

Section 1:

#1: (First paragraph) Strengths:

- Strong opening scene setting in the attic
- Good use of discovery element with the photograph

Weakness: Limited sensory details → Your writing would benefit from more details about the attic's atmosphere. The phrase "filing through some junk" could paint a richer picture. The discovery moment feels rushed.

Exemplar: *The musty attic air filled Jack's lungs as he carefully sorted through decades of memories stored in weathered cardboard boxes, their corners softened by time.*

#2: (Second paragraph) Strengths:

- Clear establishment of the relationship between Jack and Jill
- Good emotional buildup of their connection

Weakness: Underdeveloped backstory → Your writing jumps quickly from childhood to teenage years. The phrase "as time flew by" skips important relationship development. The coma incident needs more build-up.

Exemplar: *Throughout their childhood years, Jack and Jill's bond grew stronger with each passing season, until their teenage years brought new feelings that Jack couldn't ignore.*

#3: (Last paragraph) Strengths:

- Shows character growth through Jack's actions
- Creative resolution with modern technology

Weakness: Abrupt ending → Your ending feels rushed with the WhatsApp channel solution. The phrase "just to keep in touch" doesn't fully address the emotional weight of Jack's loss.

Exemplar: *Determined to honour Jill's memory, Jack created a digital space where friendships could endure, ensuring that no connection would ever slip away unnoticed again.*

■ Your narrative shows promise in its emotional core, but needs deeper character development. The contrast between the two stories highlights different approaches to similar themes. The first story could benefit from more detailed scenes like those in the second story. Your descriptions of the attic could be expanded to create more atmosphere. Also, the relationship between Jack and

Jill needs more specific moments to help readers connect with their bond. Additionally, consider adding more emotional reactions from Jack when he discovers Jill's fate. The ending could be strengthened by showing how Jack processes his grief before creating the WhatsApp channel.

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**Score: 40/50**

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Section 2:

~~Once upon a time, a 21-year-old guy called Jack was in the attic filing through some junk in the twenty cardboard boxes when something caught his eye.~~ [On a dusty afternoon, 21-year-old Jack was in the depths of the attic, carefully sorting through twenty cardboard boxes when something caught his eye.] It was a book of all the people that came before him and his parents but ~~as~~ [when] he flipped one of the pages, a picture was revealed. The photograph fell from the old book, revealing a face he hadn't seen in years and memories he thought he had forgotten. As the memories came flooding back to him, the nostalgia was overwhelming.

~~He once had a wonderful friend called Jill whom he had completely forgotten and they grew up together.~~ [Jack had once shared his childhood with a wonderful friend called Jill, their lives intertwined as they grew up together.] ~~As time flew by, they became teenagers and attended the same high school and Jack felt something more than friendship between him and Jill, he felt love.~~ [Through their teenage years at the same high school, Jack's feelings for Jill blossomed into something deeper than friendship - he fell in love.] But then one day, a horrible incident occurred and Jill went into a coma and was moved to a different school, closer to her home and they never met since.

All these happy but sad memories left Jack in a frenzied thought. "What if I try to find Jill?" he thought, "I still have a chance to see her again. I just hope she remembers me." - Jack tried everything he could [;] ~~He~~ [he] called her, looked for her, and asked strangers if they knew her but no one had an answer. Alas, one day, Jack met a dead end. When he asked the police about her[,] they researched some of the government's files and found Jill. Sadly, it was found that Jill didn't wake up from her coma and died only a few weeks after the accident.

~~After all of this,~~ [Heartbroken but determined,] Jack decided that he didn't want the thing that happened between him and Jill to ever happen again[,] so he made a WhatsApp channel dedicated to keeping in touch with friends that included every single friend Jack had ever made (~~Excluding~~ [excluding] the dead ones): ~~And~~ [and,] just to keep in touch, everyone would send at least one message every week to tell the others how life was going.

In the dim light of the attic, Michael opened the old, dusty book. Its leather cover was cracked and worn, the pages yellowed with age. As he turned a page, a photograph slipped out, fluttering to the wooden floor. Bending down, he picked it up, feeling an odd sense of nostalgia.

Staring back at him from the photograph was a face he hadn't seen in years—his childhood friend, Clara. They were inseparable once, their laughter echoing through the summer air, their adventures carving out a realm of endless possibilities. But as time passed, life's currents had pulled them apart.

Memories he thought he had forgotten began to flood back. Their secret treehouse in the woods, the pact they made to always be there for each other, and the day she left for another city, promising to stay in touch. A promise that slowly faded as they grew older.

Michael sat down, the photograph held gently in his trembling hand. He remembered the day they buried a time capsule under the old oak tree, each placing a cherished item inside with hopes and dreams for the future. Clara had put a small silver locket, saying it held her happiest memories. Michael, with a young boy's bravado, had placed his favorite toy car, declaring it a symbol of their friendship speeding through life.

He smiled, a bittersweet feeling washing over him. The photograph had managed to stir a part of his heart that had lain dormant for so long. Maybe, just maybe, it wasn't too late to reconnect with Clara, to unearth those buried dreams and promises.

As the evening sun cast long shadows through the attic window, Michael made a silent vow. He would find Clara and remind her of the bond they once shared. For in the forgotten corners of their past, there was a treasure worth rediscovering.