

## Section 1:

### #1 (Opening paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Engaging opening that immediately sets the scene and introduces an intriguing event
- Creative use of imagery to describe the appearance of Mozart

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of Descriptive Language Your opening paragraph, while vivid, suffers from an overabundance of descriptive language. Phrases like "regular ashen suit," "mild combover," and "dazzlingly intense colourless glow" create a cluttered narrative that may overwhelm the reader. This excess of detail can slow the pacing and distract from the main event - Mozart's unexpected appearance.

c. Exemplar: "Mr Blake was droning on about school rules when a flash of light brightened the room. As it faded, an unexpected figure stood on the stage - Mozart himself, looking dazed in his ruffled suit and powdered wig."

### #2 (Mozart learning about modern technology): a. Strengths:

- Clever juxtaposition of historical figure with modern technology
- Humorous dialogue that highlights the cultural gap

b. Weaknesses: Underdeveloped Scene Your scene where Mozart learns about modern technology lacks depth and feels rushed. The interaction with the girl and her phone is brief and doesn't fully explore the comedic potential of the situation. Additionally, the transition to Mozart agreeing to coach the team is abrupt and lacks explanation.

c. Exemplar: "Mozart peered at the glowing rectangle in the girl's hand, his powdered brows furrowed in confusion. 'What manner of witchcraft is this?' he exclaimed, causing the girl to burst into giggles. 'It's just a phone, Mr Mozart,' she explained patiently. 'We use it to talk to people far away and look at funny cat pictures.'"

### #3 (Mozart's coaching technique): a. Strengths:

- Creative integration of musical concepts into soccer strategy
- Unique approach to describing the team's gameplay

b. Weaknesses: Lack of Clarity Your description of Mozart's coaching technique, while creative, lacks clarity and might confuse readers unfamiliar with musical terms. Phrases like "The field shall be the grand staff" and "you shall become the notes" are poetic but don't clearly explain how this translates to effective soccer strategy.

c. Exemplar: "Mozart approached coaching like composing a symphony. 'The field is our musical score,' he explained, 'and each of you is a vital instrument. Move in harmony, anticipate each other's actions, and together we'll create a masterpiece of gameplay.'"

Actionable Task: Rewrite the paragraph describing Mozart's first game with the team, focusing on clearly explaining how his musical approach translates to effective soccer strategy. Ensure you provide specific examples of how the players move and interact based on Mozart's musical instructions.

Overall Score: 41/50

## Section 2: Revision Guidelines

### Maestro Mozart: An Unlikely Soccer Coach

Mr Blake, in his regular ashen suit, sensible jet-black tie, and mild combover, was droning on and on and on about school rules, respect, listening, the playground, blah blah blah blah... until the stage flickered, before a flash of blinding white light brightened up the room. The bricks looked darker than shadows in this dazzlingly intense colourless] glow. The radiant luminescence gradually died down, but the dark silhouette of a person wearing quite a lot of lace was clearly visible. When the fluorescence disappeared... MOZART was on the stage! He looked more than a little dazed; his suit was still ruffled, his powdered wig shedding dust, and his delicate chiffony shaking from the impact. #1

"Do pardon me, but where am I?" He asked, clearly concerned. One girl was busy on her phone, and she was still busy laughing away. Mozart leaned over to her, spotting the illuminated rectangle in her hand.

"What sorcery is this?" His face flustered as he squinted at the object. The girl giggled and put the phone closer to his face.

"It's called a phone. We use it to communicate with far away people, also to search for funny memes!" He tilted his head slightly. #2

~~"Well, Mr... Mozart, would... you like to lead our underdog soccer team?"~~ Mr Blake questioned. ~~Mozart found himself nodding, even though he didn't even know what 'underdog,' 'soccer' or why he was being addressed as 'Mister.'~~ [Mr Blake, seeing an opportunity, interjected, "Mr Mozart, would you consider leading our underdog soccer team?" Mozart, still bewildered, found himself nodding despite not understanding the terms 'underdog', 'soccer', or why he was being addressed as 'Mister'.]

Over days, he ~~learnt~~ [learned] the basics of soccer, and saw the underfunded, multicultural but very discouraged team. They were quite upset, as the excitement about a new coach had turned into disappointment. As Mozart saw how soccer was meant to be played, he remembered the difficulties of the Jupiter Symphony. And so he told his team: 'The field shall be the grand staff, you shall become the notes, as in you may not spread too far, but rather within range.' Mozart began waving his arms in majestic movements, and gently humming the beautiful song. The melody shifted, so did the positions, as front dropped back, following his limbs, and goalie became tense, the defence ready to tackle. The dramatic segment had begun, as the attackers pushed forward, a single back wing lingering, and the goalkeeper straightened... parents spectating the new coach were sceptical, but surprisingly, they had not expected this.  
#3

"Is... he conducting... a football game?" One mother whispered to another.

"I don't know, but it seems to have quite a positive effect!" The other replied gently.

In the first game, the team was agile, quick, nimble. Before it started, Mozart had some advice: 'You're each a different instrument. Alone, you are disciplined, but as a team, you shall play the song of triumph.' The ball flowed gracefully between the feet of the players. Mozart was humming a motivated tune; the opponents were stunned as the football seemed to teleport towards the goal. Each pass and shot were timed flawlessly, and the rival trainer was bemused and kept shaking his head in confusion.

"What kind of training produces results like this?" He continuously said to himself.

Days later, the team was alternating to explain modern technology to Mozart.

"These are emojis," One explained. "They can be used to see which tone you are ~~talking in~~ [speaking with]!" Mozart's quill scraped across the page.

"Interesting! Perhaps we could use them in our communication!" Mozart concluded. This was the quarter finals. The rival instructor furrowed his brow while squinting at Mozart.

"There's something familiar with that man, I swear it," He muttered to himself, while peering at a picture of Mozart in the history book.

"No, it couldn't be. Besides, how could he have?" He focused back on the game. Meanwhile, Mozart was busy studying a ripped hole in one of his old tunes. It was pulsing with energy, and it had his home in it. He gazed at his team, now joyously ~~practicing~~ [practising] Sonata in D Major. It was days away from the championship...

The Grand Finale had come. 'The pitch is a keyboard, as there are eight of you, there is enough to play the entire song.' Mozart instructed. The game was fast-paced, and the players danced to a song only they may hear. The teamwork was incredible, and as the proud club stood on the podium, Mozart vanished as astonishingly as he had emerged. The team was befuddled... they knew they were part of a marvellous] event that only they knew...

Before Mozart left, the last piece of advice:

'If you don't make mistakes, you never try anything new.'