

## Section 1

#1 - Opening paragraph: "I remember when the earth was soft, untouched by roads, unburdened by progress. I was only a sapling then, my roots delicate, my branches small and trembling in the breeze."

Strengths: Your opening creates a strong sense of time and place. The contrast between past and present is clear and engaging.

Weakness: Unclear time markers → Your piece jumps between different time periods without giving readers clear signals about when things happen. You move from being a sapling to watching settlers arrive, but readers can't tell if this took years or decades. Adding simple time words like "many years later" or "after decades passed" would help readers follow your story better.

Exemplar: *After many decades of growth, I watched the first settlers arrive, their footsteps hesitant on the soft earth.*

#2 - Middle section: "I watched a war unfold—men in uniforms, smoke choking the air, boots pounding the earth. They gathered beneath me to speak in hushed tones, etching their decisions into the air below me."

Strengths: Your writing shows strong emotion and creates vivid pictures with words like "smoke choking" and "boots pounding."

Weakness: Missing details → Your piece mentions important events like war but doesn't give readers enough information to understand what's happening. You write about "men in uniforms" and "decisions" but don't explain what kind of war or what decisions were made. Adding simple details would help readers connect better with your story.

Exemplar: *I watched soldiers gather beneath my branches during the civil war, making plans that would decide the fate of their town.*

#3 - Ending section: "The first cut sliced deep. Pain, though silent, radiated through me. I did not bleed, but I felt loss all the same."

Strengths: Your ending creates strong feelings and uses good sensory details about pain and loss.

Weakness: Rushed conclusion → Your piece moves too quickly from the tree being cut down to the final moment. You write "I fell" and then immediately "I closed my eyes," but readers need more details about what happens between these moments. Slowing down this important part would make the ending more powerful.

Exemplar: *As I crashed to the ground, the earth shook beneath my weight, and centuries of memories scattered like leaves in the wind.*

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Your piece tells an interesting story from a tree's point of view, which is creative and engaging. The main idea of showing how the world changes over time works well. However, your writing would be stronger if you added more specific details about the events you mention. When you write about war, settlers, or machines, give readers clearer pictures of what's happening. Also, your story moves too quickly between different time periods. Adding simple connecting words would help readers follow along better. Additionally, some parts feel rushed, especially the ending where the tree gets cut down. Taking more time to describe important moments would make your story more powerful. Your writing shows good creativity, but working on these areas would make it even better for readers to understand and enjoy.

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**Overall Score: 42/50**

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## Section 2

### #1 Through the Eyes of the Ancient Oak

I remember when the earth was soft, untouched by roads, unburdened by progress. I was only a sapling then, my roots delicate, my branches small and trembling in the breeze. Birds nested in my arms, deer rested in my shade, and the world whispered in ways only the patient could hear.

Time stretched, and I grew. I became a sentinel, watching the land shift beneath the weight of human ambition. The first settlers arrived, their footsteps hesitant, ~~their voices~~ [their voices] carried by the wind. They marvelled at me, traced their fingers across my bark, and swore oaths beneath my branches. They built homes beyond my reach, their fires flickering against the night sky. This was new to me.

#2 I watched a war unfold—men in uniforms, smoke choking the air, boots pounding the earth. They gathered beneath me to speak in hushed tones, etching their decisions into the air below me. Some never returned. Their absence echoed in the silence between my leaves. ~~I will never forget them~~ [I will never forget them.]

Decades passed. Cities rose beyond the horizon, their lights dimming the stars. I listened to laughter, to arguments, to music drifting lazily from radios placed on picnic blankets beneath me. Children climbed my limbs, carving names into my bark. Lovers kissed beneath my shade, promising eternity.

But eternity is fickle.

#3 One morning, machines arrived. The ground trembled with each metallic growl. Humans—once my caretakers, my storytellers—pointed to me, marking my fate with a single nod. The workers did not look at me as they approached, did not acknowledge the years I had stood ~~like sentinals~~ [like sentinels]. To them, ~~me and my fellow brothers was~~ [my fellow brothers and I were] an obstacle in their ~~natureless~~ [nature-less] world.

The first cut sliced deep. Pain, though silent, radiated through me. My rings, rich with history and time, exposed to the indifferent light. I did not bleed, but I felt loss all the same. The birds scattered, the squirrels fled, and the earth sighed ~~beneath me in the soil~~ [beneath me].

I fell.

The nature all around me began disappearing~~,~~ [.] ~~and~~ [And] I closed my eyes.

And for the first time in centuries, I did not witness the sun rise.