**Week 3 Writing Homework**

[Go Back to Course](https://scholarlytraining.com/courses/year-5-scholarship-essentials-zoom-with-ms-yiying-term-2/)

Prompt :

Write a 500-word narrative based on the prompt “The Last Key,” incorporating the techniques we’ve studied to create compelling conflict and tension.

In the little town of Willow Creek, where the sun dipped low and painted the sky with shades of lavender and gold, there was a boy named Felix Sun, who was ten years old. Felix was a boy with eyes bright with curiosity and hair as wild as the wind. Felix was renowned for his sense of adventure, but today was unlike any other—like a storm brewing just beyond the horizon.

It began on a cold autumn evening when Felix found an old, weathered trunk hidden beneath a pile of fallen leaves in the attic of his grandmother's house. The trunk was adorned with intricate carvings of curled vines and glittering stars. It beckoned him closer, whispering secrets to him alone.

"Wow! What's inside?" he whispered to himself, his heart racing with excitement. But there was a problem: it had no key.

More determined than ever to uncover its secrets, Felix embarked on a quest around Willow Creek to find "the last key." Strolling along familiar streets now dotted with golden leaves, he bumped into his best friend Mia—a girl whose laughter was as melodious as bells and whose imagination was even wilder than his.

"Do you think it's treasure?" she asked, out of breath, as they sat on their favorite swing set in the park.

Treasure! Or maybe ancient maps to secret worlds!" Felix replied, eyes sparkling more than ever.

But inside, he felt a pang of doubt. What if it had absolutely nothing? The thought bothered him like a squirrel with an acorn, gnawing away.

They stopped first at Old Mr. Hargrove's curiosity shop—a maze of shelves crowded with treasures from past ages. Dust danced in sunbeams that came through broken windows as they tentatively pushed inside.

"Ah! Young adventurers!" Mr. Hargrove said from behind a stack of books piled hazardously high. "What can I do for you?

Felix retold their quest eagerly while Mr. Hargrove stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Luck won't do; keys are usually where stories are told." He handed them an ancient book filled with legends of forgotten places and lost treasures.

More determined than ever, they read each page under the big oak tree by the creek until night softly descended around them like a warm blanket.

Days turned into weeks of quests—sifting through cobwebbed basements and combing gardens overgrown with weeds—but each ended in no result or conclusions that sank their hearts like stones falling in water.

Just when hope was going to fade like twilight into night, Mia suggested visiting Mrs. Whittleton—the kindly librarian who seemed to know everything about everyone in Willow Creek.

As they entered her snug library sweetly scented with aged paper and ink, Mrs. Whittleton smiled knowingly, then led them to a hidden nook shelved with books on locks and keys of the past!

"There's something unusual about this key," she whispered after hearing again their story—a glint appearing in her knowing eyes—"Keys tend to originate in unexpected places."

Moved by her words, Felix closed his eyes tight one evening while holding onto nothing but dreams until suddenly… \*clunk\*! Something solid fell from under his bed—a little bronze key shining in the moonlight!

His heart raced faster than ever before as he ran upstairs to meet Mia at the crack of dawn's first light—their adventure finally reaching its end! They hastened back to Grandma's attic where the cobwebs dangled overhead like tired spiders waking up to start another day's work.

With trembling hands but a heart of unshakeable courage (and maybe just a little pinch of magic), Felix inserted the last key into the lock. There was a soft click in otherwise still air before creaking open yielded neither treasure nor charts—but memories: photographs of laughter-filled moments between generations gone by!

Tears filled Felix's eyes as realization washed over him; it wasn't gold or jewels they sought—it was connection—the warmth of family stories loved throughout the years!

And so together—with hearts aglow—they vowed never again would they search for something out there when all along what mattered most was right here—in every laugh echoing down halls filled rich with love forevermore.