

Section 1:

**#1 The wind howled menacingly, beating its powerful gust against the wooden padlock. The boards groaned with agony, their structure threatening to collapse anytime. The stale scent of dust reached my nose, wrinkling it with disgust. I slowly walked to the padlocked iron gate. My hand hesitated over the lock, then, in slow deliberate motion, I swiftly unlocked it.**

Strengths: Your atmospheric opening effectively establishes a sense of foreboding through vivid sensory details. The personification of the boards "groaning with agony" creates an immediate emotional connection.

*The wind howled menacingly, battering against the wooden gate. The boards groaned with agony, their structure threatening to collapse. The stale scent of dust reached my nose, wrinkling it with disgust. I slowly approached the padlocked entrance, my hand hesitating over the lock before I deliberately turned the key.*

**#2 I studied the doorknob, carefully, tracing my fingers over the intricately carved patterns. Its handle, originally a bright shade of gold, was now a dull shade of rust. It was uneven in some places, with dents and bumps all over it-marks made by Mother Nature. The door also bore several long scratches, which had turned it from mahogany to a light brown colour.**

Strengths: Your detailed description of the doorknob creates a vivid image and effectively symbolises the passage of time. The contrast between its original and current state helps establish the theme of change.

Unclear progression → Your writing jumps between describing different aspects without creating a clear picture for the reader. You mention a doorknob with intricate patterns, then it has a rusty handle, then the door is described. The relationship between these elements isn't clearly established, making it difficult to visualise the scene. Additionally, the scratches turning mahogany "to a light brown colour" is confusing, as mahogany is already brown.

*I studied the doorknob carefully, my fingers tracing over its intricate patterns. The handle, once a gleaming gold, had faded to a dull rust colour over the years. The mahogany door had weathered considerably, its rich dark surface now scratched and faded to a lighter shade, bearing the marks of time and neglect.*

**#3 As I continued to stare at the old clock, I distinctly heard my father's voice in my head. "It will never go away." Accept it!" I never did, but it turned out that my father was right. Once an event happened, it was part of you. Part of your body. Part of your soul. It would**

**always stick around. The air in the room became thick with a muddle of emotions. I stood frozen in place, too scared to move or talk.**

Strengths: Your use of the clock as a symbol for persistent memories is quite effective. The internal dialogue creates an intimate glimpse into the narrator's emotional struggle.

Unclear emotional depth → Your writing introduces important emotional elements but doesn't fully develop them. You mention the father's voice and his advice, but provide little context about what specific past events the narrator is struggling with. The description of emotions as "a muddle" and being "too scared to move" feels generic rather than specific to the narrator's unique situation.

*As I stared at the relentlessly ticking clock, my father's voice echoed in my mind. "These memories will never disappear. Accept them!" I had rejected his words for years, but time proved him right. The painful arguments and harsh criticisms had become embedded in my very being - inseparable from who I had become. The air in the room seemed to thicken with guilt and regret, leaving me paralysed, unable to move forward or retreat from my past.*

Your narrative has strong atmospheric elements and effectively uses symbolism through objects like the clock and doorknob. The premise of returning to a childhood home filled with difficult memories is compelling. However, your story would benefit from greater clarity about what specific past events the narrator is confronting.

You've created a strong mood of unease and regret, but the actual conflict remains vague. Consider developing more specific memories rather than general references to "arguments" and "insults." Also, work on maintaining consistency in your descriptions - decide exactly what the entrance looks like and what state the house is in.

Additionally, your writing would be more impactful if you varied your sentence structure. Many of your sentences follow similar patterns which creates a monotonous rhythm. Try combining some shorter sentences into more complex ones, while breaking others up for emphasis.

■ To strengthen your narrative, revise the third paragraph to include at least one specific memory of an argument between the narrator and parents. Also, clarify the physical description of the house's entrance in the first paragraph - is it a wooden door with padlock, an iron gate, or something else? Finally, consider adding more sensory details beyond visual descriptions - what does the house sound like beyond the clock? What textures does the narrator feel? These additions would make your reader feel more immersed in the setting.

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**Overall score: 42/50**

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## Section 2:

The wind howled menacingly, beating its powerful gust against the wooden padlock. The boards groaned with agony, their structure threatening to collapse anytime. The stale scent of dust reached my nose, wrinkling it with disgust. I slowly walked to the padlocked iron gate. My hand hesitated over the lock, then, ~~in slow deliberate motion, I swiftly~~ [with deliberate motion, I] unlocked it. I cautiously stumbled across the footpath, my eyes darting around for any sign of danger that might've been around. My mind was swimming with thoughts, ~~its cells were threatening to collapse at any moment, due to the amount of flashback inside it~~ [overwhelmed by the flood of memories]. As I grabbed the doorbell, memories came flooding back to me, filling me with incidents that I thought I'd forgotten.

#2 I studied the doorknob, carefully, tracing my fingers over the intricately carved patterns. ~~It's~~ [Its] handle, originally a bright shade of gold, was now a dull shade of rust. It was uneven in some places, with dents and bumps all over it~~~~~ [—]marks made by Mother Nature. The door also bore several long scratches, which had turned it from mahogany to a light brown ~~color~~ [colour]. The door and the knob seemed to whisper to me, begging me to open the door, to find out what secrets lay inside. My brain teetered in between, wondering if I should expose myself to the past, or walk away. Squaring my shoulders, and preparing for the worst, I pushed open the door.

I entered a dark, deserted room, which I recogniz[s]ed as my childhood living room. The once lavish place, was now ancient and unmaintained. The once soft couches, had transformed into hard lumps of cotton, and the floor had become prey to spiders, and all sorts of other bugs. I stared around reminiscently, remembering the harsh arguments that used to take place right here in this room. The cold fights about the future, which had led to me running away to the city. I walked down the hallway, gazing at photos and pictures, all testaments to a life I didn't belong to anymore. It was like I had been erased, and yet as I walked down the halls, the past seemed to follow me, just like my mother had told me. She had said "This house will bring back the deepest of memories." "It is meant to be a reminder that the past will never leave you."

I stopped at an old-fashioned grandfather clock, its hands ticking in quite an erratic way. But, it was still a clock, though it had quite a different role compared to others. It was a remembrance that even the oldest memories will never go away, that they would always follow you, haunting your future. Gazing back at it, I remembered my father's sharp, gruff voice. He had disputed with me many times, pelted me with so many insults, that I couldn't've recalled them all, even if I tried.

#3 As I continued to stare at the old clock, I distinctly heard my father's voice in my head. "It will never go away." Accept it!" I never did, but it turned out that my father was right. Once an event happened, it was part of you. Part of your body. Part of your soul. It would always stick around.

The air in the room became thick with a muddle of emotions. I stood frozen in place, too scared to move or talk.

The clock continued ticking its eccentric pattern, while I focused on another much more pressing issue. The question hung on my mouth, as though daring it to say it aloud. Could I've ever moved on from my hideous past, or would I have to bear its weight until the end of my days?