

The Lost Land of Luxuriance (Part 1)

I stood at the edges of the incandescent metropolis, a dreamlike feeling engulfed me in a sea of swirling thoughts, waves of thinking smashed into my brain, flooding my heart with many different emotions and opinions on the lost metropolitan area. I could not believe my eyes. My brain was inundated along with all my other usual senses of intuition, I stood there absolutely flabbergasted at the sight.

The labyrinthine-like land stretched on and on, it looked like it would never end. I thought it was a miracle that no one had spotted the hidden municipality. The sun radiated across sparkling, enormous, golden hive-looking buildings and the ebony-black onyx path shimmered lustrously at the passing sea of people, the paths, buildings, malls, going on and on. Silk webs hung from hive to hive, connecting them, each hive placed on one corner of the metropolis, I didn't even know how many hives ^{period, not comma} ~~there even were~~ ^{were even there}. It was very far from one hive. Jewels and precious stones covered many surfaces, riches and beauty seemed to be everywhere, on everyone. It was truly what people called it; the Lost Land of Luxuriance.

The oceanic abyss of seawater washed fleets of cars along the lane. It was a land of possibilities, opportunities, and a range of possible alternatives. However, between the mess and chaos of the tide of people, I noticed a few unsettling things that cast shivers down my spine. The people's eyes were diamond-white, with blank expressions on their faces, they seemed far away, distant, as though their minds were out of their body and something, or someone was controlling them. Was that normal for the lost land of luxuriance?

Sure, it may be beautiful, but perhaps the beauty was a trap: to wait for someone new to come and stay in the land, controlled and out of his or her mind? Perhaps this was why no traveller who might have come to the metropolis had ever returned to tell the story of the luxuriance and wealth the land contained? I should potentially go; I did not want to be another person in the river of zombies. But I had to investigate this faraway look on their faces, only someone who wasn't already ensnared could do so now. **INTERESTING!!**

As I crept in, a stranger had her eyes on me, wait... not a stranger, I knew her; her name was Alia Abbott, she was my aunt's cousin-in-law, but... wrong. She had visited my family several times, and then she had set off, three years ago, in search of the luxurious place I was now standing on. Now she was dressed like a bee, with wings and antennae and a black and yellow costume, and a stinger on the end of her tail that was probably poisonous. A voice slithered out of her mouth like a sea snake, coiled and dangerous, ready to strike, a voice that wasn't hers, a voice that told me immediately that something, or someone was definitely controlling her.

"Finally. It has been a long time since somebody has arrived. You will be another one, in my strait of controlled zombies. I will definitely have you staying here. But I'm not telling you any more, and besides, you are surrounded. Take a look around." **OH? What a plot twist!**

I glanced around. Whoever was talking was right. The land inhabitants had surrounded me, to the front, back, left and right. The only way to escape... was up. I only had one chance to

It seems to me that the main character is actually living in an apocalyptic world and is already aware of how their world has become because they were so coincidentally prepared for the attack. That's a good idea but would've been better if you had established that right from the start because you didn't imply that in your narrative. Otherwise, it'll just be a huge plot-hole and completely ruins your story. Anyway, you have an excellent taste for words. You used descriptive language all throughout and have brought the setting to life! Even added dialogue, which is a very good touch. You also incorporated discovery, alienation, and danger and how it affected the protagonist. Good job!
Mark=48/50

escape, and this was going to be risky. With my drone propeller. I hadn't used it much, and didn't expect to use it often. But if it worked... I would be out here, out of this dangerous trap that whoever could control the people had set up. I was going to try it, by then I noticed... the inhabitants had the same uniform, they wore the exact same thing like Alia did. Wings and all. The only thing to do was to distract them. I grabbed a sleeping dart gun out of my bag and aimed. I hit the first circle of humans with the gun, and grabbing the propeller, flew out of the way, shooting more darts out of the gun at the others that tried to follow. Soon, I was out of there, the Lost Land of Luxuriance and what was more: I got out of there free from whoever was controlling them. And I was definitely not returning.

Sitting by the Fireplace (Part 2):

I shuffled closer to the kindling of the fireplace, snuggling deeper into the lukewarmness of the blankets, as arctic winds hissed and banged, trying to put out the blaze of fire, spitting and bashing across the windows. Outside, trees were blowing away, plants were destroyed, it was utter pandemonium. But I was safe inside, by the flames of the burning hearth, feeling the tepidity of the fireplace seep into my bones. Even though I knew I should have retired many hours ago, I found myself glued to the heat of the fireplace, watching the flames crackle and charr and burn the firewood. There was still a big pile of firewood waiting for me to throw into the bonfire, to be eaten up by the searing conflagration. Something told me I should be here, next to the sparks of incalcescence. And I was here, slowly dozing off by the balminess.

Alice – The Girl Who Wanted to be a Jazz Singer (Part 3):

As the sky started to cry big tears of sadness, Alice knew she had to hurry up. The singing audition was going to start in an hour! She could not be late. As she got to the train station, she tried paying for a ticket.

“Silly girl!” sneered the Ticketmaster, “You are not allowed to go on any train. You are a black girl! All my customers would die from the mere sight of you if you boarded one of my trains, premium or not! Get out, black!”

Alice sighed. She should have known. Now a large crowd were yelling at her to get out. She always faced racism. She would have to walk there. When she finally got there, forty-five minutes later, she was at the end of an extremely long queue that was as long as the Amazon River, since her skin had the blackness of an onyx. Once she got to the front of the queue, the Ticketmaster glared at her.

“You are?” demanded the Ticketmaster. another ticketmaster? is she still in line for another ticket?

“I am Alice. I believe I am on your list of people for the audition?” asked Alice.

“Alice. Hang on... you are a black, so you need a normal guardian or parent. Sorry, no audition. Off you go!” ordered the Ticketmaster. Alice sighed. Racism stopped her, once again. She would have to walk home. As the sky grew black and clouds died, stars glowed with happiness as they looked down from their spots to see all the people.

As she rang the golden doorbell to her master's house, her master, a white woman named Duchess Sofia Smith, cousin of the cousin of the Queen, shot fury glares out of her eyes that eyeballed Alice with her threatening gaze.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?" roared Duchess Sofia Smith. "YOU DISOBEYING LITTLE THING! I ORDERED YOU TO STAY IN THE HOUSE AND CLEAN THE DISHES! AND YOU GO ON A WALK TO WHO-KNOWS-WHERE! WHERE DID YOU GO?!"

"Erm... Lady Sofia Smith... I... w-w-went to the singing audition-" started Alice.

"I TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULDN'T GO!" hissed Duchess Sofia Smith.

"I know, your majesty, but-" pleaded Alice.

"Shut up, you little worm," barked Duke Xavier Smith, who had arrived by the Duchess's side, "You are not allowed to leave the house for a week, and we will lock all the curtains so you cannot look outside the window. We will alert your behaviour to the Black-Control Police about your behaviour towards Duchess Sofia. That is final. No crying," he added as Alice's eyes started to form tears of sadness, which were trickling down her face. Then Alice started to cry aloud, ^{metaphor-4}weeping buckets of tears as she moaned at the punishment she was given. Why couldn't she have more rights than this?

For the next week, she planned on some sort of payback for the Duchess and the Duke. Snakes? Spiders? Sharks? There was no use, the only reason she was out of Black-Control Jail was because she had behaved for three entire years! If she did something like that, she might as well stay in jail for the rest of her life for Duke/Duchess abusement! She did not want that. She knew what she had to do now, in order to go to the audition. She had to behave, and then maybe the Duke or the Duchess would accompany her there (which was very unlikely). Worth a try, though.

For the next few months, Alice worked hard and paid attention to whatever the Duke or the Duchess said, acting exactly how they wanted. On the day of her birthday, seven months later, the Duchess gave her ten dollars to spend at the mall, and Alice picked out a sparkling big bow-tie for exactly ten dollars, and she knew she would wear that for the audition. A few weeks before the Duchess's birthday, Alice got as many jobs as she could so she could buy the Duchess something. In the end, she managed to put together ninety-eight dollars and seventy-five cents. She paid for a silver bracelet for eighty-five dollars, and spent the remaining money on a dress that she could wear at the audition (she still hadn't forgotten).

On the day of the Duchess's birthday, Alice surprised the Duchess with the bracelet. The Duchess put it on immediately, and admired herself in the mirror.

"Your majesties-" started Alice.

“Yes?” demanded the Duchess and the Duke at the same time.

“C-could one of y-you b-bring me to the singing audition?” whispered Alice.

“Speak louder, girl!” huffed the Duke. At least they don’t call me a ‘little worm’ or a ‘disobeying little thing’ anymore! thought Alice.

“Could one of you bring me to the singing audition?” Alice called louder. This was the final moment of waiting, the final moment of decision making, the decision would impact her life. The Duke seemed uncertain, but the Duchess seemed to have decided on her answer.

“I will. Alice, you will need to get dressed. When is it?” asked the Duchess in a firm voice.

“It is tomorrow.” answered Alice.

“ I will go, if my dear Sofia is going.” called the Duke, who was climbing up the stairs. The next evening, Alice went to the Ticketmaster with the Duke and the Duchess.

“You. Black girl. No ticket!” called the Ticketmaster.

“She’s with us,” snapped the ^{metaphor-5} Duchess with ice in her voice, handing over money for three tickets.

“She is? Duchess Sofia Smith, are you sure? That... black girl?” trembled the Ticketmaster.

“I am certain, and so is my dear Sofia.” answered the Duke.

“Very well. Here are your three tickets.” The Ticketmaster handed over three tickets. “The train will be in three minutes.”

Three minutes later, there was a rumbling sound from the tunnel. A opalescent white point poked out, and out came the rest of it. It was painted honey-coloured with bees decorated within, and the rest of it was as ^{metaphor-6} white as milk. It had the ^{metaphor-7} length of a blue whale and it had the ^{metaphor-8} height of a giraffe. As Alice, the Duke and the Duchess got on the train, there were multiple glances and people whispering.

“Can you believe it?”

“The Duke and the Duchess with a black girl?”

“I think I’m dreaming about heaven...”

“SHUSH! NO WHISPERING! IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, SPEAK LOUDLY, OR I WILL REPORT THAT YOU ARE WHISPERING BEHIND OUR BACKS TO THE ROYAL POLICE!” roared the Duke. Quiet seeped around the room as the message sunk in. Everyone eyed the Duke with a respectful eye as the murmurs died down.

“Um... Duke Xavier Smith... Duchess Sofia Smith... that is a black girl!” cried a timid lady. There were nods all around, and a few looks that contained so much hatred, so that if glares could kill someone, ^{metaphor-9} Alice would be dead in a heartbeat. Her shoulders were trembling now, But Alice felt grateful that the Duke and the Duchess were kind of protecting her.

“This stop is... Singing Plaza, known for its beautiful singers and the Singing Audition, which is held there.” the intercom stated. “Please get off if you are stopping here. Thank you.”

The train started to run at the pace of a cheetah, then went dramatically to the ^{metaphor-10} pace of a snail, then stopped altogether. A crowd of people left behind the Duke and the Duchess, but Alice could still feel the glares clinging onto her. She strode to the Ticketmaster.

“Black. Again?” simpered the Ticketmaster. “I already told you, last year: you are a black, so you need a normal guardian or parent! Bye bye, black.”

“I believe I count as a ‘normal guardian or parent’. She is officially allowed to go. Now shut up, Ticketmaster, or I will get my personal butcher to make meat out of you!” threatened the Duke.

“Y-y-your majesty? Duke Xavier Smith? Is it really you? With this black? I should report you to the police.” sneered the Ticketmaster.

“Yeah... try. I will report you to the Royal Police to tell them how you have treated me, Duke Xavier Smith, whose wife is the cousin of the cousin of the Queen herself! I doubt she will be very happy by that news.” hissed the Duke.

“E-e-er... I won’t... your majesty! Forgive my behaviour!” squealed the Ticketmaster, who ran off in fright. When Alice, the Duke and the Duchess entered the auditorium, where the Singing Audition was taking place, Alice felt like she was on the train again. Glances and hisses were all around, eyes were locked on her, not believing their eyes.

“Can you believe it? The Duke and the Duchess, relatives of the Queen, with a black girl?”

“I think I am in Justice Land or something.”

“I.. am dreaming perhaps?”

As Alice waited backstage for her name to be called out, there were ^{metaphor-11} butterflies in her stomach, poisoning all her happiness and calmness that had once resided there. She was actually here. In the auditorium! Stage fright had completely nibbled her and spat her out, making her tremble

in fright. She was going to be called any second, now! If she won, she was going to get proper training to be a jazz singer! That was perfect! She wanted that! (She still had to do her chores though.)

“Our next singer, Alice, will be performing for us ‘Tonight Is the Night’.” said the spokesperson.

As Alice took the nerve-racking walk to the stage, her stomach did a flip and a twist, making her wince in fright. When she finally got there, there were gasps and mouths open as she had her appearance, and a few whispers too. Her only thoughts were “They don’t think I belong” and “I can’t do this” and “I have to win” and “Time to sing”. So she started.

As the city’s neon sparkling lights lit up outside, it was ebony-black here. Except for the spotlight for Alice. Everyone was watching. Waiting. Perhaps glaring. She had closed her eyes, and words slipped out of her mouth, forming the song. She was a black, yet she was determined to make this song a song to remember. Her words were like gold, shiny, rememberable, and beautiful, yet malleable, able to be formed into a particular shape, enveloping the crowds in a shimmery basket, showing them what reality was like. [metaphor-12](#)

Once Alice’s words faded away, the crowd roared their applause. They seemed like people who had opened their eyes for the first time. Alice’s song seemed to have an effect on them! Perhaps now they would treat people like her, blacks, better!

Once she went backstage, the spokesperson named the awards. “There are two award winners,” said the spokesperson, “One of them is Lily, for singing ‘All Around the World’ and showing us how there is more than one type of people and how there is different people all around the world and the other is for Alice, for singing ‘Tonight is the Night’ and opening our eyes to how black people are being treated.”

As Alice floated onto the stage with another girl named Lily, the crowds roared a few complaints. Alice wondered whether it was because of her. “WHOOOO!” cried most of the crowd. “THEY ARE FILTHY OUTSIDERS” roared the remainder. Alice noticed that Lily had black hair, and she realised that people with black hair probably received the same treatment that she did.

I think people get mistreated by the color of their skin, not by the color of their hair!

Once they were on the podium, They each received a gold singing trophy and a medal, and a timetable for their jazz singing lessons. Alice felt so proud. Once she got off the podium and towards the Duke and Duchess, their smiles made her even prouder. She was now going to train to be a professional jazz singer, and she knew she was going to be a professional jazz singer.

That narrative was like a roller-coaster ride. Racism is a very heinous crime if you ask me!! I feel extremely bad for those who experienced it and still experiences it to this day. Anyway, there were more than 10 instances of metaphors in your writing which is excellent but you only wrote down 2 examples of personification. You lacked 3 more. As for the plot, you did successfully managed to show the main problem here but it was not clearly established that the main character wanted to pursue as a jazz singer. It’s actually a whole different genre as the song that you let the main character use for her audition. And the ending was quite, unrealistic. If you really think about it, racism isn’t very easy to fix, much more to completely remove it out of the system. Alice wasn’t going to be a jazz singer no matter how good she is. That’s the reality people lived before. Nonetheless, good job!

Mark=45/50