

third POV??

Sarah scrutinised at the lights falling across the dark sky. The stars were scintillating as human individuals congregated around the arena, rectifying in the chairs which croaked in trepidation as they snoozed, their eyes contemplating the singers ingratiating voices sweet as honey. The judges yeah? and what about them? o.O

The other singers, with sanguined subconsciousness and tenacious faces locked on the judges behelded eyes bounding and quavering with suavity as the propitious and auspicious sound reverberated in the stadium.

“Sarah, can you please come on the stage.” the judges called vociferated, “if you don’t come up before we call one more time, you will be disqualified.” first POV??

The deliberation had distracted me once again as I sauntered up. The expected thunderstruck and disconcerted face and their glued eyes on me, the tallest judge, with a bushy moustache and a shaggy coat, finally managed to break the silence and exclaimed, “A black skinned woman at our show?” Which made the crowd burst into hysterics and cachinnation. Then, I could take it no more. Getting discriminated because of skin colour. I was ready to change this for me. AND everyone around me getting snickered behind their back due to racism. Getting rejected by my own parents and family sneering at me that I will NEVER make it.

Then, the tall man, apparently called Steven replied, “Well, take it away Sarah.” The instant moment after she opened her mouth, an intricate sound ricocheted around, a honey sweet, unbroken tranquility of exquisiteness, the sound crept in to people’s hearts warming, that type of sound that will make anyone fall asleep. Soft and halyconned, the sound, like a string tied the people in an enduring knot, forming a delicate tapestry, heartening and forging hope and vivacity in them , making the crowd sing along. When the song concluded, the judges and crowds stood up in respect and a sonorous sound of clapping resounding in the background. A directive to prohibit racism and set black skinned people free. Her hard panting of her breathe hearable from far afar, and it was over. She had done it.

I love the choice of words. The narration is spot on. However, you failed to include several important details: the setting of this story is supposed to take place in the 1920s. You weren't able to establish to your readers when and where the story is occurring. You have to make that clear. The timeline cannot be easily identified just based on the issue tackled (racism and sexism) because even those are still rampant during the 20th century. Moreover, I could hardly find any metaphor and personification in your writing. You should've included those as well. Please apply yourself.

Mark=30/50