

Part 1

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. An icy cold blast of zephyrs swirled around the tombstone. Years of rage howled and erupted around me, anger twisting around my father's grave, tendrils swarming around the sky, and ^{comma after graveyard} ~~all of a sudden, there was pure silence~~ ^{all of a sudden, there was pure silence}. A single sound from an insignificant ant would have ruined it. The moon shone with an eerie bright light, mist masking the moon, disappearing in the mysterious clouds drifting like a raft in a wide and deep ocean. Skeletal trees, bare with dust without a single leaf whispering in the darkness. Dead and decayed leaves spiralled around the twisted trees, barren and rotting while the trunk shook violently, as if taking a struggle like some of the deaths people may have had laying down beneath the ground. **VERY WELL-WRITTEN! I actually had goose-bumps reading this paragraph**

OH DEAR, THIS FIRST SENTENCE IS SO BEAUTIFUL!!
Foul flowers lay, stricken with death, its decomposed ashes laying on the rock. It was the last thing I ever gave to my father. Yet, ^{the angst!!} it was also the first. I was never the favourite child, always second to my brother. The tomb was an insult to my life, spitting out all of the rage he had inside of him. To him, I was always the disappointment, the sly fox who could never get the better of himself. But now he is deceased, I didn't know what feelings to show towards him. Should I have shown him sympathy for the actions he had inflicted onto me? **MAN :((THE FEELS**

Now that he ^{is} ~~was~~ dead, I felt all the love I could've felt if I ^{were} ~~was~~ different. ^{Was it I ???} ~~that was the problem~~, the heart of the hatred he had felt for me. It hits me so hard now that he has passed away, and brother to brother, I can feel the only true friend I've ever had and that will stay with me, tears etching down his face. I ought to feel some sympathy, but even in the graveyard, with my family and countless others with me, I have never felt so alone, disrupted from my path. Questioning the wonders of life, why one has to leave. The world had never seemed so unclear to me. **THIS IS SO BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN TT-TT**

^{yes!!}
If one could forgive so easily, they wouldn't be forgiving. It would seem like a task to them, but now, as I stood on the grave, my father laying below ~~ix~~, finally free from the horrors of the earth, it was the most difficult thing I had ever experienced. I had never truly known my father, some would say he was a mysterious man. But it wasn't that. I couldn't understand him deeply, his true intentions. It was only now I was questioning this. And solely because of the reason I didn't know what he meant, I would finally forgive him, leaving him to truly rest in peace. ***CUE APPLAUSE* this is so beautiful TT-TT I'm tearing up**

Part 2

I believe I have the ability to contribute to my dream school, Trinity as I am an overall helpful and inquisitive learner. I believe I can contribute to the schools in many different ways, and I will help other students if they are struggling. I am cheerful about learning, and in no way will hate it, and instead teach others to appreciate homework and am optimistic about many things.

I believe I have good teamwork skills, so I can bring together a group of students to success. I have the ability to communicate with people and get everyone to participate instead of someone getting the lion's share of the credit. I will teach others different techniques so when it is time to present, we can all talk about different things and know what we're talking about. An example of my teamwork once when I was in year 3, I helped everyone and they helped me in different ways and we had good collaboration skills resulting in succeeding well in the class project. **good! using anecdote is smart move**

I love learning and have many achievements because of my passion for learning. It was always helpful knowing that what I use in school will be useful in life too, and I believe it will be the same in your school. I love reading books, some which include Harry Potter, Percy Jackson, Heroes of Olympus, Wings of Fire and many more, and I may spend more than 2 hours a day reading a single book. **i read some of these books too. You have good taste!**

I also believe that I am helpful towards other students, helping them find things they have lost and helping with difficult subjects. An example of this happening was when someone had problems with a Mathematics problem, and I helped them with it, letting them understand exactly how the question works.

This is why I believe I will be helpful and will contribute to this school in great ways. I may even innovate something and generally be effective in teaching other students about certain questions.

PART 1

That was... quite the experience. The amount of angst, mystery, and horror into the writing was just perfect. You delivered it very beautifully (i've said this countless times already. beautiful is an understatement). I wish i could read more. But that's just me being selfish already. Anyway, there were a few grammatical and punctuation errors, you might want to proof-read twice in the future to avoid such mistakes. However, while these do not entirely affect the entire writing, it can disrupt the flow and disturb the emotions of your readers. Nevertheless, a job well-done to you!
Mark=50/50

PART 2

While i think your answers are good, it is lacking. You have to actually sell yourself! Don't be shy and brag about your achievements and skills! It is not a bad thing for as long as your intention is to get in your school for good reasons! Anyway, it is good that you included a lot of anecdotes. Sharing your experiences are one of the few things people can base to judge your character as a student. Nonetheless, I think you were confident! Good job
Mark=49/50