

Section 1:

**#1** Opening paragraph - "The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd, like a conductor's baton freezing an orchestra mid-note. Jagged lightning twitched across the sky illuminating thirteen thousand upturned faces, all spellbound by the storm."

**Strengths:** Your opening creates immediate atmosphere with the thunder-conductor comparison. The visual of thirteen thousand faces creates scale and collective tension.

**Weakness:** Missing punctuation → The phrase "illuminating thirteen thousand upturned faces" needs a comma before "illuminating" because it's a participial phrase describing the lightning's action.

**Exemplar:** *"Jagged lightning twitched across the sky, illuminating thirteen thousand upturned faces, all spellbound by the storm."*

**#2** Middle section - "Droplets drummed a syncopated rhythm against the metal railings as Eva descended toward the pitch, each step conveying the burden of loss and longing. The stadium's floodlights sputtered and surged, illuminating her path in shattered fragments."

**Strengths:** Your use of "syncopated rhythm" shows sophisticated vocabulary choice. The connection between Eva's emotional state and her physical movement works well.

**Weakness:** Unclear meaning → The phrase "each step conveying the burden of loss and longing" doesn't clearly explain what burden Eva carries or why her steps would convey these feelings to readers.

**Exemplar:** *"Each step reminded her of the weight she carried—three years of grief and unfulfilled promises."*

**#3** Final paragraph - "As she ascended the stadium steps, clutching the compass to her chest, the now-clear day seemed to smile, promising to reveal more secrets in the days ahead."

**Strengths:** Your ending provides closure whilst hinting at future adventures. The contrast between the earlier storm and clear day shows good structural planning.

**Weakness:** Inconsistent imagery → You describe "the now-clear day seemed to smile" but earlier mentioned the storm was subsiding, not that it had completely cleared, which creates confusion about the weather's actual state.

**Exemplar:** *"As she ascended the stadium steps, clutching the compass to her chest, the calming sky hinted at more secrets waiting to unfold."*

■ Your piece demonstrates strong atmospheric writing and maintains reader interest throughout Eva's journey. The mystery element works effectively, particularly the father's cryptic message and hidden coordinates. However, your writing would benefit from clearer explanations of Eva's motivations and emotional connections. Additionally, some sentences need better punctuation to help readers follow your ideas smoothly. The storm setting creates good tension, but you could strengthen the connection between Eva's internal feelings and external events. Also, several sentences could be simplified whilst keeping your advanced vocabulary - this would make your meaning clearer. Consider explaining why Eva feels compelled to follow her father's clues and what their relationship was like. Furthermore, ensure your imagery remains consistent throughout each scene to avoid confusing readers about the setting's actual conditions.

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**Overall Score: 43/50**

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## Section 2:

**#1** The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd, like a conductor's baton freezing an orchestra mid-note. Jagged lightning twitched across the sky, ~~illuminating~~ [illuminating] thirteen thousand upturned faces, all spellbound by the storm. Eva felt her heart hammering against her ribcage as the metallic taste of fear coated her tongue like a copper coin. Another streak of lightning forked the dark silhouetted sky. It illuminated the stadium like a photographer's flash, casting harsh shadows beneath wide eyes and parted lips. Rain pelted down to the grass, as if it were performing a death march, each contact a countdown to the unyielding vocations of sin...

Eva's breath came in short, sharp gasps, choking on the acrid raindrops. She clutched her ticket until its edges crumpled between her ~~white-knuckled~~ [white-knuckled] fingers. The air crackled with charged electricity. What secrets did this tempest herald?

**#2** Droplets drummed a syncopated rhythm against the metal railings as Eva descended toward the pitch, each step conveying the burden of loss and longing [. Each step reminded her of the weight she carried—three years of grief and unfulfilled promises]. The stadium's floodlights sputtered and surged, illuminating her path in shattered fragments. Three years ago, to this day, they had sat together in this very stadium. His voice resonated in her mind, a whisper against the storm's growl: "When thunder speaks, listen carefully."

The centre of the pitch gleamed, a brown mirror reflecting the fractured sky. While thousands huddled beneath shelter, Eva stood exposed to the elements' fury. She unfolded the ticket fully,

remembering her father's cryptic words about hidden messages, and discovered coordinates beneath the crease. Her heart quickened with recognition. The storm's voice started to crescendo around her like an orchestra reaching its finale. She knelt and pressed her palm against the sodden grass. Here, beneath this precise spot, something awaited her—something her father had known she would one day be ready to find. Her fingers excavated the softened earth; mud blemished her manicured nails. What secret could be worth this eccentric pilgrimage?

The rain's steady patter provided percussion for her racing thoughts. Six inches down, her fingertips grazed against something solid. A thrill of anticipation rippled through her body like a brush through a crystal lake. Eva unearthed a tarnished metal box, its surface inscribed with her initials. The storm above raged with uncontrolled ferocity, while Eva's movements became meticulous. Precise. The box's lid protested with a blemished groan. Inside lay a compass, glistening like a captured star. Eva's breath paused as she recognised her father's prized possession — the very instrument that had guided him through myriad explorations. Attached was a waterproof note: "True north isn't always where the indicator points." Her fingers trembled as she caressed the frigid metal. The storm began to subside, yet within Eva's chest, a new tempest stirred.

**#3** As she ascended the stadium steps, clutching the compass to her chest, the now-clear day seemed to smile, promising to reveal more secrets in the days ahead [, the calming sky hinted at more secrets waiting to unfold].