1. **The Elucidating Storms**

1. Deep, etched lines trailed her pallid fingers on the ancient map, her azure eyes locked on the eerie storms marked on Zaro’s haunting island. Sympathy curled upon her, glistening tears forming in her eyes. Zaro, an once cordial and open friend, has been thrown to the darkest parts of his own mind by corruption. It was only a matter of time before he felt the consuming rays of being fully submerged into corruption, which will completely destroy the sacred island of Zaro, eons of decoration and a chronicle of history.

For centuries, no one dared to step foot in Zaro’s property. The process of being corrupted sucks all of your patience and kindness, down to the very last drop, so as little as making a joke, Zaro will send the soul to endless torture, making you rethink your life choices. But Lilly didn’t think this was the case and thought if someone ever just gave Zaro a chance, they could end up saving the whole island.

 Lilly, a woman of determination and hope, believed sincerely that the storms were more than an obstacle that roamed the island, and that it was Zaro’s deafening way of yearning for help. She believed that if someone just entered Zaro’s island, and listen patiently to the storms, they could find the key to fixing Zaro’s illness. After all, Zaro is a god, who can create anything.

She took pace, wind whistling around her, her heart racing. A whirling sound entered her sensitive ears, intruding its way through her brain. *This is it.* She thought. The whirling sound moaned louder and louder.

 Step after step, tension grew. Will the storm accept her? Or will it kill her? *One more step.* She thought, as she placed her feet on Zaro’s ground. Decisions was blurring with sound. Fierce lightning crashed near her, the storm howling. Trepidation crawled upon her, every second a risk. Finally, a deep, scattered voice loomed from the darkness. “Now, SHUT UP and HELP!”

2. **The Alien Sculpture**

The stadium held its breath, as the sculpture, or whatever it was, was being presented under the conspicuous, howling moon in Kerrysville. The luminescent creation captured every angle of the moon’s natural light, displaying uncanny yet familiar feelings, also making it seem…alive. One thing was sure, it was obscure.

Whispers echoed around the vast stadium, each second imperceptibly growing louder. Legends once had it that a mystical being once travelled through the exact same sculpture, through space and time. What they did not know was the creator of this invention was someone they simply forgot; a tale that failed to cascade down generations.

With a broken heart, Amy knew that she had to keep her story a secret. As much as her brain screams, *SHOW OFF HOW TALENTED YOU ARE!* She swore an oath, for the sake of her family, to never, ever reveal her secret that she was a Lost Warrior, the last Lost Warrior.

Humans and Lost Warriors fought a battle too complex to be accurately told. It was before the Stone Age, and before Humans thought they existed. It was the year 4976 for humanity, and they have conquered galaxies and universes with such advance technology they could blow up a multi-universe with one universal bomb. They called it *Re Bomba*.

 The Lost Warriors were living in another universe, disturbed by human destruction. So, they sent a fraction their people to defeat the humans. But it was more arduous than they thought. They fought for eons, refusing to give up. Finally, the humans lost, yet more than half of the population surviving by hiding. The Lost Warriors didn’t know this, but still sent a Mind Wiping device that made all humans that still exist forget their history and start from scratch, which gave the Lost Warriors a huge advantage.

But before humans lost, they sent one last bomb into space. The *Re Bomba.* It was the most powerful one yet; and it separated the two universes’ quadrillions of light years away and would take the Lost Warriors 50 eons to get back to Earth. Before then, Amy had to fend for herself and be extremely careful; one leak about her culture could give humans a flashback that could destroy the advantage that the Lost Warriors had built.

**Interview Questions:**

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

My family has demonstrated that being kind, patient and have an assertive attitude is essential to deflect challenges in life. For example, it was ridiculously hard to study, and I was lacking motivation, not focusing and groaning every time I had to reach out for a test paper. My mother provided me with patience, saying that if one cannot study, or lack motivation, forcing them to do something is not worth it, as everyone should have a choice. As far as getting excellent grades by forcing someone to do something, it is not worth it. Providing me with choice, I was extraordinarily pumped with pure determination, focusing the best I could ever done and studying more than I ever dreamed of.

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

A habit that truly touches my heart is every dinnertime, my family gathers together and talks about their ongoing experiences of the day, any news that they have discovered or about the edges of life. This creates a special family bonding time that connects us spiritually. I favour this most because we explain our difficulties to each other, helping each other with solutions and a burden lifts off just knowing that you don’t have to hold a hardship back by yourself. It is a graceful time to share our worries, experiences and humorous stories to each other in a composed way.

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

My mother has potent, unwavering optimism that never fails to bring me out of the dark shadows of my doubts. Even when she got struck by life-threatening obstacles, she remained calm and reassuring. She is wise, empathetic and patient, a boundless, raging fire of resilience. When I struggle to do something, rather than utterly forcing me to do something, she understands the situation and provides me with powerful words, giving me determination and ardour. Once I was struggling to achieve a faster performance in swimming, she provided me with creative advice, and words that tamed my mind to the correct mindset. From her, I learned that if you show discipline and sustain a correct mindset, goals can be achieved far better than by being forced to do something.