

Section 1:

#1 "The mirror stood tall in the corner of my grandmother's attic, its silver frame twisted like vines that had grown wild and free. The glass was speckled with age, but the moment I looked into it, I felt pulled in, like the mirror had been waiting just for me."

Strengths: Your writing creates a clear picture with good describing words like "twisted like vines" and "speckled with age." You also make the mirror seem alive and mysterious, which helps build suspense.

Weakness: Sentence flow problems → Your sentences don't connect smoothly to each other. The jump from describing the mirror's appearance to feeling "pulled in" happens too quickly without proper connection between the ideas.

Exemplar: *The mirror stood tall in the corner of my grandmother's attic, its silver frame twisted like ancient vines. As I studied the age-speckled glass, an strange feeling washed over me - as though the mirror had been patiently waiting for this very moment.*

#2 "My reflection began to shift. The eyes grew darker, the smile too wide, like someone pretending to be me but not knowing how. My heart thudded like a drum in a deep cave."

Strengths: You use short, punchy sentences that create tension well. The comparison "like someone pretending to be me but not knowing how" is creative and unsettling.

Weakness: Choppy rhythm → Your sentences are all very short and similar in structure, making the writing feel bumpy rather than smooth. This makes it harder for readers to stay engaged with the story.

Exemplar: *As my reflection began to shift, the eyes darkened whilst the smile stretched unnaturally wide. It was like watching someone pretend to be me without truly understanding how, and my heart pounded like a distant drum echoing through a cavern.*

#3 "I reached out and touched the glass. My fingers sank through it like water. The face in the mirror grinned and reached back. I felt a jolt, like lightning zipping through my arm, and everything turned dark for a moment."

Strengths: You build excitement well by showing the action step by step. The image of fingers sinking "like water" is effective and easy to picture.

Weakness: Underdeveloped climax → This is the most important moment in your story, but you rush through it too quickly. The sentences are too simple for such a big event, and you don't help readers understand what's really happening.

Exemplar: *When I reached out to touch the glass, my fingers dissolved through the surface as though it were liquid. The reflected face grinned wickedly as it stretched towards me, and suddenly a bolt of energy shot through my arm like lightning, plunging everything into darkness.*

■ Your piece shows good imagination and creates an spooky atmosphere that keeps readers interested. You have some strong describing words and the basic story idea about a haunted mirror is engaging. However, your writing needs smoother connections between sentences and ideas. Many of your sentences are too short and choppy, which makes the story feel bumpy to read. Additionally, you need to slow down during the most important parts and give readers more detail about what's happening. Your ending feels rushed when it should be the most exciting part. Also, some of your quotes feel forced into the story rather than naturally fitting. To improve, try combining some short sentences into longer, flowing ones. Take time to fully develop the scary moments instead of rushing through them. Practice writing transitions that help your ideas connect better from one sentence to the next.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2:

#1 As I peered into the ancient mirror, a face stared back at me, one that was hauntingly familiar, yet utterly foreign. #1 The mirror stood tall in the corner of my grandmother's attic, its silver frame twisted like vines that had grown wild and free. The glass was speckled with age, but the moment I looked into it, I felt pulled in, like the mirror had been waiting just for me. The face in the reflection blinked when I did, tilted its head the same way, but something about it was wrong. It was like staring at a photograph that had been left out in the rain, warped, smudged, and changed. The attic was silent, thick with dust and secrets. Forgotten conversations clung to the mirror, as though the words of those who once stood before it had never truly gone away. I could almost hear voices, soft and scratchy, like leaves blowing across stone. As I leaned closer, the mirror beckoned me inwards. #2 ~~My reflection began to shift. The eyes grew darker, the smile too wide, like someone pretending to be me but not knowing how. My heart thudded like a drum in a deep cave.~~ [As my reflection began to shift, the eyes darkened whilst the smile stretched unnaturally wide, like someone pretending to be me but not knowing how, and my heart

thudded like a drum in a deep cave.] #2 Then I saw flashes in the mirror, not of me, but of places I didn't remember visiting and people I didn't know. A forest lit by a purple sky. A hallway lined with doors that had no handles. A girl with my face but bruises on her arms. ~~Echoes of your reflection emerged~~ [Echoes of my reflection emerged], distorted, sliding across the glass like fog over a frozen lake. I couldn't look away. The mirror seemed to breathe, and I found myself stepping closer and closer until my nose almost touched the surface. The attic around me faded as the glass rippled. I felt cold fingers brushing against mine, though no one was there. A voice whispered from deep inside the mirror, low and tired, "You left me." I wanted to run, but my feet were stuck to the ground, heavy as stone. The words from my after-class notes floated into my mind: "Nothing haunts us like the things we don't say." My throat tightened. I didn't know what I had left unsaid, but something inside me did. The mirror had found it. #3 ~~I reached out and touched the glass. My fingers sank through it like water. The face in the mirror grinned and reached back. I felt a jolt, like lightning zipping through my arm, and everything turned dark for a moment.~~ [When I reached out and touched the glass, my fingers sank through it like water, whilst the face in the mirror grinned and reached back, sending a jolt like lightning zipping through my arm before everything turned dark for a moment.] #3 When my eyes opened again, the attic looked the same, but I didn't feel like me anymore. The air was too still, and I couldn't hear my own breath. I tried to step back, but my feet wouldn't move. "Your reflection is not just what you see, it's what you hide," another quote had said. As I stood frozen before the mirror, watching someone else walk away in my body, I finally understood. The mirror hadn't just shown me my reflection, it had taken it. And now, I was the one behind the glass.