

## Section 1:

**#1 (Paragraph 1):** Strengths: Your atmospheric description effectively establishes a mood of mystery with phrases like "shrouded in eternal darkness" and "tinkered on the edge of existence". The introduction of the character creates immediate intrigue. Weakness: Inconsistent tense usage. → You shift between past tense ("the library lay") and present tense ("it had tinkered") which disrupts the narrative flow. The phrase "tinkered on the edge of existence" also presents confusion - "tinkered" suggests making small repairs, while "teetering" would suggest balancing precariously. Exemplar: *"Shrouded in eternal darkness, the library lay unnoticed, unfelt. Until the girl arrived, it had teetered on the edge of existence, each passing day bringing it closer to being eternally consumed by the never-ending abyss."*

**#2 (Paragraph 5):** Strengths: Your vivid imagery of transformation from darkness to light creates a powerful contrast, and phrases like "bolts of brilliant gold" effectively convey the magical nature of the moment. Weakness: Sensory imbalance. → While visual imagery is abundant ("blinding flash", "brilliant gold", "vibrant streaks"), other senses remain unexplored despite the setup for a multisensory experience. The paragraph focuses heavily on sight without engaging smell, sound, touch, or taste that would create a more immersive library experience. Exemplar: *"As her fingers brushed the aged leather binding, a blinding flash pierced her eyes. Bolts of brilliant gold shot through the air, bringing with them the scent of ancient parchment and fresh ink. The brittle silence gave way to a whisper of pages turning themselves as bright light filled the now-golden walls."*

**#3 (Paragraph 9):** Strengths: Your creation of tension through the falling book and mysterious footsteps effectively builds suspense. The physical manifestation of fear ("beads of sweat") adds to the character's emotional state. Weakness: Underdeveloped revelation. → The conclusion of this passage introduces a threat ("something was coming") but doesn't provide enough context for the reader to understand why this is particularly frightening in relation to the magical library transformation. The "truth" that Hecate realizes is mentioned but not revealed to readers, creating confusion rather than intrigue. Exemplar: *"A single thud interrupted her thoughts—the unmistakable sound of a falling book. What followed was the soft padding of paws against the intricate*

*woven carpet. As Hecate connected the empty world outside with the ancient warning inscribed on the lone book's cover, her usual composure crumbled. Ice-cold realization spread through her veins—they were trapped inside, and the library's guardian had awakened."*

■ Your piece creates a captivating gothic atmosphere with strong visual imagery throughout. The character of Hecate shows promise as an intriguing protagonist. However, your writing would benefit from more balanced sensory descriptions beyond just visual elements. Consider incorporating sounds (creaking floorboards, whispering pages), smells (dust, old paper, leather), and tactile sensations (temperature, texture of books) to fully immerse your reader in this magical library. Additionally, the narrative pacing feels uneven—you spend considerable time describing the surroundings but rush through important revelations like the transformation and the final threat. Take time to develop these key moments and clarify the internal logic of your magical setting. Also, be careful with tense consistency throughout your piece to maintain narrative flow. Your dialogue (though minimal) could be expanded to reveal more about Hecate's character through her reactions to this mysterious environment.

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**Overall Score: 44/50**

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## Section 2:

Shrouded in eternal darkness, the library lay, unnoticed, unfelt. Until the girl, it had ~~tinkered~~ [teetered] on the edge of existence, with each passing day, growing closer and closer to being eternally consumed by the never-ending abyss. Raven black illuminated the eerie doorway, and as the girl stepped through it, a long creak erupted from the door. As she gazed at the rows and rows of books, shelved on mahogany frames, a desire to know more overcame her. #1

She gazed closer at the leather bound books, coated in a fragile layer of dust. As she reached out a delicate, black nailed hand, the dust ~~shrivelled~~ [shrivelled] away, and the swarm of camouflaged moths flew away, like bats on a midnight hour. As the girl, whose name was Hecate, peered closer at the books, unsuspecting cobwebs shrouded her face. She swiped at the silk strings, with an air of cautionary curiosity.

Suddenly, she noticed a single lone book in the corner, resting against a wall. The wall, with paint stripped off emitted a glow, which Hecate later discovered to be the flame of a single torch – but just as she took in a breath, the flame of the candle diminished entirely, the library now completely dark.

She rustled in her pocket of her ink black jacket, and pulled out a single match. As she struck it on the box, a single flame appeared. She slowly walked around the area, gazing at the thousands of books abandoned for thousands of years. But yet, her gaze still fell on that single lonely book in the dark musty corner.

Hecate crouched down, her fragile snow white fingers stretching out, and as her fingers reached the book, a blinding flash pierced her eyes. Bolts of brilliant gold shot through the air, and bright light filled golden walls. As Hecate opened her sharp eyes, she took a violent intake of breath. This library was now filled with colour, vibrant streaks of many spectrums dotting the shelves. And the gold... It glistened, shining like a never waning sun, filling the room with – happiness. #2

Happiness. Something Hecate had never felt before, in her gloomy 12 years of insignificant existence. But now, she didn't feel happiness. No... it was something else. Something was wrong. Very wrong.

Hecate looked around her surroundings. Apart from the single dusty book in the corner, nothing was the same. The once old and wrinkled books were replaced with beautiful novels, and creaky doorframes were replaced with silver lined doors. But as she looked at the door, Hecate realised that it seemed to be bolted shut. And as she gazed around the room, there were no windows. Except for...

That one. The tiny little window peeking out from the moonlight silver lace curtains, almost as if it was scared to be found. And as Hecate slowly peeled back the curtains, she gasped, a mixture of extreme fear and shock. There was nothing. Nothing outside the window. No street lights, no trees, no clouds, no stars, no moon. Purely black.

Her eyes danced around the room, her usually gloomy and serious attitude replaced with an ~~unconsoled~~ [inconsolable] fear. Out of nowhere, a single thud interrupted her thoughts. It was the thud of a falling book. What followed was the sound of paws hitting the smooth, intricate woven carpet. And as Hecate realized the truth, beads of sweat began to fall from her forehead, soon turning into bucketfuls. Yes – something was wrong.

Someone, or more like something, was coming. #3