

Section 1:

#1 - Opening paragraph describing the storm's arrival **Strengths:** Your vivid sensory descriptions create an immersive atmosphere, particularly "cacophonous chatter of a tuba quickly dwindled to nervous squeaks like a flute." You effectively use sound imagery to show the crowd's changing mood.

Weakness: Fragmented sentence structure → Your opening contains an incomplete sentence: "Lightning darted and swooped across the" breaks off mid-thought, leaving readers confused about what the lightning moved across. This disrupts the flow of your dramatic scene.

Exemplar: *"Lightning darted and swooped across the darkening sky, illuminating the stadium in brilliant flashes."*

#2 - Emma's realisation about being a witch's descendant and finding the parchment **Strengths:** You create emotional depth by showing Emma's internal conflict when she discovers her heritage. The magical element of the glowing microphone adds intrigue to the scene.

Weakness: Unclear cause and effect → The connection between Emma grasping the microphone and suddenly finding the parchment feels unexplained. You write "there it was. The yellowed parchment" without showing how the microphone revealed it, making this crucial plot point confusing.

Exemplar: *"As the microphone glowed brighter, its light revealed something hidden beneath the stand - the yellowed parchment that had caused all this trouble."*

#3 - Flashback sequence with Shiba and Tim's deal **Strengths:** Your dialogue effectively reveals character personalities, especially Tim's deceptive nature through his mocking tone. The backstory provides important context for understanding the storm's origin.

Weakness: Abrupt scene transitions → You shift from Emma's present crisis directly into the flashback without clear signals, then return to Emma's perspective suddenly. Phrases like "Her mind dripped away from the moment" and "Gasping back to reality" don't smoothly guide readers through these time changes.

Exemplar: *"As Emma's panic overwhelmed her, memories flooded back - visions of her ancestor's fateful encounter decades ago."*

■ Your piece demonstrates creativity in combining fantasy elements with environmental drama, creating an engaging adventure story. The concept of a generational curse requiring friendship to break shows thoughtful thematic development. However, your narrative would benefit from clearer story progression and smoother connections between events. Additionally, work on ensuring all sentences are complete and grammatically correct. You could strengthen the middle section by better explaining how Emma discovers her magical abilities and the parchment's location. Also, consider adding more details about how friendship specifically defeats the storm, as this important theme needs clearer development. Furthermore, the ending feels rushed - expanding Emma's final actions and the storm's defeat would provide more satisfying resolution. Your descriptive language creates vivid scenes, but focus on making sure each paragraph flows logically to the next one.

Overall Score: 45/50

Section 2:

#1 The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd like a stroke of glimmering, radiant paint from the clouds. Lightning darted and swooped across the darkening sky]. The cacophonous chatter of a tuba quickly dwindled to nervous squeaks like a flute. Eyes went huge, and faces were pale, pale as snow, pale as the parchment of which the curse was written. Raindrops pounded on the stadium walls, sounding like a timpani. The sky was lit up with rapid brilliance, the prickling of goosebumps rising along her back becoming more and more noticeable. Her pale pink shirt was pelted with heavy raindrops, but she ran on to the huge stage.

"Evacuate! Evacuate now!" hollered Emma. Her pale face and anxious expression ~~was~~ [were] illuminated in the sudden spark of lightning, casting an eerie blue shadow. She shrieked with panic as part of the stadium cascaded down, crumbling away. Reaching her hand out to clutch the microphone, she yelled "Get out of there now! It's not safe!" ~~Her mind dripped away from the moment and she lapsed back to the time where the curse had been delivered and sealed.~~ [As Emma's panic overwhelmed her, memories flooded back - visions of her ancestor's fateful encounter when the curse had been delivered and sealed.]

"No, not now," she mumbled as she fell into darkness, hearing the raindrops clatter onto the floor next to her head, ~~to~~ [onto] her bedraggled brown hair.

#2 Shiba's crooked teeth break into an abhorrent grin. Bony fingers clutch the quill. 'Shiba' is written ~~is~~ [in] curling letters, the black ink settling into the white parchment.

"The deal is sealed. Once this parchment experiences the thousandth storm, it shall bring a tempest, capable of destroying everything with no hesitation. I have added words of binding which mean that this paper can never be found or destroyed. However, you must give me my payment, as I figure I have done my part quite well."

"Of course, that would only be beneficial for both of us," chuckles Tim unpleasantly. "You may reach into this bag and pick out five handfuls of treasure. Only then will I leave."

Shiba reaches her frighteningly gaunt arm into the bag, closing her eyes as requested.

"They... wriggle quite a lot, don't they?" proclaimed Shiba. Tim nodded. After the witch was done, Tim cackled.

"You really did fall for it! A girl will now try to save them all, but will not succeed. Your great great granddaughter, Shiba." And with that, Tim took the parchment with him and left Shiba with five handfuls of mice and snakes. His wings flapped with pride and wretched happiness.

~~#3 Gasping back to reality~~ [Suddenly returning to the present moment], Emma felt her world crumble. She was the daughter of a witch. With a trembling hand, she closed her hand around the microphone, feeling like her flame of hope had dwindled to embers.

"Please listen," she said in a choked voice. Her eyes welled up with tears.

"This storm can destroy the world. It was created by a warlock with powerful magic. Only our friendship can stop it." She didn't know how much of that was true, but she doubted anyone would listen anyways. But her microphone glowed with power, shifting through crimson to lilac all the way to verdant green. ~~Cautiously, she took it off the stand, and there it was. The yellowed parchment written decades ago.~~ [Cautiously, she took it off the stand, and as the microphone glowed brighter, its light revealed something hidden beneath - there it was. The yellowed parchment written decades ago.] The scroll that caused this fiasco. The trinket that could end all this.

Emma stared at the crowd, who gaped back at her. ~~The paper in her hands~~ [With the paper in her hands], she prepared to rip it. Her heart sank as she was overcome with a realisation. 'Never be found or destroyed'. Well, I could find it, she thought. Let's see if it can be destroyed.

As she prepared to destroy it, hail battered her face and hair. Now. Do it now. And with that, she flung the parchment out into the eye of the storm. It lit up with an unearthly glow, shining bright in the obsidian sky. Suddenly, forked lightning zapped it into cinders, shattering the rainbow of ~~colors~~ [colours]. The fierce winds that whistled around her ears had calmed into a warm breeze. The heavy raindrops that had pelted the stadium became puddles on the ground. The lightning was gone. Emma smiled, her cheeks rosy and pink. She had defeated the storm. "Thank you, Shiba. You did some bad things, and some good things, and this storm wouldn't be here if you

didn't conjure it, but since you did, thank you for helping me find the answer," Emma said, bowing her head.