

## Section 1:

#1 "Rick weaved his way through the room dodging the inventions that had malfunctioned. There were so many of them. Rick's hands were trembling. What should he do, his mind racing with thoughts. Follow his dad or build his own dreams."

### Strengths:

- Your vivid scene-setting effectively establishes the internal conflict
- Your use of physical manifestation (trembling hands) effectively shows emotional state

Weaknesses: Fragmented Flow → Your sentences are choppy and disconnected, creating an abrupt reading experience. "There were so many of them" and "What should he do" could be integrated more smoothly into surrounding sentences.

Exemplar: "Rick weaved his way through the room, dodging countless malfunctioned inventions as his hands trembled. His mind raced with the impossible choice: follow his father's path or build his own dreams."

#2 "Whose coughs were that, they were really loud, is everything all right? His mind jumbled up in mixed up thoughts."

### Strengths:

- Your use of internal questioning effectively conveys urgency
- Your portrayal of confused thoughts mirrors the character's mental state

Weaknesses: Run-on Structure → Your sentences lack proper punctuation and structure. The questions run together without clear separation, and "mixed up thoughts" is redundant with "jumbled."

Exemplar: "Those coughs echoed through the walls – but whose were they? His thoughts tangled as panic rose within him."

#3 "In the hospital's sterile confines, Father's weathered hand found Rick's drawings. Silence stretched between them like an unfinished span. 'You've got your mother's mind,' Father finally whispered, and for the first time, his calloused finger traced the precise lines of Rick's dreams with something approaching comprehension."

### Strengths:

- Your metaphorical language beautifully captures the emotional moment
- Your dialogue effectively reveals character relationship and development

Weaknesses: Pace Disruption → Your sudden shift to poetic language, while beautiful, creates a jarring contrast with the urgent tone of previous passages.

Exemplar: "In the stark hospital room, Father's weathered hand found Rick's drawings. The silence between them spoke volumes until Father whispered, 'You've got your mother's mind,' his calloused finger finally tracing the dreams his son had sketched."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the opening paragraph focusing on maintaining consistent sentence structure while combining shorter sentences into more fluid, connected thoughts. Pay special attention to transitioning between ideas smoothly.

**Score: 42/50**

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Section 2:

#1 Rick weaved his way through the room dodging the inventions that had malfunctioned. ~~There were so many of them.~~ [Countless inventions littered the space.] ~~Rick's hands were trembling.~~ ~~What should he do, his mind racing with thoughts.~~ [Rick's hands trembled as his mind raced with thoughts.] Follow his dad or build his own dreams.

Suddenly, there were loud coughs coming from his apartment next to the building. #2 ~~Whose coughs were that, they were really loud, is everything all right?~~ [Whose coughs were those? They pierced through the walls – was everything all right?] ~~His mind jumbled up in mixed up thoughts.~~ [His thoughts jumbled in confusion.] Finally, he realised whose coughs they were. He bolted to his apartment and up the winding staircase. His dad, lying on his bed, looked pale as ever.

His dad had been sick for a while, but he could tell it was getting worse, and his time would soon be over. Rick's worlds collided – his engineering knowledge screaming warnings about decompression while his heart screamed louder. In between his father's rasping breaths, the notebook slipped from Rick's pocket, and in that moment, both their worlds shifted on their foundations.

His father's breaths started to slow down, and he started to close his eyes. His father seemed to be awake, for now. He couldn't tell how much longer he had. He took out his phone and called

911. "~~Hello, how may we be in service?~~" ["Hello, how may we help you?"] asked the lady on the phone.

"Help! My father is really sick and is dying, I need help!" Rick said, at a fast pace. He was getting really worried.

After a few minutes the ambulance finally came. As Rick rode to the hospital with his dad, his dad started to open his eyes. "Dad, please don't leave me," Rick said, as tears came rushing down his eyes.

When they got to the hospital, tension was filling the air. #3 In the hospital's sterile confines, Father's weathered hand found Rick's drawings. Silence stretched between them like an unfinished span. "You've got your mother's mind," Father finally whispered, and for the first time, his calloused finger traced the precise lines of Rick's dreams with something approaching comprehension.

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