

The city skyline was lined with tall glass buildings, the glinting sun reflecting off them. The streets were filled with life, the air was carrying the voices of people chatting about the sprawling metropolis of this lost municipal town. It was a human rainforest. I was thinking of that metaphor, thinking of what it meant, but I realised why I was thinking it. Someone didn't feel right here. I looked at the people. They didn't look back. When I tried initiating conversation, they just looked blankly at me. They couldn't understand me.

The monotonous lifestyle of the alien beings who were supposed to be of the same exact species as me, the same genetic haplogroup as me, and the majority spoke my language, why were they acting.... So different. I was in deep thought.

The thought of being stuck in an endless paradoxical life, searching up your friend's number, texting him or calling him, ending the call, and going on a 2 hour gaming run seemed like hell to me. It was ridiculous. The local shops only sold fast food, and there was literally no one working in corporate associations, only robots to control us.

It was too much for me. How could people live here, I thought to myself. I felt something creeping up behind me. I didn't know what it was. I continued walking around, waiting for the taxi to take me home. I got my answer to both questions as I was hauled into a truck and blindfolded.

The sunset went down slowly as I sat next to the hot amber flames giving me three things I really needed to survive rural Canada. It felt nice, camping 50 kilometres west of Winnipeg, near a bushwalk that I had just come home from. I was warming in the warmth of the fire, comforted by the chilly breeze of Manitoba, and nothing else could have satisfied me more. I was happy to just be alone, with my dog. I heard barking from afar. Who could it have been that was annoying my dog? There was no one within 10 kilometres of us, and certainly, Bruno couldn't smell anything. He came back to me and ran around the fire, as he does at home a lot of the time.

Once I fell asleep Bruno stopped barking. Maybe he had figured not to disturb me in my sleep. I was having a dream. It was placed where I was at that moment. The dream was about me going to go asleep, seeing something dark, and brown, leave the forest. It was none other than a grizzly bear, and it was coming at me. In the dream, I was praying for my luck, begging for whatever immortal or divine being could stop these devilish creatures from taking my body away and ripping me to bits like I was paper. The sky went dark. As the bear got closer, I tried to shield myself from its incoming wave of strength, but I couldn't. Suddenly, I woke up from the dream, and realised it was real.

As the night sky twinkled with the glow of the city's neon lights, Alice stood on stage, her heart thrumming with exhilaration. She was about to make her debut at the most popular club in the

city, and she was determined to make it a performance to remember. The band struck up a lively beat, and Alice let out a joyous laugh as she began to sing. Her voice was like a fragrant flower, soft and velvety, and it seemed to envelop the listeners in a warm embrace. The audience erupted into cheers and applause, mesmerised by her charisma and talent. Old men, wearing black broad-brim hats with white ribbons cheered her for the nostalgic theme of her song, while lively drunken teens clapped and applauded her. She was making a huge hit with this one. The band she sang for had only hired her because she begged them to, and they weren't confident they'd ever get an opportunity to be there again. It was a mesmerising prospect at first, but they maintained reluctance until Alice herself signed up to sing there. This was her first time, singing under the 1920's city skyline, making possible what the people in the bar glued to her mesmerising tones, and baritone voice, the hit of the century. When the song was finished, everyone did a standing ovation together. Alice could have never been happier. Her family had always believed that women were just supposed to stay and cook, looking after everyone in the house all the while the men of the family had to be strong. She had always enjoyed this thought, but could only keep it that way until she turned thirteen and finished school, leaving home. She had no knowledge of her talents, until someone at a bar she went to recommended her to become a singer. That's when she found the beauty of her voice, and her career began, all the way up to this story.

Note:

This is a good narrative, however, the conflict or struggles seem generic. It does not fit with the 1920s hostile music environment for female jazz singers. I highly suggest that you make the challenges more painful and bear in mind that in this year, this is a heavily male community of jazz musicians and audiences have created barriers to success for women in the genre. On the other hand, write exactly 10 pieces of metaphors.

Mark: 46/50