

Section 1:

#1 "There's a place in my backyard where the map ends. Not with a dragon or a dotted line, but silence. It's a place too small for someone to notice, too quiet for the birds to sing. Yet in that hush, the world seems to inhale and hold it."

Strengths: Your opening immediately creates an intriguing atmosphere. The contrast between traditional map endings and "silence" is quite imaginative.

Consistency in verb tense → Your opening paragraph shifts between present tense and an unclear reference with "hold it" at the end. The pronoun "it" lacks a clear antecedent, creating confusion about what exactly is being held. Consider clarifying what the world is holding.

"There's a place in my backyard where the map ends. Not with a dragon or a dotted line, but silence. It's a place too small for someone to notice, too quiet for the birds to sing. Yet in that hush, the world seems to inhale and hold its breath."

#2 "Every step down that narrow passage felt like sinking into a forgotten sentence in a long lost book. It smelt damp and green like mossy childhood memories. The air was a layer of snow with the hush of stories untold, with the whispers that never made it to the end of the page."

Strengths: Your sensory details are vivid, particularly the smell being "damp and green." The comparison to a "forgotten sentence" is quite original.

Mixed metaphors → You introduce several distinct metaphorical frameworks that don't quite connect. The passage begins with a book metaphor, shifts to childhood memories, then snow, then back to stories. This creates a disjointed reading experience where the imagery, while beautiful individually, doesn't build cohesively.

"Every step down that narrow passage felt like sinking into a forgotten sentence in a long-lost book. It smelt damp and green like mossy childhood memories. The air hung still with the hush of stories untold, carrying whispers that never made it to the end of the page."

#3 "To the place where the air is like snow with remembrance. To the garden that grows, not towards the horizon's glaze but towards the past. Waiting. Just like me."

Strengths: Your concluding lines create a powerful connection between the narrator and the place. The short, fragmented sentences add emotional impact.

Vague imagery → The metaphor comparing air to "snow with remembrance" lacks clarity. What does snow have to do with remembrance? Similarly, the concept of a garden growing "towards the past"

presents an interesting but underdeveloped idea that needs more concrete sensory details to help readers visualise it.

"To the place where memories hang suspended in the air like snowflakes. To the garden that grows, not towards the sun's warmth but into the soil of bygone days. Waiting. Just like me."

■ Your piece creates a haunting, dreamlike atmosphere that captivates the reader from the first line. The emotional connection to this secret place comes through strongly, particularly in how you frame it as something precious and personal. To strengthen your writing, consider developing a clearer progression of ideas throughout the piece. The shed is mentioned in the title and briefly in the second paragraph, but then fades from focus. You might expand on what makes this shed significant, perhaps adding details about what's actually inside it or what memories it contains. Also, while your metaphors are beautiful, they would benefit from more concrete anchoring - perhaps describing one specific memory or moment behind the shed to ground the reader. Your fragmented structure works well for creating atmosphere, but adding a bit more narrative direction would help readers follow your emotional journey more clearly. Try balancing your poetic language with some straightforward observations to create contrast and prevent the dreamlike quality from becoming too diffuse.

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Section 2:

Behind the Shed: Where the World Holds its Breath

#1 There's a place in my backyard where the map ends. Not with a dragon or a dotted line, but silence. It's a place too small for someone to notice, too quiet for the birds to sing. Yet in that hush, the world seems to inhale and ~~hold it~~ [hold its breath].

#2 You wouldn't call a door just a sagging slat of wood, half- covered in ivy, as if nature itself was trying to erase it. The first time I noticed it, the light felt different, like ~~if it had~~ [it had] its own separate world. Sharper. Like the kind of light that filters ~~though~~ [through] dreams or old photo albums. Something ancient hummed behind the walls ~~off~~ [of] the shed, like a secret trying not to be heard.

Every step down that narrow passage felt like sinking into a forgotten sentence in a ~~long-lost~~ [long-lost] book. It ~~smelt~~ [smelled] damp and green like mossy childhood memories. The air was a layer of snow with the hush of stories untold, with the whispers that never made it to the end of the page.

I don't go behind the ~~shied~~ [shed] every day. Some days, the world is too loud, and that place would feel too quiet. But when the sky turns the colour of old bone and the crows gather in threes, I find myself drawn back.

#3 To the place where the air is like snow with remembrance. To the garden that grows, not towards the horizon's glaze [horizon's gaze] but towards the past. Waiting. Just like me.