**Week 4 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 piece titled “Through the Eyes of the Ancient Oak” that demonstrates your mastery of perspective and voice.
Choose ONE of these prompts:

1. The ancient oak witnesses a significant historical event
2. The oak observes multiple generations of a single family
3. The oak faces a threat to its existence (fire, development, disease)
4. The oak communicates with a human who can understand it

Under a warm sun, in a rolling meadow where streams whispered gently, a very old oak tree stood tall. Its twisted limbs spread far and wide like open arms, providing shade to every creature seeking shelter beneath its leafy shade. The oak tree was as old as time itself—so ancient that it had seen many seasons come and go and many lives lived.

And when the golden light of dawn filtered between its emerald leaves, the oak stirred out of its sleep with a soft groan. "Ah, another day so beautiful," it breathed to itself in voice deep and timeless. It had seen many generations come and go, but this day was not the same. This day was different.

The first visitors came—a family of four: Mama Bird, Papa Bird, Little Robin, and their furry sibling, Tiny Twit. They buzzed with excitement as they readied themselves for their very first flight out of the protection of their nest high in the oak's arms.

"Let them go!" whispered the old oak to himself as he swayed gently in the breeze. "They are as full of hope as I once was."

Long ago—centuries before—when this land was wild and untamed by human hands, a brave young boy named Felix had climbed his sturdy trunk for adventure. He sat on a branch that felt like home while sharing secrets only trees could understand. “You’re my best friend,” Felix had said one sunny afternoon when clouds danced lazily across the sky.

The oak remembered how Felix would carve his name into its bark—a heart with intertwined initials—and had promised to return each spring when blooms painted his world anew. But seasons turned into years; flowers bloomed and faded; Felix grew into manhood and height until one day he vanished from sight altogether.

Oh dear," sighed the old oak wistfully as it watched Little Robin take her very first leap into space above. "Will she fly or will she tumble?" A shiver ran through its leaves as Tiny Twit trembled on the edge of bravery at the side of her sister.

Suddenly! There was a deafening crack that resounded across the meadow—a shock that sent shudders through deep subterranean roots. The earth shook under their paws; something black on the horizon: machines! Big ones! With glinting bright lights!

"The humans are coming!" gasped a nearby squirrel and scampered up to warn his friends huddled in twigs above.".

"Those desire our nest!" cried Mama Bird in anguish as she drew her chicks tighter beneath her wings.

Each passing second gripped the heart of the ancient oak with fear like vines that smothered light from entering its core. It yearned so much to protect those who sought refuge within its boughs—the memories inscribed in each ring contained cherished stories imploring not to be left behind!

And then something magical happened: Felix returned! Now taller than ever but still having warmth within him like summer sunlight breaking winter cold! He stood before machines set to fell all that he loved most dearly—and suddenly knew what had to be done!

"Stop!" Felix boldly yelled to hard hats and chainsaws of men—as if calling forth hidden magic deep in roots that connected them all as one—years of love shared blooming once more!

And so it came to pass…ancient oak sensed power growing within—the flame of friendship ignited by hope burning hotter than any blaze ever could consume!

With bravery radiating through every leaf quivering softly against wind-blown whispers—the mighty tree strong against destiny determined never again to let go—to stand strong for generations yet unseen while holding dreams patiently still already on their way…

So whenever you walk past meadows where oaks stand so tall—you'll know: sometimes words fill even more noisily than machines yelling over fields—telling stories etched forevermore…through eyes very wide open…of an old soul embracing life eternal under blue skies forever stretching beyond horizons unknown!