

## Section 1:

#1 "The first crack of thunder silenced the crowd, an abrupt hush falling over the stadium. Janet watched as the rain began to patter down, a noisy yet synchronised orchestra playing an unexpected overture."

**Strengths:** Your opening creates immediate atmosphere and tension. The personification of rain as an "orchestra playing an unexpected overture" establishes a strong connection between nature and music.

**Weakness: Unclear sentence structure** → The second sentence contains a grammatical issue with the phrase "a noisy yet synchronised orchestra playing an unexpected overture." This description appears to modify "rain" but creates confusion about what exactly is making the orchestral sound. The modifier doesn't clearly connect to the main clause, making readers pause to work out the meaning.

**Exemplar:** *Janet watched as the rain began to patter down, creating a noisy yet synchronised orchestra that played an unexpected overture.*

#2 "As others began to flee for shelter, a torrent of humanity rushing towards the exits, Janet moved against the current. Her father's last message, she knew, awaited discovery."

**Strengths:** Your contrast between Janet's behaviour and the crowd's reaction effectively highlights her determination. The phrase "torrent of humanity" creates a powerful image of the fleeing crowd.

**Weakness: Sentence fragments** → The phrase "a torrent of humanity rushing towards the exits" stands as an incomplete sentence fragment. While it adds descriptive detail, it lacks a main verb and subject, creating choppy reading flow that interrupts the narrative momentum.

**Exemplar:** *As others began to flee for shelter, forming a torrent of humanity that rushed towards the exits, Janet moved against the current.*

#3 "Fifteen centimetres down, her fingertips brushed against something solid. A thrill of anticipation, raw and electric, rippled through her body as she unearthed a small metal box, its surface engraved with her initials."

**Strengths:** Your specific measurement "fifteen centimetres" adds realism to the scene. The sensory details about touch and the engraved initials create personal connection between Janet and the discovery.

**Weakness: Repetitive sentence patterns** → Both sentences follow similar structures with descriptive phrases followed by main actions. This creates a monotonous rhythm that reduces the impact of the climactic discovery moment. Your writing needs more variety in sentence construction to maintain reader engagement.

**Exemplar:** *After digging fifteen centimetres down, her fingertips finally brushed against something solid, and she felt a raw, electric thrill ripple through her body.*

■ Your piece demonstrates strong atmospheric writing and emotional depth, particularly in creating the connection between Janet and her father's memory. The storm setting works well as both literal backdrop and symbolic representation of Janet's internal journey. However, your writing would benefit from clearer sentence structures and better grammatical connections between ideas. Additionally, some sections need smoother transitions between paragraphs to help readers follow Janet's emotional progression more easily. Your vocabulary choices show sophistication, but ensuring each sentence is grammatically complete will strengthen your storytelling impact. Also, varying your sentence patterns will create more engaging rhythm for readers. Consider breaking up longer sentences and combining shorter ones to improve flow throughout your piece.

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**Overall Score: 44/50**

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## Section 2:

### Echo in the Thunder

#1 The first crack of thunder silenced the crowd, ~~an abrupt hush falling~~ [with an abrupt hush falling] over the stadium. Janet watched as the rain began to patter down, ~~a noisy yet synchronised orchestra playing an unexpected overture~~ [creating a noisy yet synchronised orchestra that played an unexpected overture]. Time seemed to freeze, and every face in the stands tilted skyward in unison. The stadium lights flickered and faltered, surrendering their artificial glow to the raw, dramatic theatre of nature. Silver-blue lightning danced across the bruised clouds, briefly illuminating Janet's pale features as her fingers clutched a crumpled ticket. The air thickened with anticipation – what message did this tempest herald?

In stark contrast to the stadium's sudden chaos, Janet remained motionless, a solitary figure amidst the growing disarray. Memories flooded her mind, cascading like the raindrops now teeming from the heavens. The vacant seat beside her, stark and empty, proclaimed his absence louder than any words could. A lump formed in her throat as she traced the torn edge of the ticket, her father's familiar handwriting still legible in the margin: "Remember this moment." The

second thunderclap reverberated through her chest, a physical blow. The storm clouds swirled above like ancient, restless spirits. Janet tilted her chin towards the tempestuous sky. This wasn't merely nature's performance; it was a sign, a culmination.

**#2** As others began to flee for shelter, ~~a torrent of humanity rushing towards the exits~~ [forming a torrent of humanity that rushed towards the exits], Janet moved against the current. Her father's last message, she knew, awaited discovery. Droplets drummed a desperate rhythm against the cold metal railings as Janet descended toward the pitch, each step carrying the weight of loss and longing. The stadium's floodlights sputtered and surged, illuminating her path in broken, intermittent fragments. Three years ago to this very day, they had sat together in this exact stadium. His voice echoed in her mind, a comforting whisper against the storm's growing growl: "When thunder speaks, listen carefully."

The centre of the pitch glistened, a dark mirror reflecting the fractured sky above. While thousands huddled beneath inadequate shelter, Janet stood exposed to the elements' full fury. With trembling hands, she unfolded the ticket fully, revealing a set of coordinates hidden beneath a forgotten crease. Her heart quickened with a jolt of recognition. The storm's voice crescendoed around her, like an orchestra reaching its terrifying apex. She knelt, pressing her palm against the sodden grass. Here, beneath this exact spot, something awaited her—something her father had known she would one day be ready to find. Her fingers excavated the softened earth, mud marring her manicured nails without a second thought. What secret could be worth this peculiar pilgrimage? The rain's steady patter provided a rhythmic percussion for her racing thoughts.

**#3** Fifteen centimetres down, her fingertips brushed against something solid. ~~A thrill of anticipation, raw and electric, rippled through her body as she unearthed a small metal box~~ [She felt a thrill of anticipation, raw and electric, ripple through her body as she unearthed a small metal box], its surface engraved with her initials. The storm above raged with uncontrolled fury, while Janet's movements became methodical, precise. The box's lid protested with a rusty groan as she forced it open. Inside lay a compass, gleaming like a captured star. Janet's breath caught as she recognised her father's prized possession — the very instrument that had guided him through countless explorations. Attached was a small, waterproof note: "True north isn't always where the needle points." Her fingers trembled as they caressed the cool metal. The storm began to subside, its intensity waning, yet within Janet's chest, a new tempest stirred, a storm of understanding and renewed purpose. She clutched the compass to her heart, tears mingling freely with the last of the raindrops on her cheeks.