Interview, Kings

My strengths are learning and sport. I plan to cultivate and improve my sport skills, by attending the training sessions and practice a lot at home. I am also a quick learner, meaning I can learn new things quickly and progress faster. I always try my hardest and have a positive attitude, I will try and bring others up when they are down. Trying my hardest all the time means I will keep becoming better at sport. I have played multiple sports all of which I know I can participate in, here, Table Tennis, Basketball and snowboarding are all sports I can excel at and enjoy. I love to learn, and I put lots of effort into my homework, spending lots of time on it. I listen attentively during lessons and will ask questions every now and then. My favourite subjects are math and PDHPE (aka. Sport). I love math and my normal school math is sometimes just too easy, and I want something harder to do, I’m always challenging myself. My English is not too good, but I still like it, just like all the other subjects. I think I would be a great fit for your school as I love learning and sport. (207)

Writing homework

The Cursed Isle

Jack Hawkins was a diver; he would dive off cliffs and his galleon. He was 40, an old age at the time. His skin was like parchment left in the water for years, rough and not very pleasing to touch, bumps sprouting all over it. He was also a renowned deep-sea diver, collecting many valuables from sunken ships full of important treasures, he loved all the attention he got for auctioning these valuable items. He loved diving off cliffs and then swimming through the area. He once found a map written in a cryptic code, when he was diving.

As he unravelled the map, a sense of foreboding washed over him. Serpentine writing snaked across the map, not very neat, which looked like the person writing this was in a languid state, probably feeling languorous. He walked back home, his lips trembling, sweat covering his glabella. He never believed the rumours, but they might be true he thought, the rumours about the skeleton isle.

He thought about it overnight and the next day the map was clear.

‘The Skeleton Isle,’ it said at the top, followed by a map underneath. Jack felt an evanescent feeling of joy, soon evaporating. ‘You must go there by yourself, ‘the map said, ’If you take others they will die.’ Goosebumps spread across his arms, leaving him shivering in fear. He didn’t sleep the other nights; all he did was think about the Skeleton Isle, that looked like a skull.

He set out the next day on a particularly windy day, allowing him steer and go very fast. He didn’t realise that he was setting out on a perilous journey.

The winds blew and the waves crashed down, onto Jack’s galleon, sending Jack tumbling around. Jack leeched onto poles and the steering wheel, only making the tumbling worse. The boat moved around in circles like it was caught in a maelstrom the water causing insidious damage. The wind eventually calmed down and Jack made it to the legendary Skeleton Isle, which no one had ever come back from. There was only a town going by the name ‘Mock Town’. The townspeople were taciturn when they were around him and were clearly languid. The only other interesting thing there was a huge monolith.

Jack left his boat in Mouth Bay and went to look for the rumoured treasure. The treasure was a city, going by the name ‘Shandora the City of Gold’. Jack searched and searched, but never found anything.

As Jack left in disappointment, he realised there was only the bottom half of the skull, the jaw. He tried to turn the ship around, but it was too late, the raging waves had already carried him away.

“That’s an another adventurer dead,” one of the townspeople said, sadly.

Jack never got back to his home.

A search conducted found his galleon at the bottom of the sea sunken, but in tact, Jack’s body was still in there. The insidious damage had caused the sides of the ship to have gaping holes in them.