

Writing Feedback

TERM 2 | WEEK 4 WRITING | 25th May | Y5 SCHOLARSHIP

Section 1:

#1 "I have stood in this grove for thousands of years, my bark now weathered, my branches now torn. I have witnessed hundreds of summers, felt the fingers of countless children climb my branches."

Strengths: Your opening immediately establishes the ancient oak's perspective and creates a strong sense of time passing. The sensory details like "felt the fingers of countless children" help readers connect with the tree's experiences.

Weakness: Repetitive sentence structure → Your sentences follow a similar pattern with "I have" beginnings, which makes the writing feel choppy. The phrase "my branches now torn" also needs better connection to show why they're torn.

Exemplar: *"For thousands of years, I have stood in this grove, my bark weathered by countless seasons and my branches torn by fierce storms."*

#2 "I remember the hope that I found. It feels like as if it was yesterday. The slightly rounded cap that peeked through the dirt, the stalk that inched higher every day."

Strengths: Your use of specific details like "slightly rounded cap" and "stalk that inched higher" creates clear images. The connection between hope and the growing mushroom shows good symbolic thinking.

Weakness: Unclear pronoun references → Your writing becomes confusing because readers can't tell what "it" refers to in different sentences. The phrase "It feels like as if it was yesterday" has extra words that make it awkward.

Exemplar: *"I remember finding hope in the small mushroom. The memory feels as if it happened yesterday."*

#3 "For that reason, I laughed. A laugh of wonder and joy, a laugh lasting forever within me. I was dying, but my soul was free."

Strengths: Your contrast between dying and feeling free creates an interesting ending. The idea of the laugh "lasting forever" shows the oak's lasting spirit.

Weakness: Incomplete reasoning → Your writing doesn't clearly explain why the oak laughs when both it and the deathcap are destroyed. The connection between the oak's death and freedom needs more explanation for readers to understand.

Exemplar: *"I laughed because finally, the deathcap that had poisoned the little girl's parents would also be destroyed, even though it meant my own death."*

■ Overall Comments

Your piece shows creative thinking by telling the story through an oak tree's eyes, and you've created an interesting relationship between the tree, the deathcap mushroom, and the little girl. However, your writing would be stronger with clearer connections between ideas and better sentence flow. Try connecting your paragraphs with linking words like "however," "meanwhile," or "as a result" to help readers follow your story more easily. Additionally, spend more time explaining why events happen - for example, help readers understand exactly how the deathcap hurt the family and why the storm was important to the story. Also, work on varying your sentence beginnings so they don't all start the same way.

Overall Score: 41/50

Section 2:

Through the eyes of the ancient oak

I have stood in this grove for thousands of years, my bark now weathered, my branches now torn. I have witnessed hundreds of summers, felt the fingers of countless children climb my branches. My roots drink from the same stream over, and over again.

It is a pleasure to be reminded of the bond between the earth and I, yet it is a pain to think about the brothers that I have lost, that have stood beside me. Drinking from the same stream.

I remember the hope that I found. ~~It feels like as if it was yesterday~~ [The memory feels as if it happened yesterday]. The slightly rounded cap that peeked through the dirt, the stalk that inched higher every day. The skin of my friend, a tinge of green on a pale yellow. When ~~It~~ [the mushroom] had grown, I learnt its name. Deathcap.

~~He~~ [It] took pleasure in pain, each wicked smile more and more inhumane. ~~He~~ [It] sank its roots into the soil, stealing the river. But I reached to the sky, climbing upwards, inch by inch. Slower than before.

I remember how a little girl would come every day, and whisper secrets into my bark. I remember when she ~~brang~~ [brought] home the deathcap [...] ~~she~~ [She] had no idea how I wept for my friend, that has accompanied me all this way. I listened to his silent screams carried away on the autumn wind. Desperate. Helpless.

I remember the girl crying into my branches, sobbing in a language that I could not decipher. "Why... Why? Why are my parents dead?" Then I ~~realised~~ [realised]. ~~He~~ [The deathcap] wasn't my friend. The deathcap became my enemy.

The sky did not pity me in the ways that I pitied the girl. It did not rain. It did not shed a single tear. But I still climb upward. Slower than ever.

My roots were frail, loose in the dirt. The slightest breeze ~~ould~~ [could] sway my trunk. My leaves were falling. One by one.

The sky darkened, taking on an ominous hue. Storm clouds gathered. The wind direction became erratic, shifting unpredictably. Birds flew from their ~~ness~~ [nests], all panicky calls and shivering feathers. Then ~~It~~ [it] was calm. The calm before the storm.

On that fateful day, I was pulled from the ground, torn from the earth. I looked wearily across the horizon, tired. Tired but happy. I was one of the many that were pulled from their homes. Including the deathcap.

For that reason, I laughed. A laugh of wonder and joy, a laugh lasting forever within me. I was dying, but my soul was free. As free as a dove released from a cage. I could now explore the earth [...] ~~I~~ [I] could do what I was restricted to before.

I knew that I would be remembered. A symbol of hope and peace. At least, for the little girl. But sometimes I wonder if it were true. It was a beautiful thought but quite unrealistic. I wonder, was this just because... Because I saw my life, through the eyes of the ancient oak.