

## Writing Feedback

**TERM 2 | WEEK 2 WRITING | 12th May | Y5 SCHOLARSHIP**

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#1 (First paragraph) Strengths: Your vivid description of the library entrance creates a strong atmospheric opening. Your use of sensory details like "musty agglomerations of dust motes" helps readers visualise the setting.

Sentence fluency: → Your sentences vary in length, but some are overly complex with multiple descriptive elements packed together. For example, "As musty agglomerations of dust motes swirled through the ancient atmosphere, a deafening silence echoed faintly, ricocheting around the vast expanse of the forgotten library" contains contradictory elements (deafening silence that echoes faintly). *As dust particles danced in the stale air, an eerie silence hung over the vast forgotten library.*

#2 (Second paragraph) Strengths: Your contrasting descriptions of extreme temperatures help build tension. The physical reactions of the narrator make the experience more relatable.

Imagery consistency: → Some of your comparisons don't match the scale or context of the scene. For instance, "Sweat beads the size of tennis balls" is physically impossible and distracts from the otherwise effective description of heat. *Sweat trickled down the nape of my neck as the oppressive heat intensified.*

#3 (Fourth paragraph) Strengths: The revelation about the library being alive creates an interesting twist. Your introduction of conflict through the narrator's mission adds depth to the story.

Character development: → The narrator's decision to abandon the mission happens too quickly without sufficient inner struggle or explanation. We don't see enough of their thought process or emotional journey to make this change believable. *I listened intently to every word, the magical tales washing over me, slowly erasing my loyalty to the dictator who had sent me. Could I really steal from this sacred place now that I understood its importance?*

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■ Your piece creates a fascinating magical setting with the living library, but could be strengthened by developing a clearer plot structure. Consider expanding on why the narrator was sent to steal the scroll and what consequences they might face by not

completing their mission. Also, try to make the magical elements more consistent - if the library is alive, show this through more subtle clues before the big revelation. Focus on making your descriptions powerful but believable, avoiding comparisons that take readers out of the story.

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**Score: 43/50**

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## Section 2:

The Forgotten Library The door of the archaic library was barely still standing. Vines warped around it, the delicate timber crumbling from the inside. The door let out a hearty moan and slowly creaked open, revealing the mystical contents of a well preserved library. As musty agglomerations of dust motes swirled through the ancient atmosphere, a deafening silence echoed faintly, ricocheting around the vast expanse of the forgotten library. The neatly arranged rows of bookshelves seemed to be mumbling and muttering. After empty centuries, the books were in a ruined state, the intricate vellum and parchment yellowing by the second. Viking runes were embedded deep inside the decaying books, clinging onto the final remnants of history's past civilisations. Then, out of the blue, a chilling gale of frigid wind crept down my spine, immensely frightening me. I reluctantly peered over one of the colossal, towering bookshelves, hoping that nothing was there. #1

I sensed a faint waft of reeking wood and imminently noticed that it was coming from a perhaps millennium old text. The air shimmered over it, the sheer incandescent heat emitting on me. Sweat beads the size of tennis balls trickled down the nape of my neck. My mouth suddenly went desert dry, my tongue hanging out of my mouth. The thick, heavy air swirled around me, slickly entrapping me in the never ending heatwave. I nearly collapsed onto the rigid, stone wall floor, hanging on by the skin of my teeth. Then the climate shifted instantaneously towards a freezing climate, the cold scurrying up me. I shivered and my teeth clacked together like a nutcracker's would. Clouds of condensed air puffed out from my mouth with every struggled breath. #2

This book was causing all the calamity. In an instant, a flurry of frosted wind swept around the encased room, and next, thousands of degrees heat scorched me. The book before me was now beaming up an amber yellow ray of luminescent light, signalling to

me a hidden message. I was flabbergasted, my mind racing, attempting to grasp the meaning. Then it hit me like a bolt of lightning, the library was alive.

Soon, the books enthralled me with venerable tales of the ancestors of the first books and explained the intricate history of the library. I listened to every word, soaking in the rich information like a sponge. The whispers of the books were now heard and I could understand. I was originally sent to this antique sanctuary to steal the magic scroll by a power hungry dictator, but now, after hearing the disheartening tale of the library, I rethought my decision. I pondered, plotting a scheme to escape without the intended item.

#3

Eventually, I decided to flee the country, letting the untouched, serene and tranquil library to continue its peaceful ways, and to conserve significant insights on the ancient history.