

Writing Feedback

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

#1 - Opening paragraph: "I have been standing in this field for a very long time..."

Strengths: Your opening immediately establishes the tree's perspective and creates a sense of timelessness. The simple, direct sentences effectively convey the tree's patient, observing nature.

Weakness: Lack of specific sensory details → Your opening relies on general statements rather than vivid descriptions that would help readers truly picture the scene. Phrases like "very long time" and "many things" are vague and don't give readers concrete images to connect with.

Exemplar: *"I have been standing in this meadow for over a century, my gnarled roots spreading deep beneath the wildflowers that bloom each spring."*

#2 - Middle section: "Seasons changed. Leaves grew and fell..."

Strengths: Your use of short, rhythmic sentences mirrors the steady passage of time. The transition from Elsie to Jamie shows the cyclical nature of family generations beautifully.

Weakness: Rushed character development → You move too quickly through important moments without exploring the emotions deeply enough. The phrase "Many years passed" skips over significant time without helping readers understand how the tree felt during the waiting period or what changes occurred.

Exemplar: *"Through countless seasons of loneliness, I watched the path where Elsie used to run, my branches reaching towards every child's laughter that echoed from the distant village."*

#3 - Final paragraph: "I am the ancient oak. I do not move..."

Strengths: Your ending brings the story full circle and reinforces the tree's role as keeper of memories. The invitation for readers to listen creates an interactive element.

Weakness: Repetitive sentence structure → Your final paragraph uses too many short, declarative statements that sound choppy rather than flowing together smoothly. Phrases like "I do not move. I do not forget" become repetitive rather than powerful.

Exemplar: *"Though I cannot move from this spot, I carry within my rings the laughter, tears, and whispered secrets of three generations."*

■ Your story captures the touching relationship between nature and humanity across generations. The tree's voice feels authentic and caring, making readers genuinely care about this family's journey. To strengthen your piece, focus on adding more specific details that appeal to the senses - describe the texture of bark, the sound of footsteps on leaves, or the particular way sunlight filters through branches. Additionally, slow down during emotional moments to let readers fully experience the tree's feelings. Also, vary your sentence lengths to create better rhythm and flow, especially in your concluding thoughts.

Score: 43/50

Section 2:

I have been standing in this field for a very long time. My roots go deep into the soil. My branches stretch wide into the sky. I have seen many things. I have felt the warmth of the sun, the cold of snow, and the soft patter of rain. Birds have built nests in my arms. Squirrels have raced up my trunk. But my favourite [favourite] thing is watching the people.

#1 Many years ago, a little girl came running up the hill. Her name was Elsie. She wore a red dress and had yellow hair. She touched my bark with her small hands and smiled. I felt her joy like sunshine on my leaves. She would sit at my roots and read books. Sometimes, she tied a rope to one of my branches and made a swing. Her laughter filled the air as she swung back and forth.

Elsie came almost every day. She told me her secrets. She talked about school, her dreams, and her family. One day, she came crying. Her tears dripped onto my bark. Her mother was sick. I wanted to comfort her, but I cannot move. So, I stood still and let her rest against me. That day, I held her sadness in my heartwood.

#2 Seasons changed. Leaves grew and fell. The snow came and melted again. Elsie grew up. One day, she stopped visiting. I waited. Many years passed. Then, one spring

morning, I saw a boy walking ~~toward~~ [towards] me. He had the same bright eyes. I knew at once—he was her grandson. His name was Jamie.

Jamie ran around my trunk, just like Elsie. He found the old swing, now worn and quiet. He fixed it and swung high in the air. I creaked and swayed but stayed strong. He carved his name into my bark, right below the letters "E + M" that Elsie had written long ago. I remembered it all.

As Jamie grew, he came to me less often. But one summer, he brought someone special [—] his daughter. She was tiny and full of giggles. She danced in my shade and picked flowers near my roots. She didn't speak much, but she hugged me. Her small arms could not reach all the way around, but I felt her love in every touch.

#3 Now, I wait again. I know the family will return. They always do. I remember all their faces, all their voices, all their footsteps on the grass. I may not speak, but I keep their memories in my rings. Each year adds a new layer, a new story.

I am the ancient oak. I do not move. I do not forget. I have watched this family grow for many years. And if the wind is quiet, and you press your ear to my trunk, maybe, just maybe, you'll hear their stories too.