

ULTIMATE CREATIVE WRITING PHRASEBOOK VOL 1



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LIVEWORKSHEETS

Set 34 - Writing scenes (Accident)

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Accident	Momentarily, I was in mid air. Before I knew it, I came crashing down, hitting the pavement with a sick thud. Then the pain exploded in my head. Exploded... exploded... exploded. Everything flashed bright red. So bright, I had to shut my eyes. I heard myself shrieking. Neighing like a horse. A shrill wail I never heard before. And then the ground flew up to swallow me. As everything darkened around me, I could feel a warm liquid pooling around my leg.

Set 34 - Writing scenes (Accident) Exercise

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Accident	Momentarily, I was in mid air. Before I knew it, I came down, hitting the cold, hard with a sick . Then the pain in my head. Exploded... ... exploded. Everything bright red. So bright, I had to shut my eyes. I heard myself like a horse. A shrill I never heard before. And then the ground flew up to me. As everything darkened around me, I could feel a warm liquid around my leg.

Set 35 - Writing scenes (Hospital Part 1)

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Regaining consciousness after blacking out.	I woke up staring at the ceiling. A blue ceiling light—blue as the sky— blurred then sharpened, blurred then sharpened above me. Mom’s face floated into view. I blinked once. Twice. Mom’s eyes were red and wet. She had her black hair pulled back tightly. But several strands had fallen loose and hung down her forehead. Her chin trembled. “Marco—?” I groaned. My head ached. Everything ached. I’ve done it, I thought. I’ve broken every bone in my body. “Marco—?” Mom repeated in a whisper. “Huh?” I groaned. My arms ached as I slowly raised my hands to my head. And felt a bandage. A heavy bandage. I lowered my hands. The room began to spin. I gripped the pillows on the bed, holding on for dear life.

Set 35 - Writing scenes (Hospital Part 1) Exercise

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Regaining consciousness after blacking out.	I woke up at the ceiling. A blue ceiling light—blue as the sky— then , blurred then sharpened above me. Mom's face into I blinked once. Twice. Mom's eyes were red and She had her black hair pulled back tightly. But several had fallen loose and hung down her forehead. Her chin . "Marco—?" I groaned. My head ached. Everything I've done it, I thought. I've broken every bone in my body. "Marco—?" Mom repeated in a whisper. "Huh?" I groaned again. My arms ached as I slowly raised my hands to my head. And felt a bandage. A heavy I lowered my hands. The room began to spin. I the pillows on the bed, holding on for dear life.

Set 36 - Writing scenes (Hospital Part 2)

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Regaining consciousness after blacking out.	Mom floated into view again, her chin still trembling. She pulled a blanket up nearly to my chin. "Marco? You're awake?" she repeated. "How do you feel?" "Great," I muttered. Talking made my throat hurt. She stared down at me. "Can you see me, dear? It's me. Your mom." "Yeah. I can see," I whispered. She wiped one eye with a tissue. Then she stared at me some more. "I can see fine," I told her. She patted my chest over the blanket. "That's good, dear." I groaned in reply.

Set 36 - Writing scenes (Hospital Part 2) Exercise

No	word/phrase	meaning
1	Regaining consciousness after blacking out.	Mom floated into view again, her chin still trembling. She pulled a blanket up nearly to my chin. "Marco? You're awake?" she repeated. "How do you feel?" "Great," I Talking made my throat She stared down at me. "Can you see me, dear? It's me. Your mom." "Yeah. I can see," I whispered. She one eye with a tissue. Then she stared at me some more. "I can see fine," I told her. She my chest over the blanket. "That's good, dear." I groaned in reply.