

Section 1:

#1: The Opening Paragraph

a. Strengths:

- Vivid descriptive language creates an atmospheric setting.
- Effective use of sensory details to engage the reader.

b. Weaknesses: Lack of Character Context Your opening paragraph, while rich in description, doesn't provide sufficient context about Jack. Who is he? Why is he searching this sea chest? These questions remain unanswered, potentially distancing the reader from the protagonist. For instance, the line "Jack's frail hands trembled as he unrolled the coffee brown parchment" introduces Jack without any background, leaving the reader curious but potentially disconnected.

c. Exemplar: "Jack's wrinkled hands, weathered by years of searching for lost treasures, trembled as he unrolled the coffee brown parchment."

#2: The Journey to Skeleton Isle

a. Strengths:

- Effective use of weather to create tension and reflect the curse.
- Good pacing, building suspense as the journey progresses.

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of Adjectives Your description of the journey is vivid but at times becomes cluttered with excessive adjectives, potentially overwhelming the reader. For example, "The ominous grey clouds and howling winds, screaming with pain and despair seemed to target the ship, never fading or ceasing" contains multiple descriptors that might be more effective if streamlined.

c. Exemplar: "The grey clouds loomed ominously, and howling winds targeted the ship relentlessly, embodying the curse's growing power."

#3: The Climax and Resolution

a. Strengths:

- Unexpected twist with the disappearance of the antagonist.
- Clever tie-in to the initial warning about the curse.

b. Weaknesses: Rushed Ending Your climax and resolution feel hurried, leaving several plot points unresolved. The sudden disappearance of the antagonist and Jack's immediate acceptance of the situation seem abrupt. For instance, "Then he fell to the ground. The man had vanished, his gun too" doesn't provide enough detail or explanation for such a significant event.

c. Exemplar: "Jack braced himself for the inevitable, but suddenly, a bone-chilling scream pierced the air. He opened his eyes to find the man gone, leaving behind only a wisp of dark smoke and the lingering scent of sulphur."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the opening paragraph, focusing on introducing Jack's character and motivations. Ensure to identify why he's searching for this treasure and what it means to him personally.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

The Adventure

The sea chest's brown leather skin was peeling from old age, a sheet of dust covering the exterior like a blanket. Clicking the ancient chest open, Jack's frail hands trembled as he unrolled the coffee brown parchment. The frayed edges drooped down, covering the letters and scrawny lines as if everything the scroll contained was something secretive. Light, faded lines formed a menacing island, the skull shape communicating a ~~imperilling~~ [an imperilling] sense. A dark Red Cross marked where the valuable treasure was buried. On the very edge of the torn paper was a message. "All treasure comes with a cost. This one is the curse of the Skeleton Isle. Go if you wish- those who have dark reasons can't be ensured to return."

An adventurous journey was what Jack had been seeking. This was his chance. Whatever challenges, he would endure.

#1: Sailing to the Skeleton Isle was not a smooth ride. The towering waves rushed up, flooding the wooden ship, rotting many of the floorboards. The ominous grey clouds and howling winds, screaming with pain and despair seemed to target the ship, never fading or ceasing. He had underestimated resources, never thinking that the weather would be so unpleasant and unpredictable. There was a palpable tingling posing an agitation everyday. This weather was not a coincidence. The curse mentioned was challenging them, and Jack had no knowledge of what its scheme had listed next. The effects of the curse would get much more serious than just rotten floorboards and decreased rations, due to a serious lack of supplies.

"Stick to the original plan! Don't feel sorry for that gullible lad. Kill the boy, take the treasure. Easy. That boy is far from cunning. The hunting pistol will work just as well. We shall go when he is least expecting it, when all crew is asleep, when he is tired to think properly. Few minutes after midnight." A raspy, coarse voice recounted his plan of betrayal. Jack's lungs tightened jaggedly, like an over-taut balloon. Strolling away from the rough wall in [which] parted his private space from the common one, his mind raced. Beads of hot sweat dripped onto the ragged floor, holes everywhere and rats scurrying around underneath them. The conditions on the ship weren't going to be much better than those on the island. Escaping was is [his] only hope.

#2: In a swift motion he sprinted out of the ship, eyeing the island for a suitable area to rest in. His feet crunched on the uneven pebbles, attempting to go quickly but also maintaining grip on the slippery rocks and the occasional puddles which were dark and seemed to smirk sinisterly at him. His surroundings were all blurry due to the darkness and lack of sunlight although it was only late evening. He had gathered food, water and medicine in his bag. The map was scrunched in his hand, all crinkled but still illegible [legible]. "Okay. Time to finish the final bit of this adventure."

His aching legs burned with tiredness, arms sore from digging. A few times he had falsely read the map, digging holes in places which just seemed to be filled with an endless smooth of rock and dirt. This spot had to be it. While digging he looked over his shoulder frequently. Sometimes it was a small sound of footsteps on the rocks. Sometimes it was that, at the corner of his eye, there was a shadow looming over him. It was quite an unpleasant feeling, causing him to be alert and his eyebrows were knitted together in concern. However, soon after, the pain in his limbs got sharper and these worries ceased.

#3: He felt something smooth and soft, delicate like a Princess's skin. Pulling it up with weak arms, his eyes lit up, mouth curving upwards. A warm spark circulated in his body, soon overpowering all anxious worries that once dominated. "It's not yours, boy." A dark, deep voice boomed out. "It's mine. Hand it over to me. Now."

He felt the cold nozzle of a gun pressed to his temple, his body forced up. "I..." he stuttered in fright, shock and fury. His life would end quietly, carrying melancholy. He didn't want it to happen, but it seemed like his fate wasn't controlled by himself anymore.

Then he fell to the ground. The man had vanished, his gun too. "All treasure comes with a cost. This one is the curse of the Skeleton Isle. Go if you wish- those who have dark reasons can't be ensured to return." These words echoed him [in] Jack's mind. The curse had firstly been such a hinderance [hindrance], and a great obstacle. He had altering views on the curse now. Smiling, he lifted the chest up and headed back to the

ship. The journey home would be of a high standard, now with the curse in his favour
[favour], and the treasure.