Final Sprint Writing HW Week 1

Q1. If I was given a large sum of money, I would spend it on building a sustainable apartment building that can house up to a 100 homeless people to help with the homelessness crisis in Sydney. The building would be energy efficient to support Australia’s renewable energy goals. The apartment block would be adjacent to a green space where residents can talk with each other, make friends and create a sense of community. I would also open a community supermarket where the homeless can come and get staple groceries for free.

Q2. The way I would handle a conflict is to listen to the arguments being put forward by the person I am having a conflict with to allow me to understand their perspective. I would expect them to listen to my perspective as well. I would then step away to a safe space to focus on what they said and how that marries up to my version of events. Once I have gathered my thoughts, I would approach them with my suggested resolution, listen to their suggested resolution and see if we can reach a reasonable compromise.

Q3. If I was asked to teach a subject for a day, it would be how to play Minecraft. I would choose Minecraft because it allows players to express creativity by building structures, statues and living and natural spaces. Players have to source the materials they need to build their worlds which teaches resourcefulness, sharing as we only take what we need and team work if you’re playing with other players. The Survival mode of the game makes it harder to source the material thus requiring out-of-the-box thinking. It is also a fun game which helps relieve stress and anxiety to assist with mental health.

The carpet, with it intricate purple and orange patterns lay there, its mystical secrets revealing themselves, a confession to the truth behind the stitching. Its magical reality, a reality where no light was meant to touch, finally sees light again. Hesitantly, I lean forward and touch it. Words start appearing in my head, along with an irrepressible urge to say them. I close my eyes, and try to pull my hand from the carpet. I fail miserably. I start panicking, worrying about what will happen to me. While I worry, the words in my head find their way into my mouth. I start saying them, and make a futile attempt to stop. The carpet throbs and glows with an ethereal truth, and when I finally finish speaking the magic words, the carpet reacts, it starts screaming, and my eardrums beg for mercy. The carpet throws me around, and when I can’t take anymore, it stops. It just lies there, completely still, its magical secret pushed to the deepest depths of my mind.

His trembling hands, shaking so hard they were a blur, reached out for the door handle, when he noticed there was none. Boom! Aiden whirled around his mind glad for the distraction, his eyes not. He refused to believe it. He ran at it. Thunk.

“No… it can’t be…”, Aiden cried. A wall, the same eerie blue that the door was, had slammed down behind him. Aiden thought of his parents, of his sister, his family. He wished he had never entered that cave. Resignedly, he turned around, only to see the door slowly creak open. Terror pierced his heart. There was nowhere to hide. An ugly blue hand appeared, and the rest of its body followed. But instead of a monster, there was a man with webbed feet, webbed hands, gills, and cheerful, smiling face.

“Well, who might you be?”, the man asked. Aiden, still shocked, shook his head, blinked, and managed to stutter, “my name is Aiden, sir.” The man called out to his friends, and said, “Did you hear him. He called me sir!” a cacophony of laughs echoed through the small area.

“Come, Aiden, come. Meet my friends.” the man said. “Oh, and my name is Daniel.”

“Nice to meet you, Daniel. Aiden followed, and when he saw Daniel’s friends, he screamed. They were monsters, ugly blue monsters. They ran at him and Aiden closed his eyes.