

Section 1:

#1: "The photograph fell from the old book, revealing a face I hadn't seen in years and memories I thought I had forgotten. My hands trembled slightly as I picked it up, the faded image, the nostalgia pressing onto me. Smiling back at me was Isabella, my childhood friend, my partner who had been with me for countless adventures and mischiefs."

Strengths:

- Strong opening that hooks readers with a physical object triggering memories
- Effective use of sensory details with "trembled" and "faded image"

Weakness: Limited emotional depth → While you mention nostalgia, you could dig deeper into the feelings upon finding the photo. "pressing onto me" feels distant. The discovery of such an important photo deserves more emotional weight.

Exemplar: *My hands trembled as I picked up the photograph, a wave of bittersweet memories washing over me as Isabella's familiar smile emerged from the faded paper.*

#2: "Isabella had always been the brave one, the one who would dare to climb the highest branches or sneak into an abandoned house at the edge of the town. Her courage has been infectious, urging me to step out of my comfort zone and embrace the unknown."

Strengths:

- Clear character development showing Isabella's personality
- Good use of specific examples to show bravery

Weakness: Missing personal growth → You tell us about Isabella's influence but don't show how it changed you. The impact of her bravery on your character needs more detail.

Exemplar: *Isabella's fearlessness pushed me to face my own fears - from finally climbing that tallest oak branch to speaking up in class when nobody else would.*

#3: "Determined to find out, I carefully placed the photograph back into the book and closed it. I knew what I had to do. I had to find her, reconnect to the person that had been so important to such a vital part of my life."

Strengths:

- Strong sense of purpose in the ending

- Clear emotional motivation

Weakness: Rushed conclusion → The ending feels sudden. You jump to finding her without showing inner conflict or hesitation about reaching out after so many years.

Exemplar: *Though nervous about reaching out after twenty years, I knew I had to try - some friendships are worth the risk of rejection.*

■ Your piece creates a touching story about rediscovering an old friendship. To make it stronger, add more details about your shared childhood memories. You could include a specific funny moment you both shared in the treehouse. Also, show more of your feelings about losing touch - did you feel guilty? Sad? Additionally, when describing Isabella's influence on you, give examples of how her bravery changed your life even after you lost touch. Your ending needs more build-up - maybe add your thoughts about what you'll say when you find her. You could also describe your hopes and fears about meeting her again.

Score: 40/50

Section 2:

#1: The photograph fell from the old book, revealing a face I hadn't seen in years and memories I thought I had forgotten. My hands trembled slightly as I picked it up, the faded image, ~~the nostalgia pressing onto me~~ [nostalgia washing over me]. Smiling back at me was Isabella, my childhood friend, my partner who had been with me for countless adventures and mischiefs.

#2: It ~~has~~ [had] been over two decades since we lost touch, our own paths splitting apart as life took us into different directions. Our inseparable bond had faded ~~now~~ [into] a distant memory. But holding that image, it was as if the past came rushing back in vivid detail. I remember the treehouse in the old oak, we would spend hours in it, sharing our secrets and dreams and planning our next grand escapade.

#3: Isabella had always been the brave one, the one who would dare to climb the highest branches or sneak into an abandoned house at the edge of the town. Her courage ~~has~~ [had] been infectious, urging me to step out of my comfort zone and embrace the unknown. But as we grew older, reality took over, our lives being consumed by responsibilities and expectations.

A feeling of longing pierced through the fog of nostalgia. I flipped the photograph over hoping to find a note or date, but there was nothing. Just a [an] image of two carefree children, frozen in a

moment of joy. I felt a wash of regret, wondering what happened to Isabella. Where was she now? Had she thought of me? Was she still the fearless girl, or had life changed her as it changed me?

Determined to find out, I carefully placed the photograph back into the book and closed it. I knew what I had to do. I had to find her, reconnect ~~to~~ [with] the person that had been so important to such a vital part of my life. Maybe, just maybe, we could pick up where we left off and create more memories together. The forgotten book lay on the floor, its secrets still untold, but I couldn't wait, Isabella couldn't wait.