

Writing Feedback

TERM 2 | WEEK 3 WRITING | 18th May | Y5 SCHOLARSHIP

#1 - Opening paragraph describing the attic setting

Strengths: Your sensory details create a clear picture of the dusty, old attic. The atmosphere feels mysterious and sets up the story well.

Weakness: Sentence flow problems → Your sentences don't connect smoothly, making the writing feel choppy. For example, "Small clumps, agglomerations even of dust motes freely swam in the heavy, clammy air" uses confusing word order and unnecessary repetition. **Exemplar:** *The heavy, clammy air was filled with small clumps of dust that floated freely.*

#2 - The portal scene and meeting the guard

Strengths: Your dialogue brings the characters to life, and the alien language "glorpity glorpity glory glorp" shows creativity.

Weakness: Unclear story development → The events happen too quickly without enough detail to help readers understand what's occurring. The jump from entering the portal to meeting the guard feels rushed, and we don't learn enough about this new world. **Exemplar:** *I found myself in a strange, barren landscape with red sand stretching as far as I could see, when suddenly a guard appeared.*

#3 - Meeting the mother and the ending

Strengths: The emotional reunion between the character and mother creates a touching moment that readers can connect with.

Weakness: Incomplete story resolution → Your ending leaves too many questions unanswered and feels unfinished. The mother mentions being cursed and the father being dead, but these important plot points aren't explained properly. **Exemplar:** *My mother explained how the evil dictator had trapped her in this realm using dark magic, and that my father had died trying to rescue her.*

■ Your story has an engaging fantasy concept that draws readers in, but the plot needs more development to reach its full potential. The magical elements work well, but you need to explain more about how things happen and why. Additionally, your story

structure would benefit from a clearer beginning, middle, and end. Also, work on connecting your sentences better so the writing flows more smoothly. Furthermore, consider adding more details about the characters' feelings and motivations to help readers understand their actions better.

41/50

Section 2:

The Last Key By Prahar

The key was hotter than the sun. The antique mantelpiece was rusted and reeked of a strange, dank stench. ~~Small clumps, agglomerations even of dust motes freely swam~~ [Small clumps of dust motes floated freely] in the heavy, clammy air. Dirt particles were trapped between crevices and crannies of the dark birch floorboards. I stood still, like a lake, anticipating the moment. ~~The moment when my parents would~~ ~~The Last Key By Prahar~~ ~~uld barge in through the charred door in the musty old attic.~~ [The moment when my parents would barge in through the charred door in the musty old attic.] #1 Of all my seventeen years, that moment never came. The molten key was the last remnant of my long lost relatives, ~~reminding me of~~ [reminding me of] the grief and sorrow I had felt all these years. When I was born, my parents had abandoned me, but left behind a smoking hot key in a basket. As I grew, I fiddled around with the key until I was compelled to reveal the true meaning of what the key was hiding. It entrapped deep memories of my mysterious past, making my heart ache due to the absence of love. Yet, there the key lay still, ~~smouldering~~ [smouldering] hot ashes beginning to swirl in a rushed flurry around me. Before I knew it, tears gushed down my ~~vermillion-coloured~~ [vermillion-coloured] cheeks, almost resembling a river. I had yearned to learn of my past, every second bringing back treacherous old times. However, accompanying the archaic key was a note. This note contained a message: THIS SACRED KEY OPENS A DOOR, ONE THAT SIGNIFIES THE REASON OF OUR PASSING. YOU MAY SAVE OUR LIVES BY BRINGING US BACK, BUT THE LOVE WE NEVER PROVIDED CAN NEVER FILL YOUR HEART. Thinking of this letter sent jagged cracks through my heart, instigating my longing to retrieve my parents and live happily, like the family I never had.

Suddenly, the crooked and razor sharp metal on the key pierced through my veins. I was in sheer pain in its true form. ~~Crimson-coloured~~ [Crimson-coloured] blood leaked out of my slit palm, ~~the~~ [and the] secrets embedded in the key transferred to my heart. My screams echoed through the attic, sounding like deep bellows. I kneeled down on the floor. The key burnt more and more every minute. Then, the portal appeared. ~~At first, it seemed like a blurry image of glistening flecks of flaky purple and lava coloured red due to the tears overflowing in my overly red eyes.~~ [At first, it appeared as a blurry image of glistening flecks of flaky purple and lava-coloured red through my tear-filled eyes.] Eventually I regained my senses and stood up to look at the portal. The searing hot mark on my right palm stayed, my skin crumbling. I had kept the enchanted key in my pocket, wishing ~~no too~~ [not to] cause more immense harm. Finally, I gained the courage to go into the portal, but as I stepped through, nothing happened. ~~But, I realised imminently.~~ [However, I realised immediately.] The key was for the portal. It all clicked like a jigsaw puzzle in my mind, the thoughts racing. ~~Was I in anticipation or bracing myself.~~ [Was I anticipating what would happen, or was I bracing myself for the worst?] Regardless, I fished out the key. I slowly inserted the key. ~~Cries of my mother flooded my head, her screams filling my mind.~~ [My mother's cries flooded my head, her screams filling my mind.] I was doing this for her. I longed to know of the past and this was my only chance. Reluctantly, I walked in. Then, nothing. Racing. Flying. Thudding. Yelling. All of this happened as I walked into the warped portal. #2 ~~Ultimately I awoke, mere minutes seeming like an eternity, as I was apparently asleep in the new realm. a burly, but small guard ambled over towards me, thoroughly examining my surroundings.~~ [Eventually, I awoke in the new realm, where mere minutes had seemed like an eternity. A burly but small guard ambled over towards me, thoroughly examining my surroundings.] I was greatly perplexed, a flurry of thoughts gathering in my mind. "~~glorpity glorpity glory glorp~~[Glorpity glorpity glory glorp]?" the alien seemed to mutter under his breath. I gradually arose, staring up at the troopers. Finally, the guard gave up. "Why are you here?" ~~He~~ [he] boomed like thunder. I trembled fearfully. "Answer...the...QUESTION!" ~~He~~ [he] roared, resembling a hungry lion. "I uh... came to uh... search for...my mother here... I guess." I said with great uncertainty, my voice quavering after each and every word. "Hmmmmmm." ~~The clearly exasperated guard groaned, wondering who I was.~~ [The clearly exasperated guard groaned.] He beckoned for me to follow suit.

Eventually, we stumbled upon a palace, boasting immense grandeur. Gleaming marble walls and columns ~~neatly were arranged~~ [were neatly arranged] in the palatial mansion, the vast expanse shocking me. "Is this your mother?" ~~The~~ [the] guard solemnly spoke, as though he had been scared of me. Suddenly a tall and lanky woman not a day over forty elegantly walked over to the front porch of the fortress. I. Was. Shocked.

#3 There, my mother stood before me, my whole life's mystery ~~eventfully~~ [eventually] solved. Tears rained down my face as I ran towards my mother. She had wispy grey hair, her skin a pallid shade of white, flaky and shiny. I embraced her, my warm tears against her. She never spoke to me but I whispered ~~tot~~ [to] her: "Where were you when I needed you the most?" "I have been trapped here by a wretched dictator." She turned to face the balcony. "Let's escape this place, then." I whispered, loud enough to hear. The guard slammed his spear down on the cracked, barren ground of the deserts. "I have been maliciously cursed by the dictator to remain in this palace." ~~Every day, I miss you badly.~~ ~~She~~ [Every day, I miss you badly," she] said in a tremulous voice. "Where is father?" I inquired. My mother nodded slowly. "~~No, he couldn't have... but surely... oh dear.~~ [No, he couldn't have... but surely... oh dear.]" My parents were now trapped and dead.

I never wanted to leave but had no choice now. I bid my reluctant farewells to my mother and trudged along with the guard back to the portal.

Then, I dashed back...