

# Blackout!

An aureole round the slivery moon suspended in the velvety night sky. The crescent moon hung ceremoniously accompanied by a couple of stars like an entourage. The blend of grayish hues against the deep purplish tones was a stark contrast against the brilliance of the shimmering stars that peppered the sky the obscurity of the night was augmented by the eerie silence. Darkness loomed over the area, **sending chills down the nape of my neck**. I sniffed and blew my nose as a loud sneeze caught me off guard in the chilly night. As much as I wanted to sleep, I had to finish my homework as I had to hand it up tomorrow. I was rushing through it as it was already 10pm and I still had a **sky-high pile left to complete**. It was so high, I was sure it could beat Mount Everest. Suddenly, there was a loud thudding sound at the door.

Imagery: 5 senses! 😊



Hyperbole!



Excellent Speech and action tag!



“Mother! The d-“ I yelled and stopped mid-sentence, remembering that my parents had left to attend a wedding dinner. There was no one else at home. Reluctantly, I grabbed the bunch of keys and slid off my chair.

As I was about to reach the door, the house was abruptly plunged into darkness. “Gosh! Blackout? Oh great, how timely!” I cursed under my breath. Half hoping that the visitor would be of help, I opened the door. It was the newspaper man, Mr Lim. “Hi, July’s subscription fees?” He cast a curious glance at the pitch darkness and handed me an invoice hesitantly. Clad in an oversized T-shirt, he flashed me his usual amiable smile.

Fantastic Paragraphing!



Excellent show of action!



“Well, he can’t be a bad person. We’ve known him for the past ten years. I guess there is no harm asking him for help,” I thought.

“Er,...Mr Lim, there is a power failure. Can you help me?” I stammered, “I still have homework, lots of them.”

“I’ll take a look!” he nodded. **I trailed behind him nervously**, groping in the dark, taking cautious steps towards the circuit breaker. However, he examined it briefly and shrugged, “Nope, no good at this! You should call an electrician.” Muttering something about coming again tomorrow for subscription fee, he left hastily.

I love this character! 😊



As I closed the door, my heart sank. I stumbled my way to the kitchen and opened the cabinet. “Oh fish! The candles have been used up during the last Lantern Festival.” I let out a sign of disappointment.

Nice! Injecting humour!



I staggered my way to the cabinet in my room and found torchlight. "Not again! The batteries are dead!" I screamed with frustration.

Desperate for a source of light, I dashed out through the back door, picked up my lifeless bicycle and started **pedaling furiously** towards the nearest convenience store. **It was grumbling under my weight** and protesting under my heavy weight, making squealing noises. As soon as I reached, I dismounted from my bicycle and threw it on the floor. I could have sworn that I heard it scream.

Excellent! →  
Personification!



← Appropriate  
speech tag to  
show your  
frustration!

"Do you have batteries?" I snapped at the old man behind the counter, "Sold out a minute ago," came the slow reply.



I dashed out of the shop, picked up my bicycle, and leapt onto it. I paddled as fast as I could on the dimly lit streets as I felt my heart pounding like an African drum.

Onomatopoeia!



CRASH!



Nicely done!  
Smile! 😊

I threw my mistreated bicycle on the floor again. "Do you- have any- batteries?" I asked, trying to catch my breath. "This is my last pack," came the reply as the shopkeeper fished out a pack of batteries from under the counter at snail's pace.

Beautiful!! →

I looked daggers at him, slammed the money on the table and took off in a huff.

On reaching home, I fumbled with the unpacking of the batteries, slotted them into the torchlight and flicked it on. The whole house lighted up!



Yes! Show-not  
tell!



"Hahaha!" I burst into laughter uncontrollably as the lights were restored. Just then, my parents came back home. On seeing me, they shot me quizzical looks.

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