**Week 4 Writing Homework**

[Go Back to Course](https://scholarlytraining.com/courses/year-5-scholarship-essentials-zoom-with-ms-yiying-term-1-2025/)

Write a narrative that explores the significance of the past. Use an extended motif to strengthen your message.

**Please upload your homework as a comment below:**

* Due Date : March 8, 2025
* Feedback will be shared in 3-5 days

Many years ago, in the quaint village of Willowbrook, there was a garden old and grey, surrounded by a worn iron gate. Not just any garden, but Mr. Thistlewood's garden, the village mysterious Timekeeper. His house stood at the end of Lavender Lane, where colourful blooms abounded, and whispers of stories lingered in the air like sweet scent.

Mr. Thistlewood was renowned for his peculiar collection of clocks—grandfather clocks that ticked with wisdom, pocket watches that shone like stars, and hourglasses that flowed with memories instead of sand. But what intrigued the children most was not just his clocks but how he would exclaim, "The past is a treasure chest! Open it wisely."

It was a bright afternoon when three curious friends—Lila, Benji, and Oliver—decided that they would venture into Mr. Thistlewood's garden after hearing tales of its magical powers. Lila had twinkling eyes filled with wonder; Benji was always ready to embark on an adventure; while Oliver had a heart filled with questions.

When they pushed open the screeching gate overgrown with ivy and wildflowers, they stepped into a world which was bursting with colors—a mess of flowering roses entwined with golden sunflowers that swayed as if keeping time to unheard music. In its center stood a massive clock tower made of twisted vines and glittering stones.

"Wow! Look at all those clocks!" exclaimed Lila, gesturing toward a number of small gardens inside the large one—each edged with hedges shaped like animals or fairytale beings.

"What do you think happens here?" asked Benji nervously in a whisper.

"I bet we can discover something amazing!" replied Oliver confidently as he approached an ornate sundial surrounded by twinkling fairy lights.

Then, unexpectedly, Mr. Thistlewood stepped out from behind a bush that was adorned with sparkling butterflies that fluttered around him like living jewels. "Ah! Welcome my young explorers! What do you want to discover in my mystical garden?"

"We want to hear about your treasures," Lila eagerly cried out.

"Ah, very well," Mr. Thistlewood smiled as he invited them over to his sundial. "My sundial not only tells time—it tells tales too."

As he swept his hand in front of its face, clouds drifted by overhead until images began swirling in front of their eyes—the past unfurled itself in vivid tableaux: children's voices echoed as they played hopscotch on cobblestone streets; villagers sat around campfires sharing tales under star-filled skies; lovers exchanged letters bound with lavender petals!

"Oh! Everybody's smiling!" Benji squealed as he pointed excitedly at one picture where families were dancing together during harvest festivities.

"Yes," Mr. Thistlewood nodded pensively, "the past is made up of moments that shape us." He paused before adding quietly, "But sometimes we recall these moments only when life itself slows down."

Oliver's forehead creased with considering worry and he asked gently, "But how do we remember them? Sometimes I feel everything passes so fast!"

Mr. Thistlewood's eye twinkled as he reached into his pocket and pulled out three small hourglasses—one for each child—with sands shining inside like tiny stars trapped forever between glasses walls.

These are your own reminders," he whispered giving them to her one by one. "When you get lost or life's rushes overwhelm you… just flip it over and let it remind you to stop—to look back at your own beautiful past.".

Lila gently flipped over her hourglass and instantly felt a warmth spread through her heart—a memory was brought to life: making cookies with her grandmother every Sunday morning and singing silly songs together!

Benji did the same, flipping over his hourglass; visions instantly rushed forward—the day he learned to ride a bike without training wheels as cheering voices shouted out in encouragement!

And last but not least arrived Oliver who closed his eyes tight prior to tipping his hourglass over—the image showed him drawing pictures under the old oak trees with friends who made rainy days sunnier than the sun!

Tears swelled in their eyes as laughter erupted among them again—a realization seeped into their hearts—they had bits and pieces of their past very well rooted in every cherished memory!

"Thank you for showing us this magic!" Lila exclaimed happily hugging her hourglass close to her bosom.

Mr. Thistlewood laughed with glee watching them twirl beneath flowering branches bathed in sunlight filtering through leaves whispering secrets long forgotten yet still held dear deep in their hearts.

As the evening began painting colors in the sky signaling their departure homeward bound—they left with them not just magical souvenirs but new awareness—that every moment lived accounts for something shaping them into the person they will become tomorrow!

And so dear reader—as you walk along life's way remember: The past may be behind us—but its treasures still glow brightly waiting patiently for our hearts to embrace once again… just as those brave little explorers did on that enchanted afternoon in Mr. Thistlewood's timeless garden.