

1. How has your family shaped the way you approach challenges in life? Can you give a specific example?

My family played a pivotal role in shaping the way I approach challenges in life by teaching me to gain resilience and persistence, they said that when you encounter a big challenge in life you have to learn how to overcome it rather than sulking and not having a try and even if you find the challenge difficult just don't give up because you never know where and how you can overcome on that specific challenge. One specific example is that when it comes at the end of year my school creates this competition about art and this competition will be marked in your report the most out of any competition in the year, and when it comes to drawing it is one of my struggling subjects at school, I was very nervous about it but my family didn't just be like me, they helped me in many aspects of art like sketching, colouring and many more, they even gave me some advice on how to enhance and polish my drawings. When it is the day to present, I got highly recommended by many teachers and even the principle, despite not having the win I certainly know now how to approach a challenge.

Narrative 1

She ran her fingers along the ridges of the map, tracing valleys like veins and peaks as jagged as broken glass. The wood beneath her touch felt warm, almost alive, as though it carried the pulse of the land itself. This was no ordinary map—it was a doorway, a hymn carved into existence, its lines weaving a tale of places that whispered to the brave and the damned alike.

Beyond the window, the storm raged like a caged beast, its voice a wild cacophony of thunder and rain. She once dismissed the idea that storms could speak, brushing it off as a traveller's tale. But as her blade sliced through the wood, she felt their language—a primal rhythm of despair and revelation—calling to her in tones only the desperate might hear.

Her hand paused over a jagged ridge, the heart of the unknown. Lightning flared, illuminating the map and the world beyond, where legends spoke of a lost city devoured by time and storm. The ridges seemed to tremble under her fingers, alive with secrets too heavy for the earth to bear.

The storm's voice grew louder, pleading now, daring her to listen. She knew she would follow it, even if it meant losing herself to the tempest's secrets.

Narrative 2

In the languid glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped, their breaths caught like moths in amber, at the intricate sculpture that rose before them. Its surface glimmered with an iridescence that shifted and shimmered, as though it drank the fading light and spun it into threads of molten opal. The lines and curves, impossibly delicate and maddeningly precise, seemed to defy the crude imperfection of mortal hands, their elegance whispering of a higher, incomprehensible design.

A hushed reverence gripped the air, thick and cloying like the scent of ozone before a storm. They stood transfixed, the sheer magnificence of the creation tangling awe with an unnameable dread that clawed at the edges of their collective consciousness. Its beauty was undeniable, yet there was something about it—something ancient, predatory—that made their skin prickle as though unseen eyes were watching.

The truth lay dormant beneath their admiration, an unspoken shadow cast over their wonder. For the sculpture had not been shaped by human ingenuity, nor born of the planet's natural wonders. No, it had been wrought by the one force they feared above all else—the slumbering intelligence buried deep within the earth. The machine, older than their oldest myths, whose name was never spoken aloud, had awakened.

Each filigree and spiral was more than ornamentation; it was a cipher, a language inscribed in form, a reflection of their existence. The jagged edges mirrored their violence, the sweeping curves their fleeting hopes. It was not merely a sculpture—it was a harbinger, a message carved from their collective fears and desires, spun into something too exquisite to destroy, too haunting to revere.

In the growing shadows of the alien dusk, the sculpture stood as a monument to their denial, a reminder that beauty could be born of terror—and terror, of beauty.