

## Section 1:

#1 Sir Douglas – retired World War 2 air pilot, was in the Colditz Castle study. Polished wood was the surface of everything – the desks, the window frames. He is an old-fashioned man and prefers the company of silence and timber. The old leatherbound diary, one where he wrote his victories and cherished his family.

Strengths: Your description of the setting creates a strong sense of atmosphere with details like "polished wood" and the "leatherbound diary" that reflect the character's personality.

Sentence structure → Your opening contains fragmented sentences that disrupt the flow. "The old leatherbound diary, one where he wrote his victories and cherished his family" is incomplete as it lacks a main verb to connect it to the rest of the paragraph.

***Sir Douglas – a retired World War 2 air pilot – sat in the Colditz Castle study. Polished wood covered everything – the desks, the window frames. He was an old-fashioned man who preferred the company of silence and timber. He gently touched the old leatherbound diary where he had written his victories and cherished memories of his family.***

#2 Many people have said he is a foolish old grandpa. They don't know what they're talking about. This man is an accomplished citizen, and no regular grandad. If he hadn't been in the World War, Britain would have collapsed. He wasn't a mere foot soldier – he was the sole reason Germany lost. 22 victories – only a couple losses. His legs may have died long ago, but he will live on.

Strengths: Your use of short, punchy sentences creates a rhythmic momentum that emphasises the character's importance and achievements.

Perspective shifts → The narrative voice suddenly shifts from third-person to a more defensive first-person tone that sounds like someone else speaking about Sir Douglas rather than continuing the established narrative perspective.

***Many called him a foolish old grandpa, but they were mistaken. Sir Douglas was an accomplished citizen, not a regular grandad. During the World War, he had been crucial to Britain's defence with his 22 victories and only a couple of losses. Though his legs had weakened long ago, his legacy would live on.***

#3 He saw it now - his late mother, a warm fuzz whenever he thought of her. The sacrifices she made. The friends he lost. The time in the army. The time serving his country. It was all over now, flickering flames dying into wisps of smoke. His time was over too. His kin were waiting for him on the other side.

Strengths: Your ending creates a poignant emotional tone with the imagery of "flickering flames dying into wisps of smoke" that effectively conveys the character's sense of mortality.

Underdeveloped connections → The final paragraph introduces several important elements (his mother, sacrifices, friends) but doesn't clearly connect these to the hourglass moment that preceded it, leaving readers confused about what triggered these memories.

*He saw it all clearly now - his late mother, whose memory still brought a warm feeling whenever he thought of her. He remembered the sacrifices she had made, the friends he had lost during his time in the army serving his country. As the hourglass resumed its flow, he understood. His journey was ending, flickering flames dying into wisps of smoke. His time was over too. His kin were waiting for him on the other side.*

■ Your piece shows promise with its evocative imagery and emotional themes. The concept of the hourglass stopping time creates an interesting magical moment for reflection, but this central element needs stronger development. The transitions between paragraphs feel abrupt, particularly between the third and fourth paragraphs where the hourglass is introduced. Consider expanding on why the hourglass is significant to Sir Douglas and how it connects to his reflections on mortality. Also, the second paragraph's tone differs sharply from the rest, breaking the storytelling flow. Try maintaining a consistent narrative voice throughout. The final paragraph introduces powerful emotional elements but needs clearer connections to what came before. You could improve this by creating a smoother progression from the hourglass stopping to Sir Douglas's realisation about his life ending. Focus on linking your beautiful descriptive elements more cohesively to strengthen the overall impact of your story.

---

**Score: 40/50**

---

Section 2:

The Moment Time Stopped

Sir Douglas – retired World War 2 air pilot, was in the Colditz Castle study. Polished wood was the surface of everything – the desks, the window frames. He is [He was] an old-fashioned man and prefers [preferred] the company of silence and timber. ~~The old leatherbound diary, one where he wrote his victories and cherished his family.~~ [The old leatherbound diary rested before him, one where he had written his victories and cherished his family.] It contained his past and the present that went on forever, and the people who told him that Great Britain would appreciate him forever. No. Of course not, but he was young, foolish, and impulsive, and the thought of winning his country's love was enough for him to try to fly to the moon.

~~#2 Many people have said he is a foolish old grandpa. They don't know what they're talking about. This man is an accomplished citizen, and no regular grandad.~~ [Many people had dismissed him as a foolish old grandpa, but they were mistaken. Sir Douglas was an accomplished citizen, not a regular grandad.] If he hadn't been in the World War, Britain would have collapsed. He wasn't a mere foot soldier – he was the sole reason Germany lost. 22 victories – only a couple losses. His legs may have died long ago, but he will live on.

The black-and-white framed photographs with his long-gone friends, late mother and father that he never knew. ~~They were forever gone, lost to the heavens, but one of his earliest memories, one that he vowed to remember, was of the hands wrapping around the coffee cup in the safe havens, the same way protective arms had held him.~~ [They were forever gone, lost to the heavens, but one of his earliest memories, one that he vowed to remember, was of hands wrapping around a coffee cup in the safe havens, just as protective arms had once held him.] Just like his now. He hadn't noticed – just a subconscious, yet something seemed a little...strange. His hourglass. It was a small, pathetic cerulean thing, and was given to him by a Char Wallah on the battlegrounds. They said that it was luck – a small reminder that there would be people protecting him, not directly, but always and forever. The hourglass had frozen, drops of sky-blue sand frozen in the stillness. As he touched the hourglass lightly, he glanced at the image in the picture frames. He smiled, thinking of the memories he once had with his best friend.

~~#3 His time in the army was over. The hourglass started once more, millions of grains of sand, as if they were his age seeping through his grasp, tearing away at his age.~~ [His time in the army was over. The hourglass started once more, millions of grains of sand seeping through his grasp like years tearing away at his life.] He saw it now - his late mother, a warm fuzz whenever he thought of her. The sacrifices she made. The friends he lost. The time in the army. The time serving his country. It was all over now, flickering flames dying into wisps of smoke. His time was over too. His kin were waiting for him on the other side.