

Hand after foot, hand after foot.

Palms against the soft, slightly abrasive surface of this single, uniform tower. Every few moments, sweat on your palms had to be wiped off against your hip, alternating left and right in the same pattern. Holding on with both legs, leaning in with your knees, and brushing gently yet firmly. Too aggressively, and falling was a real possibility. Too lightly, and the whole purpose of wiping your hands off would be wasted.

The endless, dark towering wall in front of you was not perfect. At a distance, it formed a single uniform color, but up close, lots of individual, thin strands of reds and violets sprung from between the navy and dark. Stray gray or green or pink, which together formed the dark color at a distance, like how each pixel on an old TV is three different colored lights to form white. This close, you could clearly make out each color, tearing away loose parts of this single tower that were too loose, ropes too thin to have their own color, as you ascended step after step.

The towering wall was also not perfectly straight. It wavered, bending twice along its length. Around the middle, it curved enough to rest, to sit, to recuperate. Not for long, however, as quakes disrupted the respite. No time to waste taking a breather, especially not with such a long way down. Far, far down, the floor. From the bottom, hundreds, possibly thousands of these towers rose and formed a canopy blotting all but thin strings of light from above, the forest floor a tight jungle of strands, ropes, and hard, tough, almost metallic-feeling knits. Each towering trunk a few blocks wide, and mostly yet imperfectly round. Such a long climb.

This high up, winds from above the canopy start to whip about. Slight breezes which disrupt nearby totems, some closer than others. Some are great, terrible gusts accompanied by thunderous quakes, a gale so large and powerful it bends light and disrupts the very horizon itself. You had to travel to the opposite side of the tower in anticipation of those, for when they struck, being directly in their path would surely spell the end of your climb. Not all of the breezes were sideways - some were lightning quick booms sent hurtling downward. All one could hope for once those explosive forces struck was to grab back on without losing too much progress.

Towards the top of the ascent, the tower became less uniform, with more stray, thin ropes splitting from the base in all directions, like a nest of hair. The colors separated more, almost becoming distinguishable at a distance. You could move between the thick coils making up the tower, standing on bends and pushing past them, a tangled brush at the top of this, like a treetop made of yet more trunks. Within this liminal space, things are tranquil, quiet. Each dull thud of quakes or blasting gust is muted, and as you push your way up, moving the heavy cylindrical obstacles out of the way, like the thickest vines imaginable, using them both as curtains and step-stools for the remainder of the climb, until

daylight starts to crack through. The tightness of the frayed edge gives way to a platform of cable-ends - leathery, soft, yet immovable by virtue of their sheer, incredible mass relative to you.

To be sitting at the top, looking down at a forest from a view worthy of squirrels or birds...it was breathtaking.

Instinctually, you braced, throwing yourself flat against the nest and holding on where you could, hooking your arms, legs, fingers in around where you could. A great, blasting gale, accompanied by a tremendous earth with force to crack tectonic plates throws itself across the entire jungle, every tower feebly wavering. A second instance not a second later, crashing with apocalyptic force, rattling the very ground with its sheer enormity, accompanied by tornado forces, all applied in a single direction - outward from the epicenter.

Finally, several rhythmic downward blasts, lightning-like cackles of downward air, as the fiber bent in response, as though any moment it might be felled like an incredible tree. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Then, some calm. You slowly get up onto your knees, squinting outwards as your eyes adjust to light after taking cover. You identify the source of the quakes. Two obelisks, one striped and rising in a curve from an oblong base, bearing a texture not too unlike the towers you just spent all that time climbing. It rose forever, fading into a sky too distant to make out the details; The other, bearing a fleshy tone yet retaining the same shape, with its outer striped layer shed, so you could see the base gripping the very ground itself, five large protrusions with purple...? fuschia? pink? paint adorning the flat tables on top of each of the five leviathan peninsulas, each rivaling your climb in height. You could hardly see over them from this vantage; These two powerful leviathans were what had caused those booms. The five moved in a wave, causing five smaller, yet still catastrophic rumbles with accompanying blasting gusts. You stare upwards into the sky, trying to find where the sheer height of these two monolithic structures ended.

A shiver ran down your spine, and you felt the blasting force of her voice shove itself down on top of you again.

"Enjoying your time down there, fleck?" Your girlfriend asked, snickering as she giggled, hands on knees, leaning over the rug with the biggest smile on her face.