

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph about Malala Yousafzai):

a. Strengths:

- You provide a clear and inspiring example of a role model.
- Your writing shows passion and admiration for Malala's courage.

b. Weaknesses: Lack of specificity Your paragraph would benefit from more precise details about Malala's achievements. For instance, you mention that she "gave many, many girls their freedom", but you don't explain how she accomplished this.

c. Exemplar: "Malala's advocacy led to the Malala Fund, which has helped millions of girls access education in countries like Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Nigeria."

#2 (Second paragraph about personal dilemma):

a. Strengths:

- You share a relatable personal experience.
- Your writing shows self-awareness and growth.

b. Weaknesses: Underdeveloped narrative The story lacks details that would make it more engaging and impactful. You mention a "shaky relationship" but don't provide specific examples of the teasing or how it affected you.

c. Exemplar: "My friend would often mock my accent during class presentations, leaving me feeling embarrassed and isolated."

#3 (Third paragraph about Ada Lovelace):

a. Strengths:

- Your writing demonstrates vivid imagination and descriptive language.
- You create an intriguing, mysterious atmosphere.

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of adjectives While your descriptions are colorful, the excessive use of adjectives can overwhelm the reader. For example, in the phrase "Ada simply stood, frozen, unable to comprehend what events were taking place", the word "simply" is unnecessary and weakens the impact.

c. Exemplar: "Ada stood frozen, unable to comprehend the unfolding events."

Actionable task: Rewrite the second paragraph about your personal dilemma, focusing on providing specific examples of the teasing you experienced and how it made you feel. Ensure to identify the key moments that led to your decision to speak up.

Overall score: 43/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

Who is your role model, and why? Describe a time when you faced a moral or ethical dilemma and how you handled it.

I have many people in my life who I find inspiring, but one of them is Malala Yousafzai. At the age of 15, she was shot in the head by the Taliban because she spoke up about girls going to school. But that didn't stop her. She continuously demanded that girls have proper education, and she is truly inspiring because even though she was gravely wounded, she refused to stay silent. She voiced what she thought was right and gave many, many girls their freedom, and is a symbol of bravery and courage throughout the entire world. When she won the Nobel Peace Prize, she stated, "This award is not just for me. It is for those forgotten children who want education. It is for those frightened children who want peace. It is for those voiceless children who want change." She inspires me to keep going, and never let my voice go silent.

#2 A dilemma I faced once was one that happened at school, and it wasn't an easy choice to make. ~~It seems like not a huge deal now, but I was little back then.~~ [Although it may seem insignificant now, it felt monumental when I was younger.] I had a friend who used to be really mean to me, she would call me mean things and make fun of me. Back then, we had a very shaky relationship as friends but I still wanted to desperately be friends with her, and telling someone would mean that she wouldn't want anything to do with me after that. I knew what was the right thing to do, and I told someone. I didn't end up regretting it, because even though we didn't speak for a while, she stopped teasing me

#3 Ada Lovelace stared at the unfathomable sight situated in front of her, completely dumbfounded. A bead of sweat slowly crawled down her feverish skin. She found herself at a loss to fathom the gargantuan spectacle erupting before her eyes and her bushy brows furrowed as she attempted to vindicate the incomprehensible sight. She rubbed her insensate eyes in disbelief, the insoluble contradiction to the world an attack on her baffled brain. Perplexed, the prodigy stood shakily, watching as the seemingly normal plant surged with a wave of fervent vitality. The bubbling power pulsed, a slow drumbeat that echoed through the empty rows of Ada's greenhouse. The vines twisted and writhed diabolically, squirming as if teetering on the precipice of its untimely demise. ~~Ada simply stood, frozen, unable to comprehend what events were taking place.~~ [Ada

stood frozen, unable to comprehend the unfolding events.] Hues of green, blue, purple and more weaved together, and Ada was momentarily blinded, opening her eyes to new realities.

The world was a mere smudge of light and noise as Ada's senses were drowned in the sea of time currents flowing past her. Up was down, right was left, and Ada was tossed in the never-ending confusion. She was a waterlogged sailor, drifting into the unknown depths. Then time slowed to a crawl, and Ada itched to go faster, to jostle herself out of this, but it felt like wading through an inescapable bog. Then as soon as the glacial pace started, it halted abruptly, and Ada found herself face-to-face with a huge handful of sand. She clawed at her face, removing the tiny particles that stuck to her sticky skin, and gasped in amazement at the wonders that unfolded around her. Honeyed sunlight dripped onto the warm golden sands, turning the grains rich and warm as they sifted between her fingers. The bare sun shone in the sky, its glare illuminating the beautiful limestone pyramids of Ancient Egypt.

Ada tried to say something, to ask a question, to call for help, but the words stuck to her tongue like glue, and all that came out was a dry, heaving rasp from her sunbaked throat. She forced her legs to move, trudging through the sinking sands she sorted through her pockets, trying to find something to help her. Instead, her fingers closed on a small vine, and as Ada stroked the stalk, she felt a bone-chilling, eerie jolt of electricity arc down her spine, causing a strange chill to settle into her heart.

As she reached the first bleached structure, she noticed a youth, about her very age, fitted in regal and embroidered garb of a deep vermilion red and gold, slowly pacing in front of a plant. It was so familiar it tickled Ada's senses until she ~~realized~~ [realised]- it was an exact replica of her own! A million thoughts frolicked in her brain, how on earth did that boy have a replica of her chronological phenomena? Before she could ask his name, the boy slowly turned to reveal his face, and Ada screamed in absolute terror as the monstrous sight turned to look at her. The boy's eyes were sunken pits, pools of endless black that ensnared Ada's mind. His hands were slender, yet grey as stone, and black veins snaked up his arms, tinting them with shadows. The monster's face was rotting, a carcass so old she saw the skeletal frame of the sharply angled cheekbones. "You should not have come, Ada Lovelace," The malformation hissed in many voices, each stabbing Ada's brain with a million icy tentacles. "The Everywhen Fern is not yours to command, and for breaking the cosmic order, you shall have to pay the price."