

Section 1:

#1 "I'd just woken up, groggy and cold, and was dragging myself to the bathroom when a sneeze caught me off guard. At the exact same time, a neighbor's dog let out a sharp bark from the street below."

Strengths: Your opening effectively establishes the ordinary setting before the extraordinary happens. The sensory details (groggy, cold) create a relatable morning scenario.

Underdeveloped inciting incident → The coincidence that triggers the first "cluck" could benefit from more significance. The sneeze and dog bark feel random rather than meaningful to the story's premise. ***Perhaps the morning began with strange bird sounds outside your window, or you'd dreamt of chickens the night before, creating a subtle foreshadowing effect.***

#2 "It's still hard, of course. I'd trade it in a heartbeat for invisibility, or even the ability to talk to worms. But this is mine. My strange, stupid, inconvenient gift."

Strengths: Your comparison to other supernatural abilities adds humour and perspective. The acceptance shown here represents good character development.

Limited emotional resolution → While you show acceptance, the deeper emotional impact remains unexplored. ***Though I've accepted my clucking fate, there's something profound about being forced to acknowledge life's coincidences—moments most people miss entirely. My curse became my superpower: I notice the beautiful randomness of existence.***

#3 "I began warning people. 'Hi, I have a condition where I involuntarily make chicken noises during coincidences.' Most thought I was joking—until they witnessed it. I became a walking, talking cosmic joke. A meme. 'The Coincidence Clucker.'"

Strengths: This passage efficiently shows the character's adaptation and the social response. The nickname "The Coincidence Clucker" is memorable and fitting.

Missing interpersonal dimension → The relationships affected by this condition aren't fully explored. How do specific people in your life react? → ***My best mate Sam started timing coincidences like a sport ("New record! Three clucks in five minutes!"), while my mum worried I'd developed Tourette's. Dating became an exercise in creative first-impression management.***

■ Your piece has a brilliant concept that blends humour with existential questions about fate and coincidence. The progression from denial to acceptance works well, but the middle section of your story needs more depth. Try developing specific scenes that show how this condition affects your relationships, career and daily routines. Also, consider expanding on the philosophical implications of being hyperaware of coincidences—does it change how you view the world? Additionally, think about

raising the stakes: what's the worst possible situation where a "cluck" could occur? What specific benefits might come from this curse? Your ending feels somewhat abrupt; consider extending it to show how this condition has permanently changed your outlook on life or given you unexpected insights. The most successful parts of your writing combine humour with vulnerability—aim for more of these moments.

Overall Score: 41/50

Section 2:

Title: The Curse of the Cluck

It started with a sneeze and a dog barking.

I'd just woken up, groggy and cold, and was dragging myself to the bathroom when a sneeze caught me off guard. At the exact same time, a ~~neighbor's~~ [neighbour's] dog let out a sharp bark from the street below. #1

And then it happened.

"CLUCK!"

The sound burst from my mouth—loud, sharp, undeniably... chicken-like.

I stood there, frozen, toothbrush in hand, staring at my reflection in the mirror. My eyes were still half-lidded with sleep, but the noise had jolted me fully awake. I laughed nervously.

Did I just make that sound?

I tried to brush it off. Maybe it was a fluke. Maybe my throat had done something weird. But then, later that morning, as I stepped outside, a breeze blew through the trees at the same moment my phone buzzed in my pocket.

"CLUCK!"

This time I dropped my coffee.

By lunchtime, I'd clucked three more times. Always when two random things happened at once. A door slammed as a car honked. A pen fell just as someone hiccupped. And each time, a chicken noise exploded from my mouth like my soul was trying to escape the barnyard.

By the afternoon, I was panicking.

What was happening to me?

I stood in the middle of my office bathroom, gripping the sink, my face flushed. My heart was racing. This wasn't funny anymore. It wasn't cute or quirky. It was horrifying.

"Please," I whispered to myself. "Please just stop."

But it didn't. Because the world is full of coincidences. Constant, stupid, meaningless coincidences. And now, every single one of them was pulling a chicken noise from deep inside me like I was some kind of cursed toy.

"CLUCK!" I blurted in the middle of a Zoom meeting when someone sneezed and a siren wailed outside.

Everyone froze. A few people laughed. One guy turned off his camera.

I muted myself and wanted to cry.

That night, I lay awake, eyes open in the dark, listening to every creak of the apartment, every hum of the fridge, dreading the next moment when two things would happen at once and my body would betray me again.

"Why this?" I whispered to no one. "Why me?"

But no answer came. Just a moth tapping against the window screen. And somewhere in the distance, two fireworks popped at the same time.

"CLUCK!" I sobbed.

Eventually, I stopped fighting it. What else could I do?

I began warning people. "Hi, I have a condition where I involuntarily make chicken noises during coincidences." Most thought I was joking—until they witnessed it. I became a walking, talking cosmic joke. A meme. "The Coincidence Clucker." #3

And slowly, something shifted. I stopped being embarrassed. I started leaning into it. Schools invited me to talk about absurdity. I even did a TEDx talk, clucking halfway through. The crowd laughed, but it wasn't cruel. It was kind. Compassionate.

It's still hard, of course. I'd trade it in a heartbeat for invisibility, or even the ability to talk to worms. But this is mine. My strange, stupid, inconvenient gift. #2

I am the Clucker. And this is my life.

"CLUCK!"