

## Part 3

### Unfair

“Our next try-out for the jazz show, Kate.” Kate stepped onto the stage, her breath was a bullet train speeding in and out of her mouth. She stared at the microphone, it laughed and grinned at her as though something was about to go wrong. Although it was only the size of her hand, it seemed to take up all of her view. She shook her head and the waves of delusion were shook from her brain. She took a deep breath and began singing. A calm, happy slither of sound floated around the judges ears. Once the song was over, Kate was almost certain she had won the position as the lead singer in the jazz show.

2 days later she received a letter and she could not believe her eyes. There was one male who tried out and he had a terrible voice that brought fire to your ears. He won the lead position and Kate had gotten a secondary part. Kate felt the confusion whirl around her mind as she contemplated how the man had sung better than her. With confusion still very much beside her, she headed towards the rehearsal hall.

There, she practiced her singing with the man and together they sung the exact same song that Kate had sung at her try-outs. After the song, she started lashing out at the organisers. “There must be some mistake!” She yelled. “That was the song I sang in my audition!”

“We know.” The organiser replied.

“<sup>Then</sup> ~~Than~~ why is that man singing the lead part?! His voice sounds like the white noise from a broke down radio!”

The organisers brows creased and the air around him suddenly turned hot. “Respect your fellow singers.” He growled. “Nobody would want a female being the lead singer anyways.

“What? But shouldn’t I be the lead sin...”

“NO!” Retorted the angry organiser. “Stop arguing or we’ll kick you out of the show!” He added. His words were spears, each hitting and piercing through the body of Kate.

The day of the show had come. Kate was sitting directly in the tornado of fashion designers, whirling around her and picking her up. She stepped onto the stage with her microphone and waited for the band to begin playing. Instantly the volcano of sounds erupted from the lead singer. The lava poured down and spread over the hall, burning the poor ears of everyone. Thick ashes of mistuned notes flew and clouded the wonderful harmony singing of Kate. Then, Kate suddenly kicked into the **mans** <sup>man's</sup> microphone stand and it fell over. She threw the microphone **of** the stage and began singing. Instantly the bad sounds were cleared and soothed by the calming melodies of **Kates** <sup>Kate's</sup> singing. When the show finished, the audience erupted into cheers and applause. Kate had never felt such accomplishment. She was still giddy when she walked backstage. Until she met the eyes of the stern looking organiser. “What you did out there,” began

off

the organiser, “was AMAZING! I am so sorry for everything. “I never knew females could bring such charm.” Kate still had one burning question on her mind. “Can I be the lead singer?” “Sure!” replied the organiser. “Bring some more of your female friends if you want to!” From that point, people no longer saw females as **house keepers**. housekeepers is one word. They saw them as talented professionals.

Note:

This is a great narrative. You were able to depict the real struggles of women in the jazz industry during this era. However, I find out that your metaphors did not reach the required count of 10. Please write more like you did with personification. Moreover, take a closer look at your spelling and word choice, a lot has been written incorrectly. Rectify them, so the entire story will not be jeopardised.

Mark: 45/50

Scholarly