

Section 1:

#1 (Opening paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Vivid sensory details create an atmospheric setting.
- Strong opening hook that immediately engages the reader.

b. Weaknesses: Inconsistent tense usage Your writing shifts between past and present tense, which can be disorienting for the reader. For instance, you write "Lily's felt a cold shiver run down her spine" (past tense) but then "Silver fish flashed from under the water and the silhouettes of slimy seaweed hovered in the water" (present tense).

c. Exemplar: "Lily felt a cold shiver run down her spine as goosebumps rose on her skin."

#2 (Middle section, starting with "The damp scent..."): a. Strengths:

- Effective use of sensory language to create a foreboding atmosphere.
- Compelling description of Lily's physical state.

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of adjectives Your writing relies heavily on adjectives, which can sometimes overwhelm the reader. For example, "jagged, serrated glass like daggers slicing through silk" contains multiple descriptors that may detract from the overall impact.

c. Exemplar: "She peered out the window, its broken glass like daggers. Lily trembled as she stared at the willow trees swaying in the distance."

#3 (Concluding paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Thoughtful reflection on the character's growth.
- Effective use of metaphor to convey the story's message.

b. Weaknesses: Abrupt tonal shift The sudden change from a tense, atmospheric horror to a more reflective, almost philosophical tone feels jarring. The transition from "As she turned to leave the lighthouse, it seemed less scary after all" to the introspective conclusion doesn't flow smoothly.

c. Exemplar: "As she turned to leave, Lily realised the true value of her experience lay not in uncovering secrets, but in the courage she had found within herself."

Actionable task: Rewrite the opening paragraph, focusing on maintaining consistent past tense throughout. Pay attention to how this affects the rhythm and flow of your narrative.

Overall score: 41/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

When Lily saw the flickering lights in the distance, she knew the rumours about the old lighthouse weren't just stories – they were the reality. The darkness of the night cloaked the atmosphere with an eerie stillness, as her dinghy swayed towards shore. #1[Silver fish flashed] from under the water and the silhouettes of slimy seaweed hovered] in the water. ~~Lily's felt~~ [Lily felt] a cold shiver run down her spine as goosebumps rose from her skin.]

Stepping onto the black mysterious sand of the island, Lily shuddered, the frigid air blew on her bare arms and her cloak fluttered in the atmosphere. The island was covered with dead silence, the only light came from the pale shimmers of the lighthouse.

~~The dark tower loomed over her, casting a shadow more menacing than any nightmare could conjure.~~ [The dark tower loomed over her, casting a shadow more menacing than any nightmare she had ever experienced.] Pushing the grated door of the lighthouse open, Lily paused, uncertain whether to progress forward or not. She had to. It was her only opportunity to unveil the island's secret. She ~~ereeped~~ [crept] through the floorboards, which were now tattered and mouldy. Jaundiced scrolls with serpentine writing haunted her eyes as she trekked onwards. Echoes of ghosts seemed far away, yet metres close and Lily suspiciously spun around, panting heavily and flashing her torch.

#2[The damp scent of old sea water floated through the room and the revolting smell of rotting floorboard assaulted her senses. Lily held her breath as she entered the next room. Weapons were ~~lay~~ [laid] shattered and discarded on the floor and as she glanced into the reflective side of a sword, she saw herself: Trembling with fear, her eyes bulging and her ebony hair entangled as sweat trickled down her forehead. Yet her eyes stayed firm, determined to discover the secrets of this haunted island.

She peered out the window, its jagged, serrated glass like daggers slicing through silk. Lily trembled as she stared out at the wistful willow trees pirouetting their branches while her small boat hobbled on the still water. Her body tensed, rumours said that at night, mystical creatures would appear and haunt visitors. No one ever returned from the island.]

Lily's ears throbbed as howls of werewolves echoed closer and closer until it seemed that it was right next to her ears. She turned around, only to be met with the spindly staircase and the dull, amber light.

"Th-this is just an illusion... the voices don't exist... they're trying to stop me." She breathed, calming herself down as she arrived at the final room. She twisted the rusty, half-stripped knob and entered. Inside was nothing, emptiness and everything was silent, save for the dust motes that drifted from the ceiling. The air hung heavy, and Lily felt the room constrict with historic quaintness. This room may have lacked objects inside, yet it held the historic stories passed down from generations and generations. She stared in awe as she sniffed the scent of bygone eras.

#3[As she turned to leave the lighthouse, it seemed less scary after all. Lily realised the most invaluable thing that she experienced on that day was not discovering the secrets, but the determination and bravery forged in its wake. She knew that the true demons lurked not in the shadows, but in the decisions, she made and the paths she chose to walk.]