

Part One

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. The wind wailed, moaning like a piercing arrow of grief, sweeping around the sinister graveyard. The weeping willow's branches that I knew so well, the tendrils clawing towards the iridescent sky, reaching to escape the ominous setting. Darkness embraced the graveyard, and the bleak mist clouded my vision and I blinked profusely to steer my way towards the lamp posts that curved the surroundings with their bleary eyes, glaring at me as I stumbled over the craggy uneven ground.

As I looked up into the night sky, dazed and confused, my brain hammered by the pounding persistence of a metronome, the moon illuminated the desolate array of dilapidated headstones, scattered, row upon row, I could see the stars blinking and winking as I meander through the graveyard. My heart was pounding as I passed each epitaph "Your memory will live on", "A light from our life is gone", a saturation of loving memories for ones long passed and I imagined the cadaverous, skeletal bodies beneath the earth, once roaming in human form as loved ones. I knew the eyes that were watching me, those of my father under the earth, waiting for me, as my footsteps neared towards his place of rest. Each foreboding step was like a funeral march, the anticipation of me meeting him once again, but this time... I would be towering over him, he would listen to my words, he would feel the anticipation, the clammy hands, the fear I felt as his son. I neared the chapel, with its limestone covered cross, its gothic, medieval structure with macabre and desolate gargoyles snapping at me from above, warding off evil demons despite being surrounded by death and destruction.

Gingerly, I neared my father's grave but began to feel calmer, my confidence growing as my steps began to slow, recognising the familiar stone block squished into the dark, rich soil of the earth. His imposing headstone was not covered with moss, it was fresh and the writing was clear. I knelt down on the dewy grass and traced my fingers over the carved letters, "In every-living memory..." My memory was certainly ever-living, every-lasting and his memory would never be forgotten. It was etched into my soul, like a tattoo carved in black ink by the sharpest, most humongous needle. I knew I was not like him. I would never be like him. My head was throbbing with the constant pendulum of weight, spinning on a swivel that would never stop. A tear glided down my cheek as I whispered "I forgive you...Dad"...

Part Two

How can you contribute to your dream private school? Have you taken part in any leadership roles?

My dream private school, Newington College, has an array of activities and learning opportunities which I could take part in and help the school and other students. As a keen soccer player, I am a competitive player and could boost morale and team spirit while also making the game enjoyable for my other teammates. I have vast experience

in the game and have developed a high level of skill and would like to be part of the competitive spirit of the school's sporting program. In Year 4, I was Captain of the soccer team and I enjoyed assisting the coach in making team decisions and instructing the team on the field to perform to the best of our ability. I was Head of my school house, Banksia Sports Captain and assisted in the swimming and athletics carnivals, providing school spirit on the day by leading the cheering and encouraging younger peers to take part in the events. I enjoyed this leadership position as I had the opportunity to help younger students participate and fulfill their potential in sport.

I play the trombone and would like to be part of the extensive music program at Newington, performing in concert bands and jazz bands. I have led the trombone section in my current school ensemble and enjoy helping my fellow trombonists in learning their part. I have been part of many school music performances and competitions and would like to continue to enhance the bass part of any ensemble with my trombone skills. I enjoy participating in music ensembles as it requires team skills and everyone contributing their part to make an overall sound.

I have been the Student Representative Council leader for my year group, and I enjoyed this responsibility as I was able to contribute to the overall spirit of the school by meeting with students from other year groups and discussing school issues and planning community events. As part of the SRC group, I was part of the school garden project which was a major undertaking as we spent several hours planting new trees and enhancing the environmental aspects of the school. I would like to be considered for any leadership positions at Newington as I enjoy being part of the school community and helping to make the school as best as it can be. I like contributing because being part of a team that achieves goals together makes a school a better place.