

## My Turn

The club was twirling and pirouetting that night. And on that night, a girl called Alice discovered her fondness for jazz. She watched the trumpets and trombones singing together. They were always synchronized in the songs, their heavenly singing brought pleasure to Alice's heart. But what captivated Alice most was Abby.

Abby was the singer for the band, The Angels. Tonight, she wore a dazzling gold flapper dress and a white fluffy shawl. Abby's red bottoms clacked along the stage as she sang Dinah. Alice yearned to be on stage and get the opportunity Abby did so Alice asked her how she was successful when they were walking home.

"How did you get yourself to be a singer?" Alice was ravenous to know.

"Well, I entered a jazz competition and got second place. I then got recruited for The Angels and here I am." Abby puffed out her chest. Alice knew Abby could help her in becoming a famous jazz singer. Abby had been there for her for years. Surely Abby would volunteer to be Alice's vocal teacher.

"Could you help me sing?" Abby halted in her tracks. She scoffed and slung her sun kissed hair behind her back. She appeared to be beguiled at the request.

"Me? You? Don't take this to heart sister but look at me, I'm stunning in my gown, you wouldn't. Look at you. You can't even pull off your slacks. Plus, I've heard your... singing, it's an inferno to the ear. It burns and sears the ear drums like wildfire. I can't help you." Alice looked like she'd just seen a ghost. Alice felt her stomach knot together and clench tautly. That two faced Abby, with her puppy eyes and baby smile in front of everyone else but unleashes her putrid and hideous truth towards me, thought Alice.

That night, Alice would show Abby that she could sing, just like her. But spears had already penetrated her heart, her fragile heart made from glass. It was shattered into a million pieces, so much that not every morsel could be found. Alice's heart would never be complete again.

But the next day was a new opportunity. A singing audition was being held in town. <sup>Alice</sup>~~Alice~~ immediately signed up, that afternoon she'd be singing! Alice wore her Sunday Church dress and borrowed her mothers silver high heels. She was elated. A new chance was waiting for her on the other side of the curtains.

She was wrong. On the other side of the curtains was terror and shock. Trepidation and devils were at her feet. When Alice was called on stage, the judges applauded and asked her to sing a

nursery rhyme. But in that moment all Alice could make out was Abby saying her singing was hell. She puked. Everyone was laughing except for one of the judges who was just looking down.

On the way home, Alice felt ashamed. How could she just loosen her grasp on her only opportunity. Alice was so excited and ready and in that moment, all that led up to it just collapsed so... suddenly!

But the woman who wasn't laughing walked up to Alice. Alice spun around with her bloodshot eyes and gleaming nose.

"Maria. I saw your... performance... Anyway, I think you deserve another chance. Show me how you sing." Alice was astonished and dimpled like a Cheshire cat. The moment the first lyrics came out, Maria instantly recruited Alice to sing at the club that night.

The bickering audience was hushed when Alice strode on stage. Some complained and through tantrums and others asked for Abby. But Alice put her foot down.

"To all who don't want to listen then go, skedaddle." Nobody moved an inch towards the ajar door.

"Good, because it's my turn tonight." Alice grabbed the microphone and signaled the band to commence.

This time, Alice was ready to grab that opportunity again and clutch it in her hand and never let it slip. Everyone said she had a voice blessed from Elysium. Abby never talked to Alice but she was fine because she had Maria. Maria helped Alice to control her distresses and Alice could finally sing jazz all she liked.

Note:

This is a decent narrative, but I have to suggest that you make the conflict/struggle/hardships more cruel. Don't settle with just mean girls bullying Alice. Remember that the setting is 1920s. It is very likely that some female musicians find the professional environment EXTREMELY hostile in this era. So, I highly suggest that you spice up the conflict here. Make the audience cry as they would read through this narrative. On the other hand, I noticed that you were not able to reach the prescribed 10 marks for metaphors. Please follow the directions by writing 10.

Mark: 41/50