**Week 2 Scholarship Homework**

Essay 1

Lucas was ambling upon the rippling dunes. It was the last day of February. Lucas had decided to spend more time on the summer shore before he had to return at sunset. It was shortly after dusk, and there were amber clouds above him, each cloud a stroke of paint in the bigger canvas of the sky. Lucas never took a peek at the breathtaking scenery – he should’ve been back at the shelter by now.

As he dashed swiftly through ash-grey rock pools and the constantly receding tide, he slipped on something hard and brittle. Lucas unearthed the mysterious object from the sand. In his cold, bare hands, he saw a perfectly crafted glass bottle, which Lucas didn’t know what it was called. Inside was a mangled piece of paper. Its letters appeared similar to the writing on the streets. However, he could not read it. *I should bring it to one of the residents to read it to me*, Lucas thought.

Lucas sprinted to the outskirts of the city, trying hard not to get his tuxedo, with black and white perfectly contrasting each other, packed with bothersome sand. Once he reached there, he caught a glimpse of a building with golden shingles on its roof, yet its walls were covered with cracks and ivy. It made Lucas’ eyes tear with forlornness.

Lucas’ mind envisioned a baby, wrapped in fine linen cloth, an embrace so emollient that he could not think of anything else softer than it. The next moment pictured a man in midnight black, perfectly matching the sorrowful hues of the night. Lucas could hear his mother, crying for help on the street, but no one seemed to notice. She, as a last resort, hurled a suitcase at him. It was the only memory of his mother.

Lucas instantaneously sprinted to the first man he saw. He nervously asked the gruff-looking man if he could read the message. He said in an excited voice that it was a formal paper of things he would inherit from his parents. The man took the life-changing note to the court, who accepted it. A month later, Lucas would own his parents’ two-storey penthouse, and rebuild his life.

Essay 2

It was exactly midnight. The otherwise luminous, starry night turned into a bleak, dark abyss, precisely in one minute, every day. Liam was the only person awake in his village, doing his work as a shepherd as always. Yet, he was more engrossed in the cosmos, than taking care of animals. Out of the many paradoxes that Liam pondered about, one seemed to even worry him. It was the unlikely but constant event of the stars disappearing.

One afternoon, after Liam was cramped with a bustling crowd, just to reach the market, he abruptly crashed into a wooden stake. As he got back onto his feet, Liam found himself staring at a navy-blue sign, saying of a night market festival, from 11pm to 1 o’clock. The sign was several times bigger than the tiny-looking advertisements around it, remarks of consumerism and overbuying.

After Liam was sated from his few hours of sleep, he was in time for the festival. However, as the shorter hand of the village clock creeped closer to the top, his forebodings for the villagers’ reactions became worse. By the time the clock ticked to midnight, the celestial night sky, temporarily switched off. The other people desperately cried for help, but no one seemed to know what to do.

‘It’s the end of the world!’ yelped one villager.

‘We’re all going to die!’ screamed another.

But Liam, a shepherd wearing ragged clothes, who had seen the phenomenon for many years, nervously stood in front of the distressed residents to try to explain it. He knew the mystery would most likely never be solved, but after his calming speech, the villagers were relieved to hear that the disappearance of the stars was just an everyday phenomenon.

Interview Questions

1. Being a good student to me is someone who works hard in all they do. They also follow their school’s values, which helps them to grow stronger in their learning and character journey. They regularly help their peers, and support them if they feel bad. If their friend is bullied, they would help stand up for them. A good student is an excellent leader, who helps lead their group and keeps it organised. If there is conflict, the student would try their best to resolve the argument, and always asks for a teacher’s advice when needed. A good student always participates fully in their school’s events.