

Part 1

Write the title here.

A vivid difference was set between the sky and the land. A metropolitan city, dotted with thousands of buildings, swarming like bees in a hive, while snuggling together like penguins in the night. The sky, clear and beautiful, gleaming like nothing had touched it, fluffy clouds floating in the breeze, drifting like a raft before a calm sea. The aura of brightness, the sun shining in all of its magnificence, beauty, radiating with power though restraining its full might onto the earth.

A blind man could tell the contrast between the two, the dystopian city emitting an industrialised aura, man colonising the land while mother nature continued to nurture the sky. The appalling sound of horns from the car spread throughout the urban sprawl, destroying any peace and serenity for miles to come. Yet while it was so lively, active noises carried away by the wind, every person was disconnected, gone from nature. The very thing that had kept them alive for hundreds of thousands of years was dismissed like nothing, waved away and gone.

Took away by the internet, the once bustling city of New York was wiped away, stolen by the world's leaders in the internet, who had full control over the billions who used such devices, and with a click of a button, mass robberies could happen. One from a developing country could look and never turn back, enraptured by the almost magical city of New York. Something one had dreamed of hundreds of years ago was now known in every child's heart, and engraved in all adult's who had seen a screen, and never looked away.

I had come here to seek fortune and wealth, but now looking at humanities greed, and desire for more, I couldn't speak. It was horrifying to see how something would have done so much good, but could be taken away by a touch of a finger. In my old state, everything was fine, with people helping each other, but now, it only seemed like it was every man for himself. I never wanted to be stuck here, drawn in with the alluring sense of wealth and fortune and never to leave again, stuck in a screen, never to see the wonders of the world I had always wanted to see.

Yet I still felt all the hard work, the devotion just to get here, and was it all gone, just because of a choice, a young adult scared of something that could bring their career down.

And while I thought about all the things my mum and dad had sacrificed for me, helped me to bring back something to the family, it was not truly worth coming here to be stuck and never to see my family again, only to see one through a screen. It seemed real enough, but deep down, it meant so much to see one in person.

And what I truly learnt from all this time in New York was to realise that the world wasn't like what it seemed.

I knocked on the door of our family home, believing it would bring shame and disappointment to the family.

“Alex?”

“I have returned.”, I said, and the happiness on my mother’s face brought relief, gratefulness and a true sense of family. Like the quote says, there is no place truly like home.

Note:

This is a good story. You were able to use figures of speech in describing the city's qualities. Meanwhile, the themes of alienation, danger and discovery are also present. Moreover, you have reflected on the themes and wrote why you don't want to be there again. No errors in grammar, too. However, do not leave this untitled.

Mark: 48/50

Part 2

Write the title of this scene please.

Sparks materialised around the toasty fireplace, flames flickering like a candle, unaffected by the devilish cold swirling in a whirlwind of darkness, shrieking into the forest. Snow began to swarm outside the cosy log cabin, burying flowers and destroying anything in its sight. The wind howled like a wolf, yet had the rage of a crocodile, aggressively beating the battered pieces of spruce. It scraped the door with sharp nails, yet all this anger was silenced by the tranquil, almost eerie fire, which made itself at home, sitting in the middle of the fireplace.

It gleamed like the sun when shining in the middle of the room, emitting the comfort of one knowing they are at home, creating the smell of burnt coal, reassuring one that they are cosy and warm. It is something that I savoured, something that almost felt as precious as jewels, as valuable as diamonds, and as rare as gold. I was snuggled up, sleepy but almost as if hypnotised by the flickers of the flames, appearing and disappearing as quick as a flash, and the fire, everlasting and moving, swirling around in the quiet breeze of a non-existent wind.

The sky flashed with thunder that night. Clouds spiralled together, lightning bolts crackling down, thrown with such force which were meant to kill. Yet the fire kept me company. It symbolised hope, and carried it throughout the night. It represents the first thing one would use to establish a land. A beautiful land, filled with life and mankind.

Note:

This is okay, however, I suggest that you provide dialogues here because they can make this scene more emotive. Dialogues in creative writing can also make the readers feel connected. Moreover, when setting the scene's setting, do not forget to write the time, date, and location as they are very important so the readers can easily visualise what scene you are trying to paint in their minds. Don't forget to add the title.

Marks: 46/50

Part 3

Add the title of your story here.

The moon shone its bright reflections of light, gleaming in the night sky, creating an eerie aura, mysterious and clouded. Veiled by clouds drifting left and right, floating innocently and surfing the layers of ebony velvet painted across in a clean swipe. Slowly and steady, they washed away on a board, skimming on the night sky.

Alice fidgeted with her thick and clumsy fingers, agitated by the rumours that had spread about her. A sense of anxiety washed through her mind, nervousness haunting her mind about the gender discrimination she would face, the disowning eyes of her disapproving parents. She could almost feel the amount of hate she would face, the dilapidated dream she had once thought about when young, dreamed about when older and was about to regret soon.

The sinister laughs many people had snickered behind her back as she played the saxophone. The horrible whispers trembling in her mind, engraved in stone, never to be forgotten. The atrocious fury her parents had felt, raging anger burning like blue fire when they had found out her desire. She didn't know what kept her going, the candle wavering every second, almost put out countless times by the dozens of voices who had been astonished and disgusted of how a woman would do such a thing. The rumours battered her, each whisper like a whip, stinging her with force.

She wasn't ready for it, and as much as she wanted to go off to the stage, she thought it wasn't worth it. Yet she felt about all the work, the pain, the fury and anger, and knew she had to try. Her saxophone in her hand, she walked onto the stage and began to play.

Note:

While this is good, however, I have suggestions to improve this more. For starters, do not forget to add the title of this work. Then, make the struggle of Alice so much harder. Remember that this is 1920, disapproving parents is a bit easy of a conflict here. 1920s is such a hard era for musicians particularly females because this genre is highly dominated by males, and the working environment is hostile. Lastly, reach the 10 marks of personification, and 5 for metaphors.

Mark: 42/40