

Section 1:

#1: First paragraph Strengths: Your vivid sensory details create an immersive setting through phrases like "lush green amazon forest" and "chirping cicadas, rustling leaves". Your introduction of Elias with the contrast between his past and present hands effectively establishes character depth.

Weakness: Disjointed sentence structure

→ Your opening sentence combines two separate thoughts awkwardly ("enjoying a journey he was named Elias"). Additionally, you repeat "green" unnecessarily ("green verdant"), creating redundancy that weakens your otherwise strong descriptive language.

Exemplar: *"In the lush Amazon rainforest, a retired doctor named Elias was enjoying his solitary journey. His hands, once steady and firm in the business of saving lives, now trembled slightly as he gazed upon the verdant world around him."*

#2: The moral dilemma passage Strengths: You've crafted a compelling ethical conflict that adds emotional complexity. Your metaphorical language ("sickness clung around her like withes closing in on century-old trees") creates powerful imagery.

Weakness: Overelaborate phrasing

→ Sentences like "But through all this blaze did another murmur cut through his consciousness" employ unnecessarily convoluted structure that obscures meaning rather than enhancing it. The reversed syntax creates distance between the reader and the emotional impact of the dilemma.

Exemplar: *"Amidst his focus on Felix, a memory cut through Elias's consciousness—Marisol, an old woman whose spirited nature contrasted with her frail, crooked body. Days earlier, she had begged him to end her suffering."*

#3: The conclusion Strengths: Your resolution shows meaningful character development and moral choice. The metaphor comparing resolve to "life itself through fatigued veins" effectively portrays the character's emotional journey.

Weakness: Incoherent formatting

→ The final paragraphs abruptly shift to fragmented lines with inconsistent punctuation and sentence structure. The "####" marker and disconnected phrases ("sewing forward to healing—into perhaps even redemption purest form") create confusion rather than poetic resonance.

Exemplar: *"With new resolve flowing through him like life itself through fatigued veins, Elias chose compassion over despair. He would save Felix first—because every child deserved their tomorrow—and afterward, they would fight together for Marisol's dignity as well."*

■ Your piece showcases impressive descriptive abilities and emotional depth, yet misses the original prompt entirely about a shadow behaving strangely. The narrative structure would benefit from more clarity in your sentence construction. You've created lovely metaphors throughout, but sometimes at the expense of readability. Try reading your work aloud to identify where sentences become too complex. Also, maintain consistent formatting throughout your piece—the shift to fragmented lines at the end disrupts the flow you've established. Your moral dilemma is compelling, but the resolution feels rushed. Consider expanding this final decision moment to give readers more emotional satisfaction. You might also work on varying sentence beginnings, as several paragraphs start with similar constructions. Finally, ensure your punctuation is correct throughout, especially with em dashes and commas.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2:

In the lush green ~~amazon~~ [Amazon] forest a retired doctor was enjoying a journey ~~he was~~ [He was] named Elias. His hands, once steady and firm in the business of saving lives, now trembled slightly as he looked out upon the ~~green-verdant~~ [verdant] world around him. The cacophony of the wildlife—the chirping cicadas, rustling leaves, and distant howls of howler monkeys—was both a symphony of life and a reminder of what was left behind. #1

Elias had fled to this green labyrinth seeking sanctuary from the burden of his past—a past filled with loss and moral conflicts that haunted his rest like specters in the night. But fate is not so easily evaded; it has a way of catching up with those who think they are escaping.

One evening, with twilight casting its golden colors on the canopy above, Elias happened upon Felix—a boy of ten years with polished obsidian-like eyes. Felix was crumpled on a bed of autumn leaves, brow hot with fever glistening through sweat-dampened hair. The boy's scrawny frame shook like a leaf, as if frozen in a war of perpetual endurance against forces unknown.

"Help me," Felix whispered, a word barely uttered through dry lips.

With practiced urgency born of years in antiseptic hospital wards rather than green jungles teeming with life—and death—Elias knelt beside him. He felt for a pulse; faint but present. While he rummaged through his worn satchel stuffed with haphazard medical equipment cobbled together from faded memories in silence, hope flickered in him.

~~But through all this blaze did another murmur cut through his consciousness~~ [As he worked, a memory cut through his consciousness]—a memory that drew his conscience like some old friend hauling him back into darker times: Marisol. An old woman whose life was as spirited as her body was crooked. She lived in a nearby village where she waited out her days for her peaceful departure from this world, but sickness clung around her like ~~withes~~ [withies] closing in on century-old trees. Only days earlier, she had begged Elias to help her to bring peace—to put an end to her torment before it totally devoured her.

As Felix tossed in suffering before him—his slender frame convulsed with fever—Elias himself existed on a dual path of decision: save this child's innocent life or let dignity befall an aged soul wanting freedom? Both paths filled his heart with their weight; both choices spoke in silent wails. #2

The sun had set below the horizon staining everything with shades of hopelessness when sudden clarity broke through Elias's despair—a vision conceived not of duty but of kindness itself. That was when he understood it clearly: saving Felix was more than survival itself; it would be bringing light to one who had been forced to live only darkness too soon.

And yet...

Marisol's face appeared to him again—the lines etched deep into her face spoke of things only time could speak of. Her knowing spoke volumes regarding acceptance and elegance in the midst of pain; perhaps she deserved freedom more than anyone else who was caught up in life's unrelenting tide.

The jungle inhaled its shared breath around him awaiting heavenly inspiration—for nature herself was entwined in these lives so thoroughly knotted by threads spun through love and sacrifice both.

Elias closed his eyes to the tears soon to well up beneath burdens too heavy for one man's shoulders—it was then he saw that true heroism lay not solely in acts but also in choices made beneath impossible circumstances.

With a new resolve, flowing through him like life itself through fatigued veins, he took compassion over despair [.] He'd save Felix first—not for himself but for the sheer reason that any child was entitled to his tomorrow—and afterward...afterward they'd fight side by side for Marisol's dignity too.

~~#### At that moment among huge trees which reverberated with secrets whispered for centuries,~~ [At that moment, among huge trees which reverberated with secrets whispered for centuries,] a stronger bond developed than roots which bound them together— one created not between doctor and patient, but souls entwined by hope in the face of adversity, ~~sewing~~ [sowing] forward to healing—into perhaps even redemption ~~purest form.~~ [in its purest form.] #3