

Part 1-

Perspiration dripped down my wan cheeks, my fatigued limbs trembling rapidly and about to collapse on the scorching sand. My bloated tongue longed for even the tiniest drop of God's tears as my scalded, exposed feet sizzled in the searing heat. The foreign authorities in this country refer ^{us as numbers} us to numbers, not actual human beings. The image of this "freedom city" didn't seem as promising as it looked. I was mentally chained, wishing to be a melodious robin who would tweet on flourishing trees whenever it pleased. Soon, I realized I was going to be physically chained as well. One of the authorities gripped my arm tightly and dragged me mercilessly as if I were a serial killer who had killed his family and was taking revenge by throwing me into a detention center. Was I an animal? The detention center reeked of body odor and blood and was hostile and musty. Huddling into a small ball, I let out a flood of tears, which soaked onto my ragged and shabby clothes that ~~have~~ hung onto my back ever since I fled from the war. I was trying to escape injustice and cruelty, and even in Australia there is no freedom. They treat us like plastic discarded casually, leaving us to be swollen up by the threatening seas of detention centers. Why?

The seething fire cackled in delight, devouring its scrumptious meal of crispy leaves and charred sticks. Teeth chattering rapidly and my gaunt body shuddering in the siberian chill, the warmth of the fire soothed my bones, allowing a spark of hope to enter my heart. Unzipping my ragged backpack, my stomach growled at the sight of food, and my sapphire eyes twinkled in the moonlight. Not just any food, but marshmallows. Spongey, cushionlike, syrappy toasted marshmallows crumbling into your mouth as you crave more. The crispness of slightly singed marshmallows was just delightful to the mind. Suddenly, I wasn't thinking about how I was lost and all alone; rather, I snuggled in my fleecy blanket and enjoyed my tantalizing treats.

Good job in writing a plot. However, it can still be improved by providing more descriptive language with high quality words. Although the work is good, there are words that are used in sentences that do not fit its meaning. Nonetheless, there is always room for improvements. You can review on descriptive language and how to formulate sentences with them

Marks (47/50)