

Part 1:

407/400 words

After Ten Years

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like something was watching me. The skeletal trees on either side of me reached out their bony fingers. My feet carried me across the red dirt, stopping me in front of a small, battered grave. Eerie moonlight cut through the clouds, illuminating the words carved on it. **Amazing!!**

would be better if you enclosed this part with apostrophe marks

Andrew Grayson

Born: 1965 Died: 2003

It had been ten years since my father died_x and as I looked at the gravestone, I couldn't help but remember him. Darkness grasped and choked me, and my father's words replayed in my mind.

comma not period

"Daughter, I have taught many talented students. I have the same expectations from you." His face morphed into my mind. His dark, dark eyes pierced through me, and his once onyx black hair seemed to have a tint of grey. **Good!**

Shrinking a little, I dove deeper into my memory, and remembered a scene. I was five years old_x and I was playing the violin. The bow sailed across the strings, making a slightly squeaky sound. Immediately, my father barked at me to keep my bow straight. "I've had so many students who could play whole pieces by your age." Shame filled my stomach, and I held my violin a little bit lower. **that's a rough childhood you got there :(**

i love the use of parallelism here!

Every day, I was under the constant supervision of him. Every day, I was scolded and yelled at by him. Every day, I could not be happy because of him. I gradually developed a disliking, even a hatred of him. It was a grudge which affected my opinion of him now. However, my heart softened. After all, he was still my father. After ten years, could I forgive him?

i glanced at my watch; ten minutes to seven, ten minutes to decide

I glanced at my watch. Ten minutes to seven. Ten minutes to decide. I looked at the trees beside me_x and the rows upon rows of graves. I was considering forgiving him, but as I stroked his weathered grave, another horrifying thought flashed in my mind like a foreboding streak of lightning. Would my child suffer the same fate? If I forgave and forgot, would I treat my baby the same way he treated me, without considering my feelings? The hooting of an owl seemed to hurry me, and the trees were surrounding me, ready to engulf me in pitch black darkness. Was I being too selfish? **VERY WELL-SAID!!**

One minute to decide. I looked up at the stars. I had made my choice. After ten years, I was going to let him go.

Your writing is excellent! I love the amount of imagery and sensory language used here. the stacks of adjectives definitely made your writing fuller and descriptive. Not only was I entertained as I read along, I was impressed at how articulately written your homework is. Although, there are a few punctuation errors. I hope you will be careful in your next homework. Nonetheless, it was a very productive read!

Mark=49/50

Part 2:

give out evidence or situations that show your creativity

I believe that I can contribute to Meriden in a variety of ways. I am a **creative student** and hardworking student. I have also won various awards in Maths, including full marks in AMC. Meriden's academics is extremely strong, and many girls have won awards for academics. I hope to be one of them. I also want to join some ensembles and sporting groups.

I have been a leader in some small groups. I lead a group of people for a video game competition. I was a beginner coder, but I was the only person who knew how to code. Surprisingly, we managed to get into the second last round of the competition.

It would be nice if you went into the details to really sell yourself. Prove to the people that you are worthy by giving more information! Like, you can expound on your creative side. You can name the things you have done and brag about it! Actually sell yourself by making yourself look good at any angle

Mark=43/50