

Part 3

Waiting feverishly in the wings of the stage, Kathryn thought this was the most enervating experience she had ever been in. Although she contemplated bitterly, it wasn't like she would have been in such situations every day, thanks to her obsessive parents. Kathryn was born with a powerful, earnest voice, as her mother told her, "the gusty cry you let loose when you came into the world split my head!" But her remarkable talent came with a cost – a lusty voice came with a ^{metaphor=1} **heart made of glass**, and while she could never do extreme sports, she sang. Her parents supported her to sing opera, her voice so high it could fragmentize ornaments, training tirelessly ^{so, it's not a metaphor, since you're implying that it's literal} day after day. One day, she snapped. Running away from her possessive parents, she made herself a new name – Blossom Calypso – and a new identity, as well as a new style of music. ^{metaphor=2} **Jazz was like water**, with different shapes and different styles, all of them as splendid as a blossom. When Kathryn sang, she felt the bliss and ecstasy of improvisation ^{metaphor=3} **bloom into her soul**. Lost in thought, she almost missed the announcer calling her name. Hands drenched in sweat, Kathryn stepped on stage and felt the accusing stares of the dubious audience. Even the judges seemed thunderstruck, as if thinking, "the nerve of a woman!". And that made Kathryn aggravated. Fueled by fury, she opened her mouth and sang her heart and soul out. The music was, like her name, a blossom of grace and charm, a glorious piece of art. Her voice was ^{metaphor=4 (more like simile)} **as soft and smooth as a glazed tile, as powerful as a brick wall**, yet cascaded over the awed audience like a fleecy, silken blanket. The dais transformed into the moonlit night with a lucent, glimmering orb of night shining above that Kathryn was singing about, a rainbow of bliss. When she stopped, ^{metaphor=5 (again, more like simile)} **everyone was as quiet as a calm sea**, filled to the brim with waves of frenzied delight. Then declarations of "encore" rang out as thunderous cheers were hollered. Kathryn – no, Blossom – bowed as the spotlight shined on her jubilant face, as beautiful as a blossom.

Creative indeed! It had a twist of supernatural occurrences. Anyway, sadly, you weren't able to incorporate into your writing the 1920s setting. You should've included that important detail since it is what's being asked. Moreover, it is also instructed to include 10 metaphors and based on my counter, there were only 5. You also had to write down 5 instances of personification, to which you failed to add as well. Good plotline though! Just need to be properly contextualised.

Mark=35/50