

What is the title of your work?

As the moon illuminated the sultry night like a dim lantern, Alice sat backstage of the most popular club in the city, her heart thumping like Sasquatch feet stomping in leaf litter. She was about to perform in front of hundreds of people. Cold, acrid sweat dripped down her spine and she closed her eyes, envisaging all the times she was discouraged and made fun of for her dream.

Her parents believed that women should stay home and do all the chores. Every single night, she would ask for no one to disturb her, block the door and sneak out to practice. When she revealed and insisted, they give her a chance at her dream, the apoplectic faces her parents made encouraged her to prove them wrong. Alice then recalled all the insults her disparaging siblings told her. A minuscule tear hung in her eyes as she clenched her fist, radiating vehemence. She had to make them feel sinister for being so blasphemous towards her.

Make the challenges here more drastic. Yours seem like ordinary. Add more challenges for Alice. Make the audience cry as to how hard Alice has to go through in order to shine.

“Alice, it’s your time to go now.” whispered the manager of the show.

As Alice stepped on stage, she seemed sanguine and poised, yet she was withering inside, her confidence wavering, like a frail rose, flapping its arms about wildly in the malicious wind. She smiled, covering up her fear.

Her golden hair shone under the neon lights, her red flapper dress waving about to the beat. The electric atmosphere filled with wonder as the people witnessed one of the first females to ever perform. Her velvety voice glided along. Alice caught a mere glance of her parents cheering in the incalculable crowd.

Her smile was like the sun, lighting up the entire room. She finally showed then how sensational her performance would be, how she had made the right choice picking a career in jazz. As her song ended, the audience enthralled by her knack and charisma, and she walked off, a new sense of self-esteem resting within her.

Note:

This is an okay narrative essay. However, I highly advise that you make the struggles even harder. Remember that this is the 1920s. Women especially of colour were so looked down in the society. Have the conflict emotional, too because it can reveal a deeper meaning in a narrative while highlighting characters' motivations, values, and weaknesses. Make us, readers, cry when we read these characters fall back down and make numerous mistakes. Lastly, you did not reach the required marks for the application of personification and metaphor. Please comply.

Mark: 43/50