

WRITING PROMPT ONE

As I stood at the border of the futuristic city, I couldn't believe my eyes. The city was a straggling cosmopolis, its streets and buildings were infinite, stretching out as far as the human eye could see. The sun emitted glints of light off the teetering skyscrapers, submerging me in fulgurating shades of rutilant flaxen and canary yellow hues. Polychromous lustrous light rollicked and danced about, teasing in mockery as crowded pedestrians bustled down the streets filling the air with chatter and noise. The city was alive with sounds, the whirring of drones, the buzz of traffic and the chatter of people. It was like nothing I had ever seen before, a city bound of endless possibility and opportunity. But as I took one step into the city, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. The people seemed distant and disconnected, their eyes glazed over and unseeing. The air was thick with the scent of pollution, the stench overwhelming. It was beautiful, but there was a something lurking beneath its surface, a murderous malevolence that sent me a shiver down my spine.

Right as I took another step into the city, I was trapped in someone's tight grip, dragging me further away into the city. Panic raced through me, my heart beating bombastically like a drum in my chest. What was happening?

"Don't even try escaping, it will just end worse for you." I quickly whipped my head around, my thoughts in a tangled jumble of confusion and horror. Trying to look for the person speaking, all I saw was a fast flash of a boy's sharp, emerald eyes before he pulled a black garbage bag onto my head.

"Help! Someone please help!" I could only release a muffled cry before he covered my mouth and tied my hands together with a tough rope.

"No one else is going to save you, Lia, only I can."

I blinked, stunned as the boy said that, he knew my name. How?

The person finally stopped when he reached the corner of a building and finally took the rope and garbage bag off my body, and as he lifted his black hood off and smirked.

I gasped.

"Brother?"

"You've really changed, haven't you sis?"

Note:

This is such an amazing storyline. Well, the way you paint the city is good. However, I advise you to follow the instructions. You have not explored the themes of alienation and discovery. You could have added these motifs in your characters. Meanwhile, what did the girl learned about the city's inhabitants? Did the city changed her perspective in life? Please answer these questions as they are included in the writing prompt.

Mark: 43/50