

Section 1:

#1 "When I first set foot on the icy skin of the continent, it felt like trespassing on a sleeping god. The twin engine plane as it broke through the heavy cloud layer, revealing a continent not born to Earth, but sculpted in alabaster by a furious sky as if it was supposed to be there."

Strengths: Your vivid imagery of Antarctica as a "sleeping god" creates an immediate sense of reverence. Your use of "alabaster" to describe the continent shows sophisticated vocabulary.

Sentence fragment → The second sentence lacks a main verb, making it incomplete. You've written "The twin engine plane as it broke through..." without completing what the plane actually did. This creates confusion for your reader and interrupts the flow of your narrative.

As our twin engine plane broke through the heavy cloud layer, it revealed a continent not born to Earth, but sculpted in alabaster by a furious sky as if it was always meant to be there.

#2 "We rode snowmobiles across the endless white engines, coughing against the hush. The landscape stretched blank in every direction, broken only by the jagged teeth of icebergs grounded in place, like gods punishing people for the wrong move."

Strengths: Your metaphor comparing icebergs to "jagged teeth" creates a powerful visual. Your description of the landscape as "blank" effectively conveys the emptiness of Antarctica.

Word choice confusion → The phrase "endless white engines" doesn't make sense in this context. Engines are mechanical devices, not landscape features. This confusion distracts from your otherwise strong imagery and makes it difficult for readers to properly visualise the scene.

We rode snowmobiles across the endless white plains, their engines coughing against the hush. The landscape stretched blank in every direction, broken only by the jagged teeth of icebergs grounded in place, like gods punishing people for the wrong move.

#3 "In the morning a cacophony of flightless birds broke the stillness of the surrounding. At night, it was the same. The aurora danced and no one dared to speak. It was all silence."

Strengths: Your contrast between morning noise and night silence creates an effective rhythm. The brevity of "It was all silence" provides powerful emphasis.

Logical inconsistency → You state that "a cacophony of flightless birds broke the stillness" in the morning, but then immediately claim "At night, it was the same" before saying "It was all silence." This creates confusion about whether there was noise or silence, making it difficult for readers to understand the actual experience.

In the morning, a cacophony of flightless birds broke the stillness of our surroundings. At night, everything changed. The aurora danced and no one dared to speak. In those moments, it was all silence.

■ Your piece creates a powerful sense of place through vivid imagery and poetic language. To strengthen it further, consider developing a clearer narrative structure. While your descriptions are striking, the piece jumps between moments without a clear progression. Try connecting your observations with transition words like "later" or "afterwards" to guide your reader through your journey. Focus on expanding moments of emotional impact, such as when you climbed the mountain. What specific thoughts went through your mind? What exact emotions did you feel? Adding these precise details will give your writing more depth. Also, watch for repetition - you mention silence multiple times but could explore different aspects of this silence. Try reading your work aloud to catch awkward phrasing and ensure each sentence adds something new to your story.

Score: 41/50

Section 2:

Whispers at the Edge of the world

At the end of the Earth, where time slows and the wind howls and speaks in ancient tongues, Antarctica waits. Not as a backdrop, but as a living, breathing, ice-wrapped and wind-whipped continent.

#1 When I first set foot on the icy skin of the continent, it felt like trespassing on a sleeping god. ~~The twin engine plane as it broke through the heavy cloud layer, revealing a continent not born to Earth, but sculpted in alabaster by a furious sky as if it was supposed to be there.~~ [As our twin engine plane broke through the heavy cloud layer, it revealed a continent not born to Earth, but sculpted in alabaster by a furious sky as if it was always meant to be there.]

When I stepped onto the ice at Union Glacier Camp, the coldness didn't bite. I claimed it. The wind cut ~~through~~ [through] layers with surgical precision, whispering ancient things. Around me was nothing, but silence.

#2 ~~We rode snowmobiles across the endless white engines, coughing against the hush.~~ [We rode snowmobiles across the endless white plains, their engines coughing against the hush.] The landscape stretched blank in every direction, broken only by the jagged teeth of icebergs grounded in place, like gods punishing people for the wrong move.

At night we ~~laid~~ [lay] in our tents while the aurora danced and dangled above, green and violet ribbons trailing across the heavens like the ghost of a forgotten opera. Whispering shadows ~~laid~~ [lay] all around the tents.

No one dared to speak. What could words add?

~~#3 In the morning a cacophony of flightless birds broke the stillness of the surrounding. At night, it was the same. The aurora danced and no one dared to speak. It was all silence.~~ [In the morning, a cacophony of flightless birds broke the stillness of our surroundings. At night, everything changed. The aurora danced and no one dared to speak. In those moments, it was all silence.]

On the last morning, I climbed a mountain. Not a big one. Nor a short one, but a normal sized one, just above my camp. The snow stretched forever. No trees, no roads, no signs that we belonged. Just wind and ice. Me on the mountain felt like I belonged.

And at that moment, I understood. Antarctica isn't a place you visit for fun. It's a place that visits you quietly, profoundly, and forever.