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30
Composition Writing
Exercises and Models

Singapore School Syllabus



From P1-P6
Composition Writing
EWorkbooks with Models

Authors: K. Rajamanikam / Merle Celine Magness

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Authors: K. Rajamanikam / Merle Celine Magness

The Authors



Mr K Rajamanikam has more than 40 years experience in teaching English Communication skills to children and adults in public schools, educational institutions and with lessons via email. He has written more than 60 English Educational Supplementary books for Primary One to Junior College, in Composition, Essay Writing, Comprehension and English Grammar. [He has also written the 180 'O' Level Model Essay Ebook.](#)

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The exercises and models within this free publication are taken from our Love Composition Writing Series for P1 to P6 children.

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How children learn

Children learn how to write compositions in **4 steps**:

1. Filling in the blanks with helping words and phrases, and then without
2. Rearranging paragraphs correctly
3. Completing one, then two and then three paragraphs
4. Writing whole compositions

Each exercise comes with:

1. 10 to 12 helping words and phrases (P1 to P5)
2. 3 or 4 helping points (P3 to P6)
3. 5 story ideas (P3 to P6)
4. A model composition (all Primary levels)
5. Writing tips (Authors' Tips) (P3 to P6)

Through the compositions, **children also learn about:**

1. Care and respect for parents, siblings, teachers, the elderly and people of different races
2. Friendship
3. Ethics (the difference between right and wrong)
4. Love and care for nature and the environment
5. Road safety and many others

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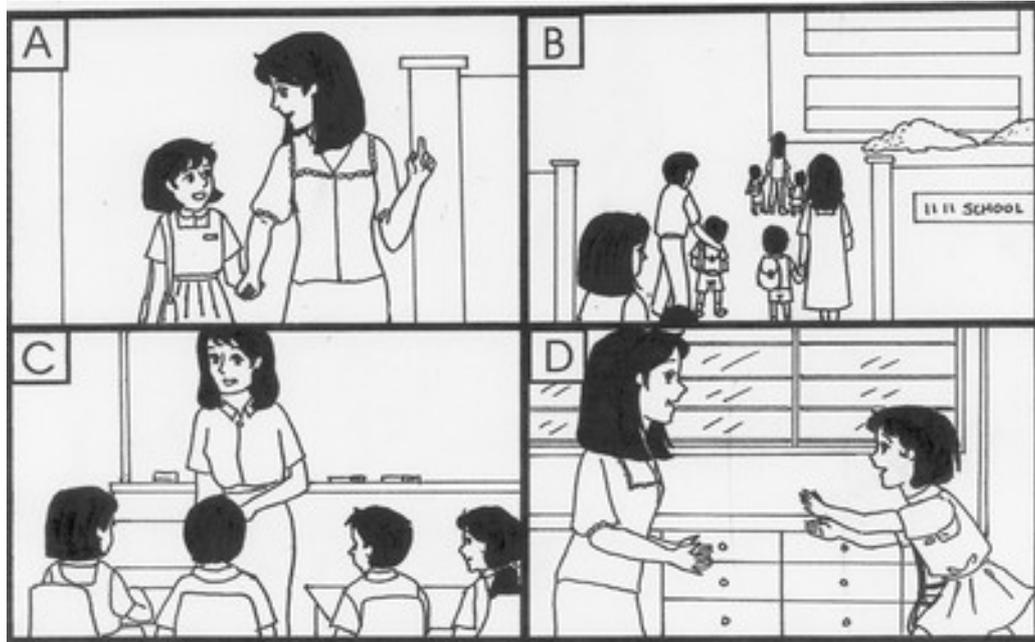
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**30 Composition
Writing Exercises
for P1 to P6
children**

Exercise 1

I have written a composition based on the series of pictures you see below, but I have left out 10 words. Fill in the blanks with the words from the table. After writing, you should compare your work with [Model 1](#).



Helping Words				
uniform	children	classmates	exciting	ran
many	friends	reached	introduced	mother's

My First Day in School

I held tightly to my (1) _____ hand. She said that I looked very smart in my new school (2) _____. I looked at all the other (3) _____ who were going to be my school mates.

I was sure that all the children who were with their parents were in Primary 1, like I was. Soon I would have so (4) _____ new (5) _____.

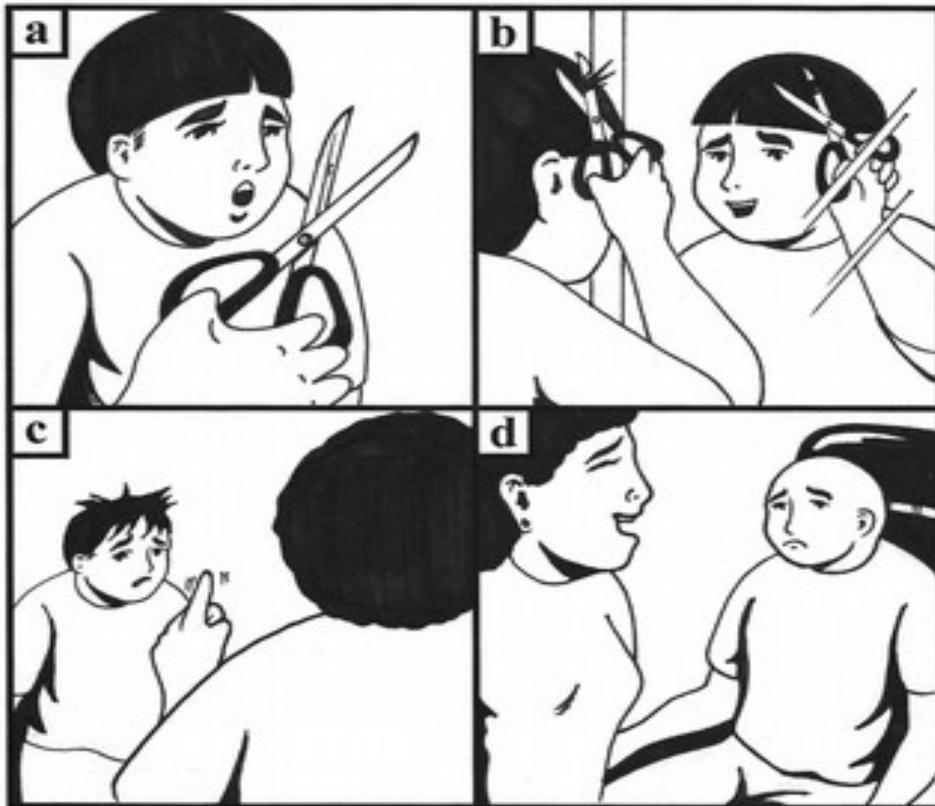
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A few minutes later, I was seated in the classroom with my (6) _____ . Our teacher (7) _____ herself as Ms Chen.

When I (8) _____ home after school, I (9) _____ into the kitchen to tell my mother all the (10) _____ things that had happened on my first day at school.

Exercise 2

I have written three paragraphs of a composition based on the series of pictures you see below. Your task is to write the ending paragraph and complete the story. The words given in the table are to help you; you may use them if you wish. After writing, you should compare your work with [Model 2](#).



Helping Words

bathroom	hairdresser	sadly	shaved	bald
----------	-------------	-------	--------	------

Julian Cuts His Own Hair

The last time that Julian had been to the hairdressing salon, he had observed the hairdresser carefully. He felt sure that he could cut his own hair. So one morning, after his mother had gone to work, Julian bravely took out the large pair of scissors that she kept in her room.

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He looked into the mirror in the bathroom and snipped away happily. He could see his hair getting shorter and shorter. At first he was happy. He was sure his mother would be pleased. After all, he was saving her \$8.00.

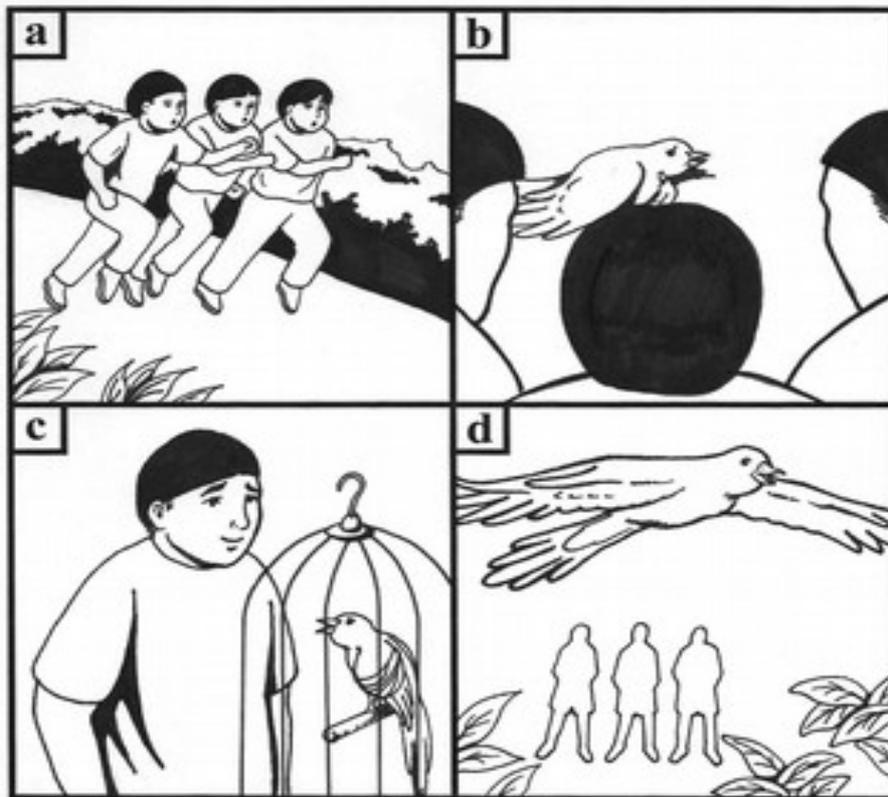
After some time, Julian noticed that cutting his own hair was not as easy as he had thought it would be. He looked in the mirror and realised that he looked horrible. He stopped and hid under the bed. He decided that when his mother called, he would not answer.

Paragraph 4

--

Exercise 3

I have written two paragraphs of a composition based on the series of pictures you see below. Your task is to write the remaining two paragraphs and complete the story. The words given in the table are to help you; you may use them if you wish. After writing, you should compare your work with [Model 3](#).



Helping Words

birdcage	take care	home	birdseeds	stronger
park	flew around	sang	waved	away

The Injured Bird

It was our usual Sunday morning race at the park. Usually, Shamsudin won, and that was not surprising because he was the fastest runner in my

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school. That day I was determined to beat him. I had been practising secretly and ran as fast as I could.

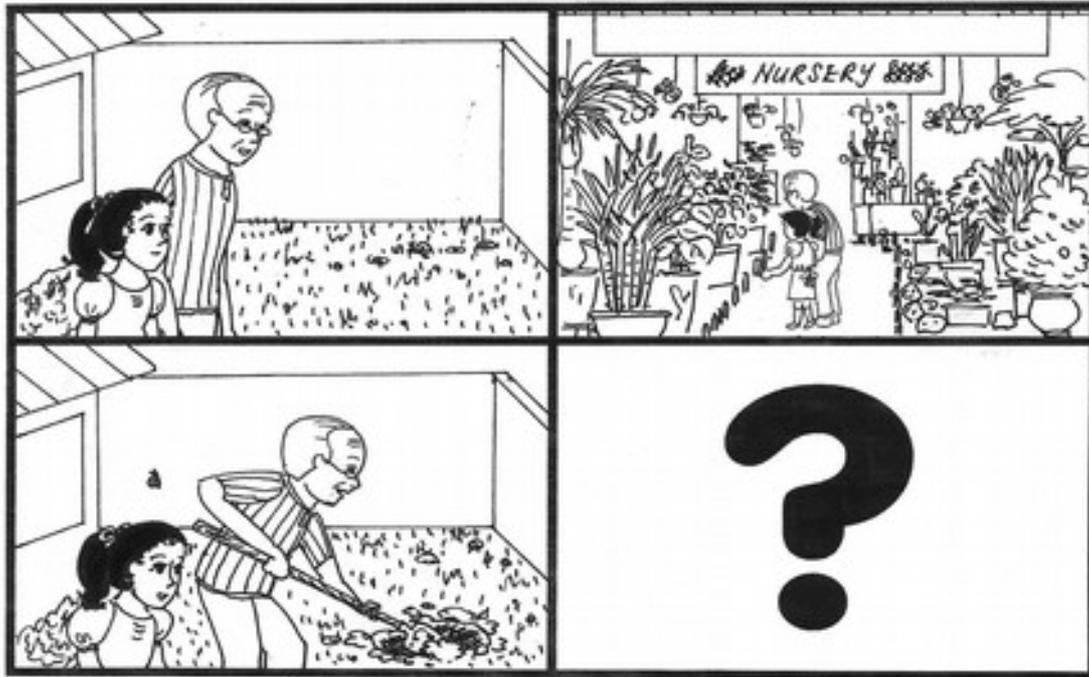
Suddenly Shamsudin, who was ahead, stopped. Siva and I stopped behind him, wondering what was going on. Shamsudin was pointing at something on the track. What we saw shocked us. It was an injured bird. It could walk, but it could not fly.

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

Exercise 4

The series of pictures show a story. Study the pictures and write the story in not less than 60 words. The last picture is left blank so that you can imagine any ending you like. After writing, you may compare your work with [Model 4](#).



Helping Words				
grandfather	idea	garden	plants	buy
dig	holes	changkul	water	fertilizer

Title:

[Table of Contents](#)

Paragraph 1

Paragraph 2

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 5

Write a composition of not less than 60 words based on the situation below. You may use the helping words and phrases if you wish. After writing, compare your work with [Model 5](#).

Situation

You were playing in the park with some friends. You saw a boy / girl sitting on a bench all by himself / herself. You decided to make a new friend.

Helping Words and Phrases			
1	stuck-up	6	join us in a game
2	Proud	7	play active games
3	Glumly	8	thinking about her
4	Blankly	9	a very nice person
5	Include	10	felt sorry for her

Making a New Friend

I asked Kamisah if she knew who the girl was. She shook her head. Then, Jennifer said, "She is a new girl in my school. She seems so stuck up. No one speaks to her."

Paragraph 2

[Table of Contents](#)

Paragraph 3

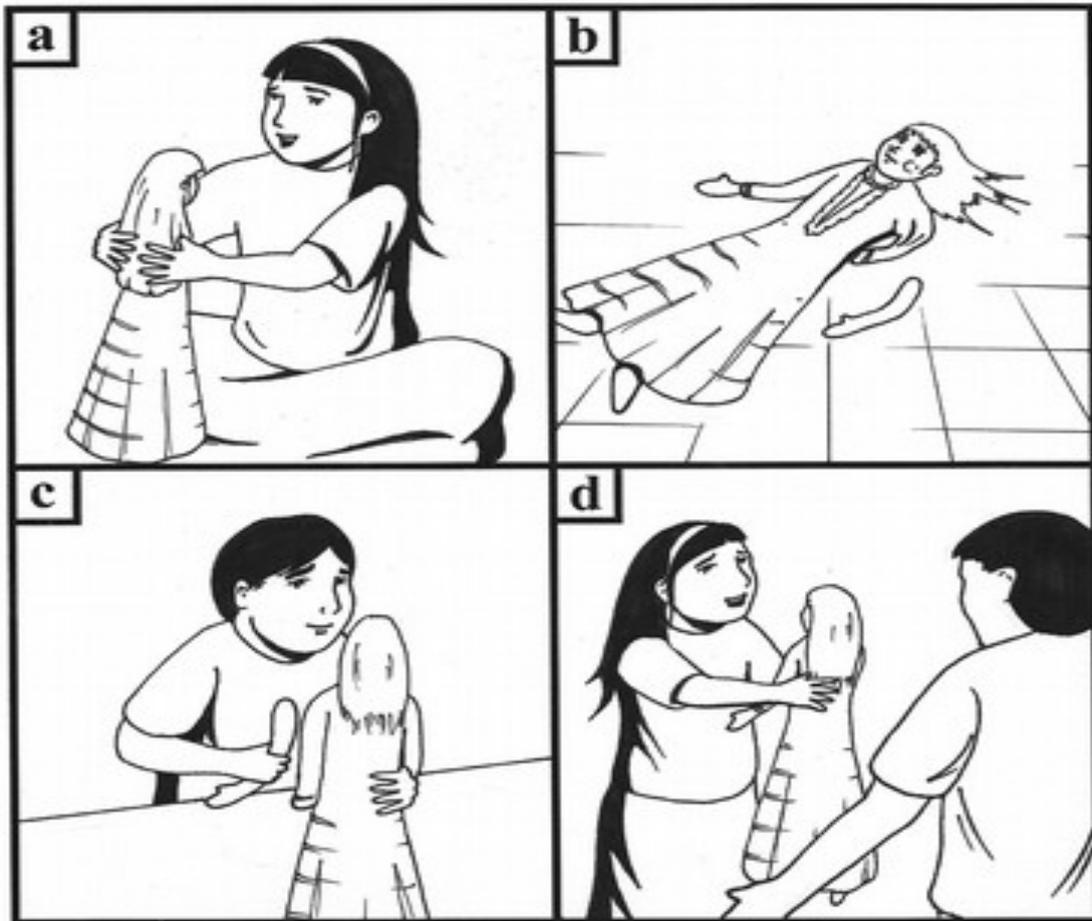


Paragraph 4



Exercise 6

Look at the picture carefully. I have written a story based on it. Complete the story by filling in the blanks with the 'Helping Words' and then compare your story with [Model 6](#).



Helping Words

broken	stepped	thanked	new	went
finished	happy	sad	favourite	fixing

The Broken Doll

Table of Contents

I have been collecting dolls from the time I was in kindergarten. I name all my dolls. There is one called Cynthia; another called Olivia and so on. Altogether I have 12 dolls. My (1) _____ is a doll I call 'Cinderella'. She was a gift from my late grandfather.

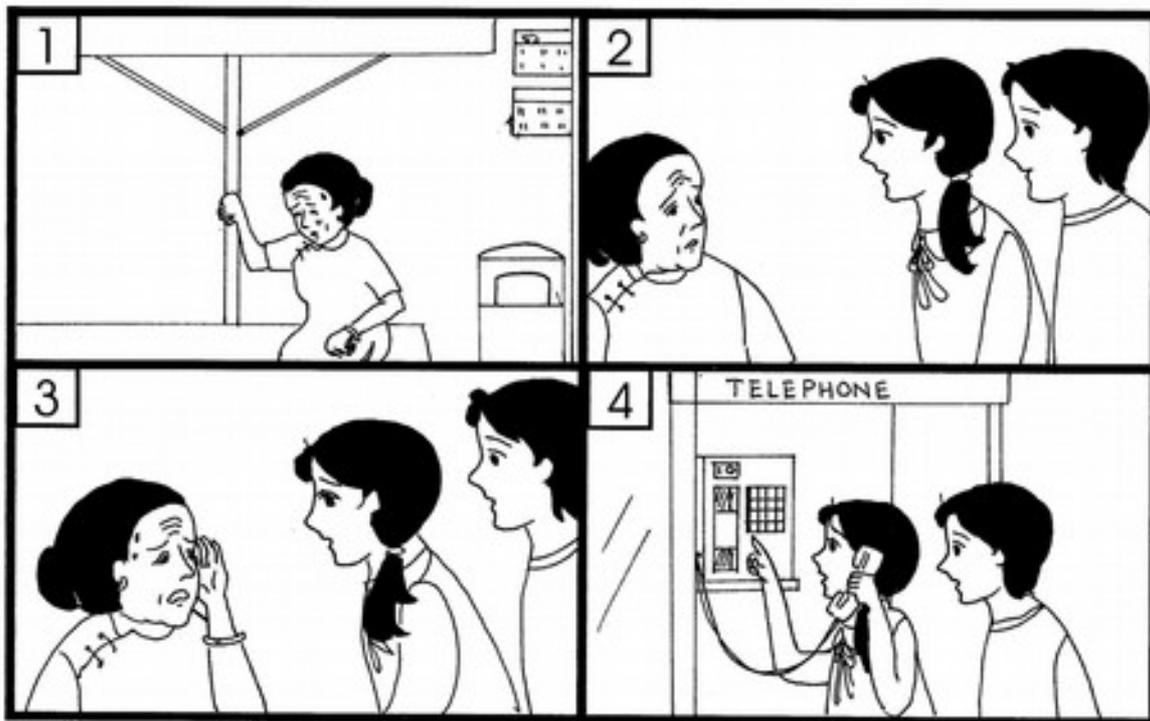
One day, I was careless. While playing with Cinderella, I dropped her. She fell on the floor, and in my anxiety, (2) I _____ on her. I was so (3) _____ when I noticed that her arm was broken. I felt like crying.

My elder brother saw me sitting in the corner. When he asked me why I was so sad, I showed him my (4) _____ doll. He smiled and took the doll into his room. I saw him (5) _____ it with super glue.

When he had (6) _____, he came back to the sitting room and handed the doll to me. She looked as good as (7) _____; the part which had been broken could not be seen. I was so (8) _____. I hugged him and (9) _____ him again and again. He laughed and (10) _____ out.

Exercise 7

Rearrange the paragraphs so that the story reads correctly. After that, compare your story with [Model 7](#).



Helping a Sick Person

We walked up to her together. "Hello, Grandma, are you unwell?" Salbiah asked kindly. The elderly lady looked at us for a while and said nothing. We could see that she was sweating profusely.

Salbiah and I spotted her as soon as we came to the bus stop. She was an elderly lady and we had seen her before. Usually she was cheerful, but that day she looked unwell.

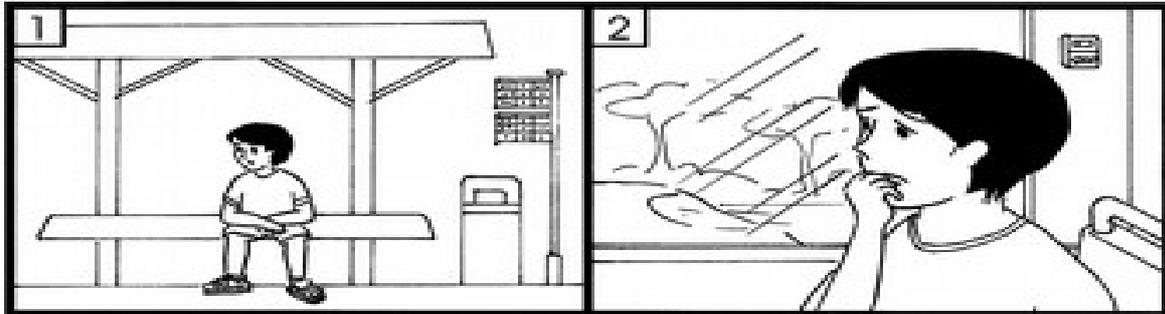
Salbiah comforted her while I took out my hand-phone and called her daughter and told her what was happening. Then I sat on the other side of the lady and we waited for her daughter to arrive. She arrived in a few minutes in a car. We helped the elderly lady into the car. Both of them thanked us and the car sped away.

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"I feel faint," she said finally. "Do you want to see a doctor?" I asked. She shook her head. "Just call my daughter and tell her that I am unwell and that I am here," she said. Then she gave us her daughter's telephone number.

Exercise 8

Fill in the missing two paragraphs with at least four sentences each. After that, you may compare your story with [Model 8](#).



Helping words and phrases: Use them only if you wish.

gentleman	explained	interchange	heart	turned
laughed	wrongly	correct	cold	suspect

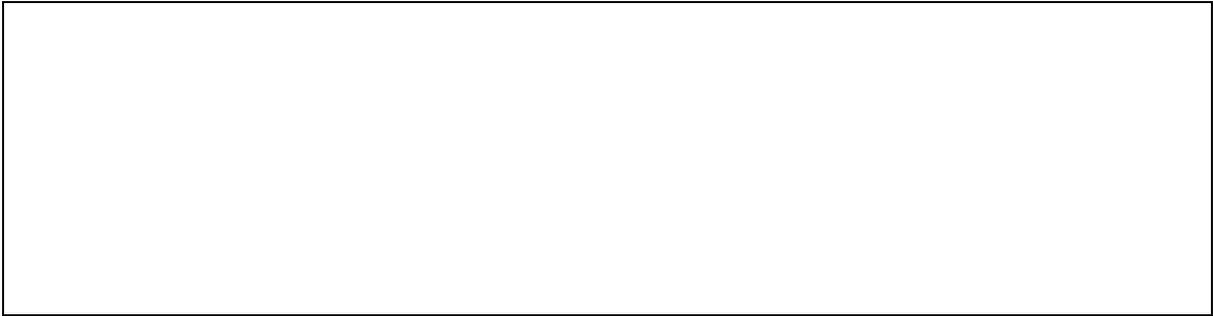
The Day I took the Wrong Bus

I was worried. My mother had dropped me off at school for my ECA and told me to find my way home. We had just moved into the neighbourhood and I did not know which bus to take. My mother had told me to ask people. I did not like to do that, because I felt that they might laugh at me and think I was stupid.

Hence, I sat in the bus shelter and looked at the buses passing by. I looked hard at the buses as their destinations were displayed on them. After a few buses had passed by, I thought I saw a bus with the name 'Lorong 8' displayed on it. Quickly I got on the bus. I thought of asking the bus driver, but again felt shy.

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Paragraph 3



Paragraph 4



[Table of Contents](#)

Exercise 9

Complete the following composition by writing the missing paragraph with at least four sentences. After that, you may compare your work with [Model 9](#).

Helping words: Use them only if you wish.

cat	outside the house	eats	corner	hunts
spends	missing at night	sleeps	member	treat

My Family

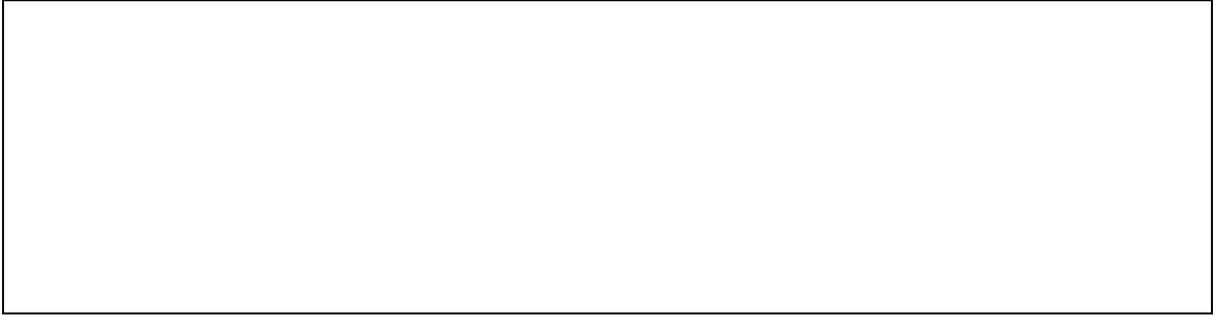
The oldest person in my family is Grandma. She is my father's mother and tells everyone what to do. My brother and I are her favourite grandchildren. Even our parents do not dare to scold us because Grandma would be upset. Our cousins envy us.

My father works as a chef. He goes to work in the afternoon and comes home late at night. My mother is a housewife. She looks after all of us. She does all the work in the house except cooking. Grandma does the cooking.

My little brother Wah Soon is only five years old and goes to kindergarten. He is mischievous and gets into all sorts of trouble every day. He cannot keep still for a minute, and annoys the cat and me the whole day. Still, I know that he is a loving boy.

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Paragraph 4



Exercise 10

Write a story on the situation in four paragraphs of at least four sentences each. I have not given you any helping words and phrases because I want you to use your imagination freely. After that, you may compare your work with [Model 10](#).

Situation: *You were at the lift lobby, about to get into the lift, when suddenly there was a blackout.*

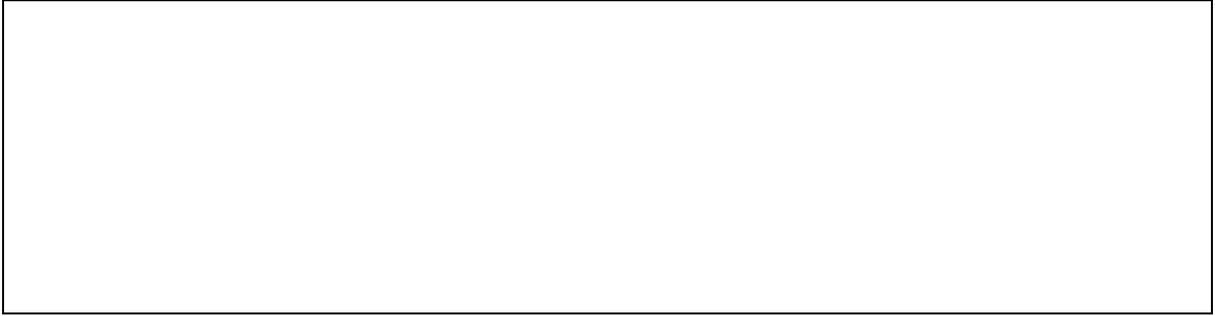
Title:

Paragraph 1

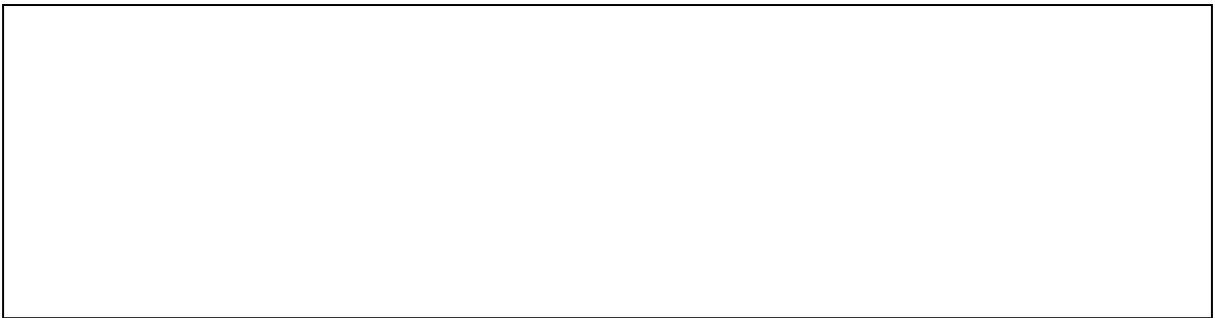
Paragraph 2

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Paragraph 3

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Paragraph 4

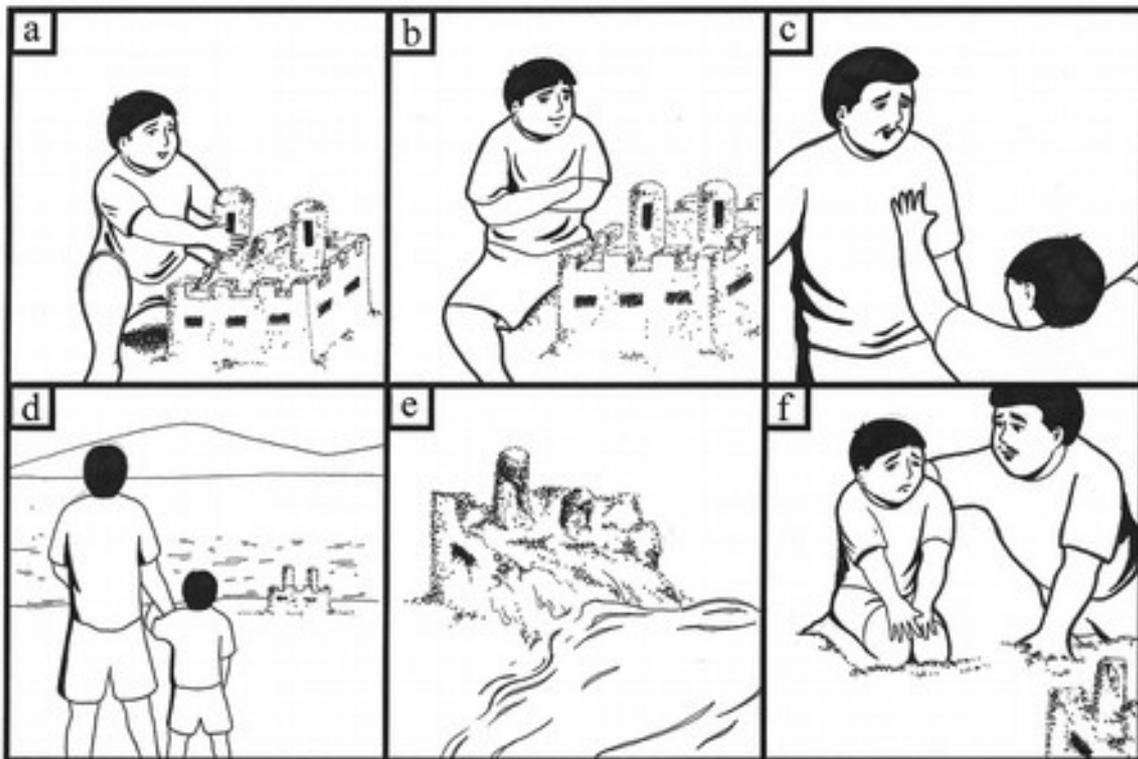
A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, intended for the content of Paragraph 4.

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Exercise 11

I have written a composition based on the pictures below. However, I have left out some words. Complete the story by filling in the blanks with the words provided in the table below, and then compare your work with [Model 11](#).

Helping Words				
near	demolished	angrily	intently	gently
loudly	giant	immediately	helplessly	admiringly



Title:

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Hugh was concentrating (1) _____ on what he was doing. The sandcastle he had almost completed was beautiful. Hugh was very proud of his work. It took him an hour to build it and he looked at it (2) _____. Then he decided to share it with his father and ran to look for him and dragged him to see his masterpiece.

“Beautiful, my boy,” said Hugh’s father admiringly, “but I see a problem. You have built your beautiful sandcastle too (3) _____ the sea.” Even as they watched, the waves came nearer and nearer. Hugh screamed when a (4) _____ wave dashed against his sandcastle and (5) _____ a large part of it.

He looked at it (6) _____ as his eyes brimmed with tears. He looked at the sea (7) _____ and shook his little fists at it. “You are not my friend anymore,” he screamed as (8) _____ as he could. Everyone at the beach stopped what they were doing and looked at the angry little boy shouting at the sea. A few laughed; most felt sorry for him.

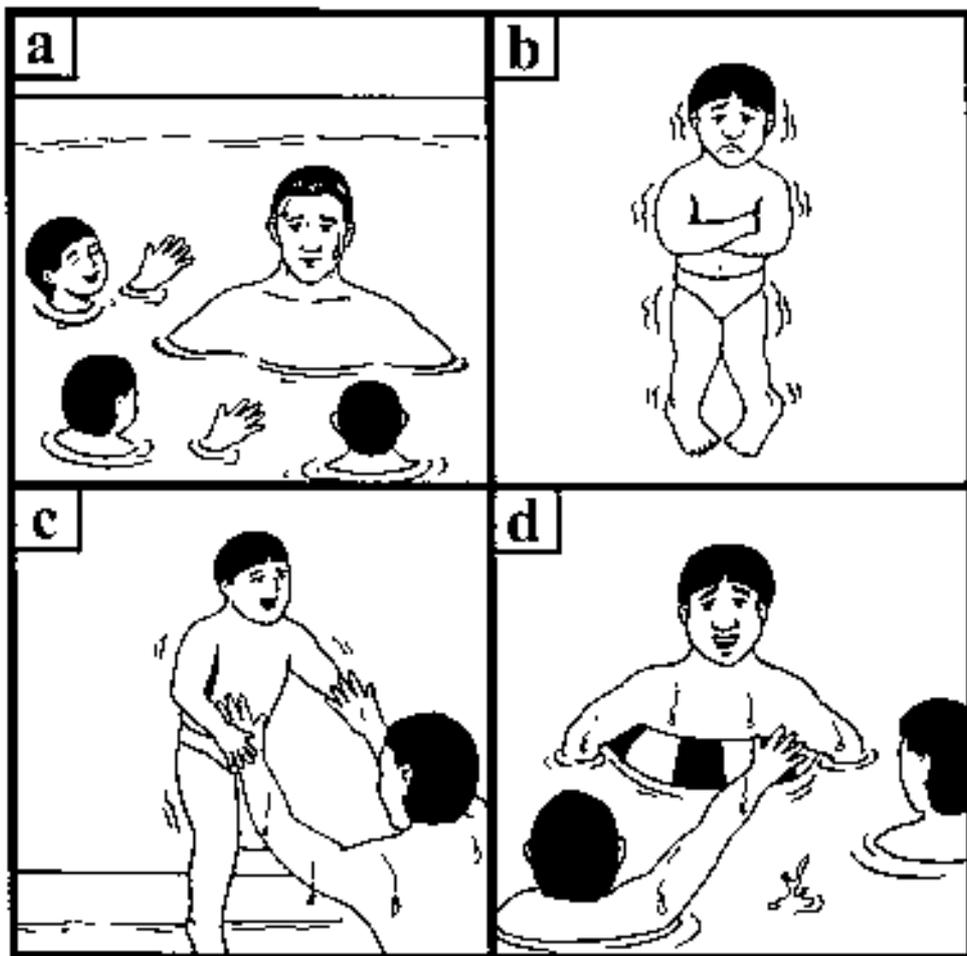
“Don’t worry, son,” said his father (9) _____. We will build another one. Hugh cheered up and rushed to gather his tools. Then he and his father began to build another sandcastle (10) _____. This time, they were careful to site it away from the sea. After they had completed their project, not only Hugh’s mother admired it, but many beach-goers gathered to admire it as well.

Exercise 12

I have written two paragraphs of a composition based on the picture. Please complete the composition by writing two more paragraphs, and then compare your work with [Model 12](#). You may use the helping words if you like.

Helping Words

stretched	allowed	slowly	clapped	foot
tube	float	brave	confident	fear



Title:

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The little boy looked at his father and cousins in the water. He could see that they were enjoying themselves. He wanted very much to join them, but was afraid to get into the water. His father and cousins called out to him. Obviously his father was an instructor. He was tanned, showing that he was used to spending hours in the sun.

I could see the fear in the little boy's eyes. I remembered how afraid I had been when I had gone swimming for the first time. The boy's father moved nearer to the side. The boy was still afraid. I could see the fear in his eyes and also that he was trembling. I wished I could walk forward and put my arm around his shoulder, but I dared not as I did not know the family.

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

Exercise 13

Study the series of pictures carefully and write a composition of not less than 100 words on it. You may use the helping words if you like. After completing the composition, compare it with [Model 13](#).

Helping Words

handbag	frustration	wrong	locksmith	pasted
neighbour	described	sigh	relief	unlock



Title:

Paragraph 1

[Table of Contents](#)

Paragraph 2

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Paragraph 3

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Paragraph 4

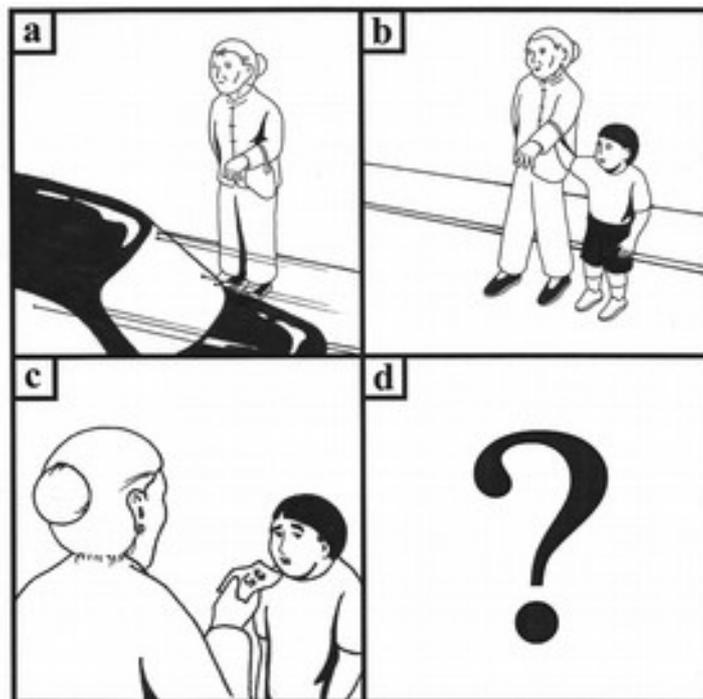
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Exercise 14

Study the series of pictures carefully and write a composition of not less than 100 words on it. The last box has been left blank, so that you can think of your own ending for the story. You may use the helping words if you like. After completing the composition, compare it with [Model 14](#).

Helping Words

elderly	dangerous	whizzed	approached	firmly
slowed down	close	offered	reward	smiled



Title:

Paragraph 1

[Table of Contents](#)

Paragraph 2

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Paragraph 3

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Paragraph 4

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Exercise 15

Write a story based on the following situation using at least 100 words. You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish. If you do not know what they mean, look them up in a dictionary. After writing, please compare your work with [Model 15](#).

Situation

You had just bought a curry puff and left it on the table in the hawkers' centre. You turned to look about before sitting down. When you looked again, your curry puff was gone!

For your story, make use of the points given below:

- * What happened to your curry puff?
- * Who took it?
- * What did you do?
- * What happened in the end?

Words and Phrases to Help You		
1. shocked	5. sad-looking	9. anger turned to pity
2. despair	6. last fifty cents	10. vent my anger
3. greedily	7. about to cry	11. deep-set eyes which looked at me sadly
4. chomping	8. starved	12. overcome with a sense of emptiness

A Few Clever Ideas

1. It is a prank; your best friend has taken it and is hiding under the table.
2. You see someone running away with your precious curry puff.
3. You see a mangy cat eating the curry puff under the table.
4. You see a man with a very sad look eating your curry puff and you decide to let him.
5. It has fallen to the floor.

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Title:

Paragraph 1

Paragraph 2

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 16

Write a composition of at least 120 words about 'Babysitting'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who was lost?
2. Who helped him?
3. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish.



A Few Clever Ideas

1.	The boy in the picture is the baby's favourite uncle.
2.	The visiting family is related to the host family.
3.	The adults leave the baby with the hero and go off to a movie.
4.	The boy's plans are ruined as he had intended to watch TV.
5.	The visitors leave the baby with the family and disappear.

Words and Phrases to help you

1.	visitors	7.	cuddle
2.	favourite	8.	gurgle
3.	wet	9.	feeding bottle
4.	cute	10.	baby talk
5.	feed	11.	slept in my arms
6.	baby-sit	12.	sang a lullaby

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*I have written a composition based on the **first picture**. Please re-order the following paragraphs so that the composition reads correctly, and then compare your arrangement with [Model 16](#).*

Title: Babysitting

I did not say anything. I realised I must have done that many times when I was Lillian's age. I just went to wash myself and change my shirt. I had the chance to hold Lillian the whole night and she seemed to like me a lot. She actually fell asleep on my lap. Finally it was time for them to leave. She refused to leave me and cried non-stop. I had to promise her that I would go and play with her the next day. She seemed to understand and stopped crying.

She did not care about looking at the moon anymore. Her new interest was more fascinating. Soon the chocolate biscuit was spread all over her face, and mine. I did not mind at all. Then I felt something warm and wet spreading over my chest. Quickly I held her away from me. She gurgled; apparently she was very proud of herself. I took her back to her mother. Everyone laughed at me, especially my mother.

I was thrilled. I loved to hold Lillian. I held her and took her to the balcony. She was thrilled looking at the moon. Then something else attracted her attention: my nose. With her little mouth wide open, she went straight for the 'object'. I turned away just in time. I then took her to the kitchen and gave her a chocolate biscuit. She liked the taste and forgot about trying to bite my nose off. I was glad.

I was watching a boring programme on TV and wishing that something exciting would happen. Suddenly the doorbell rang. "Renga, answer it," said my father. Obviously he was enjoying the programme. I dashed to the door and opened it. Uncle Henry and his wife Aunt Daisy stood there with their baby. "Surprise!" they said together. I opened the door at once. They handed Lillian to me and went to sit on the sofa with my parents.

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Exercise 17

Write a composition of at least 120 words about 'Mistaken identity'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who mistook who for whom?
2. How did it happen?
3. What happened then?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.
You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish.



A Few Clever Ideas

1.	They are old friends but do not recognise each other after many years.
2.	One of them is pretending not to know the other one.
3.	Both are cousins whose parents have quarrelled.
4.	They recognise each other after a while.
5.	When one insists on knowing the other, a fight starts.

Words and Phrases to help you

1.	old friends	7.	assumed
2.	same school	8.	hailed
3.	recognised	9.	never saw you before
4.	greeted	10.	kindergarten classmate
5.	ignored	11.	sitting beside
6.	pretended	12.	broke the crayons

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Please complete the following composition with five to seven sentences in the two paragraphs, and then compare your composition with [Model 17](#).

Title: Mistaken Identity

I was very sure it was Seng from my kindergarten class. We had been sitting side by side for two years in K1 and K2. Also, it was difficult to forget him: He was the boy who used to come to class with a pacifier in his mouth. He would make a big fuss when the teacher tried to take it away. I smiled to myself when I remembered this.

"Hi Seng, it is good to see you," I said and stretched out my hand. He looked at my hand and then at my face and said, "I think you have the wrong person, I am not Seng; I am Daniel." I was embarrassed. I was sure it was Seng. I reminded him that I was James who had sat beside him in kindergarten. He looked puzzled and shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "I am not Seng."

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 18

Write a composition of at least 120 words about 'The Lodger'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who was the lodger?
2. Why is he or she looking for lodgings?
3. Did he or she find what he or she was looking for?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.
You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish.



A Few Clever Ideas

1.	The elderly lady is the new lodger.
2.	She knocked on the door asking for a place to live.
3.	She is really the girl's grandmother but the girl does not know.
4.	The elderly lady used to live there. She now wants to be a tenant.
5.	She is a lost woman whom the girl and her mother allow to live there.

Words and Phrases to help you

1.	venerable	7.	rent
2.	wise	8.	wrinkled
3.	banker	9.	active, senior citizen
4.	companion	10.	full of wisdom
5.	business-like	11.	social work at a home
6.	humble	12.	emigrated to Australia

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Please complete the following composition with five to seven sentences for each paragraph, and then compare your composition with [Model 18](#).

Title: The Lodger

I was just about to go out when the doorbell rang. Quickly, I opened the door. An elderly lady stood there. She was well dressed and looked pleasant. She gave me a broad smile. I had been expecting her. I opened the door and called my mother

Paragraph 2

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 19

Write a composition of at least 120 words about 'An Elderly Neighbour'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

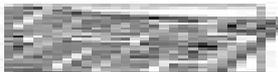
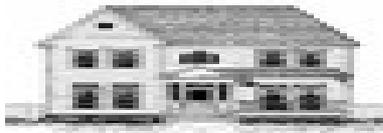
Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who was the elderly neighbour?
2. What happened to him or her?
3. Was anyone hurt?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.

You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish.



A Few Clever Ideas

1.	The elderly lady is a former TV actress.
2.	She pretends to faint to frighten the children.
3.	She hates children because her own have abandoned her.
4.	Your parents ground you for weeks to teach you a lesson.
5.	After she faints, you rush her to hospital where she becomes very ill.

Words and Phrases to help you

1.	grumpy	7.	blacked out
2.	noisy	8.	fussy
3.	fainted	9.	came out to shout at them
4.	collapsed	10.	unhappy, old woman
5.	recover	11.	hates noise and children
6.	pretended	12.	created a ruckus

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Please write your composition below and then compare your composition with [Model 19](#).

Title: An Elderly Neighbour

Paragraph 1

Paragraph 2

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 20

Write a composition of at least 120 words about 'A Burglar in the Night'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. To whom did this adventure happen?
2. What did the burglar steal or tried to steal?
3. How did the hero react?
4. Was he in any danger?
5. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. You may use the words and phrases given below if you wish. If you do not know what they mean, look them up in a dictionary. After completing your composition compare it with [Model 20](#).



A Few Clever Ideas

1.	It was a joke by one of the hero's uncles.
2.	It was a wounded man.
3.	The hero saw a dark shape and screamed.
4.	The hero hit the intruder on the head and then realised it was the kitchen mop.
5.	It really was a burglar and he managed to get away.

Words and Phrases to help you

1.	midnight	7.	burglar
2.	scraping	8.	climbing
3.	torchlight	9.	sound of rummaging
4.	moonlight	10.	streak of light
5.	suspicious	11.	waited patiently
6.	prank	12.	pretended to sleep

[Table of Contents](#)

Title: A Burglar in the Night

Paragraph 1

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Paragraph 2

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Paragraph 3

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Paragraph 4

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Exercise 21

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Famished'.

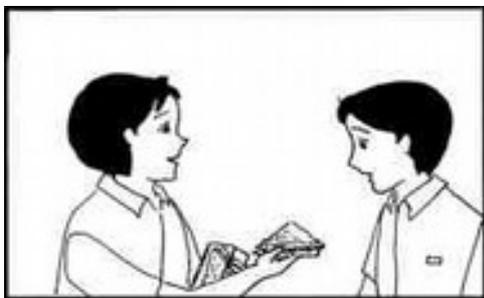
The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who was famished?
2. What did he or she do to get food?
3. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	You are hungry and the biscuit jar is way up.
2	You accidentally push the jar down and it breaks to smithereens.
3	The biscuits make you sick.
4	The biscuits are for a charity fair and you did not know.
5	This is not your house.

Words / Phrases to help you

1	famished	6	food poisoning
2	growl	7	missed lunch
3	indigestion	8	without permission
4	warned to stay away	9	accused of stealing the biscuits
5	guilty	10	uncontrollable hunger

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Instructions: Complete the composition and compare it with [Model 21](#).

Title: Famished

My stomach let out a low growl; it needed food. I patted it to assure it that I would soon fill it with food. Then I walked to the kitchen to see if I could find anything. There was nothing in the fridge but water; I drank a whole glass of ice water but that did not satisfy my hunger. I wanted something solid. I continued to look around. I knew Mummy had a jar of biscuits, which Grandma had made, somewhere.

Then I spotted the jar on the shelf. It was on the highest part of the kitchen. Reaching it was going to be a problem. Mummy had placed it on the high shelf because she did not want my little sister to reach it. She was afraid that she might fall. Grandma was asleep in her room with my little sister and I did not want to wake them up. I decided that I had to solve the problem myself.

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 22

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'A New Perspective'.

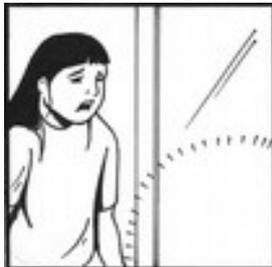
The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. What or who is the new perspective about?
2. What was the old perspective?
3. What happened?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	She is really a jolly old soul.
2	She is grumpy because she is destitute.
3	She is a quarrelsome lady.
4	She is really friendly but afraid to make friends.
5	She is really your estranged grandmother.

Words / Phrases to help you

1	lonely	6	lost her temper
2	initiative	7	scolded us in vulgar language
3	scatter	8	turnaround
4	double life	9	trembled with rage
5	filial	10	on the surface

[Table of Contents](#)

Instructions: I have written only the starting paragraph of this composition. Can you continue and complete it in an interesting way? After that you should compare it with what I have written in [Model 22](#).

Title: A New Perspective

No one spoke to her because she was so grumpy. Our parents had warned us not to make any noise outside her apartment. This was because she always shouted at anyone who made noise. No one knew her name. She just moved in one morning with her son, and then later on we did not see the son anymore. All we knew was that she was alone. I was very careful and obeyed my mother; I kept away from the apartment.

Paragraph 2

Paragraph 3

Paragraph 4

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Exercise 23

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'A Beautiful Sight'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. What was the 'beautiful sight'?
2. Who saw it?
3. What did they feel?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	Your family is camping overnight on the beach.
2	People are waiting for a boat.
3	Smugglers are signalling.
4	Fishermen's children are waiting for their parents.
5	You are waiting for the sunrise.

Words / Phrases to help you

1	sentimental	6	dawn chorus
2	breath-taking	7	twittering
3	silhouette	8	huge red ball
4	glide	9	beautiful sight
5	twilight	10	a lone boat with a family

[Table of Contents](#)

Instructions: I have written two paragraphs here. Write two more and compare your story with [Model 23](#).

Title: A Beautiful Sight

When Grandpa told my cousins and me that he and Grandma were taking us to see the most beautiful sight of all, we were interested. My cousins, my brother and I guessed that it had to be the latest movie at the Omnimax Theatre. We were sure of this because Grandpa and Grandma had taken us there the previous month. Grandpa just smiled and shook his head and walked away. "Tomorrow!" said Grandpa and sent us all to bed early. We were staying at our Grandparents' home, as was our family tradition on the weekend following Deepavalli.

When Grandpa had said 'tomorrow' none of us had asked at what time the trip would be made. Hence we were shocked when he took a loud bell and rang it early in the morning. I looked at the clock; it was half-past four! All four of us rubbed our eyes and went to wash. Grandpa and Grandma were dressed; there was no breakfast on the table. "Nasi Lemak after seeing the beautiful sight," announced Grandma. We stumbled out to the car park and clambered into Grandpa's old Mercedes.

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Exercise 24

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'A Reunion'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who were reunited?
2. How did it happen?
3. Who brought it about?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	You met a long-lost kindergarten classmate.
2	You met a cousin whom you had never met.
3	She is a former neighbour who is a mute.
4	She is a classmate whom you had met, when you were an exchange student in a foreign country.
5	She used to be your favourite hawker many years ago.

Words / Phrases to help you

1	appearance	6	dimples
2	reluctant	7	hare-lip
3	hesitated	8	curly-haired
4	signing	9	rotund
5	gestures	10	dark-complexioned

[Table of Contents](#)

Instructions: Write the composition, then compare it with [Model 24](#).

Title: A Reunion

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Exercise 25

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Buried Treasure'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. What is the treasure mentioned?
2. Who found it?
3. What happened after?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	Your grandma and you found buried treasure.
2	You found some dinosaur bones.
3	There was a skeleton in the box you dug up.
4	There were a few books and old maps in a tin that you had dug up.
5	The police came to investigate when they heard that you had found buried treasure.

Words / Phrases to help you

1	shallow	6	disappointed
2	green fingers	7	expected to strike it rich
3	struck metal	8	neat rows to plant seeds
4	changkul	9	dug a well
5	spade	10	natural spring

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Instructions: Write the composition and compare it with [Model 25](#).

Title: Buried Treasure

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Exercise 26

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Breakdown'.

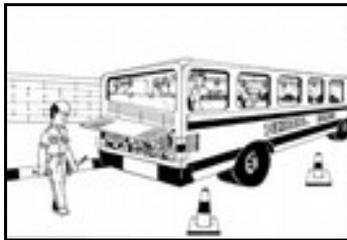
The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. What broke down?
2. What happened as a consequence?
3. How was the problem resolved?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. After writing the composition, compare it with [Model 26](#).



A Few Story Ideas

1	The school bus broke down on your way to school.
2	Two students started a fight in the stalled bus.
3	The school bus broke down on your way to an exhibition.
4	It was an act of sabotage, to stop your athletic team from going to the competition.
5	It was the driver who sabotaged the bus, because of some grievances.

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Title: Breakdown

It was a rickety old bus and we travelled in it to school every day. We were all sure that it would suddenly breakdown one day. Mr Samy who drove the bus was a friendly, elderly gentleman. The bus looked as ancient as him. I think he loved the bus very much. He called it 'Kalyani' and referred to it as 'her'. We learned that 'Kalyani' was also his wife's name. We often heard Mr Samy talking to the bus as if it were human and used to laugh at him. However, in time we too began to think of Kalyani as if she were human.

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Exercise 27

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'The Punch'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who punched whom?
2. How did this come about?
3. What were the consequences?
4. What happened in the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. After writing the composition, compare it with [Model 27](#).



A Few Story Ideas

1	You are the boy who received the punch.
2	You are the boy who threw the punch.
3	A fight breaks out, and turns into a free-for-all between the two teams and supporters.
4	You are the best friend of the boy who threw the punch, and you are the only person who would talk to him after this has happened.
5	Your school lost the match because the player who threw the punch was from your school.

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Title: The Punch

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Exercise 28

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Fascination'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. What does the title refer to?
2. Who and what is it about?
3. What happens?
4. How does it conclude?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.



A Few Story Ideas

1	You are the little girl; the couple are your parents.
2	You are the little girl; the couple are your aunt and uncle.
3	You are the husband of the expectant mother; the little girl is from next door.
4	You are the little girl. During the emergency the man panicked, and you had to take charge.
5	The baby was delivered by the little girl's mother before the ambulance arrived.

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Instructions: In the following composition, I have left out two paragraphs blank for you to fill in. After that, please check your work with [Model 28](#).

Title: Fascination

“The baby is due to be born in about a month,” explained my mother. The date that the doctor had fixed was 30 August. Since my uncle was a nervous wreck, my mother gave me instructions on what to do in an emergency. Then one day my aunt told me that she was feeling pains. My heart started beating very fast. Immediately I called my mother and told her. In a calm voice she told me not to worry, and that she would call an ambulance and would come over at once.

Quickly, I called Uncle David, who had gone downstairs to buy dinner, and told him what was happening. As expected, he panicked. He was panting when he dashed in through the door. He was also sweating profusely and trembling; he looked so frightened. He ran to comfort his wife, but did not know what to do. When she cried out in pain, he just held her and started crying like a baby. I prayed that my mother would arrive soon.

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Exercise 29

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Misunderstood'.

The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who was misunderstood and why?
2. What happened?
3. How was the matter cleared up?
4. How does it end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. After writing the composition, compare it with [Model 29](#).



A Few Story Ideas

1	The elderly lady is believed to have a nasty disposition, which turns out to be untrue.
2	You slip and fall and the elderly neighbour helps you up, and tends to your scraped knee.
3	You decide to befriend the elderly neighbour, who turns out to be a kind and friendly person.
4	The elderly lady shouts at you, and your mother comes out and a shouting match ensues. The lady's true, good nature comes out.
5	The elderly neighbour suddenly clutches her chest and collapses. Later, you realise that everyone had been wrong about her.

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Title: Misunderstood

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Exercise 30

Write a composition of at least 150 words about 'Broken'.

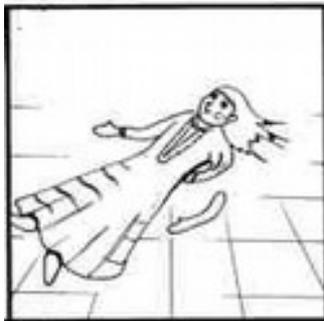
The pictures are provided to help you think about the topic.

Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when you plan your composition.

1. Who or what was broken?
2. How did it break?
3. What happened as a consequence?
4. What happens at the end?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well. After writing the composition, compare it with [Model 30](#).



A Few Story Ideas

1	You found a broken doll at your aunt's home. The doll had belonged to her long-lost daughter.
2	The doll had been given to a girl by her real mother before she had left the world.
3	The broken doll used to be yours. Your 'aunt' is actually your mother who had given you away to your 'mother', who is really your aunt.
4	The doll had been given to your aunt by her best friend when they were young; they are now estranged.
5	The doll had been your aunt's first doll, received when she was a year old; it brings back sad memories to her.

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Title: Broken

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**30 Composition
Writing Models
for P1 to P6
children**

Five Model Compositions for P1

Model 1 - My First Day in School

I held tightly to my mother's hand. She said that I looked very smart in my new school uniform. I looked at all the other children who were going to be my school mates.

I was sure that all the children who were with their parents were in Primary 1, like I was. Soon I would have so many new friends.

A few minutes later, I was seated in the classroom with my classmates. Our teacher introduced herself as Ms Chen.

When I reached home after school, I ran into the kitchen to tell my mother all the exciting things that had happened on my first day at school.

Model 2 - Julian Cuts His Own Hair

The last time that Julian had been to the hairdressing salon, he had observed the hairdresser carefully. He was sure that he could cut his own hair. So one morning, after his mother had gone to work, Julian bravely took out the large pair of scissors that she kept in her room.

He looked into the mirror in the bathroom and snipped away happily. He could see his hair getting shorter and shorter. At first he was happy. He was sure his mother would be pleased. After all, he was saving her \$8.00.

After some time, Julian noticed that cutting his own hair was not as easy as he had thought it would be. He looked in the mirror and realised that he looked horrible. He stopped and hid himself under the bed. He decided that when his mother called, he would not answer.

When Julian's mother came home, she could not find him anywhere. However, she suspected something was wrong when she saw hair all over the bathroom. She shouted for him till he came out. She was shocked at what she saw! She dragged him to the hairdressing salon. The hairdresser shook his head sadly and started work. The only thing he

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could do was shave off all Julian's hair. His mother laughed when she saw Julian, completely bald, sitting there looking rather glum.

Model 3 - The Injured Bird

It was our usual Sunday morning race at the park. Usually, Shamsudin won, and that was not surprising because Shamsudin was the fastest runner in my school. That day I was determined to beat him. I had been practising secretly and ran as fast as I could.

Suddenly Shamsudin, who was ahead, stopped. Siva and I stopped behind him, wondering what was going on. Shamsudin was pointing at something on the track. What we saw shocked us. It was an injured bird. It could walk, but it could not fly.

I had seen a birdcage in my storeroom so I volunteered to take care of the bird. The others agreed and I took it home and put it in the cage. Every day we saved some of our school allowance and bought birdseeds for the bird.

Soon it was able to fly again. Two weeks later, Shamsudin, Siva and I took the bird back to the same park and let it go. It flew around for a while and then flew away. It felt wonderful to see the bird flying away.

Model 4 - Planting a Tree

Grandpa studied the ground in our backyard very carefully. We had just moved into a house the previous week. It had taken us one week to settle down. "Let's plant a tree," said Grandpa after a while. I became excited.

We got into Grandpa's pick-up truck and drove to the nursery. The nursery owner was happy to see us. He proudly showed us all his plants. We looked about for more than half an hour. Finally, we selected a beautiful mango sapling. "You can eat mangoes in a few years," said the nursery owner. We placed the sapling in Grandpa's pick-up truck and drove home happily.

As soon as we reached home, Grandpa and I started work. It took us about half an hour to dig a deep hole.

Then I took the sapling and planted it in the hole. Grandpa covered the hole with earth and manure. Finally, I watered the plant. "It is your job to

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make sure that this little plant grows into a tree," said Grandpa. I replied that I would be happy to.

Model 5 - Making a New Friend

I asked Kamisah if she knew who the girl was. She shook her head. Then, Jennifer said, "She is a new girl in my school. She seems so stuck up. No one speaks to her."

I was quite surprised, because the girl did not look proud at all. I walked up to her and introduced myself, "I am Arun. Do you want to join us in a game of hide-and-seek?" I asked. She looked at me glumly and shook her head.

"You are right," I said to Jennifer, "she is stuck up". My mood was spoilt and I did not feel like playing. I sat there and looked at the girl for while. I kept thinking about what had happened. Finally, I could not stand it any longer. I went back to her and asked, "Why are you so stuck up?"

She looked at me blankly. Then she looked at the ground. "I am not stuck up. I am sick, and the doctor told me not to play active games for a month." Immediately, I felt sorry for her. I invited her to join the group and we spent the whole afternoon playing 'Change-Leader-Change'. From that day she became a member of our group. She turned out to be a very nice person and we were all happy to include her.

Five Model Compositions for P2

Model 6 - The Broken Doll

I have been collecting dolls from the time I was in kindergarten. I name all my dolls. There is one called Cynthia; another called Olivia and so on. Altogether I have 12 dolls. My favourite is a doll I call 'Cinderella'. She was a gift from my late grandfather.

One day, I was careless. While playing with Cinderella, I dropped her. She fell on the floor, and in my anxiety, I stepped on her. I was so sad when I noticed that her arm was broken. I felt like crying.

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My elder brother saw me sitting in the corner. When he asked me why I was so sad, I showed him my broken doll. He smiled and took the doll into his room. I saw him fixing it with super glue.

When he had finished, he came back to the sitting room and handed the doll to me. She looked as good as new; the part which had been broken could not be seen. I was so happy. I hugged him and thanked him again and again. He laughed and went out.

Model 7 - Helping a Sick Person

Salbiah and I spotted her as soon as we came to the bus stop. She was an elderly lady and we had seen her before. Usually she was cheerful, but that day she looked unwell.

We walked up to her together. "Hello, Grandma, are you unwell?" Salbiah asked kindly. She looked at us for a while and said nothing. We could see that she was sweating profusely.

"I feel faint," she said finally. "Do you want to see a doctor?" I asked. She shook her head. "Just call my daughter and tell her that I am unwell and that I am here," she said. Then she gave us her daughter's telephone number.

Salbiah comforted her while I took out my hand-phone and called her daughter and told her what was happening. Then I sat on the other side of the lady and we waited for the lady's daughter to arrive. She arrived in a few minutes in a car. We helped the elderly lady into the car. Both of them thanked us and the car sped away.

Model 8 - The Day I Took the Wrong Bus.

I was worried. My mother had dropped me off at school for my ECA and told me to find my way home. We had just moved into the neighbourhood and I did not know what bus to take. My mother had told me to ask people. I did not like to do that, because I felt that they might think I was stupid and laugh at me.

Hence, I sat in the bus shelter and looked at the buses passing by. I looked hard at the buses as some of them had their destinations displayed. After a few buses had passed by, I thought I saw a bus with

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the name 'Lorong 8' written on it. Quickly I got on the bus. I thought of asking the bus driver, but again felt shy.

As I was looking out the window, I saw the blocks and streets whizzing by. I was hoping to spot my block, Block 808. I realised that the block numbers were a 100 something. I began to suspect that I had taken the wrong bus. My heart turned cold. Finally, I decided to be bold and speak to the bus driver.

He was a nice gentleman who smiled when I spoke to him. Then, I asked if the bus would be going to Lorong 8. He laughed and explained that the bus I was on was going to Lorong 18. I had read the number wrongly! The driver then explained that the bus I should have taken was Service 45. He told me that he would take me to the interchange and I could then take the correct bus. After a few more streets, the bus turned into the interchange. I thanked my new friend and then took Service Number 45 and went home.

Model 9 - My family

The oldest person in my family is Grandma. She is my father's mother and tells everyone what to do. My brother and I are her favourite grandchildren. Even our parents do not dare to scold us because Grandma would be upset. Our cousins envy us.

My father works as a chef. He goes to work in the afternoon and comes home late at night. My mother is a housewife. She looks after all of us. She does all the work in the house except cooking. Grandma does the cooking.

My little brother Wah Soon is only five years old and goes to kindergarten. He is mischievous and gets into all sorts of trouble every day. He cannot keep still for a minute, and annoys the cat and me the whole day. Still, I know that he is a loving boy.

I am not sure whether other people do the same, but we treat our cat, Tom, as a member of the family. He does nothing but eats and sleeps. He has his own bed in the corner of the hall, and since we live in a house, spends a lot of time outside. Quite often he is missing at night and comes home in the morning. Then he sleeps till lunchtime.

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Model 10 - The Blackout

Our hands were full of groceries as we had just come back from Causeway Point. The whole week's groceries were in our hands and we were just about to get into the lift when the lights went out. I heard a shout of "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" from all over. Then I felt a grip on my hand and my mother whispered, "Don't be afraid."

"What shall we do?" she asked. "Let's take the stairs," I said. "With all the groceries?" she asked. "It is only eight floors," I said. "OK," she said and started walking up the stairs. As we walked up two flights of stairs we saw a light coming down. We stopped to look.

It was Grandma Laxmi, our next-door neighbour, and she was carrying a candle. "Where are you going, Grandma?" I asked. She looked so eerie standing there in the candlelight. "Looking for you two," she said. "I was worried about how you would walk in the pitch dark." We laughed as she turned and led the way with her candle.

Slowly we climbed the stairs one step at a time. I was amazed that Grandma had no difficulty climbing the stairs. She walked rather fast and could see well too. Soon we were outside our door. Mummy opened the door while we stood behind her. Suddenly the lights came on again. "We could have waited," grumbled Mummy. Grandma and I laughed.

Five Model Compositions for P3

Model 11 - Hugh's Sandcastle

Hugh was concentrating intently on what he was doing. The sandcastle he was building was beautiful. Hugh was very proud of his work. It took him an hour to build it and he looked at it admiringly. Then he decided to share it with his father and ran to look for him and dragged him to see his masterpiece.

"Beautiful, my boy," said Hugh's father admiringly, "but I see a problem. You have built your beautiful sandcastle too near the sea." Even as they watched, the waves came nearer and nearer. Hugh screamed in anguish when a giant wave dashed against his sandcastle and demolished a huge part of it.

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He looked at it helplessly as his eyes brimmed with tears. He looked at the sea angrily and shook his little fists at it. "I am not your friend anymore," he screamed as loudly as he could. Everyone at the beach stopped what they were doing and looked at the angry little boy shouting at the sea. A few laughed; most of them felt sorry for him.

"Don't worry, son," said his father gently. We will build another one, better than this one. Hugh cheered up and rushed to gather his tools. Then he and his father began to build another sandcastle immediately. This time, they were careful to site it away from the sea. After they had completed their project, not only Hugh's mother admired it, but many beach-goers gathered to admire it too.

Authors' Tips

I want you to note the way I begin the story. Not: 'One day Hugh was at the seaside (Yawn!).' but: An action that Hugh is doing. It is much more exciting when the first sentence in a composition tells the reader (your teacher, parents and friends) something exciting. This is the way exciting movies start. The exciting beginning of a movie, book or composition, is called a '**hook**'. This is because it hooks the reader and makes him or her watch the movie, read the book or composition.

Model 12 - An Exciting Adventure

The little boy looked at his father and cousins in the water. He could see that they were enjoying themselves. I could tell that he wanted very much to join them, but was afraid to get into the water. His father and cousins called out to him. Obviously his father was an instructor. He was tanned, showing that he was used to spending hours in the sun.

I could see the fear in the little boy's eyes. I remembered how afraid I had been when I had gone swimming for the first time. The boy's father moved nearer to the side. The boy was still afraid. I could see that he was actually trembling. I wished I could walk forward and put my arm around his shoulder, but I dared not as I did not know the family.

Finally the father moved to the side of the pool and asked the boy to come to him. He stretched out his hands and took him, and allowed him to walk slowly into the water. The boy put first one foot and then the other and was soon in the water. All the other children clapped and I joined them.

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Once in the water, one of the other boys brought him a tube. The boy's father helped him into it. Once in the tube the little boy became braver. He used his hands to move about in the water. He liked what he was doing and looked more confident. Gone was the look of fear in his eyes. I walked away knowing that he would soon become a great swimmer.

Authors' Tips

How many times have you seen little children in similar adventures? In fact, for a little child, everything is an adventure. I saw a one-year-old eating an ice-cream once. What an adventure she was having! Want to be a good writer? Simple; observe everything that goes on around you. A boy getting into the water for the first time is a wild adventure for him. Observe such things carefully.

Model 13 - Forgetful Mrs Pang

Mrs Pang took out the seventh key from her handbag and tried the lock. Again it was the wrong key and would not turn at all. She sighed in frustration and called Mr Pang. He was not available on the phone and was probably driving to or from an appointment. He would not answer the phone while driving because it was dangerous.

Mrs Pang took out her handphone from her handbag. Then she looked about for a locksmith's telephone number. She remembered seeing one pasted somewhere near her door. She could not find it as it had probably been removed by the cleaner. She then looked at her neighbour's house. She saw a number of a locksmith pasted on the door.

Immediately she called the number. A friendly gentleman answered. Mrs Pang told him her problem and described where she was and explained what type of lock it was. The locksmith said that since he would be riding a motorcycle, he would be there in 20 minutes. Mrs Pang thanked him and switched off her phone. She heaved a sigh of relief.

Soon she heard the tut-tut-tut of a motorbike and a young man came to her door. He studied the lock for a while and took out a tool from his bag. It took him only a few minutes to unlock the door. He told Mrs Pang that the charge was \$25. Mrs Pang gave him \$30 and told him to keep the change. She went into her apartment and sat down on her sofa.

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Authors' Tips

This is a simple little story that anyone can write. In a story like this, the hero / heroine usually tries a few times before the problem is solved. She tries to open the door herself, then she calls her husband and the problem is finally solved when the locksmith arrives. Have you read any stories where the hero / heroine tries three times before solving the problem? This is how it usually happens.

Model 14 - Helpful Hashim

It was clear to Hashim that the elderly lady would never be able to cross the road on her own; it was too dangerous. The cars whizzed by and the pedestrian crossing was quite a distance away. The lady would get very tired, if she were to walk all the way to the pedestrian crossing.

Hashim decided to behave like a gentleman; he crossed the road and approached the elderly lady. She was happy to see him. He took her hand firmly and when the cars were far away, gently led her across the road. To make her walk faster, he had to drag her a little. He could see cars in the distance coming nearer and nearer.

Hashim lifted his arm high so that drivers could see him from afar. Naturally they slowed down, but none of them needed to stop. Hashim and his new friend reached the other side of the road, well before the first car came close.

The elderly lady opened her wallet and took out some money and offered it to Hashim. "Please Grandma," said Hashim, "I was happy that I was able to help you in this small way. I cannot accept a reward." The elderly lady smiled at him. "Your parents have brought up a fine young gentleman," she said. Hashim nodded his thanks, waved to her and walked away.

Authors' Tips

The way I write this story is as if I were standing there and observing what Hashim is thinking and doing. This is a good technique. Another way is, of course, by pretending that I am Hashim or the elderly lady. If I were to write as Hashim, I would start with: 'I looked at the elderly lady; I knew she needed help to cross the road.' If I wished to write as the elderly lady, I would begin: 'I looked at the heavy traffic flowing non-stop.

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I was afraid.' See how easy it is? Who says composition writing is difficult?

Model 15 - My Precious Curry Puff

"Where could it have gone?" I thought as I looked about for my precious curry puff. Then I saw a man sitting at the next table eating a curry puff greedily. I knew that he had to be the thief; no one else had a curry puff. I stormed up to the table, stood in front of him and stared hard. He was dressed in rags; he wore a beard and was terribly dirty and to make it worse, had a terrible stink about him.

I looked about to see if I knew any of the adults at the hawker's centre. The stallholder, from whom I had just bought the curry puff, was looking intently at me. All I needed to do was tell him, and he would make this strange man pay for another curry puff for me. Still, I hesitated.

Then the strange man who was eating my curry puff looked up at me. I met his gaze. His eyes looked so sad. They seemed to be pleading, "I am very hungry; it is just one curry puff. Let me eat it, please Miss." I felt a sudden sadness come over me; I wanted to cry. I even felt like hugging the man and telling him he was welcome to eat my curry puff.

I heard someone say, "Did this madman take your curry puff?" and turned to see the stallholder standing behind me. "No Uncle," I said softly, "I gave it to him." The stallholder nodded and went away. I looked at the strange man's sad eyes again; then I turned and walked to the stall and bought another curry puff and walked away. All the way home I thought of the poor man who could not afford an 80-cent curry puff.

Authors' Tips

Sad story? Yes. I have seen people who are like the poor madman in this story. They do not harm anyone and need to be understood, not feared or looked down on. I looked at the situation, remembered one of the poor men from my kampong days and began writing. You may not have seen such characters, but perhaps you have seen them in movies or read about them. Put yourself in the situation; imagine that you are the girl / boy who had lost the curry puff, and see what comes to mind. Then begin writing. In this story, I tried to make the reader sad or even cry. Did I make you feel sad? If I did then I was successful. All it took was words.

Five Model Compositions for P4

Model 16 - Babysitting

I was watching a boring programme on TV and wishing that something exciting would happen. Suddenly the doorbell rang. "Renga, answer it," said my father. Obviously he was enjoying the programme. I dashed to the door and opened it. Uncle Henry and his wife Aunt Daisy stood there with their baby. "Surprise!" they said together. I opened the door at once. They handed Lillian to me and went to sit on the sofa with my parents.

I was thrilled; I loved to hold Lillian. I took her to the balcony. She was thrilled looking at the moon. Then something else attracted her attention: my nose. With her little mouth wide open, she went straight for the 'object'. I turned away just in time. I then took her to the kitchen and gave her a chocolate biscuit. She liked the taste and forgot about trying to bite my nose off. I was glad.

She did not care about looking at the moon anymore. Her new interest was more fascinating. Soon the chocolate biscuit was spread all over her face, and mine. I did not mind at all. Then I felt something warm and wet spreading over my chest. Quickly I held her away from me. She gurgled; apparently she was very proud of herself. I took her back to her mother. Everyone laughed at me, especially my mother.

I did not say anything. I realised I must have done that many times when I was Lillian's age. I just went to wash and change my shirt. I had the chance to hold Lillian the whole night and she seemed to like me a lot. She actually fell asleep on my lap. Finally it was time for them to leave. She refused to leave me and cried non-stop. I had to promise her that I would go and play with her the next day. She seemed to understand and stopped crying.

Authors' Tips

All babies are cute. I try to show this in the composition. Do you notice the way I describe what is happening? Do you also notice how I talk about the 'accident' without actually telling you what happened? Yet you could understand what happened without my giving you the details. Writers like to do this type of thing in their stories.

Look at this:

Yesterday, Mr X forgot that it was his wife's birthday.

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Last night their dog had to sleep on the floor; the sofa was occupied.

Do you get it? In a humorous way, I tell you that last night Mr X's wife chased him out of their bedroom and that the poor man had to sleep on the sofa. Yet, I do not say anything directly; I talk about the dog!

Model 17 – Mistaken Identity

I was very sure it was Seng from my kindergarten class. We had been sitting side by side for two years in K1 and K2. Also, it was difficult to forget him: He was the boy who used to come to class with a pacifier in his mouth. He would make a big fuss when the teacher tried to take it away. I smiled to myself when I remembered this.

"Hi Seng, it is good to see you," I said and stretched out my hand. He looked at my face and then at me and then said, "I think you have the wrong person, I am not Seng. I am Daniel." I was embarrassed. I was sure it was Seng. I reminded him that I was James who had sat beside him in kindergarten. He looked puzzled and shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "I am not Seng."

I was surprised and apologised. He smiled and walked away. I looked after him till he turned the corner. I was still sure that he was Seng. If he was, why was he pretending that he was not? Anyway, since we were living in the same neighbourhood, I was sure we would meet again. People do not just forget childhood friends suddenly.

I thought that perhaps, for some reason, he did not want to remember me, or just did not want to renew an old friendship at that time. I asked myself again if it really mattered. He did look back as he walked away and smiled. Then again, perhaps I had been mistaken; perhaps he was not Seng after all. I shook my head to put the idea out of my head and went straight home.

Authors' Tips

Has something like this ever happened to you? It happens to adults pretty often. How did it feel when it happened? Try to capture feelings in your writing. It is what makes people enjoy reading your work.

Model 18 – The Lodger

I was just about to go out when the doorbell rang. Quickly, I opened the door. An elderly lady stood there. She was well dressed and looked pleasant. She gave me a broad smile. I had been expecting her. I opened the door and called my mother.

My mother came running from the kitchen and invited our guest in. My mother introduced her as Mrs Goh. She was our new lodger and was going to occupy our spare room. My mother had explained to me that Mrs Goh was an old family friend. She had been living with her only son till recently. He had now married and gone overseas. Since she did not like to live alone, she had decided to sell her apartment and stay with us.

As we sat there chatting, my mother explained that Mrs Goh was 70 years old. She had been working in a large bank and had only recently retired. I was happy to have her staying with us as both sets of my grandparents had gone from his world. "You may call me Grandma," said Mrs Goh with another of her warm smiles. "Yes Grandma," I replied happily.

I enjoy having Grandma staying with us. It is nice to know that there would always be someone wise to advise and guide me. I also realise that she is excellent in English and Mathematics. She is only too happy to help me with my assignments.

Authors' Tips

Do you notice the pleasant way in which I describe the elderly lady and her visit and how the three people relate to each other? By writing pleasant details, a writer can turn any simple situation into a story. Nothing is impossible to a writer's imagination. By the way, I hope you are not asking, 'Who is a writer, ah?' Of course I mean YOU!

Do you notice that in the last paragraph I have switched to the present tense? Well, this is because it describes the present situation. I want to show that Mrs Goh is still living happily with the writer.

Model 19 – An Elderly Neighbour

From across the corridor I could see the boys running out of the apartment. They were very happy about something. I wondered what

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they were so happy about. They were shouting at the top of their voices. Then I saw the door of the next apartment open. An elderly lady came out. I could see that she was very angry. The shouting of the boys had upset her. She stood there scolding them. The boys kept quiet. I think they realised that they were in the wrong and deserved the scolding. After a while the lady stopped and the boys walked away. I was still standing there looking at her. She still looked angry. Then I saw her fall.

I shouted to my mother. When she ran out I told her what had happened. "Get an ambulance!" she screamed and ran to attend to the elderly lady. I dashed for the telephone and dialled 995. I told the operator what had happened and then ran out to join my mother.

A few of the neighbours had arrived by then. My mother was fanning the elderly lady. She was lying still. The group of boys stood there looking very scared. Soon the ambulance arrived. Within minutes they took her away. My mother went with her.

In a few hours my mother came back with the elderly lady. She was quite all right. That evening, the boys and their parents went to visit her. The boys said they were sorry, and the elderly lady smiled and forgave them.

Authors' Tips

I love good endings; don't you? Do you have a grumpy neighbour? Do you know why he or she is like that? Usually the reasons are very sad ones. Often it is because no one loves him or her. Grumpy people are often sad within and put on a mask of being angry. Observe them carefully and write about them in your journal.

Model 20 - A Burglar in The Night

I thought I heard a noise, but ignored it. Then I heard it again. It was coming from the kitchen. I was alone at home so naturally I was afraid. Quietly, I crept to the kitchen. I dared not switch on the light, and moved in the dark. To make matters worse, I had been reading in the papers that a burglar had broken into a few homes in our estate. I could feel my heart beating faster and faster; I could almost hear my heartbeats.

As I neared the kitchen, I felt my knees shaking. I listened intently. Slowly my hand went to the light switch. I felt the switch, and with my body turned around and ready to run, switched on the light. I expected

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the light to flood the whole kitchen. That did not happen. Someone had probably switched off the main switch. I felt cold all over.

Gathering all my courage, I whispered, "Who is that?" I saw a figure move. He was running to the window. For a while I saw him against the window. I screamed. Then the figure jumped out. I ran forward to look. I saw a man running to a motorbike. Someone started the motorcycle. The man jumped on the pillion and the bike roared away. I stood frozen, unable to think clearly.

Then I heard someone open the door. My parents had returned. I ran forward excitedly and fell into my father's arms. It was at least five minutes before I could speak anything that they could understand. Anyway, when we checked we found that nothing was missing. Apparently, I had discovered the burglar before he could take anything.

Authors' Tips

Here is another story that has been inspired by newspaper reports. I actually read this story in the newspapers on the day I wrote this story. The secret to being a good writer is to be a prolific reader. (You may wish to look up in the dictionary what this cute word means.)

Five Model Compositions for P5

Model 21 - Famished

My stomach let out a low growl; it needed food. I patted it to assure it that I would soon fill it with food. Then I walked to the kitchen to see if I could find anything. There was nothing in the fridge but water; I drank a whole glass of ice water but that did not satisfy my hunger. I wanted something solid. I continued to look around. I knew Mummy had a jar of biscuits, which Grandma had made, somewhere.

Then I spotted the jar on the shelf. It was on the highest part of the kitchen. Reaching it was going to be a problem. Mummy had placed it on the high shelf because she did not want my little sister to reach it. She was afraid that she might fall. Grandma was asleep in her room with my little sister and I did not want to wake them up. I decided that I had to solve the problem myself.

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I went to the dining room and pushed a chair to the kitchen; then I pushed it directly under the shelf. I got on the chair and reached out for the jar. It was just out of reach. I could just touch it. I realised that if I tried to push it, it might fall and break to a hundred pieces. I certainly did not want that to happen. I then went to the hall and fetched a stool. I placed it on top of the chair and climbed on it. I realised I could grab the jar.

“Take as many as you like; lunch will be late,” said a gentle voice from behind me. I turned and met Mummy’s eyes. I then grabbed the jar and brought it down. Then I pushed the two pieces of furniture to the dining room and hall respectively. By then Mummy had opened the jar. I reached in and took four pieces. “For me?” said a little voice from the door. I looked and saw the small figure holding on to Mummy’s skirt and peeping from behind her. I reached in and took two more biscuits and handed them to my little sister. Mummy then placed the jar back. My sister and I went to the hall to eat our biscuits.

Authors’ Tips

This is a simple story. It follows the classic steps. Hero faces problem; hero discovers how to solve it; hero tries to solve the problem; hero succeeds at the second attempt; hero enjoys the fruits of his labours and shares it with someone he loves.

Model 22 - A New Perspective

No one spoke to her because she was so grumpy. Our parents had warned us not to make any noise outside her apartment. This was because she always shouted at anyone who made noise. No one knew her name. She just moved in one morning with her son, and then later we did not see the son anymore. All we knew was that she was alone. I was very careful and obeyed my mother: I kept away from the apartment.

Then one day, Elizabeth and I were bouncing a ball outside our apartment. As usual, Elizabeth was butter-fingered. She missed the ball and it began bouncing along the corridor and stopped outside the grumpy woman’s apartment. Elizabeth did not dare to go after the ball so I did. I was just bending to pick the ball when I heard a shout. I turned and saw the lady. I froze.

I could see that she was very angry. I looked her in the eye and told her. “I am really sorry, Grandma.” I was surprised. She softened and smiled. Then she asked me to wait and went in and brought some cakes. The

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cakes tasted really sweet and I was not afraid anymore. I called out to Elizabeth and she received some cakes too.

We became friends with the elderly lady after that and realised that she was not really unfriendly; just sad because her son had left her and gone away. After that day all the other neighbours began to talk to her and she stopped being so grumpy. In fact we all became good neighbours, helping one another. Then one day we saw her son returning. The elderly lady threw a party to welcome him. We were all invited.

Authors' Tips

Do you have neighbours? Surely you do. Well, observe them carefully and write short notes about their characters. One day, you will be able to write stories about them. Just write only good things about people; no one is really bad. Everyone is just trying their best to live life. Sometimes, what they do is out of fear and loneliness rather than because they are bad. Do you have a grumpy neighbour? Did you ever try talking to him or her?

Model 23 – A Beautiful Sight

When Grandpa told my cousins and me that he and Grandma were taking us to see the most beautiful sight of all, we were interested. My cousins, my brother and I guessed that it had to be the latest movie at the Omnimax Theatre. We were sure of this because Grandpa and Grandma had taken us there the previous month. Grandpa just smiled and shook his head and walked away. "Tomorrow!" said Grandpa and sent us all to bed early. We were staying at our Grandparents' home, as was our family tradition on the weekend following Deepavalli.

When Grandpa had said 'tomorrow' none of us had asked at what time the trip would be made. Hence we were shocked when he took a loud bell and rang it early in the morning. I looked at the clock; it was half-past four! All four of us rubbed our eyes and went to wash. Grandpa and Grandma were dressed; there was no breakfast on the table. "Nasi Lemak after seeing the beautiful sight," announced Grandma. We stumbled out to the car park and clambered into Grandpa's old Mercedes.

He drove carefully as usual and we arrived at the beach within minutes. Grandma made us all sit in a row facing the sea. We were told to keep absolutely quiet and still or we would miss the sight. Naturally we obeyed and kept our eyes fixed on the horizon. Then we saw the first streaks of

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twilight break the darkness. Then appeared the big, beautiful, red sun! It was like a giant red ball rising out of the sea. Majestically it sailed out as if it had been hiding there the whole night. I felt moved. By this time thousands of birds had begun their morning song. The air was filled with an orchestra.

It was indeed the most beautiful sight any of us had ever seen. "People would probably come here to see the sunrise if they had to pay to see it," grumbled Grandpa as he led us to the hawkers' centre for a nasi lemak feast.

Authors' Tips

How did you feel after reading the first paragraph? Could you stop? Didn't you want to know what happened after that? That, my dear young writer, is a **hook**. Always start a composition with a **hook**. Then you will score!

Have you ever seen a beautiful sunrise or sunset? If not, I hope you do. If you learn to appreciate nature, you will see beauty everywhere. I was in Taiwan once and had a chance to see the sunset from a hill. I was told that the sunset from that hill was so beautiful that tourists went there just to see it. I refused to believe what they said; then I saw it! It was really beautiful and it moved my friends and me to tears. The toughest person in my group cried like a baby.

Model 24 - A Reunion

There was something unusual about her but I could not put my finger on it. As I walked up to her, she turned and flashed a smile. I liked her straightaway and said, "Hi, I am Daisy." She stuck out her hand and said, "Angela." We shook hands and went into the canteen. Then Davina came to join us. She looked at both of us curiously and said, "How come you two look alike?" Now I realised why I had thought Angela was unusual; we looked a little like each other.

From that day we became good friends. All of our friends said that we looked like sisters and we allowed them to think that we were sisters; in fact we found it amusing that they thought that way. I realised that Angela was much better than I in English but not very good in Mother Tongue; probably because her family had lived in Canada for many years. Since I was very good in Mother Tongue, we decided to tutor each other in our weak subjects.

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One week later, I was happy to invite Angela to my home for lunch and to study. At my apartment, Mummy stared at both of us; then she asked Angela quietly, "Is your father's name William?" Angela nodded and asked, "How did you know?" I was curious too. My mother turned away but not before I had seen her tears. Mummy kept quiet for a long while then spoke up, "You are cousins. Your father is my elder brother," Angela and I stared at each other. Mummy told us that she and her brother had quarrelled when Angela and I were babies and then they had lost contact. After we heard the story Angela and I realised they had just been too proud to patch up.

We went into my room and hatched a plan. I called Uncle William in his office and told him that Angela was sick and that she needed him to take her home. I even said that she was too sick to talk and all the while she was sitting there muffling her laughter with a pillow. When the doorbell rang, I ran to answer it. Mummy was taking her siesta. Uncle William looked at me curiously while I called Mummy. She came out and stood there gaping. Then she ran forward and hugged her brother. Both of them cried like babies while Angela and I stood there laughing non-stop.

Authors' Tips

Beautiful story? Of course. Too many words? Who cares? I enjoyed writing it and I had a good story to tell. I am sure if we have beautiful stories to tell, no one minds if we use many words. Frankly, we often need lots of words to tell a good story. Think of writing something special the next time you have to write a composition. Do you know the difference between a good writer and a poor one? Poor writers choose the lazy way out and write stories that make people yawn.

Model 25 - Buried Treasure

Grandmother had green fingers and so did I. So when she suggested to do some gardening in the backyard, I agreed enthusiastically. We decided that we were going to plant groundnuts. I was surprised when she told me that groundnuts grew underground and did not hang from trees like fruits. "You dig here and I shall dig over there," she said and walked away with her changkul over her shoulder. I attacked the ground with determination.

Soon I found that it was hard work. Grandma, on the other hand, seemed to be tireless. She waved to me whenever I looked at her. Suddenly she

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shouted excitedly, "Maimun, come quickly; look at this!" I dropped my changkul and ran to her. I looked where she was pointing and was astounded to see a small metal box. "Go and get your father!" she yelled. I did not have to be told twice. My father who was reading the papers dashed over.

In a few minutes Bapak had the box sitting on a rock outside the hole. He had no problem breaking open the lock. We looked in and saw a few things. There were a few coins, a hair clip, a book and a few old photographs. All my hopes of a treasure disappeared immediately. I stooped and looked at the items one by one. Obviously they had been treasured by whoever had buried them there. After a quick discussion, we decided to take them and keep them in our storeroom.

That evening at dinner my father explained that whoever had lived in our house many years ago, had buried the items there; and had intended to dig them up later. From the dates on the backs of the photographs and those on the coins, we thought the box had been buried there for at least a hundred years. Next day Grandma and I went back to digging in the garden.

Authors' Tips

Have you ever unearthed anything while digging in a garden? Well I have. I did dig up some old bones, which I thought were those of a dog. I covered up the hole promptly. Another time I dug up a wooden box with some odd items like those I mention in the story. In fact, that is what inspired me to write this story.

A lot of interesting things have been dug up in Singapore. Some of them are of historical interest. Recently someone actually dug up a World War 2 bomb! If you ever find one, call the police immediately. Do not touch it; get away as far from it as you can. An unexploded bomb is dangerous no matter how old it is. In fact the older it is, the more dangerous it becomes.

Five Model Compositions for P6

Model 26 - Breakdown

It was a rickety old bus and we travelled in it to school every day. We were all sure that it would breakdown one day. Mr Samy who drove the bus was a friendly, elderly gentleman. His bus looked as ancient as he did. I think he loved his bus very much. He called it 'Kalyani' and referred to it as 'her'. We learned that 'Kalyani' was also his wife's name. We often heard Mr Samy talking to the bus as if it were human and used to laugh at him. However, in time we too began to think of Kalyani as if she were human.

Once when we were on the way to the Robot Exhibition at World Trade Centre, she decided to 'fall sick'. We were just out of the school gates when she coughed a few times spluttered and stopped. We looked at each other desperately. Don't worry said Mr Samy and got to work with his tools. As he worked we could hear him talking softly to the bus. The other buses with the rest of our friends, overtook us. We were a little upset when our friends and the bus drivers laughed at us as they passed by. Mr Samy ignored them and continued working.

Soon Kalyani was all right. Mr Samy started her and we were on our way. We were a little worried that the others would laugh at us because we would be late. Surprisingly, when we arrived, there was no one there. Mr Samy grinned and told us that he had driven through a short cut. We cheered and patted Kalyani lovingly and followed our teacher to the exhibition.

When the rest of our friends arrived, they shook their heads in disbelief at seeing that we were there before they were. We just grinned and kept our secret.

Authors' Tips

Just for variety I begin the composition with some background. Even then I make it exciting. In the first paragraph I talk about the 'rickety old bus'. This makes the reader expect something to happen. The descriptions of the bus and the driver are interesting too. The bus seems almost like a living thing.

Model 27 – The Punch

The punch landed on the opposition player's cheek with a loud 'Bop!' and was witnessed by at least two thousand people. I always knew that Daniel's bad temper would get him into trouble one day, and it did. It happened in the middle of the football finals in which our school was sure to win. Before Dan swung his punch, the opposing player had accidentally bumped into Dan. Everyone knew it was an accident. I was rather ashamed of Daniel who was my best friend.

The referee did what everyone expected him to do. He sent Daniel off the field. This at an important point in the match was bad for our team. We lost the most important match of the season. After the match I went to talk to Daniel. No one was talking to him, not even his teammates. He was sitting in the corner of the dressing room all by himself. I knew how sorry he was feeling, but it was too late. I walked up to him and put my arm around his shoulders and led him away.

The next day there was a meeting at the principal's office. Daniel was in there with the boy whom he had punched, the football master, the principal and several other officials. The meeting went on for about an hour; I was worried for my friend.

When Daniel came out he looked gloomy. He told me that he had apologised to the player and to everyone. His apology had been accepted but he had been dropped from the football team. His bad temper had cost him dearly.

Authors' Tips

The second word of the composition is 'punch'. This will certainly make the reader take notice at once. A bad way would be to begin by describing the situation. Notice, however, that later on in the composition the writer writes about how the fight had started. We have to do this; otherwise, the story would be incomplete. I also have a moral here; do you recognise it? I am saying that a good friend sticks by you even when you do something stupid. It is common for writers to express their beliefs subtly in their writing.

Take a look at both these sentences where the writers express their feelings about pitch darkness. The first writer is afraid; the second loves

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the darkness. See how they tell us their different beliefs, without directly saying 'I am afraid of the dark' or 'I love the darkness'.

1. I thought of the long walk I had to take in pitch darkness and looked about me warily. The stillness was eerie.
2. The pitch darkness hung about the air like a comforting blanket; I felt a deep sense of peace. I walked forward slowly, enjoying the stillness.

Model 28 - Fascination

I was fascinated; there was really a living person inside Aunt Annie. I loved to place my ears to her abdomen and listen to and feel her baby moving about in her womb. It was thrilling to feel the baby kicking. I spent a lot of time with Aunt Annie, who was my father's younger sister and lived in the same block as we did.

"The baby is due to be born in about a month," explained my mother. The date that the doctor had fixed was 30 August. Since my uncle was a nervous wreck, my mother gave me instructions on what to do in an emergency. Then one day my aunt told me that she was feeling pains. My heart started beating very fast. Immediately I called my mother and told her. In a calm voice she told me not to worry, and that she would call an ambulance and would come over at once.

Quickly, I called Uncle David, who had gone downstairs to buy dinner, and told him what was happening. As expected, he panicked. He was panting when he dashed in through the door. He was also sweating profusely and trembling; he looked so frightened. He ran to comfort his wife, but did not know what to do. When she cried out in pain, he just held her and started crying like a baby. I prayed that my mother would arrive soon.

My prayers were answered; she arrived just at that time, as did the paramedics. They took charge immediately and in less than ten minutes the ambulance was on the way to hospital with my aunt and my mother. My uncle and I followed in my father's car. At the hospital, we met my mother outside the delivery ward. We had to wait for three hours before my cousin, little Joseph arrived. We went home happily, thanking God that everything had gone well.

Authors' Tips

The important thing I want you to note is the way I unfold the story entirely from the little girl's viewpoint. Still, I take time to describe the

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different characters. The little girl is excited, the husband is panicky, the mother is calm and the paramedics are professional. Notice also how I do not let the character descriptions interfere with the story. The story progresses rapidly, but along the way I describe the characters a little here and there. This makes the characters and the story more 'real'.

Model 29 - Misunderstood

When I saw Madam Goh, I quickly crossed to the other side of the corridor. She looked at me from the end of the corridor. Then she set down her groceries and stared at me. I swallowed and looked around for a way of escape. I had no choice but to pass her. I looked away from the corridor, whistled a tune and started walking. My heart was beating fast.

As I walked I was aware that she was looking at me. Then suddenly I tripped and fell. I landed near her groceries. I looked up, controlling my tears. Quick as a flash she bent down and picked me up. She did not have to struggle at all and I was quite heavy. I was amazed at her strength. Then she dusted my clothes, picked up my glasses, cleaned them and gave them to me. I muttered my thanks and her face broke into a rare smile.

Once inside my apartment, I told my mother everything. She looked puzzled for a while; then she went out. I followed her. She walked straight to Madam Goh's apartment and knocked on the door. We waited while the door opened and Madam Goh stood there.

My mother stretched out her hand and shook Madam Goh's hand and thanked her. The next thing we knew, Madam Goh had invited us in and we were chatting and drinking coffee. We had made a new friend. To our question as to why she had appeared so unfriendly, Madam Goh laughed and said that she had thought that all of us were proud and stuck up!

Authors' Tips

Can you guess why I tell the story of the grumpy neighbour so many times?

The reason is simple; I wanted to show how different stories can be told from similar situations. I also wanted you to see how the same situation differs in the way it is told for the different class levels. You will also notice how the language varies in levels of difficulty for the different classes.

Model 30 - Broken

My aunt was the strongest member of the family, so I was surprised at her tears and all because of a broken doll. I felt uncomfortable and wished I had not asked her about what was in the large wooden box. I put my arms around her to comfort her. After some time, she wiped her tears and put the doll away.

“The doll belonged to my daughter,” she explained. I was surprised for I had never known that my aunt had a daughter. My aunt told me the story of her life. When she was 19 years old she had married. She had not known that her husband was a gambler. One day her husband had lost a lot of money. The money was not his but had belonged to his office. He had cried and cried, and out of pity my aunt had given him some money to get him out of trouble. Instead of putting back the money, my uncle had run away to another country. He had never come back.

Unfortunately, my aunt had stolen the money from her office to help her husband. As a result she had been arrested. Before going to prison, she had given her three-year old daughter away for adoption. After telling me the story my aunt started crying again. This time she wailed and started to beat her head. As I did not know what to do, I quickly called my mother. My aunt sat in the corner with a dazed look. I put my arm around her and tried to comfort her.

Soon my mother came and I told her everything. Instead of comforting her, my mother hugged her sister and started crying too. I was really at a loss. Then the two of them went into the room and locked the door. I could hear them arguing and crying inside, but could not make out the words. After a long time, there was silence and my mother came out. Her eyes were red. Silently, she put her arm around me, pointed to my aunt and whispered, “I am your aunt; she is your real mother!”

Authors’ Tips

Wow! What a story! Were you taken completely by surprise? Do you see how touching it is? Try to make your teacher cry with such touching stories. He or she will be so happy; firstly because of the beautiful story; and secondly because she has a writer in her class. Do you see how I tell the story from the little girl’s point of view? Do you like the twist at the end? With practice, good writing is easy.

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Well Young Writers, we have reached the end of our little adventure. I sincerely hope that you will develop a love for writing. Happy writing!

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