

PART ONE: (270 words)

Chaotic and disorienting beams of light leaked out of the looming buildings. Robotic and monotone zombies marched as their blank eyes were suctioned to their miniature devices. Many mechanical creatures scuttled around with unsettlingly yellow eyes in anarchic traffic. Through heavy and weary eyelids, John stared at the gloomy and grey scene. He tapped a random stranger's shoulder inquisitively for directions to the nearest and cheapest apartment but no response came ~~back~~. His awkward pronunciations of the language left him dejected. A stormy cloud drifted above the bustling city. Droplets of adulterated and toxic liquid poured down. As John glanced up, the darkness enveloped him. He floated weightlessly as a memory grasped him tightly.

John checked his <sup>pockets, in his filthy clothes...</sup> pockets in his filthy clothes and no money was to be seen. He sighed despairingly until his father came and embraced him. His father said, "Son, you must invest your money and go to the city of Sydney. There, hopeful opportunities await!" His warm heart faded to the past. John was aroused back to consciousness. The cold reality punched him in the gut. The winds lashed at his limbs. What opportunities?" John thought miserably. The relentless weather pattered on his back. A bright neon light blinded him momentarily. OPEN. John walked into the tiny convenience store. His stomach growled as he walked past many treats. A large sign was plastered to the wall. Please join our employees! We are extremely understaffed and the first month of working will be triple the pay! John only absorbed the words pay and working. His eyes popped. "Could this be the start of opportunity?" John thought optimistically.

Nice job! Some corrections are given above, the work is nice but you can still improve the sentence construction - enhance word choice, add more details to gestures as well to give life to the scenes utilised in the work.

Keep going!  
Marks (48/50)

PART TWO: (358 words)

I melted into a crimson velvet chair. The crisp and crackling flames danced on the fresh firewood in the homely fireplace. My eyelids closed and opened sluggishly after the long day of intense labour. The hot chocolate pooled in my wide mouth as I rocked on my chair contentedly. The bitter and pale snow clawed at the meticulously designed panes of glass. A barbaric blizzard swirled around my abode. The air instantaneously became pale blue. As I stood to peer outside, my worn muscles ached painfully. I shuffled to the door and heaved it open. The temperature sharply punched me in my already sore chest. The screams of rushing air echoed in my ears. I immediately slammed the door closed.

The rickety oak planks that supported the structure of my home began to wobble vigorously. The white beasts of snow grew in size and leaned against my house. The once serene and tranquil snowflakes in the background became giant snow mounds. The weight of the milky snow made the wood groan. The delicate windows shattered easily and the shards littered the ground. The howling blizzard shot gales of frost into the interior of my home. The whole house careened dangerously to one side. A devilish cackle from the rapidly spinning snowstorm rang in my ruby-red and numb ears. Hopelessness clouded my thought. The roof splintered to smithereens. A tonnage of snow buried me. The remaining walls of my residence were entombed in the white death. Only debris was left of the disaster. When I shoved the slushy material off my face, I only saw the debris of my once lovely habitation.

I waited for my own inevitable fate. The eternal winds still jeered me from all angles. I closed my eyes despairingly and a tear escaped down my scarlet cheeks. The malicious sounds of nature died down. I opened my eyes curiously. The stormy torment halted. The desert of nothingness surrounded me. The sun emerged for once. The warmth replayed in my heart. The remoteness of the area made my heart grey but the new joy of the sun gave hope for the future in this alienated wasteland.

Note:

Fantastic job adding in rich amounts of descriptive language in the work. The details are spot on and there is sufficient context to back up the topic promoted in this work piece. Keep it up and improve more on the transition of the sentences to bring your work to the next level.

Marks (50/50)

### PART THREE: (354 words)

As the midnight sky twinkled with an eerie and unnatural glow, Alice stood on the varnished stage of mahogany. Her cardiac<sup>artificial</sup> ~~beated~~ rhythmically and vigorously as a spotlight centred on her. She was about to perform her first song in the most popular club in the city. Adrenaline pulses through her veins but anxiety was still piercing her heart. What if she failed? Failure wasn't a possibility for her. Not after the slavery she had went through. Not after being discriminated against by the rich. The percussive jazz band began to play. The beat clung to her mind. Alice began move her shoulders from side to side. She exhaled softly. This was her chance to shine, instead of labouring in the shadows.

As she sung beautifully, the nostalgic feeling of a warm zephyr in the Summer gave joy to the shocked audience. Her smooth voice fluctuate with ease as an angelic melody replayed over and over in the minds of the adoring listeners. Alice released her inner pains through notes of exuberance. The lovely music came to a halt. The lights died down. Alice's silhouette was barely visible. Suddenly, the stage lights blinded the audience. Her voice skyrocketed to an ending vibrato. Alice gasped and stress slipped out of her. The audience erupted into a volcanic cheer and applause. She stepped back. No one in the country had ever applauded her efforts. Perhaps she could make a difference.

Alice looked back at the past. Her entire family worked in an unjust coal mine. Their salary could barely keep the family afloat in their ocean of financial worry. After many years of hard labour, Alice's family escaped the wretched place. But the fateful day was too painful for Alice's mind to ever think again. She was sacked and stolen from her family. Her captors kidnapped her when her parents split up from trivial arguments. Alice escaped from the frightening experience but it scarred her. As she came back to reality, Alice realised her fantastical achievement. A tear glistened in her watery eye. No longer was she a barely payed employee. She could make a difference.

#### Note:

Great work! There are instances when the author wants to step up the game in utilising great and impactful words, however, it should always be kept in mind that some words are not meant for specific sentences which emans that it should not be applied. Instead, look for alternative words or rearrange the sentence to make use of the word in mind. Other than that, keep up the detailed writing while also considering the length and the content included.

Well done!  
Marks (50/50)