

Part 1

The city manifested in a maze of the metropolis as silky harp strings of sunlight plucked onto each of the buildings in a joyous symphony that echoed through the abandoned town. As opportunity unfolded in my mind like a parcel of truths, I stared down at the utopian streets congested with cars and bustling with the livelihood of one city community, but something struck me down. As I strolled on the tarmac, everyone seemed to eschew themselves in an invisible barrier of prejudice. "Another black man running through our streets," They muttered in a tirade of hurt. What was this? I felt alienated and shunned from every society that I've ever been in. Every city and hut that I wanted to take shelter in, they swatted me out like a lone fly stuck onto a web of discrimination, and the spiders at any time would be ready to devour me. The sunlight splashed me with mocking topaz, heating me. I had realised yet again this was not the place for me.

Part 2

Nature was cloaked in a powdery white, a frigid environment wrangling ~~with~~ my body as I huddled by the ambient fireplace, a mosaic radiating warmth and crystal shards of hope. Like the dappled gold of summer filtered by the sun, ice pellets peppered in a heap outside my house, adorning it in velvety snow. The fire was my only source of warmth and self-contentment ever since I settled in Siberia, a reminder of my warm home in Australia, where my favourite pie shop diffused the same butter-scotch feeling. As the flame flickered in its last incandescent glory. This was the place for me, a tapestry of fickle pleasure where the cold beat on me as a reminder of the times of my past, woven with the warm fire that cradled in my heart like one memory of nostalgia.

Part 3

Angela was enshrouded with ambivalence the minute before her performance. All the male singers had dazzled the audience with new worlds of symphonic heartbeats, and she was to be the cherry swished on top. A cloak of scintillating stars clouded the night sky, ensnared by the neon lights of the stage. Her stage. As she stepped out imagining bathing in the applause of imminent glory, she was met with a tirade of shock. "A woman..." The judge noted down hurriedly. As she opened her mouth, she wavered in lost anticipation. Yet, she let the warm honey of her voice embrace them as they exploded in rapturous applause. The symphony echoed within the hearts of all, even the judge. At that moment, she felt that women were released from their wicked chains, unrestrained by their gender. She smiled.

Part 1:

The work is finely done! Good usage of descriptive language and comprehensive overall. Although you can bring more consideration on the obvious skips from one sentence to the next. Utilise transitional devices to help you with this matter.

Marks (49/50)

Part 2:

When writing a piece or product, it crucially important to understand what you have written and monitor even the minor details of the sentences. This is because every point or idea involved in the work has an impact on the readers mind, feelings, and interpretations. Ponder on this as it may help you along the way.

Part 3:

Marks (47/50)

Almost there! The work is written fine but it would have been better if the setting was also considered and explained through descriptive language. Also, you can improve the choice of words to enhance the delivery of the scene.

Marks (47/50)