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**Term 3 - 2025: Week 4 - Writing Homework | Year 4 Scholarship**

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Section 1:

**#1** - The opening paragraph with the drone arrival and Mr Bellow's confrontation

Strengths: Your opening creates immediate intrigue with the mysterious drone delivery, and you've established Mr Bellow as an intimidating character through vivid physical descriptions like "red flaming hair and obsidian eyes."

Weakness: Inconsistent narrative flow → Your paragraph jumps abruptly between different moments without smooth transitions. The shift from "I tentatively reached for the small package" to suddenly being confronted by Mr Bellow feels disconnected. You need bridging sentences to help readers follow the sequence of events more clearly.

Exemplar: *After the drone departed, I waited until the courtyard emptied before approaching the abandoned package.*

**#2** - The night-time eavesdropping scene where Freya climbs the pipe

Strengths: You've created genuine suspense through Freya's risky behaviour, and the dialogue snippets effectively build mystery around Gunflint's identity.

Weakness: Unclear spatial logistics → Your description of Freya's climbing route and position relative to the teachers is confusing. Phrases like "stopping at the topmost floor" and "leaning in closer" don't clearly establish where she is or how she can hear the conversation inside.

Exemplar: *I climbed to the third-floor window ledge, where I could peer through the gap in the curtains into the staff room.*

**#3** - The revelation scene where the teachers explain Gunflint's background

Strengths: Your dialogue feels natural and age-appropriate, and you've provided a logical explanation for the mysterious events that satisfies reader curiosity.

Weakness: Rushed plot resolution → The transition from Freya being caught to the teachers willingly sharing sensitive information happens too quickly. Ms Morales' complete backstory explanation feels unrealistic given that they've been secretive about this threat.

Exemplar: *"Perhaps it's time Freya knew the truth," Ms Chadbanne said quietly, exchanging meaningful glances with the other teachers.*

■ Your story contains engaging mystery elements and shows good instincts for building suspense through secretive adult behaviour and a curious protagonist. However, your narrative needs stronger

connections between scenes and more believable character reactions. The pacing feels uneven - some sections rush through important moments whilst others dwell on less crucial details. Additionally, you should develop Freya's emotional responses more thoroughly. When she's caught eavesdropping, show her fear and embarrassment through her thoughts and physical reactions, not just her appearance. Also, consider making the adults' decision to trust Freya more gradual and convincing. Perhaps they could reveal information piece by piece rather than explaining everything at once. Your writing would benefit from slowing down key emotional moments and adding more internal dialogue to help readers connect with Freya's experience.

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**Overall Score: 43/50**

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## Section 2:

**#1** A flat, mechanic whirr cut through the buzz of the lunchtime chatter. All eyes immediately drew to the sky, where a gleaming drone was hovering above the grass. I spotted a small cyan package on the drone's grabber arm, which no-one seemed to care about. I tentatively reached for the small package. My fingers brushed the crinkled paper, reaching for the parcel as if i [I] was drawn to it. A sudden, loud noise made me jump. "FREYA LEVESQUE! WHAT-ARE-YOU-DOING?" the voice bellowed. Mr Bellow came striding out of his office, wearing his usual crisp grey suit and black tie. His red flaming hair and obsidian eyes, calculating and cold, gave us the impression of a demonic ~~businessman~~ [businessman]. "FREYA LEVESQUE! I-SAID-GET-AWAY!" He roared. I stepped back, my hands shaking like leaves tossed about in the wind. His permanent scowl had deepened, revealing crease marks on his pale forehead. ~~He snatches~~ [He snatched] up the parcel with a growl like a tiger that had just missed its prey. He ~~stomps~~ [stomped] back to his office, muttering something about children needing a good spanking. It could have been my imagination—the tiniest flash of fear on his seething face—but I was sure it was real.

**#2** I silently crept out of my dormitory bed and tiptoed barefoot to the window. I heaved the glass pane up and then reached for the cicada-green pipe to my left. I stealthily shimmied up the pipe, stopping at the topmost floor of the building. I leaned in closer, my toes gripping the balcony but my hands clutching the pipe tightly for a quick getaway. "Why did they send this [?]" came one voice, ~~whom~~ [which] I was sure was Ms Chadbanne's. "Dangerous," another voice agreed. "If it really came from Gunflint, consider this as our final warning," rumbled a deep voice, unmistakably Mr Bellow's. My mind spun with unanswered questions. They were talking about the parcel. But who was Gunflint? And what did he have to do with the school? I scrambled back down the pipe and crawled into bed, my heart pounding in my ears.

**#3** The next day, all of my lessons seemed to last for three seconds. Even the hour-long grammar lecture seemed to last a minute or so. I shimmied up the pipe for a second time, listening to the

teachers talk about the parcel. Despite searching up Gunflint, I couldn't come up with a single answer. There were musician Gunflints, Lake Gunflint, even a state called Gunflint! As I ~~lean~~ [leant] closer to the balcony, listening to the teachers with ears pricked for the slightest whisper about who this Gunflint might be, I ~~lose~~ [lost] my grip on the pipe. I ~~lurch~~ [lurched] onto the balcony. And to my great horror, my bracelet ~~fies~~ [flew] off, its beads glinting smugly as if to mock me, and ~~hits~~ [hit] the metal railing with a loud, metallic CLANG. The sound seemed to last for an eternity, its echo vibrating shrilly. The door ~~opens~~ [opened]. To my even greater horror, Mr Bellow ~~is~~ [was] at the door. He ~~sees~~ [saw] me, sprawled on the balcony in my worn, navy pyjamas, my face a shade of beetroot.

Then he ~~does~~ [did] what I ~~have~~ [had] never expected him to do. "Come sit down. I'll explain everything," he ~~says~~ [said] dejectedly. I ~~follow~~ [followed] him into a ~~cozy~~ [cosy] room with four armchairs and a plate of crackers set out on a small oak coffee table. Ms Chadbanne, Mr ~~Artisain~~ [Artisan] and Ms Morales ~~are~~ [were] sitting on the armchairs, looking deep in thought and weary. Ms Chadbanne's easy smile ~~is~~ [was] gone, and there ~~are~~ [were] dark shadows around Mr Artisan's eyes. "Look, Freya," Ms Morales ~~says~~ [said] tiredly. "Gunflint is an old enemy of mine," she ~~continues~~ [continued]. "I was a judge before, and I sentenced Gunflint to a year ~~of~~ [in] jail. He has been seeking revenge ever since I sentenced him," she ~~sighs~~ [sighed]. "What's in the package?" I ~~ask~~ [asked], curious to find out what ~~it is~~ [it was]. "We don't know," ~~Says~~ [said] Ms Morales. "We think it might be some sort of bomb because it keeps ticking ominously," she ~~continues~~ [continued]. I ~~understand~~ [understood] now. Pieces ~~come~~ [came] together in my head, the clues forming into a plan. "I have an idea," I ~~announce~~ [announced]. I ~~tell~~ [told] them my plan. Now we just ~~have~~ [had] to find Gunflint.