

Section 1:

#1 *"The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd, the stadium so quiet you could even hear a fly buzz. Rain poured down onto us, people seeking their ponchos."*

Strengths: Your opening creates immediate atmosphere with vivid sensory details. The contrast between loud thunder and sudden silence effectively draws readers in.

Weakness: Sentence structure confusion → Your second sentence lacks clarity because "people seeking their ponchos" doesn't connect properly to the main clause about rain pouring down. This makes the sentence hard to follow.

Exemplar: *Rain poured down onto us, and people scrambled to find their ponchos.*

#2 *"Thunder continued to slap the defenseless grass, as the shadow consumed all the color as it approached. Green? Gone in a hurry. Hot pink? Drained from existence."*

Strengths: Your use of personification with "defenseless grass" creates strong imagery. The short, punchy sentences about colours disappearing build tension effectively.

Weakness: Repetitive sentence patterns → You use "as" twice in the first sentence, making it clunky to read. The colour examples also feel disconnected from a football stadium setting.

Exemplar: *Thunder continued to slap the defenceless grass whilst the shadow consumed all colour in its path.*

#3 *"I couldn't describe what they were. All wearing white dresses, with red spots stained on it – I don't suppose it was paint."*

Strengths: Your mysterious description builds suspense well. The casual comment about paint creates an unsettling contrast with the horror.

Weakness: Pronoun disagreement → You write "All wearing white dresses" (plural) but then use "on it" (singular), which creates confusion about whether you're describing one dress or many.

Exemplar: *All wearing white dresses with red spots stained on them – I don't suppose it was paint.*

■ Your piece shows strong imagination and creates an engaging supernatural story. You've built a mysterious atmosphere that keeps readers interested, especially with the introduction of Khaos as the villain. Your dialogue feels natural and helps develop the characters well. However, your

writing would benefit from clearer sentence structure throughout. Many sentences become confusing because they try to include too many ideas at once. Additionally, you could strengthen your story by adding more details about Gabriela's background and powers earlier in the piece. Also, some descriptions don't quite match the setting - for example, "hot pink" seems unusual for a football stadium. Furthermore, your transitions between paragraphs could be smoother to help readers follow the story more easily. Consider breaking up longer sentences and checking that your pronouns match correctly with what they're describing.

Overall Score: 40/50

Section 2:

#1 The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd, the stadium so quiet you could even hear a fly buzz. Rain poured down onto us, ~~people seeking their ponchos~~ [and people scrambled to find their ponchos]. The game had stopped mid-kick. One moment – nothing stirring, just the cold patter of rain – the next, ~~an inhumane silhouette casted~~ [an inhuman silhouette cast] on the plain grass fields. ~~Everyone didn't seem to notice~~ [No one seemed to notice]; too busy protecting themselves from the icy water.

#2 Thunder continued to slap the ~~defenseless~~ [defenceless] grass, ~~as the shadow consumed all the color as it approached~~ [whilst the shadow consumed all colour in its path]. Green? Gone in a hurry. Hot pink? Drained from existence. I couldn't see it, but I could feel the pull of my joy, happiness, all I had lived for, forcing itself into it. What could this mysterious compulsion be? I had this vague memory in the back ~~in~~ [of] my head – so close, yet so far.

"Gabriela Angelini," I heard its voice, deep and rich, like ~~a~~ [the] droning of a trumpet. It took a moment for me to realise it knew my name. Suddenly, memories flooded back.

"Khaos," I muttered underneath my breath. The goddess, the creator of chaos itself, the curser. How she could turn anything into dust just with the effortless flick of her hand. How the echo of her voice could kill. How she could turn my father – anyone against me.

"Yes, it is, my love," she smiled wickedly. She was dressed in black robes, her skin making her look like she bathed in moonlight, a blood red laurel wreath ~~covered~~ [covering] her head. She looked ethereal – in an eerie way. Her eyes were pure white; I could feel them boring into my soul.

"After a millennia, at last, I am finally truly free," she grinned, stretching her arms as they expanded. "Your mother sealed me off for good last time, I thought you would do better, young Gabriela."

I knew something. My father was cursed – turned against my mother and I under the influence of Khaos' dreams.

"That's right, my sweet," she cooed eerily as if she could read my thoughts. "Your father was the perfect pawn; damaged and depressed. It didn't take much to make him one of my loyal slaves. As for the other mortals in this stadium..."

I looked around quickly [;] the crowd was gone. No living soul treaded across the landmass anymore – just Khaos, the bad weather, and I.

"...They'll look gorgeous in my palace," she finished with a smile. Pure horror spread across my face, my skin turning pale as if I had just seen a ghost. I could feel a strong aura begin to form around her.

"W-What did you do t-to them?" My voice cracked ~~midsentence~~ [mid-sentence], my hands trembling with fear.

Khaos just spread her arms open huskily.

"Just did a little fixing to them, love," she raised her hands up. "And I'm sorry to say that our chatting time has come to an end, it's time for you to die." People – things came charging at me.

#3 I couldn't describe what they were. ~~All wearing white dresses, with red spots stained on it~~ [All wearing white dresses with red spots stained on them] – I don't suppose it was paint. Their jet black hair covered their faces, their skin, pale as pure white. Oh, wow cool, I get to experience watching weird people coming at me? Awesome! It was terrifying, their speed only giving me a moment to react. But it was too late, red strikes flashing at me. The last thing I heard was wicked laughing and a shrill voice shrieking, "I've always wanted to say that!" before everything ~~going~~ [went] black. Was I... dead?