| ***Anxiety*** |
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| * The reverberation of my heart palpitations was the only audible sound, as anxiety leaked through my fingers. * through my fingers * leaving me shivering like a leaf * Textbooks piled high like the walls of expectation, getting higher and higher each year. |

| ***Nostalgia*** |
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| * would always bring about a pang of nostalgia, a longing tinged with melancholy of those irreplaceable days * The paint on the walls were peeling, fading like my memories formed many years ago. |

| ***Beach*** |
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| * The horizon was a line of nickel-silver. * Standing on the minute golden grains of sand, I looked up at the brilliant sky, adorned with flashes of pink, orange and purple, mirroring the colours of a flawless seasoned apricot. * Streaks of aureate sunlight started to emerge in the distant horizon, introducing light onto the deserted beach. |