

She felt the coarse, sharp ridges of the wooden map she was engraving and wondered if the bloodcurdling storms were telling secrets for those who dare to listen. The ever-so-slight tilt of the beast of a boat. Her fingers skated across the extensive map segment. She thought, "What if the island is in the storm with a spell of the evil Kueh King, meant to be forgotten forever and the secrets are the silent screams of people?"

"Kylie, the crew is gone!" yelled Jason, his voice cracking with panic.

She dragged her body over the beaten-up wooden planks, her heart pounding in her chest. The wind howled like a banshee, and the rain pelted her skin like icy needles, each dropping a sting against her exposed face. As she reached the front deck, the scene struck her with a chilling realization: it was empty, devoid of life, filled only with the echoes of the crew now gone.

The eerie emptiness of the front deck contrasted sharply with the vibrant memories she had of the crew bustling about, their laughter and conversations weaving a tapestry of camaraderie. Now, only silence and the relentless storm remained. This stark emptiness reminded her of a memory she had tried to bury deep within her heart—the abandoned baby girl she had found on another forsaken ship, left alone amidst chaos and despair.

Kylie clenched her fists, the memory searing through her like a bolt of lightning. "We can't let this happen again," she murmured to herself, a fierce resolve building within her. "We can't leave anyone behind."

Jason joined her on the deck, his face etched with worry. "What do we do, Kylie?" His voice was almost drowned by the deafening roar of the waves crashing against the hull, each impact sending tremors through the boat.

She took a deep breath, the salty tang of the ocean filling her lungs, the weight of their mission pressing down on her. "We stay on course and find the island's secrets. But we also keep an eye out for the crew. We can't abandon them, Jason. Not like... not like the baby girl."

In the soft glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped at the intricate sculpture, unaware it was created by the one thing they feared most. The sculpture stood tall and hauntingly beautiful, its forms so delicate and complex that it seemed almost otherworldly. Shadows danced across its surface as the twin suns dipped below the horizon, casting a warm, ethereal light that highlighted every curve and detail.

The people gathered in the plaza, their eyes wide with awe and disbelief. Whispers spread through the crowd like wildfire, each person trying to comprehend the masterpiece before them. It was unlike anything they had ever seen, a blend of artistry and craftsmanship that defied explanation.

Amidst the murmurs of admiration, there was an undercurrent of fear. The sculptor, shrouded in mystery, was none other than the fearsome entity that had haunted their nightmares for generations. Known only as the Shadow Weaver, this being was said to possess unimaginable power and a heart as cold as the void of space.

Yet, as they stood there, mesmerized by the sculpture's beauty, a strange sense of peace washed over them. The intricate design seemed to tell a story, one of hope and redemption, as if the Shadow Weaver had poured its soul into the creation.

The air was thick with the scent of alien flora, a heady mix of sweet and tangy aromas that mingled with the metallic tang of the cooling evening. The soft murmur of the crowd was punctuated by the distant, soothing hum of an unseen alien lifeform, a sound both haunting and

beautiful. The cool breeze carried the delicate scent of the night-blooming flowers, mingling with the sharp, metallic tang of the alien atmosphere.

Tears welled up in the eyes of an elder, who had lived through the darkest days of the Shadow Weaver's reign. She reached out a trembling hand, almost as if to touch the sculpture, but hesitated, overcome by a rush of conflicting emotions—fear, awe, and a glimmer of hope. The sculpture's surface, cool to the touch and slightly luminescent, seemed to pulse with an inner light, casting an enchanting glow on the elder's face.

At the edge of the crowd, a lone figure watched with a knowing smile. The artist had achieved something remarkable—a bridge between fear and understanding, a testament to the power of creation to transcend even the darkest of legends. In that moment, hearts began to soften, and the whispers of hope grew louder, mingling with the alien sunset's fading light.

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

My family has always emphasized resilience and perseverance. Growing up, my parents demonstrated the importance of determination and hard work in overcoming challenges. One specific example is when my father lost his job during an economic downturn. Instead of succumbing to despair, he took on multiple part-time jobs and even started a small business. This taught me that challenges are opportunities in disguise and that with the right mindset, any obstacle can be overcome. Their unwavering support and belief in my capabilities have instilled in me a strong sense of confidence and tenacity.

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

One cherished tradition in my family is our weekly Sunday dinners. Every Sunday, regardless of how busy our schedules are, we come together to share a meal and catch up on each other's lives. This tradition has been a cornerstone of our family, fostering strong bonds and open communication. It's a time when we can relax, laugh, and support one another. I cherish this tradition because it reinforces the importance of family, provides a sense of stability, and creates lasting memories. It's a simple yet profound way to stay connected and maintain our family unity.

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

My grandmother inspires me the most. She has faced countless adversities with grace and strength, always maintaining a positive outlook. Her resilience, kindness, and unwavering faith in the face of challenges have taught me valuable lessons. From her, I've learned the importance of compassion, the power of perseverance, and the value of staying true to oneself. She has shown me that it's not the circumstances that define us, but how we respond to them. Her wisdom and guidance have shaped my character and continue to inspire me to be a better person every day.