**Week 3 Writing Homework**

Essay 1

‘You’ll never make it, Angela! Don’t you want to meet the same fate as your dad?’, Mother remarked angrily. Angela was a young, yet curious teenager. Since she was just a young adult, she found her abode in sailing and wished to discover the depths below her rickety, stilt-supported house.

‘But I’ll finally be the second member of my family to discover at least something! Didn’t you say you’d be proud of me to qualify for that underwater archaeology school? The applications end in two days!’ Angela replied.

Mother let out a forlorn sign. ‘Since I lost your father, our savings, education and even our bright conversations were lost to the sea too’.

Angela ignored her mother’s warning and decided to sneak out of her house at midnight.

That foreboding night, Angela could spot blinding lightning strikes in the distance, contrasting to the storms that lay ahead. Although her town was seemingly voiceless, as she ran her fingers through the supernatural map she had carved, she could faintly hear the ocean calling her name. By the time she reached the cacophonous squall, the chaotic sea was tossing her tiny boat around, as if it were a dog playing with a stick. She then realised the severity of each problem, and them became stressed like the squall itself.

‘Why did I even think of coming here? I wish I never even thought of discovering the sea’s mysteries!’ cried Angela. She then started her journey back to the house, but the storm’s chaos seemed too great for her boat, and so, Angela ventured into the depths, where not even the flash of lightning reached. As she immersed herself into the depths, a peaceful, placid refuge at the heart of utter chaos, she felt something wooden and sturdy. *A box…*, she thought it might be. Wanting to collect it, Angela quickly brought it to the surface, when a gleaming light, mimicking the radiance of the sun itself, shone into her exhausted eyes.

Angela found herself on a tiny speedboat. When she finally stood up since losing her boat, she caught a glimpse of a tiny sparkle. Angela found a torch beside it, and shining the torch onto the object, she found out that it was a treasure chest with pure gold edges. The wooden edges were smooth, each part akin to a tiny string being part of a unique tapestry. Inside it, Angela found pictures of her untorn family, which somehow remained stoic after many days. The next day, she brought it to Mother, who, just in time, instantly made her discovery part of her application for her alma mater. She called the chest’s contents the most invaluable treasure a sailor could ever find; significantly more valuable than coins and jewels themselves.

Essay 2

‘Behold, the Orb of the Cliff, a ball of beauty and technology!’ the mayor announced happily on the cusp of a noble, hallowed cliff face at sunset, as the crowd made a thunderous applause.

The sphere, in the face of the sky, which always possessed an amber glow, was engulfed in ornate yet alien patterns, each carving a sign that another civilisation could await them in the far future.

After the bustling crowd left, the mayor performed his normal duties for strange phenomena. He took notes of every part of the ball, from its perfectly circular shape, to the intricate patterns sprawled among it. As he examined the texture of the orb, neon-green, alien-looking numbers appeared on the ball. The mayor jumped in shock as the characters appeared almost abruptly. As the numbers changed appearance, he could hear a ticking sound, which worried him exceedingly.

‘Oh no, I’ve made a terrible mistake! This ball could actually be a ticking bomb!’, the distressed mayor cried out, when he estimated that the grenade would explode in two hours.

At once, the mayor ventured out into the city, sprawled with artworks with radiant yellows, reds and blues, acting as signs of consumerism. He then started telling other people about the incoming disaster, but no one seemed to believe this strange calamity. He still remembered the dialogue of one person, the city elder, once thought to be a kind ally to the mayor, now a hurtful enemy.

‘Elder! I’m afraid to tell you this, but this ‘Orb of the Cliff’ was all just a lie! Someone must be out there to kill us!’ the mayor pleaded.

Even with his small, green, fragile body deceiving his gifted brain, the elder still didn’t believe the mayor.

‘Mayor! What are you talking about? How dare you call such a renowned object a bomb! What harm might it do to our civilisation?’ the elder replied as he betrayed the mayor.

‘B-b-but-’

The elder had already disappeared into the dark alleys of the street. Then, the mayor forlornly walked back to his penthouse for his one-hour sleep, already graffitied by those who had heard his conversation with the elder. He sobbed himself to sleep.

‘THIRTY MINUTES LEFT UNTIL DETONATION’

The mayor instantly awoke from his slumber, and instantly proceeded to the deceiving ‘Orb of the Cliff’. Instantly, he heard a bustling chatter from the residents, seeming to talk about the orb.

‘TEN MINUTES’

The mayor then decided to gather up all the people in the city to attempt to push the sphere far off the cliff and into the mystified, uncharted forest below.

‘FIVE MINUTES’

He had collected all the people in the overcrowded metropolis, and started to sprint towards the deceiving orb.

‘ONE MINUTE’

They had arrived at the ‘artwork’, and with all the residents using all their strength acumen, the sphere started to move, each person a step contributing towards a testimonial goal. Some of the villagers were worried that it could be the last day of their lives.

‘FIVE SECONDS’

The ball finally lost its hold of the cliff, tumbling of the city’s edge and into the bleak, ash-grey forest. The mayor was then revitalised back into his normal, cheery attitude, and, at midday, the city hosted a festival to celebrate. The day was then made a public holiday, honouring the utopia’s success in thwarting a fatal scheme.

Interview Questions

1. My family has helped me approach challenges in life by encouraging me to keep going when felt like I couldn’t succeed. They supported me when, on my first sessions of swim squads, I thought that I wasn’t doing well in it and I was almost always last in line. I felt disappointed and I asked my parents if I could quit squads. However, they said that it was still my first time there, and that you wouldn’t be good at everything at first. My parents encouraged me to keep going and I still enjoy and participate in swim squads today.
2. Our family is Filipino, and one of the traditions that we do is blessing our relatives when we visit them. It is when the older person gives a blessing to their grandchild or relative. Blessing is a sign of respect in my culture that involves the younger person bowing and the elder bringing their own hand to their descendant. As well as respecting our elders, we also go to church every week, and we learn more about Jesus and ask him to forgive our sins. My brother and I partake in Christian sacraments, like my other relatives have done before.
3. The person in my family who has inspired me the most is my mum. She strives to support our family in hard times and always tries her best. My mum helps me learn from my mistakes and encourages me to keep going. She cares for our family and helps around the house when we are busy with other tasks. From my mum, I have learned to do my best even in tough times and to learn from my mistakes. When I feel like I can’t succeed, I remember that my mum taught me to persist even when I am losing in something.