**Starter 1:**

She traced the carved map with trembling fingers, its ridges like miniature mountain ranges etched in ancient cedar. Each groove seemed to hum faintly; a living thing connected to the storms below. The storms were said to whisper truths to those who dared to listen. Mara’s brother had once believed them, his last words etched in her memory: “They’re not chaos, Mara. They’re trying to speak.” Then he had gone into the tempest, leaving behind only the map he had spent years creating.

Now she stood at the cliff’s edge, her heart a war drum in her chest. The winds that tugged at her hair carried faint voices—not words, but something ancient and raw. Lightning forked in the distance, illuminating the valley below like a jagged scar. She wondered, as she often did, if her brother had been swallowed whole or if he had found what he was seeking. Was this map his legacy or his warning?

The first step toward the storm felt like stepping into another world. The air buzzed with electricity, and the ground beneath her boots trembled. Her pulse quickened as the voices grew louder, almost coherent, almost… inviting. She squeezed the map tightly. Was she chasing a memory, or would the storms finally reveal their secrets?

**Story Starter 2:**

Under the eerie glow of the twin moons, the crowd stood in hushed reverence. The sculpture before them shimmered, a lattice of glowing threads so fine it seemed spun from moonlight itself. Its twisting, organic beauty defied earthly imagination. Some wept. Others stared in silence. None of them knew the truth.

Axel watched from the shadows, their mandibles clicking softly in apprehension. The sculpture had been their greatest effort, their way to bridge the chasm between their kind and the humans who feared them. Axel’s race—known to humans only as "the Crawlers"—were seen as monstrous invaders, not artists. But Axel’s creation sang a silent song of understanding. Each thread of the sculpture vibrated faintly, resonating with the heartbeat of the alien world they all shared.

A small child broke from the crowd and approached the sculpture. “It’s alive,” she whispered, placing her tiny hand on the base. Gasps rippled through the onlookers, their awe tipping into unease. Axel twitched nervously but remained hidden. They knew this moment could lead to either acceptance or another wave of fear.

Could beauty born of fear teach the lesson Axel so desperately wished to share?

**Interview Question 1:**

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

My family shaped my approach to challenges through a legacy of perseverance and ingenuity. I remember the winter our heater broke. My father worked long nights repairing it with little more than duct tape and determination, while my mother taught us how to insulate ourselves with laughter and layers of old quilts. The house was freezing, but we played games by candlelight, and every struggle became an adventure. That winter taught me two things: how to face adversity with grit and that challenges are often opportunities to create memories—if you let them.

**Interview Question 2:**

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

The tradition I treasure most is our annual “family promise night.” Every New Year’s Eve, we gather in the living room, candles flickering like tiny stars, and make promises—not resolutions, but vows to ourselves and each other. One year, I promised to stand up to my fears, a vow inspired by the courage my father had shown when starting a new career late in life. That promise carried me through difficult exams and even a job interview that terrified me. Family promise night isn’t just a tradition; it’s a beacon that guides us all year long.

**Interview Question 3:**

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

My grandmother’s wisdom shines brighter with each story she tells. She speaks of fleeing her war-torn homeland as a young girl, her voice steady as the weight of history settles in the room. One night, she said to me, “When the world burns around you, build your own light.” Those words stayed with me. When I face rejection or setbacks, I remember her—a woman who grew a garden in the ashes of her past. Her strength isn’t just inspiring; it’s a reminder that resilience is the most powerful legacy we inherit.