

Part 1

413/400 words.

Lost at Sea

Thunderous claps of lightning emerged from the gloomy, pitch-black sky. Vapours of smoke covered the sky like a misty curtain. The sea was midnight blue, and waves and tides swept from and to the boat, where Dodo had rested, woken up by the deafening sounds of the violent storm. It seemed as if the whirlpool of storms would not cease; it was like it could keep coughing and coughing out more and more typhoons and cyclones, ready to destroy anything in its path. More and more lightning came and cackled at Dodo's impending doom, as blasts of storm came and went, sensing the villainous creature that was destined to come...

Dodo was a fine man, to say the least. He always kept his timing of regular activities perfect, down to the very second. This was what got the better of him. One day, he went to a business party to celebrate his companies' success in the previous year. However, all hell broke loose. A giant tornado ran through the city of Los Angeles, and a massacre occurred in the unexpected city. He was the sole survivor. He'd seen it all happen; his friends dragged into the whirl of irresistible winds, which sent them in the clouds and destroyed them.

Dodo only survived because he ran straight to his yacht and drove away, only to find that only a few litres of petrol was left. And then was the present, poor Dodo stuck in the middle of the sea, unhelpable, inescapable and miserable. How despicable were the winds? Destroying an entire city and, most importantly, a man's will to have hope? Sensing the unbearing feeling of melancholy, a strange creature appeared from the deep ocean. Its dragon-like entrails covered its serpent-like body, thousands of crocodile-like teeth blanketing its large, snouted mouth.

Pushing the boat, the mystical creature pushed the boat to shore, and Dodo saw the truth of the power of the devastation wreaked upon the city by the soulless tornado. The sky tormented the desolate Dodo, who wept and wept at the sight of his wife's necklace, shattered. His heart dropped, and his urge to live was no longer. He wanted to join his friends and family, forget about all his troubles. But he couldn't do it. He still had a life to live, and he wasn't gonna waste this chance. He was going to march up towards San Francisco, committed to avenge his partner's death once and for all.

Note:

This is such a good narrative, Andrew. I like the plot and as well as your writing style. Your application of simile, personification, hyperbole, imageries, and descriptive language helped in making your narrative creative. However, please also use the metaphors here because it was written in the writing prompt. This is still a good work because I did not see any errors in grammar, structure, and spelling.

Mark: 49/50

420/300 words.

Part 2

My passions: Soccer, Maths and Writing.

Ever since I was a child, ~~mathematics~~ ^{Mathematics should be capitalised because it is a proper noun.} was my area of fascination. At the age of 4, I had completed multiple puzzles and problems, and I loved to have more and more to solve. I always adored having another word problem for me to solve because it would broaden the understanding I have of my favourite subject. Because of this passion for ~~maths~~ ^{Maths}, I scored well on the OC examination last year, earning myself a position in Artarmon. This was all thanks to my mum, who had supported me and helped me study for OC. She also drives me to school everyday, which allows me to reach my full potential.

Starting to train and play at the age of 6, I had long been a fan of football, or soccer. I tried out for many PSSA teams, including this year. I loved the companionship taken in the sport, which makes my teamwork skills grow at a rapid rate. I also enjoy a little friendly competition, because that, in my opinion, is the joy of playing sports. Also, I frequently watch soccer games such as this year's FIFA, which I thought was extraordinary. I love soccer, and because of this, I have earned many trophies and medals for my participation in the sport. To be honest, all of this was created by my mum and dad, driving me to soccer training and such. Without them, the part of soccer in my life would've been nothing.

Although my passion for writing only started this year, I discovered how creative and fun it could get. Writing essays can be boring, which is why I favour narratives over them, just because persuasives are downright, but with stories, you can have twists and turns, joy and sadness. Writing also makes me forget my own troubles, which can often be extremely annoying, to me, at least. Here's a funny story, when I was in year 2, I was still writing plain sentences like this: 'I walked to school on foot.' As you can clearly see, I was the underdog of the class, most of the others already started to write complex sentences. But this all changed in year 5. My teacher had told us to write long narratives, and essays that had thousands of words. This made me realise how fun writing could get! Because of this, I scored the triangular section of the NAPLAN chart. Without my teacher, I would've been below standard, such as band 5 or 6.

Note:

This is a satisfactory response to the interview question, Andrew. You were succinct and direct to the point when it comes to saying your achievements in life. I have also found that your characteristics, passion, anecdotes, and thank you message were sufficient. However, there is one thing that you should consider, your capitalisation of proper nouns. When it is a proper noun, capitalise the first letter of the word, okay?

Mark: 50/50