

Section 1:

#1 "Rick's heart dropped as he heard the gurgling sound of the rocket engines... fireball; anywhere within fifty kilometers downwind would be practically unlivable for years from the radiation fallout."

Strengths:

- Strong opening that immediately creates tension
- Effective use of technical details to build authenticity

Weaknesses: Emotional Redundancy → Your repetitive references to Rick's heart ("heart dropped," "heart almost in the fiery fumes") dilute the impact. The emotional state could be shown through other physical manifestations of fear.

Exemplar: "Rick's heart dropped as the rocket engines gurgled to life. Sweat beaded on his forehead as frazzled scientists watched in horror - the I.C.B.M. was about to burst into flames."

#2 "Rick scanned the control panel... forcing it to collide into the side of the launchpad."

Strengths:

- Vivid sensory details with the "inferno behind shielded windows"
- Good pacing that builds tension

Weaknesses: Mixed Metaphors → Your metaphors become confused with phrases like "throw up his heart" and "inferno channeled energy into his bloodstream," making the writing less clear and impactful.

Exemplar: "Rick scanned the control panel, his hands trembling. Red warning triangles flooded the screen as the fires spread mercilessly from the ignition chamber to the second stage."

#3 "Clinging to hope... shrinking away from Rick from second sun to dim star."

Strengths:

- Strong imagery in the final line about the flames
- Good action sequence showing resolution

Weaknesses: Sensory Overload → Your writing combines too many sensations at once ("blood-red warning lights... blinding him," "tongue was showered with the taste of victory"), making it difficult to focus on the most important elements.

Exemplar: "Clinging to hope, Rick ignored the blaring warnings and joined the researchers at the controls. With steady hands, they increased the water output until the flames finally surrendered."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the first paragraph focusing specifically on showing Rick's fear through physical reactions and environmental details, rather than directly stating his emotional state.

Score: 42/50

Section 2:

Missile Launch

#1 Rick's heart dropped as he heard the gurgling sound of the rocket engines. He was doomed. Sirens blared in ear-piercing tones as frazzled scientists watched in terror as the I.C.B.M. (Intercontinental Ballistic Missile) was on the verge of bursting into flames. ~~Rick gripped on the handles~~ **[Rick gripped the handles]** of the heat-resistant airlock with his palpitating palms, his heart almost in the fiery fumes itself. If the payload detonated, ~~the entire research facility will be~~ **[the entire research facility would be]** incinerated in a fireball; anywhere within fifty kilometres downwind would be practically unlivable for years from the radiation fallout.

#2 Rick scanned the control panel. Red triangles encasing exclamation marks covered every inch of the screen. From what he could make out, the fires were spreading from the ignition chamber to the second stage. ~~Rick struggled not to throw up his heart.~~ **[Rick fought against waves of nausea.]** The inferno behind the shielded windows channeled their immense energy into his bloodstream. Scientists screamed in terror as the fire consumed the first stage of the missile, forcing it to collide into the side of the launchpad.

Rick fumbled open the airlock, and a burst of scalding air whammed into his face. Brave researchers armed with hoses attempted to douse the flames, though it only made it worse. Fire licked the upper stages of the missile, painfully close to the detonator. ~~Rick's bones liquefied as he tried to scramble out of the area.~~ **[Rick's legs turned to jelly as he tried to scramble out of the area.]** However, his heart was slightly relocated as the hoses extinguished some of the flames higher up – this missile might just take off after all.

#3 Clinging to hope, Rick took no notice of the blood-red warning lights on the wall which were blinding him, or the multilingual chants of 'warning' warbling from the speakers. Some of the researchers kept their sanity and pulled levers in unwavering hands. Rick had to help, and every brain cell of his agreed in complete unison. Pushing buttons, the water output from the nozzles increased and the fire was doused. ~~Sighing in relief, Rick's tongue was showered with the taste of victory.~~ **[Sighing in relief, Rick savoured the taste of victory.]** The sirens finally stopped their monotone chant of 'Warning!' and the ICBM achieved liftoff. The smoke of the exhaust filled the launchpad, the flames erupting from the nozzle shrinking away from Rick from second sun to dim star.