

Section 1:

#1 "It was a miracle happening right before my eyes. The sun exploded in a fireball of molten gold, pouring down across the heavens like liquid flame, engulfing the earth in its heat. The world just froze, its breath held. The air was softly ruffled by a light breeze that was filled with some fragrance I couldn't recognize, new, untamed, alive."

Strengths: Your vivid imagery creates a powerful visual scene. Your metaphor of the sun as "molten gold" helps readers picture this magical moment.

Weakness: Sense Appeal is limited → You focus mainly on visual and slight touch sensations, but miss opportunities to fully engage all the senses. The "fragrance I couldn't recognize" is mentioned but not developed, leaving readers wanting more sensory details.

The sun exploded in a fireball of molten gold, its warmth caressing my skin like a mother's touch, while the air carried a fragrance of wild honeysuckle and fresh earth, sweet yet unfamiliar to my city-trained senses.

#2 "But with amazement bursting in my chest, a surge of scepticism crept up, winding itself around the astonishment. Was this really happening? The flowers seemed too lovely to be true, as if plucked out of a fairy tale, and the air hummed with an inexplicable tensivity."

Strengths: Your contrast between amazement and scepticism shows the character's internal conflict well. The questioning adds depth to your character.

Weakness: Emotional depth needs more detail → You tell us about the feelings rather than showing how they affect the character physically or mentally. The doubt feels sudden without a clear trigger for the shift from wonder to scepticism.

My heart raced with wonder, yet my mind whispered doubts. The flowers—impossibly vibrant against the barren ground—made my hands tremble as I reached toward them, half-expecting them to vanish at my touch, while my shoulders tensed with the strange electricity in the air.

#3 "Time passed slowly. I breathed in deeply, the air warm and heavy, filling my lungs with something more than oxygen, something that was eternal. As the miracle unfolded around me, I knew that it was not just the world that had changed, it was I."

Strengths: Your connection between the external transformation and internal change is thoughtful. The idea of breathing in "something eternal" creates mystery.

Weakness: Character growth lacks specific details → You mention the character changed but don't show exactly how. Readers can't see what specific realizations or new perspectives the character gained.

Time passed slowly as I breathed in deeply, the air warm and heavy with ancient wisdom. With each breath, my old fears about failure melted away, replaced by a courage I'd never known before—a certainty that I belonged in this world of wonders, just as the silver-haired woman had promised.

■ Your narrative creates a beautiful fantasy world with wonderful descriptive language. The magical setting feels dreamlike and mysterious. However, your piece would be stronger if you added more specific details about your character. Who are they? What makes them special enough to witness this miracle? Also, try adding more about how this experience changes them. What were they like before? What specific lessons did they learn? You could improve the flow between paragraphs by making clearer connections between the events. For example, explain why the ghosts appeared and their purpose in the story. Additionally, try using more varied sentence lengths—some short sentences mixed with longer ones—to create better rhythm in your writing. Your ending could be stronger if you showed us exactly what the character will do differently after this experience.

Score: 42/50

Section 2:

It was a miracle happening right before my eyes. The sun exploded in a fireball of molten gold, pouring down across the heavens like liquid flame, engulfing the earth in its heat. The world just froze, its breath held. The air was softly ruffled by a light breeze that was filled with some fragrance I couldn't recognize, new, untamed, alive. And then, as if by magic, the earth trembled. Electric and shining flowers forced their way up through the cold barren ground, blooming in hot reds, purples, and blues. The petals uncurled like soft hands, reaching for the sun, stretching towards the warmth. I stood there, my heart thudding in time with the pulse of the earth beneath my feet, wondering if I had stumbled into some forgotten dream. #1

But with amazement bursting in my chest, a surge of scepticism crept up, winding itself around the astonishment. Was this really happening? The flowers seemed too lovely to be true, as if plucked out of a fairy tale, and the air hummed with an inexplicable ~~tensity~~ [tension]. The ghosts who came from the trees only increased my bewilderment. They were unutterably calm, radiating, well-nigh shapeless, as if they were made of light and not flesh. Their wise, old eyes flickered

towards me, and something shifted far inside of me, a feeling of home, but of being completely out of place. ~~Why am I here? I asked myself, my shaking hands.~~ [Why am I here? I asked myself, my hands shaking.] My legs were rooted, but my head reeled, divided between the raw beauty and the inane question as to why I should be the one to witness this wonder. #2

Then the silver-haired woman, the one ~~whose~~[who's] coming seemed to calm the very air, turned to me. Her eyes, pools of moonlight, met mine. A smile, as soft as a breeze, rested on her lips. "You were always meant to be here," she whispered, and she spoke in a melody born of the wind. And all was transformed. The fear that had gripped my heart melted away, replaced by a profound peace. The flowers ceased to seem alien but belonged to a world that welcomed me. The people moved easily ~~passed~~ [past] me, their footsteps smooth like water. The earth, once distant and cold, now pulsed with life.

Time passed slowly. I breathed in deeply, the air warm and heavy, filling my lungs with something more than oxygen, something that was eternal. As the miracle unfolded around me, I knew that it was not just the world that had changed, it was I. The miracle did not merely awaken the earth, it awakened something in me, something old and primal, connecting me to the beat of life itself. And in that moment, I knew that I was more than I was, more than myself, something eternal. #3