

Section 1:

#1 "Droplets of water ripped open from the heavy clouds above pouring on over the world, the sky turned to a gloomy arena where something bad was hinting. It was raining cats and dogs while my umbrella started to scream like a newborn baby just pulled out of sleep, creating unusual shapes in mid-air fall."

Strengths: Your use of vivid imagery creates a strong atmosphere. The metaphor "raining cats and dogs" effectively conveys the heaviness of the rain.

Weakness: Run-on sentence structure → Your opening contains multiple ideas strung together without proper punctuation, making it difficult to follow the main thought. Phrases like "droplets of water ripped open" and "the sky turned to a gloomy arena where something bad was hinting" need clearer connections.

Exemplar: *The droplets of water ripped open from the heavy clouds above, pouring over the world. The sky transformed into a gloomy arena, hinting at something ominous to come.*

#2 "I explored my adventurous hand through my metallic weaved precariously reminiscent bag, covered in turquoise, for the attempt to find the ultimate savour to my horrendous nightmare, the metal key to literature."

Strengths: Your creative description of the bag shows attention to detail. The phrase "metal key to literature" creates an intriguing connection.

Weakness: Wordiness → The sentence contains too many descriptive elements without a clear focus. Words like "adventurous," "precariously reminiscent," and "ultimate savour" create confusion rather than clarity about what's happening.

Exemplar: *I reached into my turquoise, metallic-weaved bag, searching desperately for what would save me from this nightmare—the key to my literary escape.*

#3 "My hands half alive blasted into the cacophony of hurt as the wind now blended into the sky. This key was about to miserably get lost and if so, it did happen I was domed. The nearly dried pathway now busted into tears from being stepped on as each intricate atom that was weaved on this very surface while it sang the symphony of my old, distorted violin in orchestra and harmony together."

Strengths: Your attempt to link emotions with physical sensations shows creativity. The comparison to music adds a sensory dimension.

Weakness: Unclear meaning → This passage contains confusing expressions like "hands half alive blasted into the cacophony of hurt" and "pathway now busted into tears." The meaning is lost in figurative language that doesn't connect logically.

Exemplar: ***My aching hands throbbed with pain as the wind merged with the darkening sky. If I lost this key, I would be doomed. The drying pathway seemed to weep beneath my steps, its sound reminding me of my old violin's distorted symphony.***

■ Your piece shows wonderful creativity and imagination in describing a writer's struggle. The vivid imagery creates a strong mood, but the writing would benefit from clearer storytelling. Try breaking longer sentences into shorter ones to help your reader follow your ideas more easily. Also, make sure your metaphors make sense together—when you compare the umbrella to a baby and then say it creates shapes, these ideas don't connect clearly. Focus on developing one strong image before moving to the next one. You could improve the middle paragraph by showing more clearly what the character is actually doing (writing down ideas) before describing how their hand feels. Additionally, try reading your work aloud to check if the sentences flow naturally. When you use comparisons like "like a gun fire shot on my hand," make sure they help the reader understand what you're describing.

Score: 40/50

Section 2:

Droplets of water ripped open from the heavy clouds above pouring on over the world, ~~the sky turned to~~ [as the sky transformed into] a gloomy arena where something bad was hinting. It was raining cats and dogs while my umbrella ~~started to scream~~ [screamed] like a newborn baby just pulled out of sleep, creating unusual shapes in mid-air fall. I restlessly carried myself over the luring polished pavements. The day ~~unravell~~ [unravell] like a picture that flipped open from Leonardo Da Vinci's colourful transcendent sketchbook. #1 I explored my adventurous hand through my metallic ~~waved~~ [woven] precariously reminiscent bag, covered in turquoise, ~~for the attempt to~~ [attempting to] find the ultimate ~~saviour~~ [saviour] to my horrendous nightmare, the metal key to literature. The wind roared and the leaves howled, plotting something bad ~~is~~ [was] going to happen...

"AHA", I ~~boasted~~ [exclaimed] in ebullient energy as I had touched upon a key that acted in the place of my partner, the paper folded under my hands spelling the plot twist that I had planned earlier while whispering dune tones of what the techniques master Tim had shown me. #2 I started scribbling down more ideas that were ~~bought~~ [brought] along to my plan while perspiration gasped the core of my right hand. My pencil nearly dropping out, but I continued to ~~right~~ [write]. Now my hand had started to ache like a gun fire shot on my hand, the scene was like anything. As my light in my room started to flicker like the last ballet I saw with my grandpa last Christmas, half of my face was painted in an ultimate

glow while the other half danced with tantalizing shadows akin to Caravaggio's resplendent painting reminiscent to ~~her~~ [his] technique of chiaroscuro (the ultimate play of light and shadow).

The sky turned into a darkish blue as another day started to end like my narrative now. #3 My hands half alive blasted into the cacophony of hurt as the wind now blended into the sky. This key was about to miserably get lost and if ~~so, it did happen~~ [it did], I was ~~doomed~~ [doomed]. The nearly dried pathway now ~~busted~~ [burst] into tears from being stepped on as each intricate atom that was weaved on this very surface while it sang the symphony of my old, distorted violin in orchestra and harmony together.