

Section 1:

#1: [First paragraph] a. Strengths:

- Effective use of dialogue to create intrigue
- Vivid description of the dusty old book and photograph

b. Weaknesses: Inconsistent Tense Your writing shifts between past and present tense, which can be confusing for readers. For instance, you write "The photograph fell" (past tense) but then switch to "I said back" (present tense).

c. Exemplar: "The photograph had fallen from the old book, revealing a face I hadn't seen in years and memories I thought I had forgotten."

#2: [Paragraph beginning with "I flipped through the pages with trembling fingers"] a. Strengths:

- Emotive description of nostalgic memories
- Effective use of sensory details in describing photographs

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of Adjectives Your writing relies heavily on adjectives, which can sometimes overwhelm the reader. For example, "sunlit park", "carefree smile", "radiant joy" all appear in quick succession.

c. Exemplar: "I found a snapshot of a picnic in the park. My father laughed, his smile infectious, while my mother beamed with joy."

#3: [Final paragraph] a. Strengths:

- Creates suspense and intrigue
- Effectively sets up future action

b. Weaknesses: Rushed Pacing Your writing speeds through potentially significant moments without allowing readers to fully engage with the emotional weight of the discoveries. For instance, you quickly move from finding the hidden book to stating "I needed to uncover the truth".

c. Exemplar: "As I pulled the leather-bound book from its hiding place, my fingers traced the strange symbols embossed on its cover. My heart raced, knowing that within these pages lay the key to unravelling the mystery of my father's disappearance."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the first paragraph, paying close attention to maintaining consistent past tense throughout. This will help establish a clear temporal setting for your story.

Overall Score: 41/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

"The photograph fell from the old book, revealing a face I hadn't seen in years and memories I thought I had ~~forget~~ [forgotten]

'What was that!?' My step-father shouted from downstairs, '~~nu...nothing~~' I said back, ['Nothing,' I called back,] picking up the dusty old book from the floor~~,~~ [.] ~~as~~ [As] I swept away the dust engulfing the thick leather cover, out of the corner of my eye I saw a slip of paper fall out of the corner of the book. As I bent down for the second time and picked the slip up, I saw it was yellowed with splotches of brown here and there. As I flipped it over, I noticed that someone in the picture was strangely familiar, but I just couldn't seem to remember where I'd seen the person before.

#1 [Then it clicked, this was, no, it couldn't be, he was gone, wasn't he? I stared at the picture for what seemed like eternities, then my step-father called me down again, probably to help him with his lighter not working or something, he's always smoking. As I walked down the flight of stairs I couldn't stop thinking about the photo, it seemed to be my dad, my real, actual dad, who had left years ago, not this sorry excuse for a human being. After giving his lighter a quick shake I handed it back to him, as I walked away I could hear him muttering under his breath. As I walked back up the stairs, I couldn't stop thinking about the picture, as I got back to my room, I picked up the both the book and the photo and started flipping through the pages, it was a album, page after page of countless photos of a young me with my father and a woman, presumably my mother.]

#2 [I flipped through the pages with trembling fingers, each photo stirring a mix of nostalgia and confusion. There was a snapshot of a picnic in a sunlit park, my father laughing with a carefree smile and my mother's radiant joy. Another showed us at a beach, the three of us building a sandcastle while the sea waves lapped at our feet. My heart raced as I came across a picture of my father holding me up to the camera, his eyes twinkling with pride and affection. But it wasn't just the happiness in those pictures that unsettled me; it was the ~~realization~~ [realisation] that these were moments I didn't remember. I kept turning the pages, searching for answers. There was a photo I hadn't seen before, one of my father standing beside a man who looked eerily like the sorry specimen of humanity smoking downstairs. They were in what looked like an old-fashioned library, the bookshelves brimming with antique volumes. The two men

seemed to be engaged in an intense conversation, though the photo captured only their serious expressions.]

I paused on the final page of the album. There, neatly tucked into the corner, was another slip of paper, this one a folded letter. My hands shook as I unfolded it. The handwriting was neat and elegant, though slightly smudged in places.

Dear Emily, If you're reading this, it means you've found the album I left behind. I wish I could have been there to explain everything to you in person. The man you know as your step-father is not who he seems. He's involved in things far beyond your understanding, and it's why I had to leave. The truth is, he's a dangerous man. I was working to protect you and your mother, but circumstances forced us apart. I had to go into hiding, to ensure your safety and to try to gather the evidence I needed. The photos are not just memories but clues. They hold the key to understanding the full story, and they will lead you to the truth about him and why I had to leave. Please be careful. Don't trust anyone easily. Find the book I've hidden under the floorboards in the old study— it will guide you further. And remember, no matter what, I love you. Forever yours, Dad

My breath caught in my throat. The letter explained so much but raised even more questions. Why had my step-father been involved in such dangerous activities? Why hadn't he shown any sign of it? And how had my father managed to leave so many clues without my step-father noticing?

The only way to find out was to follow the instructions. I raced down the hall to the old study, a dusty, rarely used room that had been closed off for years. With a sense of urgency, I began searching for the floorboards mentioned in the letter.

#3 [After a few minutes of frantic searching, I finally pried up a loose board near the corner of the room. Underneath was a small, hidden compartment. My heart pounded as I reached inside and pulled out an old, leather-bound book, its cover embossed with strange symbols and an air of mystery.

I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of my father's words and the gravity of the situation. I had no idea what lay ahead, but one thing was certain: I needed to uncover the truth, no matter where it led me.]"