The Magical Carpet (200 words):

The sumptuous vermillion carpet lay peacefully on the tarnished floor, its chroma expostulating its longevity. Its fibres glistening like moonlight tamed on a refined crystal, every millimetre of threaded nylon bursting with radiant colours representing a blissful child. Meticulous crafted cotton seemed to whisper warmly to the fingertips, profound yet composed. Dragons of swirling gold circled the azure dome in the centre which leads you spiritually to Santorini in Greece. The dragons were guardians of untold secrets, communicating sophisticatedly by deafening silence. The carpet was as soft as cotton candy, its delicate taste and breath-taking aroma seemed to linger in the air, creating a sense of peace and tranquillity.

The carpet, yet appearing innocent, survived through centuries of arduous war, the ancient, diminutive marks elucidating stories of harsh and merciless times throughout its existence. The air around it held its breath, watching the patterns of mathematical equations dance with speciality. Unorthodox, mahogany blood lay swiftly on the carpet, coalesce with the war-woven fibres, holding millenniums after millenniums of history and untold secrets waiting to be shared through the majestic touch. The carpet speaks with a hint of both warmth and melancholy, every touch creating and representing ancient yet new experiences.

Interview questions (100 each):

1. Imagine you are given a large sum of money to improve your community—how would you use it?

If I were given a generous sum of money to improve my community, I would focus on the most vulnerable; those people in need the most, such as: people who live in streets and people who cannot afford rent or a doctor. I would provide water, shelter, and food to eat and also help people find jobs and a doctor for treating unexpected illnesses. Then I would donate the rest of the money to the government to clean up unhygienic cities and areas, then upgrade hospitality by equipping them with modern technology and advance their knowledge of the medical world.

2.  How would you handle a conflict with a classmate or teammate?

If there was a conflict between me and a classmate or teammate, I would manage it by being open-minded and careful with the usage of my words and I would also make sure to explore both perspectives and not using words that object our perspectives directly. Once both sides understand each other’s perspectives, we will issue the situation in a calm, meaningful way. One time me and my friend were arguing about an idea in a project. We analysed each other’s perspectives and we each had our cons and pros, and we addressed each other with sensible and solemn manner. At the end we decided logically which one was the best.

3.  If you were asked to teach a class for a day, what subject would you choose and how would you teach it?

If I were asked to teach a class for a day, I would choose to teach mechanics and engineering, as it will strongly improve their area of logic, thinking skills, and creative thinking. I would start by teaching the basic movements of things and then introduce harder things. I would provide a 5 day per week program that both focuses on how things move and how to apply this movement of force to make a working machine with a 15-minute break every hour for the first 3 hours followed by a 30-minute break and then repeat. This will help the students’ brain to both remember the newfound information yet also refresh their brain for more information.

Continue this story with beautiful description: Deep beneath the city, where no light ever touched, Aiden discovered a hidden door that pulsed with an eerie blue glow. (200 words)

Deep beneath the city, where no light ever touched, Aiden discovered a hidden door that pulsed with an eerie blue glow. The door carried intricate and delicate patterns, every stroke of line a secret. The surface was rocky yet smooth like polished quartz.

 Whispers of light spoke menacing words throughout the heavy atmosphere. Light seemed to blend in with the shivering silence. *This is it.* Aiden thought. It was the door even legends were scared to tell, as even mentioning it took the soul into silent yet painful darkness.

Aiden placed his pale hand on the freezing, glistening knob, even painful for an underwater creature like him. Threads of peculiar energy burned his smooth skin, calling him, taming him to obey. He tried to pull his hand away, but he no longer was the commander of his own body.

His now ultramarine hands vibrated with a low hum, communicating with an invisible force in a language that was an enigma. It cast shadows that were humming an ominous yet catchy melody.

His shivering hands opened the elegant door, revealing cold, still darkness. But in the corner of his eye, he saw a soft and comforting light and a shadow moving in it. His body dragged him to that exact place, his heart racing. “Look who we’ve got here…” A mysterious voice said.