

Name: _____ ()

Date: _____ Sec _____



1. Descriptive writing : Describing an event

When describing an event, we can brainstorm about the atmosphere, venue, characters and any noteworthy incidents that happened during the event. In this descriptive essay, the writer focuses on describing an atmosphere that suggests the event will be a disappointment.

The writer uses **foreshadowing** to amply **prepare the readers for the eventual disappointment**. She does this by describing things associated with the atmosphere and by describing a series of complications to explain why the event did not live up to his expectations. Note also how the writer uses a range of specific adjectives, similes, adverbs and metaphors to make the disappointment palpable.

Essay question: Describe an event that you looked forward to which turn out to be disappointing

My alarm clock went off and I jolted up in bed, ready to seize the day. It was the day of Party in the Country, a special music festival hosted in a remote part of the countryside. All weekend long, attendants would camp outdoors to enjoy the festivities amongst the serenity of the natural woodland and have a wonderful time. I had been eagerly awaiting this weekend getaway ever since it was announced, especially as my childhood idols, The Funky Monkeys, were playing. Little did I realise that a tumultuous experience awaited me.	
The drive down to the festival site was scenic but uneventful. Cruising along the highway, I observed the cluttered skyline of the concrete jungle gradually fading into low-rise buildings and eventually I was surrounded by countryside. A vista of rolling pastures flew by my window as my rusty sedan that had seen better days chugged along winding roads. Occasionally, other cars would honk while whizzing by, crammed full of fresh young faces whooping with joy or singing along to the stereo. I smiled to myself as their boisterous sounds trailed off into the distance; clearly I was not alone in my pilgrimage to this grand bonanza.	
When I finally reached the location, my elation was slightly dampened by an audible squish. I had stepped out of my vehicles and immediately, my sparkling new Doctor Martens boots were half sunk into the damp soil. Rain from the night before had made the ground slick with mud, and the air was stale and musty. Far from the verdant refuge, I had envisioned in my fantasies, this looked more like a muddy swamp. Reassuring myself, I pitched my tent for the night, and got some rest.	
The following morning, I awoke to the dull thudding of distant music in the background. Dragging myself out of the warm sleeping bag, I already felt hungry. Looking around for my packed food, I realized that ants had breached my tent overnight. Repulsed, I traced the snaking trail of scurrying black bodies all the way to my snack bag, where they had already unceremoniously begun devouring my food. Disgruntled and famished, I dumped the contaminated food into the bin with a bitter sneer. Just then, I caught the familiar smell of bacon wafting in the air. Around the corner, some fellow campers had brought a portable grill and they were cooking up a storm. Transfixed by the sight of the delicious meats shimmering as they sizzled in the sunlight, I almost did not hear them inviting me over to join them. I was grateful for the sustenance and glad to make new friends.	
Later that evening, it was time for the headliner, The Funky Monkey, to perform and the excitement in the air was palpable. When the band members strutted out from the backstage, the crowd roared and surged forward, crashing upon the barricades like waves on a shore. Standing at the front of the stage, I was fortunate not to get crushed by the enthusiastic bodies behind me. Although uncomfortable, I was still giddy with anticipation. Then, finally, Mother Nature took things into her own hands.	

First, a sharp flash of lightning took us by surprise and the crowd heaved a collective gasp. Then after a pregnant pause, the crack of thunder reverberated ominously in the distance and rain began pouring relentlessly onto the festival grounds. Just when we thought it could not get any worse, the lights went out, and we were all plunged into an icy darkness. Panic ensued as people scrambled for shelter amidst a flurry of screams, cellphone flashlights and wet bodies stampeded towards the camp area. Cold and disoriented, I stumbled across the cluttered remains of the concert, a dark field blanketed by plastic trash, barely finding my tent amongst the havoc.	
At that point, I decided I had had enough and began packing up to return to the city. What was intended as a fun breezy getaway had become a stressful nightmare. As I drove home alongside the caravan of irate festival goers, I learnt that in the future, I should moderate my expectations and prepare myself better especially for outdoor events.	

Foreshadowing: Describing the atmosphere through the surroundings

In paragraph 3, the writer foreshadows the disappointing event through the following descriptions of the surrounding, thereby creating a certain atmosphere.

The Surrounding	Descriptions
Soil	damp
Ground	slick with mud
Air	stale and musty
place	like a muddy swamp

Foreshadowing: Describing a series of complications

The writer also describes a series of complications:

Complication	Descriptions
Ants devouring the food	Repulsed, I traced the snaking trail of scurrying black bodies all the way to my snack bag, where they had already unceremoniously begun devouring my food.
Boisterous crowd	When the band members strutted out from the backstage, the crowd roared and surged forward, crashing upon the barricades like waves on a shore. Standing at the front of the stage, I was fortunate not to get crushed by the enthusiastic bodies behind me.
Bad weather	First, a sharp flash of lightning took us by surprise and the crowd heaved a collective gasp. Then after a pregnant pause, the crack of thunder reverberated ominously in the distance and rain began pouring relentlessly onto the festival grounds.
Lights went out	Just when we thought it could not get any worse, the lights went out, and we were all plunged into an icy darkness. Panic ensued as people scrambled for shelter amidst a flurry of screams, cellphone flashlights and wet bodies stampeded towards the camp area.
Ruined camp areas	Cold and disoriented, I stumbled across the cluttered remains of the concert, a dark field blanketed by plastic trash, barely finding my tent amongst the havoc.

2. Descriptive writing : Describing an object

Appealing through associations

Association is a powerful way of linking a remembered emotion to an object, person or idea. We tend to remember messages of a story or an idea more vividly through associations. Associations also help to bring out the **significance and value of an object or a person**. In fact, we use associations everyday. While some associations are unique to some cultures and some societies, many associations are universal. For instance, fast food is associated with convenience and instant gratification; a home is associated with protection and security; and a baby is associated with innocence and vulnerability. Colours have their associations too: white is associated with purity and peace while red is associated with passion and love.

Essay question: Describe a possession that reminds you of your childhood days and why you will never discard it.

Although memories of my early childhood are, at best, foggy in my mind, the memory of one particular object has stayed crystal clear: my 'po-chim'. Back in those days, it was customary for newborn babies in Hokkien (a Chinese dialect) to be given a bolster, known as a 'po-chim'. Although I was given more sophisticated stuffed toys as bedtime companions as the years passed, nothing could quite replace my tatty old 'po-chim'.	
According to my mother, I would only fall asleep if I had my lovingly weaved quilted pillow next to me. My chubby little hands would clench it tightly as I fell asleep. My grandmother had sewn it herself, seamlessly combing little squares of red and white cotton cloth together, with neat rows of black thread. Even the colours were not chosen at random for everything had to be perfect for her grandson. Red symbolised prosperity and happiness while white represented peace and purity.	
I still remember my first overnight stay during my Primary three camp held in school. I had packed my 'po-chim' with me and when I took it out during bedtime, my friends teased me relentlessly. My quick defences allowed me to play along and I made my mother the culprit. I flippantly tossed the pillow aside but when the lights went out and I was sure everyone was asleep, I stealthily reached for my faithful 'po-chim' and nuzzled against its comforting warmth.	
The first Lunar New Year without grandma was the worst. It just did not feel the same with her not around anymore. As I started changing into my new year clothes, with the sounds of festivities all around me, something fell out my wardrobe with a silent thud. There, right next to my feet lay my 'po-chim'. Gradually, wear-and-tear took its toll on my beloved 'po-chim'. Originally, three feet long and plump with stuffing, my favourite bolster ended up almost empty, with only one solitary foot of stuffing remaining. The rest had since escaped through the numerous tears and splits in the well-worn material. As I clutched it close to me, waves of nostalgia swept over me. It seemed so small now in my hands. Yet, as I brought it close to my face, I can still remember the comfort and security it brought me.	
It was amazing how this simple bundle of cloth could fight off all the 'dragons' and 'monsters' of my childhood nightmares. All grandma had to do was to tuck me into bed with it and I felt safe. As tears rolled down my face, I was reminded that truly, the simplest of gifts come from the heart. This 'po-chim' may have faded in colour but it remains redolent of childhood's sweet memories and the love I had from my grandmother.	
Although my 'po-chim' does not occupy a physical place next to me in bed at night anymore, it still occupies a special place on my table and my memory. In a materialistic age where we hanker after the latest tech gadgets and must-have brand names, my now defunct 'po-chim' is a reminder that the simplest, humblest things in life can be a source of comfort and joy.	

<u>Association with the Chinese culture</u>	<u>Association with a person</u>	<u>Association with ideas</u>
• newborn babies are given a 'po-chim' • red symbolises prosperity and happiness • white symbolises peace and purity Note: In the Chinese culture, a quilt or patchwork symbolised good luck. Each patch represents the people's blessings for the baby. A quilted blanket is another common gift to be given at birth. In Australia and America, quilting is associated with comfort and community.	• Grandma's love • Presence of grandma who tucked the writer into bed • Grandma who is no longer around	• sleep/rest • warmth • comfort • security (fight against dragons) • sweet memories of childhood • simple gift from the heart • humility • joy

Essay question: Describe a possession that is special to you and your family.

A heart-warming scene remains etched in my memory. It is my grandfather shuffling to his teak cabinet, gingerly pulling out a familiar leather-bound album and nestling snugly in the midst of his six children. Of course, anticipation would drive all of his grandchildren to locate any gap between the shoulders or even scramble over a chair to get a vantage point. Without fail, Grandfather would nostalgically flip to a new page, spot a photograph of one of his children from decades ago and relate the context of that picture in an animated voice, accompanied by a toothless grin.	
Every black and white photograph stops time. It freezes precious memories in a capsule. The hundreds of carefully mounted photographs have detailed every phase of life. They documented the magical moments when aunts and uncles were born till the day they graduated and got married. The album is also a prized historical document. It has witnessed the birth and growth of our nation. It captured parts of the Singapore city before old historical buildings were torn down to make way for impressive skyscrapers that form the spectacular city landscapes today. It reminds everyone of a rudimentary way of life that was once full of rustic charm. Many of those scenes have disappeared for good.	
I remember Grandfather's low mellow voice sharing those precious moments with us. He would often burst into cackles of laughter, filling the house with warmth and giggles. Sadly, that experience is short-lived. When I turned fourteen, my beloved grandfather passed on from a heart attack. Abruptly, the storytelling sessions ended.	
For many years, that heavy volume of family history was closely guarded and secured. It remained locked in Grandfather's trusted cabinet until grandmother departed last year. While managing the family heirlooms and assets, a momentous decision surprised my mother. Her deceased parents had actually bequeathed the coveted family album to her! The memory bank is more valuable to my family than any other inheritance. There is no way for anyone to ascribe a monetary value to it.	
On the day when mother handed down the special gift to me for safekeeping, I was visibly moved. I knew then that I was holding an essential piece of our family story. The leather had aged significantly, but it still retained its lustre. I refused to apply chemical polish as it could hasten the decay. Instead, I creatively used another piece of leather that I had cut out from an abandoned sofa and used it to rub natural wax onto the surface of the album. As I rhythmically rubbed the thick natural gel onto the cover and spine, I felt a magical	

connection. It was surreal to be in direct contact with something that grandfather had put together painstakingly by hand.	
The plastic that shielded the photographs from light had turned slightly cloudy but the details still came through. As I gently moved from one page to the next, I realised the artistry of my grandfather. He had framed each shot symmetrically and allowed the correct amount of light to penetrate the camera lens. No picture was overexposed or underexposed. Each image reflected meticulous care taken to find the correct balance and angle to tell a story even decades later. Grandfather had looked into every subject with such amazing details. Truly he had the gift to bring his subjects to life.	
I am the new guardian now. Nothing can persuade my family and me to part with the priceless gift until I am able to hand it down to the next generation.	

Essay question: Describe a modern invention that is essential for you and your family

You can describe the **functions, components, physical appearance and our sense such as the sense of hearing** of the invention.

Inventions are important. They improve our lives, solve problems and bring entertainment and convenience to the hurly burly of city life. While some inventions are good to have but not essential, others are punchy and our lives will be poorer without them. Due to my father's inveterate love for smart gadgets, my house is replete with the latest inventions: Google Home, 3-D printer, drone camera and a capsule projector. His fascination with the latest inventions has definitely rubbed off on my brother and me. Perhaps, he hopes that one of us will invent something one day that will take the world by storm.	
Lately, my father has grown fond of the Thermomix that my father bought as a gift for my mother. This machine consists of a heating system that holds a steel mixing bowl snugly like a life vest. (Components) The Varoma, which resembles a flying saucer, rests on the mixing bowl, making this machine a stylish feature in our kitchen. (Physical appearance) At full speed, the machine also makes its presence known with its loud rumbling sound. (Using our senses – sense of hearing) This compact kitchen device offers seven applications: grinding, chopping, mixing, kneading, stirring, whisking and steaming. (Function) With four levels of cooking, a complete and healthy meal can be cooked within thirty minutes. The machine also comes with digital cookbooks where recipes can be viewed with the touch of a finger on the screen of the machine.	
This machine has become essential to our family because of the convenience it brings. Before the machine came, we used to dine out very often to avoid the tedious preparation of meals and the cleaning up. Now, we are able to sate our appetite for delectable home-cooked food. Most importantly, we do not need to rely on our parents to cook. With the machine's guided cooking function, my brother and I are able to follow the recipes step-by-step to cook a reasonably decent meal before my parents reach home in the evening. My parents' fears are also assuaged since cooking is not done over the fire.	

3. Descriptive writing – Describing a place

Essay question: Describe a place that makes you feel relaxed and happy. Why is that place important to you?

Surrounded by lush greenery that shelters diverse flora and fauna, Pulau Ubin is my ideal hideaway. The idyllic island exudes a rustic charm with waves that gently lap against the pristine shore. Held in its warm embrace, all my worries and stress	
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dissipate at once. Somehow, its serenity calms me. Its simplicity comforts my soul and brings joy to my mind. Truly, the gem is alluring. Nestled minutes away from Changi Village, the nondescript island is a time machine. It transports me back to early Singapore when life was much slower, simpler and more pleasurable. As a common feature on the island, almost all boatmen call me by my name.	
From afar, the wooden signboard of Maleh café on Pulau Ubin greets me warmly. The seemingly popular stall beckons visitors over. Even elderly villagers occasionally converge there to catch up over a cup of thick black coffee. The tantalizing aroma of home-cooked food wafts in the air, tempting me to savour the piping hot mee rebus soaked in creamy peanut gravy. That has almost become a ritual. In fact, that is what I would do upon setting foot on the island each time. Without fail, I would also patronize Uncle Cheong's stall to relish a hearty does of seafood before hopping onto the last boat home. That gastronomical escapade comforts me.	
Trekking around Pulau Ubin can be both exciting and exhausting. Between November and February, monsoon rains thwart visitors' plan to explore the island. Soaked in perspiration, people of all age flock there in the hotter months of July and August. They would either trudge or cycle past abandoned rubber trees on route to Chek Jawa wetlands. I prefer walking around to absorb the stereo of cacophony of crickets, birds, and the millions of creatures that bask in the midday sun. While on foot, an entirely different view unfolds. Greenery stretches from the ground upwards until the canopy greets the clear blue sky. The trees tower over me, keeping me snug and secure. In an instant, the monotony of tall concrete HDB flats fades, immersing me in a relaxing world of nature.	
One of the highlights is to walk on the elevated boardwalk on the eastern tip of Pulau Ubin. During the one-kilometre walk, I enjoy scanning the mangrove swamps for any signs of anemones, sea cucumbers, squids and the occasional mantis shrimps that wade across the shallow waters as the tide recedes. I get to appreciate the details of those precious coastal creatures through the lens of avid photographers. Mounted on tripods, several cameras are usually on standby, aiming to capture the myriad of colours and intricate details of nature.	
Being in Pulau Ubin at the end of each month is more than a mere adventure. It resembles homecoming. My extended family once lived there and my uncles used to cross the short channel and cycle to Changkat Changi secondary school while their parents would sell the vegetables and fruits grown in the farm at the market near Tanah Merah. Whenever I shuffle part the vacant lot where my grandparents' home used to be, nostalgia will surge in me, filling me with gratitude for their hard work. Pulau Ubin remains an importance place that brings me great joy and relaxation. Its wilderness reminds me that in life, nothing beats closer to nature and our roots.	