

The Graveyard 369/400 (Did not meet the minimum required words!)

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. ^{comma after graveyard}

I turned around but there was a terrible silence of crickets. ^{"They're just crickets.", I thought. But something was...} They were just crickets I thought, but something was still bothering me. The trees, the leafless trees snaked around the moonlight radiating through the angel clouds onto the stone engravings. It was like the trees were fighting with the clouds **for something about moonlight.** ^{i don't get this phrase}

I had forgotten about my dad and his grave for so many years. ^{What do you mean?} **But there are sometimes problems and now is one.** Out in this sea of graves is my dad's ^{grave} but finding it would take forever and out here at night would be the scariest of them all. ^{needs more imagery/sensory language if you want to establish a scary tone}

Bats darted through the night sky like soaring missiles aiming at nothing but thin air. They also had their terrible cry of squeaking glass. An emerald-green stare came from their eyes like the ones I used to get from dad.

Mist crept through the ground and up to my legs. The crows squawked like the first shout on a ^{did you mean battleground?} **war battlefield** and then hundreds of other gunshots against hundreds of men, just like the crows.

Dad was either still rotting in the ground or up in heaven. But this didn't really seem like heaven to me, it felt like an island isolated from the outer world. It was the marshland of the dead; my father was in it.

My dad was a soldier, he was brave and wore shining badges on his chest when he was alive, but earning those badges was cruel. Two of them were for killing hundreds of men, alive. I remember seeing him holding a gun, pointing it at someone's head, and then a bang, and then a thud. I knew he had done it lots of times, but I could see the guilt building up on his face, every time there was more. ^{organisation is a bit messy.}

He had lots of knowledge of things, bad things, war. I could imagine him in a tank firing shells at hopeless soldiers, on planes dropping deadly bombs onto campsites, on a warship, and drowning other sailors.

But he was forced to do that, he couldn't choose.

I forgive him because he was a brave man. ^{what happened to the figure with emerald-green eyes that stared at you from a distance? are you going to leave that detail behind?}

Your writing needs more organisation. I would suggest making a mind-map or chart to arrange your ideas in a way that your ideas transition smoothly, from one subject to the next, it should be seamless. In a way, should be chronological so as not to confuse your readers regarding the flow of your narrative. That said, your writing lacks a creativity. Needs more sensory language and visualisation. Instead of just saying that something is scary, describe in detail to your readers and immerse them so that they can imagine themselves being in the situation and actually feeling the emotion you are trying to elicit. Please apply yourself.
Mark=44/50

Part 2

Hi, I can contribute to Knox through many things I do. I ^{towards my peers with things} **am helpful and I help my peers with things that they would need help with.** Simple things like lending a pencil or a glue stick are something I do daily,

^{you're spiraling here. redundancy is not a good look on you}

and I always would trust that person to give things back. I am confident in what I do such as playing the cello and euphonium, mountain biking, swimming, tennis, and academic things. I show leadership when someone gets injured in a crash from mountain biking and I give them water and see if anything is seriously wrong. I've also helped multiple people when they have been struggling to work something out in math. I can see what you're trying to see here but the way you word is a bit off. needs more sophistication.

I would be able to make a big difference in the extra ^{curricular} things I do such as music, sport, and academics. In music, I've been playing the cello for five years and achieved a B+ in AMEB 8th-grade cello and an A in 5th-grade euphonium, getting these achievements required me to spend tonnes of time and money. I have also been swimming since I was 8 years old and in 2022, I got into regionals for the 50M breaststroke. Other sports that I am decent at include basketball, tennis, and table tennis, and some track and field events such as the 100M sprint with a time of 14.9 seconds. While playing sport I made many new friends and built some leadership skills. it's good that you were able to enumerate them in detail ^_^

Activities from music to mountain biking to sport, if I got a scholarship for Knox, I would contribute to the school from my ability to do these activities.

You aren't selling yourself enough. Although, I can see the direction you are heading with your answers but the way you construct your sentences is a bit disorganised, in turn makes you sound less confident and ineloquent. You need to widen your vocabulary. Try to sound confident and articulate when writing a paper like this so that you can impress whomever will be reading it. Being proficient in grammar and all is a crucial factor as well. You have to sell yourself through words that will make you look good! Nonetheless, good job ! :)
Mark=45/50