

Scholarship Homework Week 3 - Writing 1+2 & Interview Preparation

Interview Preparation

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

My family instilled in me the importance of resilience and efficiency when facing challenges, and they taught me to never procrastinate. They emphasized that success demands action and hard work. This became especially clear to me when I struggled to achieve the marks I wanted for a test. After sharing my concerns with my parents, my father dedicated time to studying with me, reinforcing the belief that persistence and determination are key to success. It was tough, but with their unwavering support and motivation, I not only met my expectations but surpassed them! In summary, my parents are the driving force behind my achievements, and their invaluable lessons have shaped my journey.

What is one tradition or habit in your family that you cherish the most, and why?

A meaningful tradition within my family that holds significant importance is our strong commitment to community service. This practice extends beyond a mere routine; it serves as a reinforcement of our shared values of selfless service, compassion, and humility. Our efforts are directed towards assisting members of our community in various capacities, ranging from environmental clean-up initiatives to maintenance support. This tradition not only fosters deeper bonds within our family but also allows us to give back to the community that provides for us. It serves as a constant reminder of the values of kindness and assistance towards others, ultimately instilling a sense of purpose and fulfillment in our lives.

Who in your family inspires you the most, and what lessons have you learned from them?

My father is my most significant source of inspiration, largely due to his optimistic perspective on life and his resilient character. Despite encountering initial criticism and discrimination in his workplace, his unwavering resilience ultimately led him to rise to the highest levels within his profession, showcasing the impact of a positive attitude. His philosophy is straightforward yet powerful: "Each day should be spent accordingly." Observing him transform challenges into opportunities has profoundly influenced my outlook on life. For instance, when I faced rejection for a leadership position at school, he framed it as a chance for personal growth. This mindset encouraged me to reassess my goals, ultimately leading to even greater achievements. From my father, I have learned that resilience transcends mere endurance; it involves discovering beauty and hope, even amidst the most difficult circumstances.

The Storm

She felt the ridges of the map she was carving and wondered if the storms below still whispered secrets to those who dared listen. Elis delicately traced the intricate, etched lines of her weathered map, her fingertips grazing the jagged grooves that delineated the uncharted territories bordering the desolate kingdom of Asgard. Each ridge and valley whispered secrets of lands yet to be explored, stirring a thrill of adventure within her as she imagined the mysteries hidden beyond the oppressive shadows of the bleak realm. Dread and haunt flowed through her body, longing to discover the ancient secrets buried deep within Asgard's tempest heart. For decades, the tyrant leaders of Asgard denied conspiracies of storms whispering, calling it impossible, but Elise wasn't satisfied. She had been born during the Night of Whispers when the storms sang louder than before. It was said children born that night carried the mark of the storm in their veins. Whether it was a curse or a gift, she didn't know. One night, forces powered by dark magic seemed to encompass the uncharted territories, thus locals turned to Asgard's rulers, but Ellis knew better. The storms held secrets—ones only she could uncover. Her fingers trembled as she marked the next point on her map. The path was dangerous, and the storms' whispers grew louder with every decision. Each step forward seemed to pull her deeper into their grasp, blurring the line between her thoughts and theirs. Would she find salvation for her people—or lose herself to the storm's call?

The sculptor

In the soft glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped at the intricate sculpture, unaware it was created by the one thing they feared most. The crowd gathered in hushed awe as the sculpture glistened under Calyra's twin moons. The crystalline figure seemed to breathe, its angular edges capturing the moonlight in an ethereal display. No one knew who had crafted it. The settlers whispered theories, ranging from rogue artists to divine intervention. In the shadows of the market square, Kyra watched, her breath shallow. Her brother, a notorious symbol of tyranny, had sculpted it, a labour of passion shaped in secrecy over countless nights in the obsidian caves beyond the settlement's borders. She had used forbidden tech—an ancient Calyran device capable of transforming matter with exquisite precision, guided by the emotions of its wielder. The settlers had banned such tools decades ago, deeming them too dangerous to remain in use, though they had never truly understood them. To the settlers, the Calyrans were a menace, their culture was purged and reduced to little more than rumours and warnings. Kyra and her brother, the last of their kind, knew the truth. Their people had once created wonders like this sculpture to celebrate harmony and life—not destruction. But she feared the settlers would never see it that way. A raspy voice rose within the cacophonous murmurs of the crowd. "Who created this?" In the distance, there she stood, trembling with the fear of witnessing the end of her remaining tribe members. Would she stay silent, or speak up, threatening her tribe's existence?

