

Restraining Promises

I gaped at the hustling metropolis, like a video on fast forward. Everything shined like a heavenly diamond from the sunlight glinting off the monumental skyscrapers. ^{visual imagery + simile} ~~The~~ ^{The} continual honks and chattering crowded my ear, striking me like a lightning bolt. ^{simile} The blinding lights and flashing neon signs engulfed me into a world of riches, where no one was left poor. A maze of people hustling into stores and proudly swishing their shopping bags. A radiant beam of light shone onto me, blinding me in this alienated world, so different to what I was used to. The city was like a frog first coming out from the familiar pond, ^{VGI} and stepping into an unknown world of building lights and riches, with a cost.

I started growing my lungs and camouflaging with the rest, I hurried into stores, and got enticed to fun activities. How could this be worse than my current life? I got a job offer for a high paying job here and I was checking it out.

I looked around me, not a second of tranquillity, blares of sirens, honks of cars and chattering constantly buzzed. The new city life would yield more money for my family, and this metropolis of skyscrapers stores was impossible to not want. My new job would be less tiring and make sure that I have plenty of downtime to enjoy this wonderful experience. I would be exploring land as a frog and making discoveries unique to city life, aliens to country life. I would be able to have great opportunities lurking around the corner, waiting for me to explore them.

But it would mean leaving my family to a life of solitude and being less connected to them. I would still run our farm which has been going on for generations. I expected dark and bitter glares from my family, as they were left with losing our business. I would stay in my pond as a frog and grow there, where I know everything. If I chose city life I would be restarting my life, making my family resent me and my insatiable thirst for fun be quenched. My farm life would continue and my old ways would be used to their full potential.

I remembered my parents' harsh glares and cruel treatment if I didn't please them. I had to be restrained.

Love the ending.

I took a look at the candescent, radiant and deafening city, and called a taxi back home.

Note:

Such an interesting story, Kerry! I particularly like that this is packed with figures of speech and vivid imageries. Moreover, you have also explored the themes of alienation, discovery, and danger. However, you must answer the last question. How does your time in the city change you? Include in here your realisation after visiting that city. Please follow the prescribed instructions next time to have a complete and satisfactory essay.

Mark: 49/50