

PART ONE (366 words)

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. The enigmatic mist swirled around me, as I ambled closer. A grotesque figure emerged from the sea of white. Its dislocated limbs jerked sideways as if to grasp me with its sea monster tentacles. A muffled scream pierced my ears with a blue whale call. The white torment in his gaping mouth pierced my heart. An unstable arm extended with animosity. Its fingers had talons of fury and hatred. But it faded into a gesture of query for a brief moment. The manifestation contorted in rage.

Will you forgive me? My face loosened and my mind began to wonder thoughtfully for a swift second. I became sober again and my anger started to boil in my cauldron. My memories flooded back to me. Why are you so unintelligent? You stupid child! JUST LEARN! I buried my sticky and moist face in my pudgy and miniature hands. I wailed dejectedly and pounded on my study table. My father continued to scream his 'disciplinary' teaching method of outright pandemonium. Years of endless agony pierced my heart until Mother Nature took his soul.

I was slammed back to the truthful reality. I clenched my teeth and snarled. A tiny voice whispered at the back of my head. This hateful being created your intelligence. You are a scholar because of him. I clawed at my own thoughts. Perhaps that may have been true but humanity was not within him. But the question was still frozen in my mind. Forgive him or not. But I knew if I held this grudge, guilt would build up and I could never balance in life. My stomach churned and my mind stirred. I exhaled sharply and rested my hand on my father's grave. I was meant to treasure him as a biological parent but he never lent me any. His expectations of a seven-year-old were too high. His mental problems meant I would take the pain. My mother disappeared a long time ago because of this. But she left me behind to be hammered and abused. Despite all this, I whispered, "You helped me but I just wish you could be a better father."

PART TWO: (107 words, it didn't say how many words were needed)

How can you contribute to Sydney Grammar? Have you taken part in any leadership roles?

I can contribute to this wonderful school with my leadership skills and my organisation in the classroom. I have been known for excellently ordering events in specific timeframes for the best efficiency. I have shown ^{myself} to be committed to every task that helps the school. I have been in the Student Representative Council ^{four} times because my classmates knew I could properly help the school ^{with} ~~in doing~~ developments and spreading awareness of fundraisers. Having me in your great school would do good for raising money for a philanthropic cause or for school-funded development. All these perks I could add to this school are crucial for any school.

Note:

Part 1

Your piece is well-written and consists of various imagery, which makes it alluring to read. I really like how you ended your piece, as the last sentence conveys the deep emotions of a neglected child. However, there are a few grammatical and punctuation mistakes, but these can easily be fixed by proofreading your work before passing it next time. Nonetheless, you did an excellent job portraying the scene for this week. Good job!

MARK (48/50)

Part 2

Your work has a direct description of your contributions and skills. You've mentioned essential skills in your piece as well as their brief descriptions. However, I suggest that next time, you include personal experiences such as your feelings and thoughts while doing the said tasks/roles. Did you enjoy it? What have you learned from it? How can your learning or experiences contribute to the school? These considerations are frequently taken into account while composing essays for school applications. Regardless, your work is still good!

MARK (46/50)