

WRITERS AT WORK

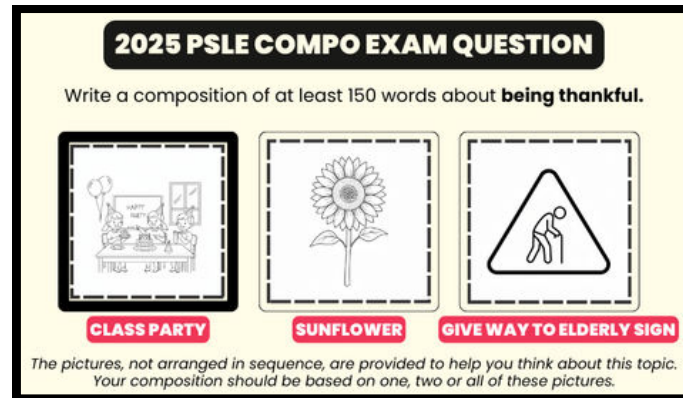
Leading Writing & English Enrichment

2025 PSLE MODEL COMPOSITIONS

For all 3 Pictures



MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 1



"This is so lame." Archie slouched against the wall, watching his classmates shriek over a game of musical chairs. The paper streamers hung crooked from the ceiling fan, and someone had already knocked over half the decorations. The class party was in full swing. Across the room, Brayden shoved half a curry puff into his mouth, grease shining on his chin. Archie glanced at the foil trays on the teacher's desk: cold curry puffs, some sad-looking kueh, and orange Fanta in paper cups that left circular stains on the desks. The whole affair was nothing more than a long yawn dressed in crepe paper. He picked at a loose thread on his sleeve, counting down the minutes until they could finally leave.

His classmates revelled in the noise, their laughter rising and falling like waves. Archie eased his chair back, craving a breath of silence, and his shoulder brushed the corner of a tall, unsteady bookshelf.

The shelf swayed dangerously. A stack of hardcover files tipped, then cascaded downwards. A forgotten, dusty biscuit tin that had been wedged behind them clattered to the floor, its lid popping open with a sharp ping. Yellowed papers fanned across the tiles like scattered leaves. Archie sighed, bending down to clean up the mess. Dust particles danced in the afternoon sunlight, and the musty smell made his nose itch.

He was about to close the lid when a line in neat purple ink drew his eye: "the beautiful sound of my friends laughing." The paper crackled as he eased it free. It was a letter. He frowned and reached for another. This one spoke of plastic screens dividing the desks. A third described the joy of passing biscuits around after months of eating in silence.

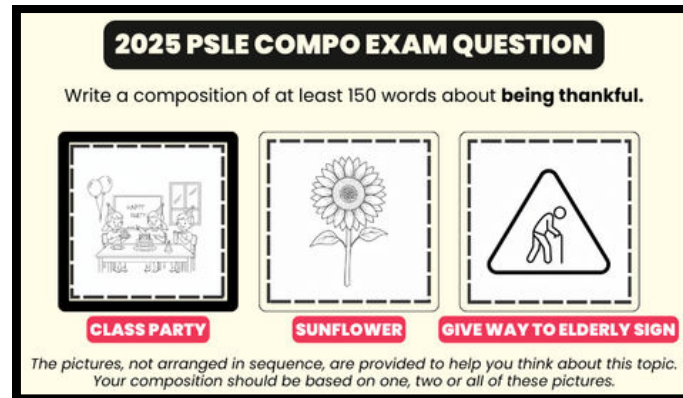
His confusion deepened. Why be grateful for such ordinary things? He brushed the dust from the tin's lid and uncovered faded marker: 6B Hopes and Wishes, 2021. The date landed with a sudden weight. It was the year classrooms fell silent and the world held its breath. The pandemic years.

He sifted through the pile until his fingers found a small, crinkled note at the bottom. The pencil writing was smudged and faint, as if written by shaking hands. He smoothed it out on his knee, the paper crackling softly. "I hope you never have to measure one meter between you and your friend. I hope you can share your snacks without thinking twice. I hope your parties are loud and messy. I even hope you complain about them being boring, because even complaining would mean you are all together, safe."

The words struck Archie like lightning splitting a tree. He was that person, the complainer, the ungrateful fool who dismissed the very thing these students had ached for. Shame washed over him in waves, spreading like poison through his veins.

He looked up, looking at the party in a different light. It was no longer chaos. It was life itself, breathing, laughing, beautifully and messily alive.

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 1



Brayden leaned against the wall, laughing with Hazel, their shoulders touching casually in a way that would have been impossible in 2021. Chloe grabbed crackers from an open packet, her fingers diving into the same bag others had touched without fear or hesitation. Normal. All of it was completely, blessedly normal in ways the letter writers could only have dreamed about.

Archie stood slowly. He picked up a curry puff. It was still cold, the pastry slightly soggy, but when he bit into it, the taste filled his senses completely. Each bite carried weight he had never noticed before, the weight of students who had eaten alone, six feet apart, masks pulled down between careful spoonfuls.

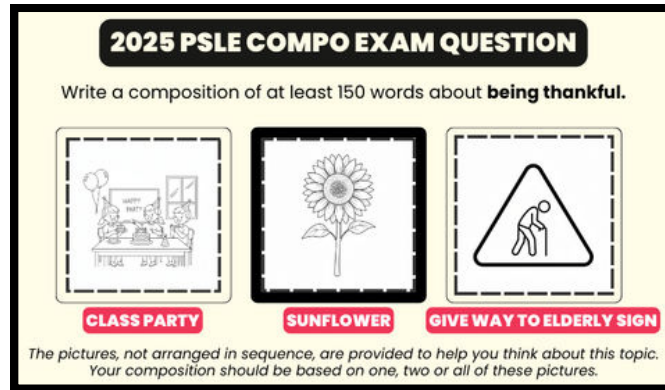
The restless negativity that had plagued him all afternoon dissolved. He found an empty box and grabbed some paper. His hands trembled slightly as he sat on the floor and began to write, not about the party he wanted, but about the blessings he already had. **"I'm thankful for the sound of my friends chewing loudly. I am thankful for cleaning up messes we made together. If you think your day is boring, please remember that your boring day was once someone else's impossible dream."** He folded the page carefully and placed it in the box.

Brayden wandered over first, curiosity sparkling in his eyes as he peered at the shoebox. **Archie told him he was starting a thankfulness capsule and that they could each write something they were thankful about.** Brayden broke into a grin and pulled a sheet of paper from the stack. Soon, others gathered around them. Madeline approached with careful steps, genuine interest replacing her usual reserve. Hazel trailed behind, still catching her breath from charades. One by one, classmates crouched around the box, their earlier noise softening into a deep murmur. Pens scratched against paper as they wrote about **being thankful** for the smell of pandan lingering in the air, the sticky floor that caught their shoes, the comfort of having their friends close.

For the rest of the party, Archie no longer wished to be anywhere else. He joined the charades game and laughed until his stomach ached. He wiped up spills alongside his friends and passed a packet of crackers to Brayden. **Each small act carried its own quiet meaning, and he felt grateful for every one.**

By the time he packed his bag, the classroom was silent again, but the lesson from the dusty biscuit tin remained. **Being thankful was not a feeling saved for special occasions. It was a choice that lived in ordinary moments, in shared laughter, sticky floors, and friends close enough to touch.** It was a choice that changed everything, including the person making it. **Tomorrow would bring new ordinary moments, and he intended to be thankful for every one of them.**

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 2



The day had started like any other, but for me, it felt like the end of the world. I rubbed my eyes and stared hard at the B grade written in red at the top of my test paper. I could not believe what I was seeing. I had never scored below an A grade before. My chest tightened as disappointment weighed heavily on me. "How could I fare so poorly this time?" I muttered under my breath. Negative thoughts began flooding my mind, taunting me relentlessly that I was a failure and that I would never live up to expectations again.

After school, I reluctantly dragged my feet and trudged home at a snail's pace. Each step felt heavier than the last. My mind kept replaying gloomy scenes of my mother's disappointed look and reaction. I had always been the top student in class, yet somehow it had never crossed my mind to be thankful for my achievements. Today, it felt as though all my hard-earned achievements had been reduced to dust in a single moment.

The neighbourhood park loomed ahead, with its playground already bustling with cheery, excited young children. Their shrieks of laughter pierced the air, but instead of cheering me up, they only deepened my sense of misery. Usually, I would avoid the park at all costs, but that day, my feet felt so heavy, as if there were weights tied around them. Almost against my will, I slowed to a halt.

Sitting on a familiar wooden bench was an old lady. I had seen her countless times before. She always sat in the same spot, greeting people who walked by with a radiant smile that seemed to light up her wrinkled face. But there was something else that caught my attention that day. Resting gently on her lap was a sunflower, its vibrant yellow petals glowing like a patch of sunshine. It stood out vividly against the dull colours of the park, almost as if it carried its own light. Somehow, the old lady's calm presence made me stop in my tracks.

The old lady's gaze met mine and she gestured warmly for me to take a seat beside her. I hesitated, but before I knew it, I had slumped down on the bench, burying my face in my hands. "Bad day?" she asked in a voice as gentle as the rustle of leaves. I nodded, reluctant to speak. She chuckled softly, then added, **"When life feels heavy, it helps to think about all the little things we can be thankful for."** I lifted my head slightly, one eyebrow raised in puzzlement. Thankful? How could I possibly be thankful when I had just ruined my perfect streak of As?

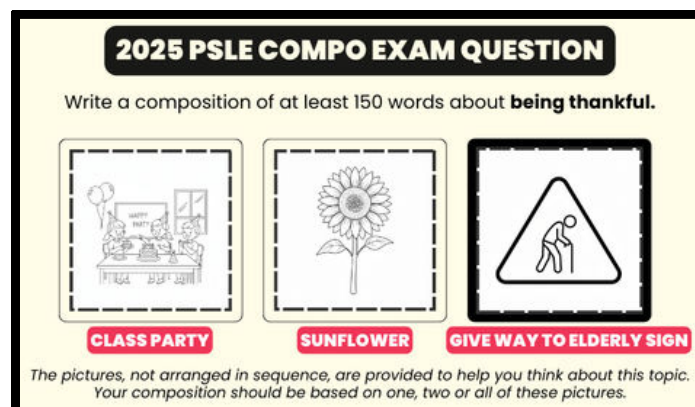
The old lady seemed to read my mind. She pointed to the sunflower on her lap, "Look at this sunflower. Even though it faces storms and rain, it still turns toward the sun. It chooses to find the light." I gazed at the sunflower, noticing how bright and cheerful it looked. A strange warmth spread in my chest as I pondered over her words. Could I really choose to see the brighter side, even now? She continued, **"Being thankful is not about ignoring your problems. It's about remembering and being thankful for what you still have — your health, your family, your friends, and the chance to try again. Being thankful is like the sunlight, it can chase away even the darkest clouds."**

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 2

Her kind encouraging words sank in. I thought about Mother waiting at home with a comforting meal, my friends who often studied with me, and the supportive teachers who taught me patiently every day. Slowly, the suffocating weight of failure began to lift from my chest. Perhaps my test score today was not the end of the world after all. The old lady smiled, her eyes twinkling brightly. She pressed the sunflower gently into my hands. **“Take this. Whenever you feel lost, let it remind you to keep turning toward the light, and to keep being thankful.”** My fingers clutched tightly around the stalk, and for the first time that day, I smiled back at her. It was amazing how a simple flower could hold such a powerful meaning.

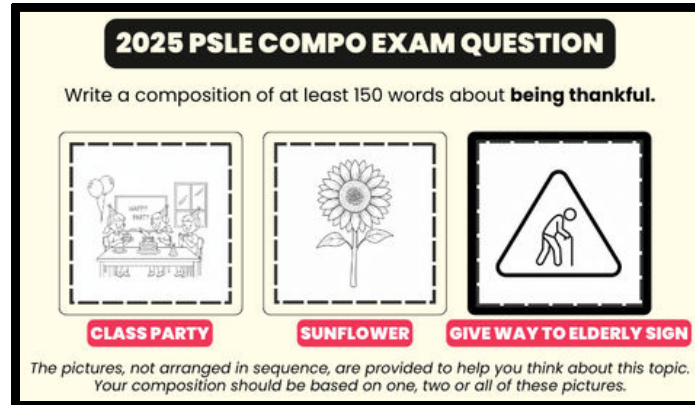
As the evening sun dipped low in the sky, I stood up, sunflower in hand, feeling lighter than ever before. **“Thank you,” I whispered.** She nodded, her warm smile glowing brighter than the fading sunlight. Walking home, **I realised that being thankful was not something reserved for perfect moments.** It was a choice, a way to face the world even when things went wrong. That meeting in the park had turned what had seemed like a hopeless day into one of the most heartwarming and encouraging memories of my life.

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 3



I opened the creaky doors of my bus and took a deep breath. Every morning, like clockwork, I would brace myself for the flood of soulless creatures- also known as commuters- to board my bus. Being a bus captain was an important job, but it was also a thankless one. It did not matter if the commuters were over-excited students, or corporate adults; they all boarded with the same robotic precision. No greetings, no smiles- nothing. They filed in, eyes glazed over, fingers swiping endlessly on their phones as if in a trance. Worse still, they would completely ignore the big, bold sign right above their heads that screamed in neon yellow: ‘Give Up Your Seat for Those in Need!’, complete with cartoon-like illustrations of people offering their seats to figures with disabilities, who were pregnant, or the elderly. Maybe child-like drawings were incomprehensible to them, I mused disappointedly. The only time they looked alive was when the scramble for seats occurred- it would be like a scene out of a wildlife documentary- pushing, shoving, elbows flying- all to plant themselves on the seats for their ride, like royalty settled on a throne. Dignity? Non-existent. Courtesy? Out the window! This usually left those in actual need of seats ambling along behind in this race of the fittest and fastest- dejected and defeated. I sighed. This was going to be another long day.

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 3



At the third stop, I spotted a familiar duo- old Mr and Mrs Peet- hobbling towards the bus. They were regular commuters on my bus, perpetually attached at their -mildly arthritic- hips. Mrs Peet tapped her cane gently on the steps as she climbed up, while Mr Peet gripped the rails like a lifeline. "Good morning!" I greeted them warmly because, well, no one else did. They grinned gummily at me, but those smiles fell the moment they peered into the packed bus. Rows of stone-faced passengers sat glued to their seats, either pretending to be asleep or staring into the bottomless pits that were their phones. Not a single person moved. Groaning internally, I cleared my throat, put on my best professional voice, and called out, "Could someone please give up their seat for this elderly couple? The sign is right here!" I gestured dramatically towards the large, unavoidable sign for good measure- to no avail.

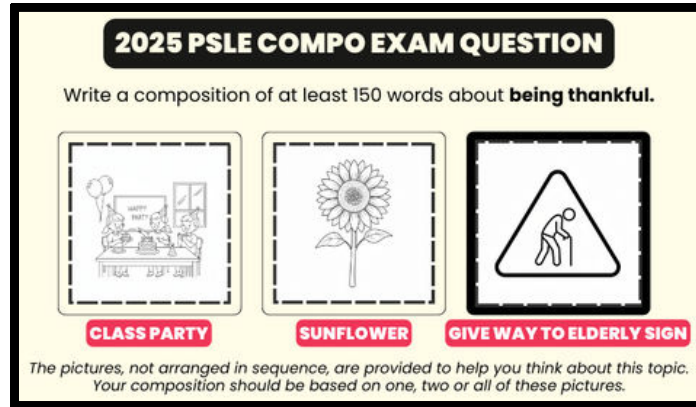
I smiled apologetically at the Peets, feeling bad for them. "I'll drive slower," I offered meekly, "Please hold on tight." Mrs Peet nodded and grabbed the pole grimly, while Mr Peet gave a grunt that might have meant, 'thank you, because 'good manners' seems to be a mythical creature nowadays'. As I pulled back into traffic, frustration simmered under my collar. This job was like being stuck in a never-ending loop of inconsideration! Day in, day out, I ferried people across the city, and not once did I feel like anyone had a moment to show each other- especially those in need- some care or courtesy!

Just as I was about to let out a long-suffering sigh, a small voice piped up from the back of the bus. "Ex.. excuse me?" A short, gangly boy of about ten years of age stood up and shuffled out of his seat. He looked up at the elderly couple with wide, apologetic eyes. "You can have my seat," he squeaked, clearly nervous, but resolute. I blinked. Had I imagined it? Through the rearview mirror, I watched gobsmacked as he caught my eye, gestured to the sign and stated loudly, "I saw the sign!" He grinned toothily, chest puffed out and eyes shining like he had just won the Olympics of Kindness. Then, with surprising authority, he elbowed and jostled at his friend who was seated next to him, and gestured pointedly towards the sign. His friend, who looked like he was a perpetual grumpy-face, rolled his eyes and groaned- but eventually acquiesced and stood up too.

Mr and Mrs Peet were stunned into a moment of silence before their faces broke into warm smiles. **"Why, thank you, young man!" Mrs Peet beamed, easing into the seat with a relieved sigh.** Mr Peet gave a small salute to the boys before plopping down beside her. **I felt something crack open in my chest like the first sunbeam after days of gray skies – thankfulness and gratitude.** Not just for the boys' kindness, but for the reminder that not everyone in this bus was emotionally stunted.

For the next few stops, the two boys transformed into the bus's unofficial Courtesy Captains. They stood with their arms crossed, scanning the crown like pint-sized security guards. If anyone ignored a pregnant lady or an elderly uncle, they nudged them, gesticulating furiously at the sign and whispering commands that made them zoom out of their seats at alarming speed. It was both gratifying and mildly terrifying. One teenage student who refused to budge was subjected to a full five minutes of guilt-laced glares and increasingly exaggerated pointing to the sign until she relented. **I nearly cried from how thankful I felt towards them.**

MODEL COMPOSITION BASED ON PICTURE 3



Thankfulness and gratitude bloomed in my heart at the scene that unfolded. I felt thankful not just for the boys' act, but for the chain reaction it set off. I could see Mr and Mrs Peet able to enjoy their ride, and the mood of the bus even felt lighter. **Kindness was a communal effort, and I was thankful that the boys took the first step in demonstrating that.**

As the boys continued their 'seat patrol', I drove around town with a silly grin upon my face. I knew that the good mood would not last forever. Tomorrow, people would probably go back to being their usual self-absorbed selves. **However, today I revelled in the feeling of being thankful to the two little champions who reminded me and everyone to do our part for those in need.** Perhaps, I thought hopefully, just maybe, the next time someone saw that yellow sign, they would remember the brave little boy who said, "I saw the sign!" – and chose to act.

UNPACKING THE 2025 PSLE COMPO QUESTION: BEING THANKFUL

Being

The main character must **show/demonstrate gratitude** in the story.

Thankful

- **Recognising and expressing gratitude** for help, kindness, or opportunities received.
- Expressed through **dialogue, actions, emotions.**

Important to Cover:

- ✓ What good deed/kindness/opportunity was done/given?
- ✓ Why was it important to the main character?
- ✓ How did the character show thankfulness?