

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph): Strengths:

- Strong sensory details create atmosphere through sound and smell
- Effective build-up of tension leading to discovery

Weakness: Unclear setting description → The attic's description jumps between different elements without a clear flow. Phrases like "artificial-turned-natural atmosphere" lack context and connection.

Exemplar: *The attic's wooden walls groaned against the wind, their mould-stained surfaces covered in patches of creeping moss. Each step I took made the floorboards protest beneath my feet as I navigated through stacks of forgotten boxes.*

#2 (Second paragraph): Strengths:

- Vivid character description of Annabeth
- Effective use of memory triggers

Weakness: Contradictory character description → Physical description has conflicting details: "milky-white skin" and "ebony-black skin" appear together, creating confusion.

Exemplar: *I remembered Annabeth's gentle features - her flowing blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and warm smile that spoke of countless shared adventures.*

#3 (Third paragraph): Strengths:

- Dynamic portrayal of conflict
- Strong emotional impact

Weakness: Rushed conflict resolution → The argument's cause and aftermath feel underdeveloped. Phrases like "One argument over a stupid subject" leave readers wanting more detail.

Exemplar: *Our friendship shattered that autumn day, when what began as a disagreement about the school play escalated into hurled accusations and bitter words that could never be taken back.*

■ Your narrative shows promise in creating atmosphere and emotional depth. The opening successfully draws readers in with its spooky setting. However, you could strengthen the story by

developing clearer connections between scenes. Try focusing on one main emotion or theme throughout each paragraph. Also, add more details about what led to the friendship's end. You might want to show more of how jealousy affected both characters. The ending feels a bit rushed - take time to build up to the main character's decision to find Annabeth. Your descriptions are good, but remember to keep them consistent. Work on making the transitions between past and present smoother.

Score: 41/50

Section 2:

#1 The wind howled menacingly, its powerful gusts battering against the wooden walls, weakening them with every second. The stale scent of mold drifted up through my nostrils, and the floorboards creaked with every step I took. The walls were covered with green moss, giving the ~~attic an artificial-turned-natural atmosphere~~ [attic an eerie, abandoned feeling]. I made my way through the boxes, each one containing discarded items that were deemed unworthy of the inhabitants' affection. ~~I tried my best to avoid all the boxes and items, but it was impossible.~~ [I carefully threaded between the boxes, but in the dim light, navigation proved difficult.] Eventually, I tripped upon a hard, solid item. Bending down to retrieve it, I saw a rough, leather-bound book. Its spine was worn with age, and the dust covering the cover made the title almost unable to be discerned. I opened it, disregarding the stiff pages. A photo fell out onto the floor, and when I looked at it, it was like waking up from a deep sleep.

#2 I gazed at the photo, my heart pumping hard. All at once, memories came flooding back to me. I saw me in my childhood, being chased by a young girl. I heard the distant sound of laughter, bittersweet to my tongue, and nostalgic to my mind. Annabeth, I remembered. I remembered her wonderful fragrance, smelling like roses. I remembered the way her blond hair swung back and forth when she was running. ~~I remembered her milky-white skin, her blood-red lips, and her ebony-black skin.~~ [I remembered her fair skin, rosy lips, and the way her eyes sparkled with mischief.] She had been my best friend, or so I had thought. We were foolish young kids back then, eager to underestimate the power of scorn and jealousy. We had made a vow to each other, to stay with the other no matter what, but alas! Not everything can happen.

#3 ~~I remember the day our argument took place.~~ [The day of our argument remains seared in my memory.] Flying rulers, shoes being thrown, and glasses shattering everywhere. One argument over a stupid subject eventually turned into an unfixable chasm, that left us with nothing. Jealousy, that unfathomable evil had torn us apart. But here she was again, looking up at me, her eyes filled with unspoken accusations. She had disappeared the day after, so mysteriously, that I

could have sworn that she had been taken by a kidnapper. My heart filled with longing, but at the same time it burned with hatred at Jealousy. I wanted to shred it, to rip it into a thousand tiny little pieces, so that it could never plague innocent hearts again.

Through all this rage, my brain seemed to have become clear. The book lay forgotten beside me, its unknown secrets embedded in its pages. But for now, those would have to wait. Only one thing mattered to me right now. I would have to find Annabeth. She was waiting.