Scholarship Writing Week 3

She felt the ridges of the map she was carving and wondered if the storm below whispered secrets to those who dared to listen. She had meant to do it before, but other events took place, so now she had to live with carving the map on the plane. They were flying on an expedition to prove the existence of an uncharted island, flying high above a storm that had been raging long before time existed. The storm never moved, and ships that sailed in never came out.

Crack! Lighting struck the left wing, and the plane spiralled down. Destiny slid down towards the wall that separated the cabin from the cockpit. The impact would have been painful, to say the least, but Destiny managed to grab onto a seat. Another tremendously loud crack rumbled, and the cockpit separated, falling. The captain’s terrified screams were lost in the wind like sand in a storm. The plane plummeted, winds whipping through Destiny’s hair.

‘Parachutes. I need a parachute’ Destiny thought, but the chutes were up at the back of the plane, or the top now. Destiny’s trembling hands pulled her up from row to row, and finally she reached the white parachutes. They fell through a cloud. Suddenly, everything became slippery. Destiny barely managed to grab the parachute before she fell. Midair, she put the parachute on, pulled the ripcord, and landed safely on an island that wasn’t on any map. She was on uncharted land. Destiny searched for shelter, finding nothing but trees and a few berries and coconuts. Black trunks towered above her, and below, blue grass worshipped the orange lightning.

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. Colours splattered on every inch of the sculpture; colours no human eyes had ever seen before. The sculpture seemed to pulse with life. The sun sunk below the red sand, sealing the fate of the mesmerised gazers.

Stone cracked, and the sculpture moved. The stone fell, revealing a creature, one that obviously had an urge to kill. But it seemed adorable. Before the metamorphosis. It was a humanoid, red figure, well able to blend into the landscape. Then claws ripped out of its fingers and toes, fangs grew from its mouth, bloodshot eyes slitted like a snake. Its ears grew like a rabbit. It grew a tail, with a blade sticking out from the end. Its legs and arms thickened with muscles, and veins bulged everywhere. A snout grew from its nose, and the creature let out a huge roar.

It slashed a clawed hand at the petrified onlookers, piercing their bodies. The onlookers ran, chased by a creature they knew not of. In an effortless bound, the beast blocked their path, devouring those it could. Chaos erupted, and deep below, aliens smiled at the chaos their defender had caused. Only one human had survived, blood seeping through multiple puncture wounds. Robots healed him, and putting his piloting license to use, he flew back to the mothership, landing in the docking bay. Artificial trees reminded him of lost earth, and his heart ached for the ones that he had lost in the invasion. He realised the similarities. There were no differences in the earth invaders and his recent attacker.

1. My family has shaped the way I approach challenges by encouraging me and telling me not to give up. They say I can do it, and I persevere through hard challenges to prove them right. They have taught me to be resilient, and not give up hope. My parents have also helped me when I’m stuck, done everything I can think of, but still don’t know. For example, I was doing a really hard test from my tutoring, and I was struggling. But I didn’t give up, like my parents told me, and I got good marks. The question I didn’t understand, I went through with my mum and dad, a I didn’t make those mistakes again. I hope to do the same with my younger sister.
2. A habit in my family would be that we often help each other, by encouraging, helping or giving clues. It is a common thing that when my sister is stuck on something, I help her. My sister is quite short-tempered, which can sometimes make work hard, but I try, and if it doesn’t work, let her calm down, then try again. I cherish this because it is nice to have something to back onto, especially when something might have happened and you aren’t thinking straight, having someone to rely on is always nice.
3. The person who inspires me most is my mother, who got divorced parents, didn’t have lots of money, but still got into a very good school on full scholarship. Her dad divorced, because he didn’t like his children, my mum and her sister, so wasn’t very nice. My mum was glad that he went, but now her family was on half the income before. For my mum’s mum, this wouldn’t really be burden if she was alone, but she had to growing girls. To make matter worse, she didn’t have fair income. My grandma wanted my mum and her sister to have a good life, so she paid for tuition and scholarships. I look up to my mum for guidance, because she struggled and succeeded, and now we live in a nice suburb in a nice home.