

# Writing Feedback

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

---

**#1: Opening Scene\***"The ground shook with fear as I rushed through the house, holding my dying grandpa on my back. The slight taste of blood lingered in my mouth, and even though I felt like my arms were about to snap, the thought of losing a loved one made me persevere."\*

**Strengths:** Your opening creates immediate tension and urgency that draws readers in. You also use good sensory details like the taste of blood and physical sensations to help readers feel what's happening.

**Weakness: Confusing imagery and transitions** → The phrase "The ground shook with fear" doesn't make sense because ground cannot feel fear - it shakes from explosions or earthquakes. The scene also jumps too quickly from carrying your grandfather to suddenly being in a basement with other people, which confuses readers about what's happening.

**Exemplar:** *The ground trembled from nearby explosions as I rushed through the house, carrying my dying grandpa on my back.*

**#2: The Key Scene\***"Here, my Anelise. Take this key and keep it safe. One day, you might need to open a door no one else can."\*

**Strengths:** This scene creates an emotional connection between you and your grandfather. You also introduce an important plot element that drives the rest of your story.

**Weakness: Rushed emotional development** → Your grandfather's final moments feel too hurried for such an important scene. The dialogue is very brief for someone's last words, and you don't explain enough about why this key is so special or meaningful to your family.

**Exemplar:** *"Anelise, my dear granddaughter," he whispered, pressing the cold metal key into my trembling hands. "This key belonged to your great-grandmother. Keep it close - one day, it might be the only thing that can save you."*

**#3: The Glowing Door\***"The glowing door was covered with small, unfamiliar symbols. I reached for the key in my pocket. Suddenly, it felt heavier – like the weight of a decision resting right in the palm of my hand."\*

**Strengths:** You create mystery and intrigue that makes readers want to know what happens next. Your writing also shows character growth as your protagonist faces a difficult choice.

**Weakness: Unclear ending resolution** → The mysterious door and symbols are too vague without enough background information. Your character's choice between leaving or staying isn't properly explained, so readers don't understand what each option means or why it matters.

**Exemplar:** *The door glowed with ancient symbols I couldn't read. Holding the key, I realised I could either escape to safety alone or stay and help rebuild our community with the friends who had fought beside me.*

■ Your piece tells an exciting survival story with good imagination, especially with the mystery surrounding the key. The emotional bond between you and your grandfather adds warmth to the story. However, your writing needs clearer transitions between different scenes and better explanations of important events. Additionally, you should develop your characters' emotions and thoughts more deeply so readers can better connect with them. Also, your ending requires more detail so readers understand the difficult choice your character must make.

---

**Score: 42/50**

---

## Section 2:

~~The ground shook with fear~~ [The ground trembled] as I rushed through the house, holding my dying grandpa on my back. The slight taste of blood lingered in my mouth, and even though I felt like my arms were about to snap, the thought of losing a loved one made me persevere. I raced to the basement to seek refuge, ignoring the constant sounds of gunfire and explosions. Then, I finally collapsed onto the floor, locking the basement door just in time. ~~World War II~~ [World War II] was deadly, with the constant fear of being hunted... and losing someone you love. ~~I woke to the sound of loud explosions and saw~~

~~blurry, worried faces hovering nervously above me. It seemed that other people were hiding here with me.~~ [When I woke to the sound of loud explosions, I saw blurry, worried faces hovering nervously above me. Other people had been hiding here with me.] My whole body stung relentlessly, my lips were chapped and cracked, and my feet were sore and blistered. "Where's Opa?" I cried, sitting upright despite the pain. The others wore solemn looks, and I turned to find him. My heart plummeted, and I rushed over. I held his cold but familiar hands, begging him to stay. I had already lost my father, and shortly after, my mother and brother went to join him. I couldn't bear losing someone again. "Here, my Anelise. Take this key and keep it safe. One day, you might need to open a door no one else can." I finally ~~realized~~ [realised] – this was the last key. Suddenly, people armed with guns and rifles burst into the room. I saw something being raised above my head. Then, everything went black. The key felt cold and unwelcoming in my hands – just like the hearts of the people who attacked us. A wound on my hip ached, and I ~~realized~~ [realised] I had to survive – for my parents, for my brother, for my Opa. As my eyes slowly flitted open, I began to plan their downfall. My gaze caught on the metal door, locked and clearly designed to keep us in. Then, I looked at the others in the room – and at the key. Suddenly, I was sure we were going to win this... together. As soon as I finished gathering my small resistance, I took the rusty key from my pocket. Slowly but surely, I made my way to the door and pushed the key in. My gut was right – it unlocked the door with ease. My resistance and I did a silent cheer. All I needed was the key back. I tugged at it – and tugged some more – but it wouldn't budge. Out of nowhere, I heard loud, firm voices approaching. "Come on! We have to go, NOW!" someone's panicked voice called. But I wasn't listening. I needed the key. I would risk my life for it. Then, a strong, firm hand dragged me outside, leaving behind my Opa's precious key. I bit back the pain of losing it and continued to build my resistance, this time with more experienced and trained people. Then, one day, I saw my Opa's key on a small ledge and immediately lurched forward to grab it. I had it. The key was mine again. With the help of hundreds of other rebels – and two other girls who also wanted to fight for what was right – we helped finally defeat our enemies. We continued forward until we reached a tall, black gate. I was expecting menacing, shut-off doors, but this felt... strange. **#3** The glowing door was covered with small, unfamiliar symbols. I reached for the key in my pocket. Suddenly, it felt heavier – like the weight of a decision resting right in the palm of my hand. Something told me this wasn't just about opening a door. It was about choosing. If I used it, I could leave – start over somewhere new. But that would mean leaving everyone else behind. Or I could stay and try to make things better, even if it was hard. One choice felt safe. The other felt right. I didn't know what would happen next. But I knew that whatever I chose, nothing would ever be the same.