

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph): Strengths:

- Your vivid sensory imagery with "compressed air hissed through corroded pipes like a malicious snake"
- Your effective use of internal conflict through Rick's emotional turmoil

Weakness: Inconsistent Perspective → Your narrative switches between present and past tense within the same paragraph. For instance, "Rick watched" (past) versus "he would not be heading" (future in present). This creates a disconnected reading experience.

Exemplar: "The compressed air hissed through corroded pipes like a malicious snake as Rick watched his father get swallowed up by the caisson's jaws. He wouldn't be heading back home tonight - his decision was made."

#2 (Second paragraph): Strengths:

- Your powerful emotional progression through physical manifestations
- Your effective use of symbolism with the chalk and equations

Weakness: Run-on Sentences → Your sentences often contain multiple ideas without proper conjunction or punctuation. The sentence "Hec oils feel the impending betrayal" appears to be a typo and disrupts the flow.

Exemplar: "His hands trembled as he made his way to the engineer's sanctum. Upon touching the door handle, a tremendous wave of guilt washed over him."

#3 (Final paragraph): Strengths:

- Your masterful buildup of tension through time-pressured situation
- Your poignant resolution through the father's final revelation

Weakness: Overloaded Metaphors → Your comparison of breathing to both a "death knell" and "heart-aching elegy" in quick succession diminishes the impact of each metaphor individually.

Exemplar: "Inside the airlock, his father's laboured breathing echoed like a death knell, each breath marking time's merciless passage."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the second paragraph focusing specifically on the transition between Rick's physical actions and his emotional state. Create a clear progression from his approach to

the sanctuary through to his mathematical escape, ensuring each sentence flows naturally into the next.

Score: 42/50

Section 2:

#1 The compressed air hissed through corroded pipes like a malicious snake as Rick watched his father get swallowed up by the ~~caisson's~~ [caisson's] jaws for another strenuous shift. The massive wooden chamber, entombed beneath the river's intelligible surface, promised of dryness for the workers excavating the bridge's foundations, but its pressurised atmosphere yielded invisible perils that haunted Rick's nightmares. His calloused fingers, worn from the countless years of excavating of ores, held a dented, rusty lunch pail, a solemn letter begging for forgiveness. Tonight, he would not be heading back home to the family of workers. Today, he would escape and pursue the dreams he had cherished for so long, but deep inside, he felt a stabbing guilt of what he was going to do. "Bridge work is in our blood", his father had often declared, but Rick always wondered if he could change it. The shame seared his skull with a stabbing pain as he clutched his head, conflicted.

~~#2 Rick's hands trembled as he slowly made his way down to the engineer's sanctum. As soon as he touched the door handle to the safe sanctuary, a tremendous wave of guilt washed over him.~~ [Rick's hands trembled as he made his way to the engineer's sanctum, each step bringing fresh waves of guilt.] His grim expression wavered as he felt tears starting to well up in his eyes. Rick brushed them away quickly. It was not time to cry. He opened the door. He grabbed his trusty alabaster white chalk, scrawling complex equations across the borrowed slate, each letter bringing him farther away from his fathers world. ~~Hee-ohs~~ [He could] feel the impending betrayal stabbing holes in his heart, his soul slowly falling apart with the pressure.

#3 On that fateful day, Rick was on his way to deliver the lunch pails when calamity struck. His father staggered, decompression sickness seizing his large frame as he flopped onto the floor with a juddering crash. Rick froze, calculations whizzing through his head as the forbidden knowledge demanded release. Inside the airlock, his father's laboured breathing echoed like a death knell, like a heart-aching elegy sang by the choirs of the departed. Fifteen minutes for safe decompression. Rick counted each second with mathematical precision while cradling his father's head, understanding every calculation was counting down the time left for his father.

They emerged into the shining sun, his father's arm draped heavily across his shoulders. "You knew," he whispered, his frame shaking with sorrow and regret. "You knew about pressure and time," he accused, yet his accusation was not the one Rick had envisioned. Slowly, he watched his father breathe his final breath, eyes brimming with hot tears, sliding down his cheeks.



Scholarly