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

My family has taught me to face challenges with resilience and to take action. They’ve shown me that nothing comes without effort. For example, when I struggled to improve my grades in a difficult subject, my parents didn’t let me give up. Instead, they encouraged me to improve and practice the question over and over. My dad sat with me during study sessions and reminded me that persistence would pay off. It wasn’t easy, but their support and determination pushed me to succeed. Now, I approach every challenge as something I can overcome with effort and focus. **2. What is one tradition or habit in your family that you cherish the most, and why?**  
A tradition that really touches my is the habit instilled in my family to visit the gurudwara every week to engage in community service. This habit is more than just a weekly routine; it's a way of reinforcing our shared values of selfless service, compassion, and humility. We serve by helping the people with the preparation and service of food, or by helping in the maintenance work of the temple. Service together deeply sets bonding within the family and reminds us about important things in our life: kindness and helping others. This tradition puts us in touch not only with our spiritual roots but also with the greater good of the community, instilling a sense of purpose and fulfillment in all of us.

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

My mom inspires me the most with her unwavering optimism. Even though she has had some tough times, she always stays positive and wise. Her philosophy is simple: "Every day is a fresh start." Watching her turn hardships into opportunities has shaped my outlook on life. When I got rejected for a leadership program, she made me look at it as an opportunity to grow. That mindset helped me reevaluate my goals and eventually achieve something even greater. From her, I’ve learned that resilience isn’t just about enduring—it’s about finding beauty and hope, even in the toughest circumstances.

**WRITING PIECES:**

**1. The Whispering Storms**  
  
Ellis traced the etched lines of her map, her fingers catching on the jagged grooves that marked uncharted territories below the floating city of Asgard. The storms had whispered to her again last night, their voices weaving through her dreams, filling her with both dread and longing. They spoke of something ancient, something buried deep in the tempest’s heart—a power that could save Asgard from its slow descent into ruin.

For generations, Asgard’s leaders had forbidden listening to the storms, labelling it madness. Ellis, however, wasn’t like the others. She had been born during the Night of Whispers, when the storms had sung louder than ever 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.

The city’s energy core was failing. The Council debated evacuations, abandoning the floating haven for the unpredictable surface below. 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?

**2. The Alien Sculptor**   
  
The crowd gathered in hushed awe as the sculpture gleamed 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. The figure was hers, a labour of love 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 purged and reduced to little more than rumours and warnings. Kyra, the last of her kind, knew the truth. Her 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.

As murmurs grew louder, someone stepped closer, pointing to a faintly glowing symbol etched at the sculpture’s base—the unmistakable mark of the Calyrans. Gasps rippled through the crowd.

“Who made this?” a voice demanded.

Kyra’s heart raced. She had wanted them to remember her people’s beauty, but her creation now risked exposing her. Should she step forward to reclaim her heritage, or vanish into the shadows, leaving her truth unspoken?