

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph of Zoe's journal entry) a. Strengths:

- Vivid imagery creating a haunting atmosphere
- Effective use of sensory details to set the scene

b. Weakness: Overuse of purple prose Your writing in this section tends towards excessive flowery language, which can detract from the clarity of your description. Phrases like "ghoul-like figures danced in the gloomy shadows" and "thick mist seemed to carry an elegy of the departed" feel overwrought. While poetic language can be powerful, overusing it can make your writing feel melodramatic and difficult to follow.

c. Exemplar: "I blended into the theatre's white walls as shadowy figures moved about. A hazy mist filled the air, carrying whispers of past performances."

#2 (Paragraph beginning with "Marcus, a budding African American theatre critic...") a. Strengths:

- Introduction of a new character adding depth to the narrative
- Incorporation of specific details from "Death of a Salesman"

b. Weakness: Lack of character development While you introduce Marcus, you don't provide enough details to make him feel like a fully realised character. His background is briefly mentioned, but his personality and motivations remain unclear. This makes it difficult for readers to connect with him or understand his role in the story.

c. Exemplar: "Marcus, a recent Juilliard graduate with a passion for social justice in theatre, stood in the wings. His keen eyes, sharpened by years of studying African American playwrights, scrutinised Linda Loman's performance."

#3 (Paragraph beginning with "As the eternal performance of 'Death of a Salesman' reached its climax...") a. Strengths:

- Strong conclusion tying the narrative to broader themes
- Effective use of metaphor in describing the impact of the performance

b. Weakness: Implausible plot development Your writing takes a sudden turn towards magical realism without proper setup, which may confuse readers. The idea that the protagonist's words can reshape reality "with every syllable" feels jarring and

inconsistent with the more grounded narrative that came before. This abrupt shift in tone and genre can break the reader's suspension of disbelief.

c. Exemplar: "As 'Death of a Salesman' reached its climax, I felt a profound connection to Willy's struggle. My interpretation of his tragedy as a reflection of the American everyman resonated deeply with the audience, prompting thoughtful discussions about success and failure long after the curtain fell."

Actionable task: Rewrite the first paragraph of Zoe's journal entry, focusing on creating a balance between descriptive language and clarity. Aim to evoke the theatre's atmosphere without relying on overly dramatic or flowery prose.

Overall score: 41/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

Zoe's Journal Entry: 1237 I bled into the alabaster white walls of the theatre as ghoul-like figures danced in the gloomy shadows. The thick mist seemed to carry an elegy of the departed, singing a sorrow song of palpable nightmares and the ghosts of performances past. I slowly walked to a vermilion~~~ red velvet seat, glancing silently at the amateurish performance.

#1 On the dusty wooden stage was a translucent figure wearing a depressing suit with a monotony of grey, mid-monologue. I watched until my mind was brimming with discontentment. "This isn't right!" I muttered to myself, my critic instincts awakening. "Willy's motivations are all wrong!" As if the ~~Fourth Wall~~ [fourth wall] had evaporated, Willy faltered, his eyes illuminating with a new light, his character shifting before my eyes. Unknown to me, a thousand miles away, a salesman decided ~~to not~~ [not to] take a soul-crushing job. The fabric of the American Dream rippled.

#2 Marcus, a budding African American theatre critic who had just emerged from the prestigious Juilliard School, found himself in the dusty wings, watching Linda Loman's heartrending plea to her sons. Her bloodless face was expressionless, her tedious gaze had gone meandering and the hollow emptiness of her speech remained. 'Attention must be paid,' she insisted, but her blank monotone seemed to fall straight to the floor, not quite reaching the audience. 'The emotional core is missing, we need more expressionism of her pain!' Marcus whispered, and suddenly, Linda's performance intensified. Desperate tears rolled down her pale cheeks, her eyes abounding with despair and her voice palpable with pain. Across America, countless overlooked spouses felt a sudden surge of validation.

In the ethereal serpentine room, I faced off against Marcus. 'Miller's use of expressionism isn't just stylistic,' I argued, 'It's the key to understanding Willy's tragic flaw!' Marcus scoffed, 'You're missing the point. The real tragedy is the American Dream itself!' As we debated, the stage behind ~~them~~ [us] shifted, Willy's house transforming from a symbol of aspiration to a cage of societal expectations. In countless homes across America, families began to question their definition of success.

Soon after that, I found myself in an intense workshop with the ethereal ghost of Lee Strasberg. 'To truly understand Willy,' the Method Acting master intoned, 'you must become Willy.' As I immersed myself in Loman's psyche, I felt the overwhelming weight of his deranged delusions, the ache of his unfulfilled dreams. 'Wait,' I gasped, emerging from the exercise, 'what if Willy's ~~harmatia~~ [hamartia] isn't his failure, but his inability to redefine success?' I was filled with anagnorisis. The revelation rippled through the theatre and beyond. Across America, middle-aged men stood up from their desks, finally ready to confront their own Happy Loman syndrome.

#3 As the eternal performance of 'Death of a Salesman' reached its climax, I stepped onto the stage. I trembled with trepidation. If I made a single mistake, the American Dream would never be fixed. I inhaled the thick air of the desperate departed, willing to be freed of the lies. My words reshaped reality with every syllable. 'Willy Loman isn't just a salesman,' I declared, 'He's the American everyman, and his tragedy is our own.' The theatre trembled with glory, and beyond its frail walls, a nation awakened to a new understanding of success, failure, and the complex tapestry of the American Dream. We had done ~~their~~ [our] job – not to judge, but to illuminate, to challenge, and to inspire change.

Yours, Zoe