

Part 1

As I longingly looked out the window, I gasped as an unexpectedly splendid sight appeared from the murky curtains that embraced the fenestella. The sky breezily painted the imperial, dazzling sunrise with the luxurious strokes of a mellow artist, and **now the mural of the beryl aerosphere now** was coloured with shades of vermillion, fuchsia, gold and amber. There was still one day before the sun slumbered and the lazy, dusky twilight cascaded over the city. The earnest locals were starting to wake and people poured out of the buildings and cottages like an adamant wave. Soon, the lively, humming metropolis was filled with laughter and dialogue in a language I didn't know – yet something was wrong. The city was packed so full you couldn't stick a needle in the mass of citizens! The natives were upbeat, too upbeat, merrily chattering at me in a foreign language. The constant glee and jubilant mirth that surrounded me like a brick wall made me gasp for air – I felt claustrophobic, constricted, suffocating! There was an unearthly tune from my left – it was a funeral procession, but the people were blissfully cheering and celebrating. I grabbed a local that spoke English. "Why are they laughing?" "A celebration of life in another world, of course!" He looked at me like I was the crazy one and continued dancing. This was bonkers!

Note:

Do not forget to check your work before submitting. This is to assess the work for redundancy so to avoid confusing the readers. Sentences are formulated properly in order to produce a comprehensive work that will let the readers enjoy the emotions and scenes with the use of descriptive language. The work exhibits good descriptive language but may be less than sufficient. Utilise more descriptions and consider the minor details equally with the larger picture.

Marks (47/50)

Part 2

I sat next to the toasty flames, tending the blazing bonfire. Suddenly, the sparks flared and I recoiled, nursing the coals with my lengthy stick. My job here was to mind the tinder that kept the house snug and summery. This winter was frosty and glacial, with bitter Siberian winds unsympathetically pounding at your door. Without the hearth, we would have turned into an icicle long ago. However, nourishing the fire is like stewarding a small child. You have to be prepared to sacrifice your time and health to do so – going out in the raw weather to gather firewood for it to consume and devour, bracing yourself for its sudden, spasmodic gasps of blazes and temper, devoting your patience to stoke the heavy embers. However, I was proud to be part of such a vital, fundamental job to take care of the fire that kept everyone alive!

Great job with this one! The work is comprehensive yet also rich in descriptions that allowed the readers to understand the point of view of the author. Emotions and expressions are felt through the work which indicates that it is effective and of good quality. Well done!

Marks (50/50)