

Section 1:

#1: [First paragraph] Strengths:

- Vivid sensory details create a strong emotional impact ("screams that pierced my ears", "sweet smell of home")
- Effective use of imagery to convey past trauma ("photo... smelled of ashes")

Weakness: Limited context for emotional buildup → Your opening jumps directly into intense memories without establishing what triggered them. The phrase "memories came flooding back" needs a clearer setup. Readers need to understand what led to this moment.

Exemplar: *As I held the dusty box from the attic, memories came flooding back into my mind - everything I had tried so hard to forget for years just came rushing back.*

#2: [Second paragraph] Strengths:

- Natural dialogue that reveals character dynamics
- Good contrast between mother's alcoholic smell and gentle interaction

Weakness: Underdeveloped character description → Your portrayal of the mother needs more depth. The phrase "smallest heart ever" feels vague. Show her personality through specific actions or memories rather than telling.

Exemplar: *My mother, who rarely showed affection since the divorce, had caught me looking through her old memories.*

#3: [Final paragraph] Strengths:

- Builds tension effectively with pacing
- Surprising yet fitting resolution to the conflict

Weakness: Rushed ending → Your conclusion moves too quickly from tension to resolution. The phrase "started smothering each other with kisses" needs more emotional development to feel believable.

Exemplar: *"I should've told you that night," my dad sobbed, his voice thick with regret. "I was scared too," my mum whispered, tears streaming down her face as years of hurt began to heal.*

■ Your narrative shows promise in creating emotional scenes and using sensory details. However, you can make your story stronger by adding more context at the beginning to help readers

understand the situation better. Also, try to slow down important moments, especially the ending, to let readers feel the full impact of the events. Additionally, focus on showing your characters' personalities through their actions rather than just telling us about them. You might want to expand the scene where Alice first finds the photo to better set up the emotional journey. The restaurant scene could include more details about how both parents react when they first see each other. Your ending would be more powerful if you showed us how Alice feels about this sudden change in her parents' relationship.

Score: 39/50

Section 2:

#1 ~~All of a sudden~~, [Suddenly,] the memories came flooding back into my mind. Everything I had tried so hard to get rid of for so many years just came rushing back. The screams that pierced my ears, the horrendous sight of my parents throwing slippers, rulers and cutting boards at each other, and the sweet smell of home, slowly running away into the unknown. The fragile photo of my parents laughing together that smelled of ashes in my trembling hands had now pasted itself into my mind.

#2 "So I see you have finally found 'it'" whispers a nostalgic voice from behind me. My mother, who had the smallest heart ever, had just found me, ~~normal~~ [a normal] 13 year old, trudging through her secrets. What would she think of me? Yet, she seemed calm for the first time since the divorce, and my heart crawled back down my throat. "Don't worry Alice," she grumbled, "I can take you out to dinner, we'll talk about this in a more... welcoming place," my mother told me as she knelt down beside her gentle daughter. For a 40 year old ~~women~~ [woman], she smelt unusually alcoholic, but that didn't matter, I was too glad to have some time with her in public.

#3 "How will we afford this?" I questioned. "I have some tricks up my sleeve," chuckled my mother. Knowing my mother was very vulnerable right now, I decided not to question why. Unlike my mother, however, the restaurant was warm and welcoming. Though despite the laughter and chatter around us, I felt like someone was watching us.

Then it happened all too fast. At first, the chuckling behind me was normal, but then I realiz[s]ed it was getting louder at a rapid pace. That was where it all started happening, the face didn't only bring nostalgia, it was my biological father. "GREG!" My mother screamed so loud they probably heard her in China. My heart skipped a beat. Fighting was one thing, fighting in public was on a completely different chart. "I should've told you that night I was drunk," sobbed my dad. "I was

too!" Cried my mum, and they started smothering each other with kisses. Well [,] at least now I know to never count your chickens before they hatch.