

Part 3

Dreams of reality

The moonlight smiled onto Alice as she awaited backstage for the show to start. Her heart pounded as a giant stomped their monstrous feet, causing earthquakes. Her hands were clammy with sweat, as she listened to the vibrant chatter of the audience swarming her ears, as she thought about why she was here and how much she progressed through the last few months. Everyone ridiculed her dream of being a famous actor, even Alice's parents believed she should just get a job as a waitress and not pursue her strange dream.

But here she was, her talent finally being spotted by this theatre's manager and she was asked to perform after months of training out of sight. Alice's parents thought she was at a job interview for a restaurant, but she snuck out to come to perform.

'Alice, show me what you got,' whispered the manager to her.

Alice got up quivering like a leaf and stepped through the curtains, into the blinding lights.

The beat of the song she prepared for started playing and she tapped her feet to the rhythm. The piano started playing harmoniously with the melody with the violin and the flute. The crowd was still chattering, discussing their own trivial matters ignoring Alice. Alice waited for her cue and stepped up to the microphone and started singing.

Violins aren't typically the instrument associated with jazz - saxophones, trumpets, percussion and the stringed bass might have that honor. You could use these other instruments instead.

As she sang the first word, the whole crowd opened their mouths agape and dreamily stared at her. Their shock was a gift, her practice being rewarded by the shock of this crowd. Encouraged by the awe of the crowd she started singing the lines more confidently and she stood up, making eye contact. The whole audience started swaying their heads to the beat, hypnotised by her charisma and singing.

It had been a difficult path for Alice, needing to make sacrifices at every turn. But this rich reward was worth all the difficult parts in being a singer as a female. Her voice glided across the audience and the lights beamed onto Alice. Her voice wafted throughout the stage, enticing everyone to listen to her beautiful voice.

The light dissipated, as Alice sang out the last line, ringing in the ears of everyone inside the room. A second of stunned silence, then the crowd erupted into cheers and clapping. Alice took a bow, and smiled at everyone. She was one of the first female singers in the world, she thought to herself as she walked off the stage.

Note:

The struggles that Alice had to go through is not so cruel. Remember to make her suffer in the most tragic way because the setting is 1920. Women at this era are especially look downed on. Moreover, you have not reached the prescribed 10 counts of metaphors in your writing. Please comply to that mark in order to ace the perfect score.

Mark: 43/50