked to the floor looking for soiled ground. I felt a sensation like my stomach was doing backflips. My eyes started to blur like when I lose my glasses. I can see the other people on the ground, they look like ants at this height. The smell of fresh air turned into my own breath. The N Seoul Tower was around 236ft off the ground (almost the size of the Queen Mary), so I tried to stay calm and keep from passing out.

"If this glass breaks, " I thought "I will fall and-"

I didn't want to think of it, so I stepped back to calm myself.

"Crack!" That's the last thing I heard before I lost my vision.

"Whoosh," the wind was as fast as during a hurricane.

I stepped on a cracker someone probably dropped. My heart pounded rapidly on my chest. I grabbed onto an iron bar near me, I grabbed it like I might fall off any second. My mind went into complete panic mode, and I was starting to get a vision of falling down.

"Am I going to die?" I thought.

Sometime later, I found myself back at the elevator. I must have wandered here. After that my mind went into panic mode. I looked at it as if it had something to do with my problems. I then remembered my mom and my little sister.

“Hey, get over here!” my little sister said.

I sprinted toward them.

“That is the reason why I’m mom’s favorite,” my sister joked.

“Tussssh,” the sound of the bus door opening was like hearing birds in the morning singing their song.

I had spent around 3 hours in the N Seoul Tower, but to me it felt like 6. The dark blueish night sky gave me a feeling of relief. The cool metal of the bus was like the feeling of the cool side of a pillow. Sometime later, I was having dinner at my grandparent’s place. I felt a bit scared because of my fear of heights. I haven’t felt like this before.

“Something wrong, Daniel?” my grandmother asked. “You don’t seem to enjoy dinner as usual.”

“I’m fine, just not as hungry,” I said as I shook my head.

I then walked into my room and let my heavy eyes shut.

“Chirp, chirp, chirp,” I heard the sound of the birds singing their daily song.

Sunlight shone through the curtains filling my dark version with light. The smell of rice being cooked filled my nose. I woke up feeling tired, yet energized. My grandma’s apartment was smelling like lunch with freshly made rice. The bed I was sleeping in felt hard as a rock.

“Morning, Daniel,” my mom said. “Sleep well?”

“Yeah.... I guess,” I said sleepily.

To this day high places make me feel sick to the bones, but from that experience I can learn and prevent these things from happening. I can use these experiences so I can reach a higher limit because there is always a way to touch the sky.