

Section 1:

#1 (Opening paragraph) Strengths:

- Vivid sensory imagery through phrases like "fierce orange flicker against the blackness"
- Strong emotional tension established through "Rick's heart dropped"

Weakness: Overuse of metaphorical language → Your descriptions of the flames use multiple metaphors in quick succession ("wild beasts," "thrashing," "desperate glow"), which dilutes their individual impact.

Exemplar: "The engines sputtered and roared, their flames tearing into space like wounded beasts, casting an eerie orange glow across the cockpit."

#2 (Character background) Strengths:

- Clear establishment of stakes through mission context
- Effective cause-and-effect explanation of the crisis

Weakness: Information overload → Your backstory feels rushed and interrupts the immediate tension with phrases like "He had worked for many flights and tasks" followed by training details.

Exemplar: "This vital research mission was the culmination of years of rigorous training - now threatened by a single, uncharted asteroid."

#3 (Action sequence) Strengths:

- Detailed technical description of the repair process
- Strong physical sensations conveyed through "heat was now even more overwhelming"

Weakness: Repetitive tension-building → Your description of the heat and pressure repeats similar ideas, such as "overwhelming" heat followed by "oppressive weight" and "suffocating heat."

Exemplar: "The engine's heat pressed against him like a physical wall, each pulse of flame threatening to overwhelm his protective gear as he wrestled with the stubborn wrench."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the opening paragraph, focusing on selecting one strong metaphor for the flames and developing it fully rather than using multiple competing images.

Score: 44/50

Section 2:

Rick's heart dropped as he heard the gurgling of the rocket engines. He was doomed. The engines spat erratic bursts of flame, a fierce orange flicker against the blackness. They sputtered and roared like wild beasts wounded and thrashing. Flames tore out in jagged bursts, spiralling into space, illuminating the hull with a fiery, desperate glow. Each flare painted eerie shadows across the interior of the cockpit as Rick grimaced, watching the flames take hold of the rocket. #1

~~This space mission was meant to search a nearby galaxy to gather important research information. He had worked for many flights and tasks. However, this one was the most important, rigorously training his skills, suiting him to every situation that could be impactful.~~ [This critical mission to explore a nearby galaxy represented his most challenging assignment yet. Years of training had prepared him for every contingency.] But now, a sudden asteroid, never recorded before, had crashed into one of the rocket's bolts, rendering the thin band of titanium futile. Now that band couldn't regulate the engine anymore. #2

Rick knew he had to fix it before the rocket dissolved under the pressure. His heart relentlessly ~~pummelled~~ [pummeled] against his chest like the thundering hooves of one thousand wild stallions. He quickly changed into his protective ~~gearsuit~~ [gear suit], opening the latch. He could practically feel the structure beneath him straining as the unrestrained flames licked and burned against the hull. His breathing quickened, filling his helmet with the sharp, anxious rhythm of survival instincts. If he didn't fix it, the entire rocket—and his life of course—would disintegrate into a single, fiery burst against the endless night.

For a moment, he felt frozen. The image of home and the loved ones he might never see again rose in his mind, nearly making him stumble as he reached for the hatch. But with a shuddering breath, he steadied himself. He reminded himself of every mission he'd ever survived, every time he'd faced failure and come out the other side. He couldn't let fear control him now. He had one task: get to the bolt, secure it, and restore the balance then find the planet.

Stepping carefully into the star-speckled void, the cold immediately seeped through even his protective suit, chilling him as much as the awareness of his peril. Slowly, he reached the engine where the unruly flames danced, illuminating the loose bolts with flickers of fierce orange light. Gripping his wrench tightly, Rick struggled to keep his hands steady as he positioned himself next to the bolt.

The heat was now even more overwhelming, radiating from the engine with an intensity that seemed to penetrate even Rick's protective gear. It was as if he were standing at the mouth of a volcano, the fiery breath scorching through the metal plating and searing the air around him. The heat pulsed in sync with the roaring flames, creating an oppressive weight that made it almost impossible for him to focus. #3

Gritting his teeth, he tried again. The wrench was stubborn, fighting him at every turn, and his breaths came hard and fast. The metal screamed under pressure, vibrating with the maddening whine of something far beyond its limits. His forearms burned with exertion, but he couldn't afford to pause, even for a second. Ignoring the ache in his limbs and the suffocating heat pressing down, Rick wedged the wrench against the bolt once more and leaned in with every ounce of strength he had. With a low, grinding creak, the bolt finally began to turn, easing back into its place as he twisted with grim determination. He had finally done it.

Rick finally let out a breath he hadn't realised he was holding, his body sagging against the cold metal of the hull. The roar of the engine, now steadied, pulsed with a reassuring hum instead of its previous angry sputter. He closed his eyes, feeling a wave of exhaustion wash over him, but beneath it was a deep sense of relief. He had succeeded at last.