

Write your title please.

As the great clock chimed 10:00 am, ^{visual imagery} the colossal rusty drawbridge was lowered by the city guard, their faces scrunched up the arduous pain of manual labour. The moment the drawbridge clicked into place on the brittle dry grass. People rushed in and out carrying goods to sell in the city or going out to gather firewood. As the early morning sun peeked out from behind the clouds, children rushed out onto the street laughing, playing and jumping around. As I set up my stall, I watched as mothers gossiped at the park benches and fathers walked around talking about the new cinema.

Business was a bit sluggish at first but as the sun reached the highest point of its cycle, parents meandered in, looking for groceries. This was my first time visiting this city and its business was excellent. Houses lined the streets and families had picnics in the small park. Looking through windows, I could see fireplaces lit and occasionally families playing Monopoly or Uno. Some children peered curiously at items on show in stalls while others were busy lying on picnic mats and eating ice cream. And then just across from the emperor's palace sat the new cinema, its revolving doors and red carpets, huge TV screens lined the corridors telling the audience what shows were on. And behind the ebony sound-proof doors lay the cinemas. Each one with polished velvet red curtains and an IMax screen. Each room with its own 4d devices.

It was around 7 pm when everyone rushed back to their houses or left the streets. I was confused when I suddenly remembered that today the emperor was having his private anniversary and anyone who was on the street during it was to be killed. I was just about to pack up when the city guard saw me. In an instant I had a steadily ^{comma} increasing number of guards on my tail and I hurried over to the drawbridge but it had already been raised. There was only one way I was going to survive and that was to jump into the moat. As I swam to the other side of the moat I heard city guards burning my stall. My heart felt heavy in my chest. 10 years of laborious earnings al lost within a few minutes. I buried my head within my frail hands and slowly cried myself to sleep.

Note:

This is an interesting essay, John. However, you did not followed the instructions. You left out the themes of discovery and alienation. You could have injected here that the main character suffers from alienation. It involves the use of techniques designed to distance the audience from emotional involvement in the story through jolting reminders of the artificiality of the happenings in the new city. Then, you could add twist if he discovered his self or not. Entirely up to you. Meanwhile, I would highly suggest that you apply more vivid imageries, figures of speech and other literary devices to add more colour to this writing. Still, this is a good work, just work on these suggestions, okay?

Mark: 45/50