

Section 1:

#1 - Opening paragraph establishing the oak's ancient perspective **Strengths:** Your piece creates a compelling narrative voice that immediately establishes the oak's vast timescale and wisdom. The contrast between human and tree perspectives ("What they call history, I call yesterday") effectively demonstrates the oak's ancient viewpoint.

Weakness: Inconsistent perspective shifts → Your writing moves between different narrative approaches within the same paragraph. You begin with a clear ancient voice using phrases like "What they call war; I call it a small blemish" but then shift to more modern expressions like "I mark the passing of decades by the slow rotation of stars." This creates confusion about the oak's true character and voice.

Exemplar: *"What mortals name as centuries, I know as seasons; what they call empires rising and falling, I witness as brief shadows across my bark."*

#2 - The tree-cutting scene with the man and silver tool **Strengths:** Your piece captures genuine emotion and creates a vivid scene through sensory details. The description of the "shiny thing" and the birds fleeing builds tension effectively before revealing the saw.

Weakness: Unclear sequence of events → Your narrative jumps between moments without clear transitions, making it difficult to follow what actually happens. Phrases like "Next second, he returned, perhaps a couple weeks older, at least" create confusion about timing and whether this is the same person or different events.

Exemplar: *"Days later, the same figure returned, his silver saw glinting as he approached my companion's mighty trunk, and I watched in horror as the blade bit deep into century-old bark."*

#3 - The concluding section about language changes and survival **Strengths:** Your piece shows creativity in addressing how language evolves over time through the oak's observations. The ending demonstrates resilience and determination despite the challenges faced.

Weakness: Disconnected ideas → Your writing introduces the language concept suddenly without connecting it properly to the main story about deforestation. The shift from discussing fallen trees to language lessons from saplings feels abrupt and doesn't enhance your central narrative about loss and survival.

Exemplar: *"Through centuries of listening, I learned that even human speech changes—their 'thee' and 'thy' became 'you,' just as their respect for ancient groves diminished with each passing generation."*

■ Your piece demonstrates strong creative thinking and an imaginative approach to environmental storytelling. The concept of telling a story through an ancient oak's perspective is engaging and original. However, your writing would benefit from clearer organisation and smoother connections between ideas. Focus on maintaining one consistent voice throughout your piece—decide whether your oak speaks in ancient, formal language or more modern terms, and stick with that choice. Additionally, work on creating clearer transitions between different events and time periods. Your descriptions are often vivid, but sometimes the sequence of events becomes confusing for readers. Consider outlining your main points before writing to ensure each paragraph builds logically on the previous one. Also, when you introduce new concepts like the language changes, make sure they connect clearly to your main theme about the oak's long life and experiences.

Overall Score: 41/50

Section 2:

Through the Eyes of the Ancient Oak

#1 I have grown in this magnificent ancient grove for one thousand years, sipping from the same nourishing stream that has refreshed three hundred generations of mere humans. What they call history, I call yesterday. What they call war~~;~~ [.] I call ~~it~~ a small blemish in an otherwise perfect life. What they call generations, I call days. I mark the passing of decades by the slow rotation of stars and the scurrying animals. I see children touch my branches, ~~climb~~ [climbing] my mossy trunk. I have seen kids age in the blink of an eye, coming back day after day to whisper secrets and ~~wait~~ [seek] for comfort.

#2 One day, though, a man, small as an ant, comes into my ancient grove. He holds something... shining. Silver. Small. The birds which roosted in my hollows screeched and ~~winged~~ [flew] away. I didn't know what happened, only that something extremely precious was lost. ~~Next second, he returned, perhaps a couple weeks older, at least.~~ [Weeks later, the same figure returned, now bearing a more sinister intent.] The small silvery thing had a *wooden* handle, I ~~realised~~ [realised]. ~~Before anything,~~ [Suddenly,] a flock of birds, just like mine, rose out of my dear friend's branches. He was young, yes, but

remarkable in every way. Silent screams filled the forest, and I saw the sheen of the silver thing, cutting into his hundred-year-old branches.

I know what it feels like, losing a limb that takes a decade to grow. Limbs become a part of every one of us, and taking one away is like losing family. And yet, humans, those disrespectful little creatures, are careless. When I watched more carefully, there wasn't just a limb. My friend was balancing on half a trunk, a deep cut oozing amber sap. The small ~~little~~ human with the shiny thing was cutting deeper into his trunk. With a final terrible ~~smash~~ [crash], he fell to the ground, lifeless. There was a magnificent tree, fallen within moments, but grown over decades. Nobody heard my silent weeping. Nobody saw that trees have feelings. At least, no human.

#3 As the years passed, the once giant grove had dwindled to only me and a couple of small saplings. They ~~stole~~ [shared] my water, perhaps unknowingly, but were strange. Only two centuries ago, I spoke with ~~thee and thy~~ ['thee' and 'thy']. These young, ~~bendy~~ [flexible] saplings taught me strange words, ones I never knew. They told me to speak with 'you' and use slang for most things. But old habits never ~~go~~ [die] – so I have corrected some and kept the others.

However, the humans came more and more, and even a couple of the saplings, which had grown to large trees, were removed. Once, I saw a fire. It blazed brilliant orange and specks of gold ~~singed~~ [that singed] my trunk black. Strange ~~semi-invisible~~ [ghostly] things drifted on the wind. Smoke and ~~weird~~ [acrid] things wafted around. I still have jet-black spots against my pale ~~pearly~~ [silver] trunk, where fire had wrapped around my trunk and burnt the outside. My heartwood screamed with pain, and for a moment I thought it was over. But no.

It may have left me scarred, but I will live on.