

Writing Feedback

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

#1: The library settled itself next to the dull, forgotten palace through a tight alleyway on the street. Its door was hidden amongst the thick bushes, nearly impossible to see. The ancient wood shimmered with sunshine. Ivy crawled over the old building, its vines curled around the rusty handles.

Strengths:

- Your description creates a mysterious setting with vivid details like "thick bushes" and "ancient wood shimmered with sunshine"
- You've used interesting vocabulary like "crawled" for the ivy, giving life to non-living things

Weakness: Underdeveloped setting connection → While you describe the library's physical appearance well, the connection between the "dull, forgotten palace" and the library isn't fully explored. You mention them being next to each other but don't explain their relationship. *Perhaps the library was once part of the palace grounds, now separated by time and neglect.*

#2: The heavy door moaned as I pushed it open, as if waking up from a century-long sleep. The silence broke when I stepped into the library. Dust and cobwebs covered every corner, and moths coated the eaten, worn-out books. Tiny streaks of light filtered through the cracked ceiling, causing flora to sprout through the narrow gaps in the damaged walls.

Strengths:

- Your use of personification with "door moaned" gives character to the setting
- You include multiple sensory details showing what the character sees inside the library

Weakness: Limited sensory range → Your description focuses mainly on visual details (dust, cobwebs, light) but misses opportunities to include other senses like smell or touch. Adding these would make the scene more immersive. *As I breathed in, the musty scent of ancient paper and damp wood filled my lungs, making me cough softly.*

#3: "Come back, you child!" demanded the library. "Not now! And don't call me that!" I retorted. I bolted out of the library and slammed the door behind me. Crash! The last shelves banged against the stained door, I used all my strength to prevent the door from bursting open. "Ughhh, I'll get you later!" the library hollered, desperate to pull me back. But it couldn't because I am never going back. Not ever again.

Strengths:

- Your dialogue between the character and the living library creates tension and excitement
- You use action verbs like "bolted," "slammed," and "banged" that help readers feel the urgency

Weakness: Unclear character motivation → The reader doesn't understand why the main character entered the library in the first place or why they're so determined never to return. Adding a hint about their purpose would make their actions more meaningful. ***I'd only wanted to find the ancient spell book Grandma mentioned, but no magic was worth risking my life with this monstrous library.***

■ Your piece creates an exciting magical world with a living library that attacks visitors! You could make your story even better by adding more about why your character went to this dangerous place. Also, try adding how the character feels during the adventure - are they scared, excited, or curious? Your ending tells us they won't go back, but readers might wonder what happens next. Could the library follow them home? Would they need to come back for something important later?

41/50

Section 2:

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#1 The heavy door moaned as I pushed it open, as if waking up from a century-long sleep. The silence broke when I stepped into the library. Dust and cobwebs covered every corner, and moths coated the eaten, worn-out books. Tiny streaks of light filtered through the cracked ceiling, causing flora to sprout through the narrow gaps in the damaged walls. Bang! I stammered backward, nearly falling, my heart racing as I stepped backward, the ground creaked with every step I took.—Crack! Something was wrong. Suddenly, the antique bookshelves began to twist and shift around me, forming an impossible way out. "This is your price for entering!" bellowed the library. "Attack!" The books began to tumble towards me, creating a mess of broken shelves and flying pages everywhere. I ~~dodge~~ [dodged] them skillfully, as the wall behind me made the distance between us closer. I dashed as quickly as I could, stepping on books that formed a path towards the entrance.

#2 "Come back, you child!" demanded the library. "Not now! And don't call me that!" I retorted. I bolted out of the library and slammed the door behind me.—Crash! The last shelves banged against the stained door, I ~~used~~ [I used] all my strength to prevent the door from bursting open. "Ughhh, I'll get you later!" the library hollered, desperate to pull me back. But it couldn't because I am never going back. Not ever again.