

Week 3 Writing Homework

Prompt-A young girl must choose between following her parents' dreams for her or pursuing her own dreams

The sounds of cicadas chirping rang fiercely in the background, as the stars placed themselves in the backdrop, seeming like beacons of light against the dark velvet of the evening sky. The moth-chewed curtains, echoing insipid hues of paled amber hung, framing the chipped glass of the window, swinging in a silent symphony with the wind, letting out sudden creaks, as the rough needled wood of the window frame formed miniscule holes in the fabric. The scent of termite-chewed wood merged with the fragrance of a hockey stick in the corner of the room, dripping with the sweat gained from a recent match, as the familiar breezes spoke tales of the natural world onto Gabriella's face. As she turned, first, to the exercise books on her side table, then to the opal white plaster stuck onto the wall next to her, leaving trails of briny liquid on the turquoise bed sheets spread out on her mattress, her eyes drifted over to the poster stuck with tacks on her corkboard, the words: '*HOCKEY STAR*', with a signature, written with flair and elegance, with gold letters, sparkling in the moonlight, along with the usual cacophony of photographs, movie posters and to-do lists. Though, inside her amygdala, a battlefield seemed to appear in front of Gabriella, as loyalty and passion commenced their fight. Her destiny seemed almost uncertain, as her thoughts wandered over to her pet rabbit, whom she had spent her whole childhood with, facing the need for seeing a therapist, which would cost a colossal amount, and she watched it, as it dozed off in the corner of the room, behind the steel cords of her cage, sniffing the hues of citrine carrot, sitting on the newspaper flooring of the cage. Her thoughts again, wandered over to her younger brother, whom she had shared every secret, every skill, and every part of her childhood with, suffering from a life-threatening disease, which would call for medicine which would tug at the last pennies of the family savings. Though, her thoughts seemed to contradict each other in a heated debate, as her thoughts came to the offer of a spot in a hockey training class with the famous Wayne Getzgy, which would result in intensive training, leaving no time for family obligations. Though, this had been her lifetime aspiration. How could she dismiss this opportunity just as it came over to her? Her thoughts flew yet again to her hockey coach, who would be filled with disappointment at her refusal of the spot in this training class that she had just painstakingly managed to clutch. Though, her thoughts juxtaposed yet again, as the reminder that her family mortgages still had to be paid, and that her family, who had looked after her to this day, were low on income, something that following the path of studying law would solve. Her thoughts continued to argue with one another, as alkaline tears sprinted down her sweaty cheeks, almost calling for her thoughts to halt their debate.

As her thoughts, duties, and passions continued to haunt her in unison, her head was filled with both anxiety and moral dilemmas. If she were to pursue her aspiration of playing hockey, leaving her brother, struggling in the hospital, would she be morally incorrect? If she were to follow her parents' dreams for her, would she be giving up her entire hockey aspirations as a cost? Would she never be able to walk the rinks of the Bell Centre in her life? Would she allow her pet rabbit

to live the remainder of her life with bucketfuls of stress? As the battle between her duties and aspirations continued, her hands, dripping with sweat, clambered over to her hockey stick, before the cold depths of the night enveloped her in a haunting chant.

Her heart seemed to send a message to her cerebellum, asking it yet again to halt the debate, as anxiety filled her. At one point, she seemed to have had enough. The laces of her sneakers were promptly tied up in messy knots, before she entered the realm of the night.

Beacons of light glinted around her, as Gabriella sprinted to the practice rink at the training grounds. The words: *'Willowbrook Multipurpose Centre'* were written onto a piece of fabric in block letters, then hung with string at the glass sliding doors, as the doors slowly creaked open, before Gabriella slipped into the building, her hair tied with turquoise elastic bands in a high ponytail, and a hockey jersey casually slipped on her. Her mind still wandered, as her head clumsily bumped onto the yellowed walls of the building. Heading towards the hockey training centre, her eyes seemed to enlighten with a sense of calmness, as the doors creaked, before opening in a dazed fashion for her, stopping, before slowly sliding open another centimetre. With her hands clutching the handle of her hockey stick, sweat seemed to slip onto her forehead again, as her hockey stick swung. With that hit, the thoughts inside her mind seemed to settle. With another hit, her heart seemed to sway to one side. With her third hit, a side of the debate seemed to gain victory, as her hickey stick swung yet again. With each hit, her mind seemed to almost know which decision she should make. As her eyes watched citrine hues glide over the dark night sky, her mind seemed to tell her finally, that she had made the right choice.

Prompt 2- A soldier must decide between risking his life to save his best friend or staying put and saving himself.

The sounds of shots in the air deafened John, as the sinister eyes of their enemy stared down at them. Through the ear-piercing sounds in the backdrop, an awful silence seemed to envelop the scene, as a beautiful chaos surrounded them. "Captain John Hawke. Retreat and save yourself." The monotone taps echoed in John's ears, as the message operator tapped a few words of morse code into his ears, a symphony of beeps, taps, and rings. Looking around himself at the chaos, John's eyes surveyed the surroundings, as he proceeded to rise, crouching slightly, as sweat drenched his feet. All of a sudden, his mind seemed to freeze, as before his eyes, sat his childhood friend, Sergeant Alex Thompson, weakened, slumped almost in an unconscious manner on the rough grounds. His heart beating rapidly, John went on to sit down on the harsh ground again, as he stared at his troop, feeble with fatigue and hunger. "I repeat, retreat now, Captain John Hawke." The taps continued to echo in his ears, as thoughts began to swirl around his cerebellum. Should he listen to the operator and save himself, or should he save his best friend? Alex was his best friend, after all. Another thought seemed to occur to him, as the reminder of his wife and child waiting patiently for him to return home dragged him to begin ascending to his feet. His thoughts seemed to contradict each other, as the memory of Alex rescuing him during their first encounter with the enemy seemed to vividly paint an image in his mind. Thoughts spun around his head, as his rough hands started to clamber to Alex, tugging at his sleeve. All of a sudden, his fingers began shaking, as he revealed a mark on his friend's skin. The code written there, marked embedded with darkened

ink, seemed to send shivers up John's spine; the distinct mark that matched the badges on the enemy's uniforms. A silent gasp sounded from his mouth, as he fell back, shaking. How could Alex do such a thing? He couldn't have done such a thing. Though, the words on the card seemed to shout louder, as a realisation occurred in his cerebellum. Perhaps he wasn't on their side. Perhaps he shouldn't rescue Alex after all. Though, another thought seemed to occur in his mind, as he began to whisper reassuringly to himself. There must be some good behind this sinister facade. Alex must be doing this for a good reason. A battlefield seemed to form in his mind, as he stared at Alex's mud-embellished face, seeming to silently tell him that perhaps there was a reason that this was occurring. The sounds of shots firing in the air blew breaths of smoke into John's nostrils, as his mind continued a heated debate. Though, from their childhood to boot camp, they had always been best friends. How could Alex do such a thing? The message operator continued to send taps and clicks through the walkie-talkie in his hands, as John crouched there, listening to the tug-of-war between his moral principles and his patriotism. If he decided to rescue his best friend, it could potentially lead to a court trial for insubordination. If he decided to rescue himself, it would mean Alex facing almost certain demise. How could he do such a thing to Alex? After all, there might be a reason for this. Perhaps there was a reason why he would do such a thing.

As John's eyes went over to Alex, his moral beliefs seemed to speak to him, and his mind seemed to come up with the correct solution. As his arm reached over to Alex, tugging him by the hand, a thought occurred to him that he had made the right decision.

Prompt 3-A scientist must choose between using his new invention to help the world or using it to create wealth and power.

A dim light glared down at Professor D. Foster, as his fingers, gripping a screwdriver, finally secured the final bolt. The glinting silver sparkled down at the Professor, as his heart seemed to skip a beat, and his trembling hands delightedly stared at the machine, shining with the creativity and sweat he had poured into it over the course of decades; the machine that promised him the fame and wealth he had always dreamed of. His fingertips reached over to his thickly framed glasses, glinting with molten obsidian, hanging on his ears, before promptly adjusting it, and allowing his fatigued eyes to again, surprise themselves, as they exhilaratingly pranced around the object. Hues of citrine, aquamarine, and peridot surrounded him, as the fluorescent pigments danced before his eyes, a ballet of nuts and bolts, armoured with the sleek sides of titanium merged with copper to form his new invention; the XdY-7734Z, promising the newest ways of extracting energy from the planet. The Professor stared down at it, admiring the creativity and design that had shaped this object, as his hands reached down to place it in the carton in front of him, the words: *FINEST DAIRY PRODUCTS* emblazoned on it in block letters, glinting with hues of muted whites and washed blues, the cardboard rough on the edges, as it softly scratched the metal of the invention, transforming it into a beautiful chaos of scratches, bombarding the surface with a waltz of dents. As the Professor lifted the carton almost carefully, his fingers suddenly slipped, before catching it on his index fingers, and galloping over to the scratched glass of the front door, treading with his fluffy green slippers cacophonously over the rough timber of the floor, before his head clonked softly onto the wooden sides of the house,

and banging the door shut, as he landed with a thump on the fabric seats of a beaten down car. The headlights flashed promptly, as the beams of sunlight glared down at the scratched, washed blue bonnet of the car, its glass windows scratched and sanded, almost so that the Professor could only peer through the smooth, transparent, miniscule holes that fortunately allowed him to see through the windows of the car.

As the Professor ended his speech, before patting the silver surface of his invention adoringly with his fingertips, and bowed down in front of his audience, a few short claps erupted in the air, as groans were mouthed from the majority of the audience, as they promptly exited the conference room in disappointment. The Professor stood there, alone in the corner of the room, as the strong breezes from the air-conditioner in the opposite end of the room blew their strong gusts at his rough skin. His fingertips reached over to stroke the machine fondly on its silver surface again, as they proceeded to pick up the machine and place it solemnly back into the carton. All of a sudden, a voice, rich with a baritone texture, spoke. "I am willing to invest in your idea, boy." As the Professor's eyes turned to face the person draped in a velvet coat, cashmere scarf, and a vicuna shirt, a set of words were produced from the person's mouth again. "Everett Blackwood, owner of Blackwood Corp." As Mr. Blackwood's hands went on to produce a wad of crisp notes and a document, stamped with official stickers on a clipboard, his mouth curled up in a cunningly sinister smile. "Sign here. In actual fact, I suppose I should give you a few days to consider my offer though..."

As the Professor sat down at his desk, his back scraping at the unsanded wooden chair, a battle between his own values and desires commenced in the Professor's mind, as the thoughts of Mr. Blackwood's offer swirled around in his amygdala. He *did* have to allow Mr. Blackwood to use his invention for perhaps even sinister plans in exchange for financial gains, and he *did* have to agree to diminish his other plan of using this invention for good. Though, this colossal amount of money would allow his family to live on for generations. His thoughts flew to his beloved wife, helplessly lying in a hospital bed at the local hospital, in need of an expensive vaccine to cure her, offered by Blackwood Corp, where the agreement promised unlimited access to for free. They continued to fly to the need to pay off the expenses spent on making this machine, amounting to colossal totals. His mortgages haunted his cerebrum, as his thoughts seemed to contradict each other, flying to the thoughts of his daughter, almost caught by the guards for exposing their plans, placing her life in danger. They continued to fly to the agreement where it had exposed the plans of collaborating with an evil organisation, commencing a fight between his moral values, joining into the fight. Another contradiction arose, as the thoughts of the fame that he had always wished for seemed to wash over his thoughts. What about his loans and financial issues that could be solved by simply agreeing to the document's plans? What about his wife? Though, what about his daughter? Would this decision mean betraying either one of his family members? The battle continued, the reasons seemingly contradicting each other, as thoughts continued to swirl around the Professor's mind. As his head thumped onto the rough, wooden table in front of him, his hand seemed to bat away the clipboard, as his mind seemed to make a decision. As his hand reached over to pat the machine beside him, his thoughts seemed to click, confirming that he *had* made the right choice.