

Section 1:

#1 *"The first crash of the thunder silenced the crowd... The lightning struck right in the middle of the field, as everyone who looked beyond were blinded by the light."*

Strengths: Your opening creates immediate tension and draws readers into the scene. The vivid imagery of lightning striking the field establishes a dramatic setting effectively.

Weakness: Subject-verb disagreement → The phrase "everyone who looked beyond were blinded" contains a grammatical error where the singular subject "everyone" doesn't match the plural verb "were." This disrupts the flow of your otherwise engaging opening.

Exemplar: *"...as everyone who looked beyond was blinded by the light."*

#2 *"It was an immeasurable force pitted against him, like many strong men surrounding an ant. And what was the only advantage of the ant? The cracks."*

Strengths: Your metaphor comparing Chuck to an ant facing overwhelming forces is creative and helps readers understand his helpless situation. The short, punchy sentence "The cracks" creates strong emphasis.

Weakness: Unclear metaphor connection → Whilst the ant metaphor is interesting, the connection between "cracks" and the ant's advantage isn't immediately clear to readers, making this powerful moment confusing rather than impactful.

Exemplar: *"And what was the ant's only hope for survival? Finding the tiny spaces where giants couldn't follow."*

#3 *"Every sin he had once buried in the sands of ambition clawed its way back to the surface. You mocked them. On the biggest stage of all. You dared."*

Strengths: Your shift to second person creates intimacy and forces readers to experience Chuck's guilt directly. The metaphor of sins clawing back to the surface is vivid and emotionally powerful.

Weakness: Inconsistent point of view → Switching from third person ("he had once buried") to second person ("You mocked them") within the same paragraph creates confusion about who is speaking and disrupts the narrative flow.

Exemplar: *"Every sin he had once buried in the sands of ambition clawed its way back to the surface. He had mocked them. On the biggest stage of all. He had dared."*

■ Your piece demonstrates strong creative writing skills with compelling imagery and emotional depth. The story effectively builds tension as Chuck flees from divine punishment, and your descriptions of his physical and emotional state are engaging. However, your writing would benefit from more consistent grammar and clearer connections between ideas. Additionally, work on maintaining the same point of view throughout each paragraph to avoid confusing readers. Your metaphors are creative but sometimes need clearer explanations to help readers understand their meaning. Also, focus on fixing subject-verb agreement errors that interrupt the flow of your sentences. Consider revising sentences where the connection between ideas isn't immediately obvious to readers. Your emotional scenes are powerful, but they'll be even stronger when the technical aspects support rather than distract from your creative vision.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2:

#1 The first crash of the thunder silenced the crowd...

The lightning struck right in the middle of the field, as ~~everyone who looked beyond were~~ [everyone who looked beyond was] blinded by the light. The players on the field stood in shock, and not wasting a second, ran back into the locker rooms. Chaos erupted inside the stadium, as security ushered the disgruntled and panicked people out of the stadium.

#2 No one understood the meaning of the sudden storm, but Chuck looked horrified. He saw a face in the sky; ~~A~~ [a] furious, seething face. He knew ~~The Gods~~ [the gods] would never show mercy to any mortal that embarrassed them. They would never relent in searching and finding the man that made them look like fools. The lightning only struck inches from his sweaty body, but no one saw it. It was an immeasurable force pitted against him, like many strong men surrounding an ant. And what was the only advantage of the ant? The cracks.

He scurried through the tunnels under the stadium, despite his team's wishes. If he wanted to make it out alive, he would have to run and hide. The second thunderclap deafened his ears. Time seemed to slow down around him, as each step reminded him of his son, the only light left in a world quickly being swallowed by wrath.

Chuck's lungs burned as he jumped past the maintenance equipment blocking off the narrow tunnel. The air grew heavy—charged, unnatural—as though the gods' fury had seeped into the very walls. He didn't dare look back.

Above him, the roar of fleeing spectators faded into distant chaos, replaced by the tremors of the metal underground. Dust rained down from the ceiling with every step. The gods weren't just angry. They were hunting.

He slipped on a puddle of leaked water, barely catching himself on the wall. His arm scraped along the rough brick, but he didn't stop. Blood mixed with sweat on his fingers, and he still kept running.

~~#3 Every sin he had once buried in the sands of ambition clawed its way back to the surface. You mocked them. On the biggest stage of all. You dared.~~ [Every sin he had once buried in the sands of ambition clawed its way back to the surface. He had mocked them. On the biggest stage of all. He had dared.]

He hadn't meant to offend. The mocking gesture, the arms stretched wide as if to challenge the heavens, the crowd roaring in approval—it had been instinct. Pride. Glory. Hubris. And now? Now the heavens had answered.

He turned a corner into a dead end, breathing hard, heart pounding. In the dim red emergency light, he saw it: a metal grate leading into a forgotten crawlspace. A crack. ~~A one~~ [One] that could barely fit him. The ant had found an escape route.

Chuck pulled at the grate with all his strength. It screeched open, metal ~~rebounding~~ [reverberating] in protest. Just as he slid one leg in, a blast of wind surged down the tunnel behind him. Lights exploded. The walls shook. They were close.

He yanked his body into the vent and slammed the grate shut behind him, curling tight into the shadows. He could barely move. His body trembled. His mind raced with one thought: Matthew.

His son. Seven years old. Waiting in the stands with a jersey too big for his frame and eyes full of hero-worship. Did he make it out? Did someone grab him?

A bolt of lightning ripped through the corridor, just beyond the grate. White fire. The whole tunnel flashed, then went dark again. Chuck didn't breathe. Then—silence. A dreadful, pulsing silence.

At that moment, Chuck finally cried. Not from fear. Not from pain. But from regret. He'd lived for the cheers, the glory, the spectacle. He'd never asked who paid the price. Now, he knew.

The gods would scorch the world to find him. But he would not die like this. Not until he knew his son was safe. He wiped his eyes. His muscles ached, but he crawled forward. Into the dark. Into the cracks. Toward redemption. Toward the only light left.