Although, it could've been a lot better it you made mentioned in your writing the setting of this story, which was supposed to be in the 1920s. you weren't able to imply that in your writing. Moreover, you were supposed to include 10 instances of metaphors and 5 for personification=1 Zealous zephis carried the angelic tunMark=38/50 personification. Nonetheless, good job!! into the abyss of night. A proud distinct sound reverbarate from the divine, cherubic symphonys of jazz. As the song ebbed to an end, a mizered forehead shone with glee. Calignous tendrils of houghty laughter echoed through her dilapidated soul. 'Ha, as if you could ever sing jazz', the voices of her siblings lacerated her tormented mind in a layer of agony personification=2 Yellowed lights smiled anicably upon the hyperbolean orbs of sweat mingled with tears. Distraught and incarcera ted within the scabrous chains of a forlorn mind, she glanced at the candles and closed her eyes. Veluety curtains were draped around her mind an ominous microphone was glued to her coerced mouth screeches of Velueta curtains were metaphor=1 menacle, malevolont years encombered her mind. Distant droning voices didn't seem to reach the desolate is she was placed upon. 'Har as if a person having an Afro could ever sing! why did she even bother going on the stage? Perforated among derisive, sadonic spears of laughter. Why did she ever want to dip herself into the satiric world of Jazz? Why was she the only person emaciated of benevolent fans awaiting her singsong jazz? Her aching mind reached it's gaunt, cadavarous coils and dawned on one thing... very realistic conclusion here! Inequality, always there but rarely seen. She wasn't a singer anymore, praising and singing didn't rest well with Rosa. She wanted to be an activist for human

Out of all the homeworks I have marked, you had the most realistic ending. I'm glad you were aware of the

Love the title