

O'level
Foundation
Week 29

The Write Tribe

PERSONAL RECOUNT

LIVEWORKSHEETS

REWRITE YOUR PREVIOUS ESSAY HERE!
FORMAT YOUR ESSAY PROPERLY!

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PERSONAL RECOUNT

STRUCTURE

ORIENTATION
Explain the who, what, when, where of the experience in your introduction.

CHRONOLOGY
Events are described in the sequence in which they occurred.

INSIGHT
Include personal comments, opinions or interpretations of the recounted experience or event.

FOCUS
Only significant events are included

ORGANIZATION
Relevant information is grouped in paragraphs

FEATURES

TENSE
First and third person are used most frequently and recall is always written in past tense. Present tense can be used for analysis and opinion.

NOUNS
Use proper nouns to refer to specific people, places times and events

VOICE
Both active and passive voice are used in recounts

CONNECTIVES
Use conjuctions and connectives to link events and indicate time sequence

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WRITING ORGANIZER - Recount

Orientation: - Introduction – Setting the scene.

Gives details of:
- Who
- What
- When
- Where
- Why

Events: - What happened – in chronological order.

What happened?
- First...
- Next...
- Soon...
- During...
- After...
- Later...
- Eventually...
- Finally...

Conclusion: - Personal Comment (Optional)

What did you think, feel or decide about the events that happened.

Recounts are always written in past tense so be conscious to stay in this tense right throughout. Everything has already happened so ensure your vocabulary reflects this.

The challenge in writing a good recount is to provide the audience with the story as it happened but to leave out incidental and boring information.

Set the scene for the audience in terms of characters, setting and context. We refer to this as our orientation and it will provide the reader with all the key ingredients of the recount in the introduction by addressing the who, what, when and where.

Keep everything in chronological order in a recount and use a variety of time transitional terms and phrases so as to keep your audience engaged throughout.

- Use a range of adjectives, try and avoid "And then, and then , and then."
- Each new section will require a paragraph.
- Use the correct language and terms relevant to your recount. Consider your audience, and the language they will connect with.
- If you are writing from a specific point of view use the relevant language to match the perspective. Most commonly in a recount you will be recounting in the first person.

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PERSONAL ACCOUNT:

Write about a time you did not take the advice someone had given you and you regretted it.

Our school's photography club was headed towards Lower Pierce Reservoir for a field trip. Upon arrival, our CCA teacher-in-charge, Madam Toh announced, "You have two hours. Meet here at four-thirty!" I hurried off with my best friend, Albus. Our mission that day was simple. We were having a competition and the best picture with the most apt caption would win a prize. I was determined to win the "Best Photographer Award". The flora and fauna at Lower Pierce Reservoir was stunning. Birds were twittering away gaily on the trees, bees were humming and dancing in the flower beds and the leaves on the tree branches were swaying gently in the breeze. I closed my eyes and felt the breeze caressing my face.

"Harry, let's take a picture of that tree!" Albus suggested, pointing at an umbrella-shaped tree which was nearby. Just then, I saw a troop of playful monkeys near some shrubs. Having rarely seen monkeys, I was naturally excited. I found them so adorable and charming. A few smaller-sized monkeys were intimidated by Albus' and my presence and scurried away. However, there was one bold monkey which was unperturbed by humans and shot us a curious look. The monkeys all looked scrawny and hungry. I saw a couple of them rummaging through the dustbin. My heart wrung with sympathy for them. Remembering that I had some leftover sandwiches from recess, I zipped open my bag and fished out my lunch box.

Albus seemed to have read my mind. "Harry, you are not going to feed the monkeys, are you?" That sign clearly states not to feed the monkeys!" Albus reminded me, his eyebrows creasing into a frown. I brushed off his concern and edged closer to the monkeys. "Harry, steer clear of those monkeys! They might become aggressive!" Albus advised. Once again, I shrugged off my friend's warnings. Anyway, what could a mere small monkey do to me?

With a piece of bread in my hand, I edged closer towards one of the monkeys which was nearest to me. The monkey seemed to have noticed me and when

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it spotted the piece of bread, it started scuttling towards me. Albus looked worried and warned me again. “Harry, no!” I looked back at Albus nonchalantly. I was sure I knew what I was doing. The puny creature could not possibly do any harm to me. The monkey looked more curious and friendly than belligerent. Its piercing green eyes were fixed on the food which it was about to get.

I stretched out my hand and offered the piece of bread to the monkey, which wore a look of happiness. It swiftly snatched the bread over, which disappeared down its throat in two seconds flat. Then it stared at me, as if thanking me for the delectable treat. Victorious looks spread across my face as I whipped around and looked triumphantly at Albus. “See, Albus. It’s harmless. It’s all right to feed the monkeys!” I exclaimed proudly. Albus just sighed. My best friend still looked concerned. From my school bag, I pulled out a packet of potato chips, which was my snack.

Suddenly, I heard some monkeys chattering behind me. I turned around and almost jumped out of my skin. Dozen pairs of green eyes were staring at me. More monkeys had emerged from the shrubs and there were at least ten monkeys around us. Where did all these monkeys come from? I had no idea that my packet of potato chips was like a magnet to the ravenous monkeys. My heart started thumping frenetically, as if it was trying to ram its way out of my chest. The monkeys started screeching and all hell broke loose. Clearly, the monkeys’ target was my food. However, I was not going to give away my entire packet of chips. My mother only allowed me to indulge in junk food once a month, and my intention was to give a few chips to the monkeys and savour the rest myself. Oh-oh. How wrong was I! Within a few seconds, I was surrounded by a bunch of ravenous monkeys.

One bold monkey attempted to snatch the potato chips from my hand. I was not about to give up my favourite snack so easily. I tried to shoo the monkey away. Then unexpectedly, I let out a painful yelp. “Ouch!” The monkey’s sharp claws had dug into my flesh. I could feel an excruciating pain sear through my arm and I dropped my packet of chips. Instantly, the monkeys tore and ripped at the plastic wrapping. “Are you all right?” Albus asked me, a concerned look etched on his face.

“You were right Albus. I should have heeded your advice,” I mumbled softly, as regret gnawed at my insides. When we went back to the meeting point

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where Madam Toh was, she gave me a severe dressing down and our field trip ended abruptly. I was brought to the hospital for outpatient treatment. I was told by the doctor that if the scratches had gone deeper into my skin, I would require stitches. I was given an injection and two courses of antibiotics to complete. “You should have listened to Albus. He has always been more prudent than you!” Mother admonished me.

All these happened because I had not heeded my friend’s advice. If only I could turn back the clock. From that day onwards, I have always steered clear of monkeys. I had not expected the harmless-looking creatures to turn aggressive over food. Till today, horrors of that incident remain vivid in my memory. The “No Feeding The Monkeys” sign is there for a purpose and it was foolhardiness on my part to disregard it.

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