

## Section 1:

**#1** "Like a giant drum in the sky, the sound rolled across the stadium and stopped every cheer, every clap, even the beating of hearts. For a moment, everything stood still."

**Strengths:** Your opening creates a powerful sense of atmosphere with the drum comparison. The phrase "stopped every cheer, every clap, even the beating of hearts" builds tension effectively.

**Weakness:** Unclear pronoun reference → The word "sound" appears without clearly identifying what created it, leaving readers confused about whether it's thunder, rain, or something else making the noise.

**Exemplar:** *Like a giant drum in the sky, the thunder rolled across the stadium and stopped every cheer, every clap, even the beating of hearts.*

**#2** "Another flash lit up the sky, and in that moment, Sophie saw something strange on the pitch. A small, dark shape, half-hidden by the rain, right where the winning goal had been scored moments ago."

**Strengths:** Your writing creates mystery well by showing Sophie noticing something others miss. The detail about the winning goal location adds interest.

**Weakness:** Sentence fragment → You've written "A small, dark shape" as a separate sentence when it should connect to the previous sentence for better flow.

**Exemplar:** *Another flash lit up the sky, and in that moment, Sophie saw something strange on the pitch: a small, dark shape, half-hidden by the rain, right where the winning goal had been scored moments ago.*

**#3** "Sophie looked up at the storm, rain washing over her face. She smiled. The adventure had just begun."

**Strengths:** Your ending gives a clear sense that Sophie feels excited about what comes next. The image of rain on her face works well.

**Weakness:** Choppy sentence structure → Your three short sentences make the ending feel rushed rather than building to a strong finish.

**Exemplar:** *As Sophie looked up at the storm with rain washing over her face, she smiled because she knew the adventure had just begun.*

■ Your piece shows good imagination with the mysterious tin and the connection to Sophie's grandfather. The storm setting creates excitement, and you've made Sophie an interesting character who notices things others don't. However, your writing would be stronger if you developed the ideas more fully. For example, you could explain more about what made the storm special or give more details about Sophie's grandfather's stories. Also, some of your sentences need better connections between ideas. Additionally, you could improve the flow by joining some short sentences together and making sure each paragraph connects smoothly to the next. Your story has a good beginning, middle, and end, but each part could be expanded to help readers understand the characters and setting better.

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**Overall Score: 42/50**

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## Section 2:

#1 Like a giant drum in the sky, the ~~sound~~ [thunder] rolled across the stadium and stopped every cheer, every clap, even the beating of hearts. For a moment, everything stood still. Thousands of faces turned upward as silver lightning ripped through the clouds like claws. The sky, once sunny and blue, had turned a deep, angry grey, and the first cold raindrops slapped the ground like warning taps.

#2 Sophie's fingers tightened around her ticket, now damp and wrinkled. Her seat was near the front, but she barely noticed the game anymore. The noise of the storm reminded her of something her grandfather used to say [—] "When thunder speaks, listen." She never knew what he meant, until now.

~~Another flash lit up the sky, and in that moment, Sophie saw something strange on the pitch. A small, dark shape, half-hidden by the rain, right where the winning goal had been scored moments ago.~~ [Another flash lit up the sky, and in that moment, Sophie saw something strange on the pitch: a small, dark shape, half-hidden by the rain, right where the winning goal had been scored moments ago.] No one else seemed to notice. The crowd was too busy pulling on ponchos and searching for cover.

But Sophie stayed still. Her heart pounded harder than the rain, and a strange feeling prickled down her spine, like the storm was calling her. She rose slowly from her seat, eyes locked on that spot. Her shoes squelched as she stepped onto the grass, water soaking through her socks, but she didn't care.

She reached the centre of the field. The shape she'd seen was clearer now—[:] a metal tin, the size of a lunchbox, half-buried in the mud. With trembling hands, she pulled it free. A flash of lightning lit up the lid: carved into the surface were three letters, her initials.

She gasped.

Her grandfather had disappeared three years ago, the same day a storm just like this one had swept through the city. No one had ever found out where he went, but he had always told her stories about hidden maps, secret clues, and objects waiting to be found.

Sophie opened the tin. Inside was a note, dry despite the storm, folded neatly beside a small compass. The note read:

True north isn't always a direction[—] it's a decision.

~~#3 Sophie looked up at the storm, rain washing over her face. She smiled. The adventure had just begun.~~ [As Sophie looked up at the storm with rain washing over her face, she smiled because she knew the adventure had just begun.]