

## Section 1:

### #1 - Opening paragraph establishing the oak's perspective

**Strengths:** Your piece creates an immediate sense of timelessness with the oak's voice, and the imagery of deep roots and wide branches effectively establishes the narrator's ancient presence.

**Weakness:** Unclear timeline references → The phrase "longer than the field stones that got built" creates confusion about what was built and when, making it difficult for readers to understand the chronological framework you're establishing.

**Exemplar:** *"I have stood here longer than the field stones that mark the boundaries, longer than the first plough turned this soil."*

### #2 - Introduction of Jane and the family legacy

**Strengths:** Your writing successfully introduces the first family member with specific details like the date 1904 and the carved name, creating a concrete starting point for the generational story.

**Weakness:** Character name inconsistency → You introduce the character as "Jane" then immediately refer to "He was young then" and "His wife, Miriam," creating confusion about whether Jane is male or female.

**Exemplar:** *"It began with James, the first of them. He planted his dreams beneath the soil in 1904, carving his name into my bark with trembling hands."*

### #3 - Final paragraph about the house's current state

**Strengths:** Your piece effectively contrasts the past vitality with present decay, and the continuation of family visits shows the enduring connection between generations and the oak.

**Weakness:** Grammatical errors disrupt flow → The phrase "Lily-grown up, brang her son" contains incorrect verb forms and punctuation that interrupt the narrative's smooth progression.

**Exemplar:** *"Lily, now grown up, brought her son Thomas, who kicks a ball through my shade and laughs just as Elise once did."*

■ Your piece demonstrates a lovely understanding of how to write from an unusual perspective, giving the oak a genuine voice that feels authentic. The generational story you've created shows good planning, with each family member having their own personality and connection to the tree. However, your writing would benefit from checking names and details more carefully to avoid confusing your readers. Additionally, focus on making your sentences flow more smoothly by checking grammar and verb forms. Also, work on making your time references clearer so readers can follow the story's progression more easily. Your descriptive language creates beautiful images, particularly when describing the children playing and the ceremonies under the tree. To strengthen your piece further, consider adding more specific details about how the landscape changes over time, and ensure each paragraph connects clearly to the next one.

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**Overall Score: 42/50**

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## Section 2:

#1 Through the Eyes of the Ancient Oak I have stood here longer than the field stones that ~~got built~~ [were built], even longer than ~~when~~ [since] the land was first farmed. My roots go deep into the ground, and my branches reach out wide. I have witnessed generations come and go, their laughter and sorrows carried on the wind.

#2 It began with ~~Jane~~ [James], the first of them. ~~He~~ [James] planted his dreams beneath the ~~dirt~~ [soil] in 1904, carving his name into my bark with ~~his~~ [trembling] hands. He was young then. His wife, Miriam, would rest against my trunk with their little baby in her arms, singing lullabies that floated ~~with~~ [on] the wind and carried on. They built their home within sight of me. I watched it grow, stone by stone.

Their daughter, Lina, grew beneath my branches. She would come to sit beneath my shade ~~here everyday~~ [every day]. She tied ropes to my limbs and swung around until dusk. Her laughter echoed through my leaves, filling the air like music. I even missed her when she stayed away for a day [:] those memories are ~~stuck~~ [embedded] within me.

Years later, Clara, Lina's niece, danced in my shade. She brought books and braided wildflowers into my lower branches. She told me stories of distant places ~~from here~~ [beyond this valley], her voice curious and bright. When she ~~got~~ [was] married, they held the ceremony beneath me. She whispered her vows while gently resting her hand on my rough bark.

Time, like wind, never stops ~~and takes a break~~ [or pauses]. The old farmhouse grew quieter ~~and quieter~~ [with each passing year] as generations passed. Some left. Some stayed ~~back~~ [behind]. The walls whispered stories of the past, holding memories like pictures in a dusty frame. William, ~~the son of Clara~~ [Clara's son], grew up hearing tales of the past by the fireside, his eyes wide with wonder as he dreamed of adventures beyond the old farmhouse walls.

Then came Elise, his daughter. She was a wildfire of a girl, brave and clever. She climbed higher than any child before her, reading poetry aloud from ~~the strong~~ [my sturdy] branches. "You're the oldest thing I know," she once said, pressing her cheek to my trunk. "I think you remember everything." She wasn't wrong.

When her father died, she brought her own daughter, Lily, to meet me. "This was his place," she said, her voice thick : [with emotion.] "And now it's yours too." Lily toddled forward and laid a dandelion crown on the ~~dirt~~ [earth] in front of me.

**#3** Now the house is worn, its windows dull and covered in spider webs. The field is smaller. But they still come. ~~Lily-grown-up, brang~~ [Lily, now grown up, brought] her son, Thomas, who kicks a ball through my shade and laughs ~~with the same as Elias~~ [just as Elise] once did.