1. **Persuasive Writing :**Imagine you are addressing a panel of parents and social media executives. Write a persuasive speech arguing for children’s right to veto their parents’ social media posts about them. Use at least 8 vocabulary words from the list in your writing. **(500 words)**
2. **Choose one of the following story starters and write a narrative. (500 words)**

 1.⁠ ⁠Olivia stood at the edge of the abandoned amusement park, the wind carrying whispers of a forgotten summer that never seemed to leave her mind.
 2.⁠ ⁠As Marcus opened the old leather-bound journal, he was startled to see his name scribbled across the first page in a handwriting that wasn’t his own.
 3.⁠ ⁠Emma’s heart raced as the train pulled away from the station, leaving behind everything she had ever known.
 4.⁠ ⁠The package arrived for Jason with no return address, but inside was something he had lost fifteen years ago.
 5.⁠ ⁠Mia knew something was off the moment she walked into her new apartment—the furniture wasn’t arranged how she had left it.
 6.⁠ ⁠Standing in front of the crowd, Daniel adjusted the microphone nervously, unaware that this speech would change the course of his life forever.
 7.⁠ ⁠When Lily saw the flickering lights in the distance, she knew the rumours about the old lighthouse weren’t just stories.
 8.⁠ ⁠The last thing Sophia expected when she returned to her hometown was to find a letter from her younger self waiting on her doorstep.
 9.⁠ ⁠Ethan never believed in ghosts until the night he heard someone call his name from the empty room upstairs.
10.⁠ ⁠As the plane took off, Ava looked out the window, knowing this wasn’t just any flight—it was her last chance at freedom.

When Lily saw the flickering lights in the distance, she knew the rumours about the old lighthouse weren’t just stories – they were the reality. The darkness of the night cloaked the atmosphere with an eerie stillness, as her dinghy swayed towards shore. Silver fish flashed from under the water and the silhouettes of slimy seaweed hovered in the water. Lily’s felt a cold shiver run down her spine as goosebumps rose from her skin.

Stepping onto the black mysterious sand of the island, Lily shuddered, the frigid air blew on her bare arms and her cloak fluttered in the atmosphere. The island was covered with dead silence, the only light came from the pale shimmers of the lighthouse.

The dark tower loomed over her, casting a shadow more menacing than any nightmare could conjure. Pushing the grated door of the lighthouse open, Lily paused, uncertain whether to progress forward or not. She had to. It was her only opportunity to unveil the island’s secret. She creeped through the floorboards, which were now tattered and mouldy. Jaundiced scrolls with serpentine writing haunted her eyes as she trekked onwards. Echoes of ghosts seemed far away, yet metres close and Lily suspiciously spun around, panting heavily and flashing her torch.

The damp scent of old sea water floated through the room and the revolting smell of rotting floorboard assaulted her senses. Lily held her breath as she entered the next room. Weapons were lay shattered and discarded on the floor and as she glanced into the reflective side of a sword, she saw herself: Trembling with fear, her eyes bulging and her ebony hair entangled as sweat trickled down her forehead. Yet her eyes stayed firm, determined to discover the secrets of this haunted island.

She peered out the window, its jagged, serrated glass like daggers slicing through silk. Lily trembled as she stared out at the wistful willow trees pirouetting their branches while her small boat hobbled on the still water. Her body tensed, rumours said that at night, mystical creatures would appear and haunt visitors. No one ever returned from the island.

Lily’s ears throbbed as howls of werewolves echoed closer and closer until it seemed that it was right next to her ears. She turned around, only to be met with the spindly staircase and the dull, amber light.

“Th-this is just an illusion… the voices don’t exist… they’re trying to stop me.” She breathed, calming herself down as she arrived at the final room. She twisted the rusty, half-stripped knob and entered. Inside was nothing, emptiness and everything was silent, save for the dust motes that drifted from the ceiling. The air hung heavy, and Lily felt the room constrict with historic quaintness. This room may have lacked objects inside, yet it held the historic stories passed down from generations and generations. She stared in awe as she sniffed the scent of bygone eras.

As she turned to leave the lighthouse, it seemed less scary after all. Lily realised the most invaluable thing that she experienced on that day was not discovering the secrets, but the determination and bravery forged in its wake. She knew that the true demons lurked not in the shadows, but in the decisions, she made and the paths she chose to walk.