

Section 1:

#1 - Opening paragraph describing the thunderstorm and Daisy's reaction

Strengths: Your opening creates a vivid sensory experience with strong imagery like "radiant stroke of bright yellow paint" and "raindrops pounded the stadium walls." You effectively establish the dramatic atmosphere and introduce Daisy's emotional state through physical details like her white knuckles gripping the ticket.

Weakness: Fragmented narrative flow → Your sentences jump between different sensory details without smooth connections, making the reading experience choppy. For example, you move abruptly from "Wind howled around her ears" directly to "Gasping for breath, she realised she could hear something" without establishing how these moments relate to each other.

Exemplar: *Wind howled around her ears, and as she gasped for breath against the freezing air, she gradually became aware of something else.*

#2 - Middle section where Daisy recalls her father's memory about the glass window panes

Strengths: Your flashback adds emotional depth to Daisy's character and helps explain her connection to her father's wisdom. The specific details about buying three sheets of glass create a touching sense of their modest circumstances.

Weakness: Unclear relevance of memory → The connection between the glass window memory and the current storm situation isn't clearly established, leaving readers confused about why this particular memory surfaces. The phrase "recalling when her father had first given her house glass window panes" doesn't logically connect to the "ringing and shattering sound."

Exemplar: *The sound reminded her of the day her father taught her that broken glass, like storms, could be mended with patience and understanding.*

#3 - Climax where Daisy convinces the orchestra to keep playing

Strengths: Your dialogue feels authentic and urgent, particularly Daisy's desperate calls to the musicians. The resolution brings together the father's wisdom theme effectively with the phrase "Music ignites our hearts."

Weakness: Insufficient character motivation → The orchestra's sudden willingness to believe Daisy's theory lacks proper development. The flute player demands "proof" but then immediately accepts her explanation without adequate justification for this dramatic shift in behaviour.

Exemplar: *The flute player hesitated, then noticed the shimmering barrier forming above them whenever they played in harmony, his scepticism gradually melting into wonder.*

■ Your piece demonstrates strong creative imagination and emotional depth, particularly in how you weave together themes of family wisdom and music's power. The storm setting creates excellent dramatic tension, and your sensory descriptions help readers feel immersed in the scene. However, your narrative would benefit from smoother transitions between ideas and clearer logical connections. Additionally, some character motivations need stronger development to make their actions more believable. Also, consider strengthening the connection between your flashback sequences and the main plot to help readers understand their significance. Furthermore, work on making your dialogue exchanges more realistic by showing gradual character development rather than sudden changes in belief or behaviour.

Overall Score: 46/50

Section 2:

The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd, like a radiant stroke of bright yellow paint from the darkening clouds. Raindrops pounded the stadium walls, drumming a staccato rhythm that slowly ~~lead~~ [led] up to deafening crashes of lightning, illuminating furrowed brows and eyes slammed shut. Daisy's heart rattled in her ribcage. Her fist gripped her ticket with white knuckles, the drooping, golden paper wet and dull. It squished between her fingers, the frigid water sending slight tremors down her spine. Clutching the envelope, she quickly slipped it into the pocket of her pale pink puffer jacket. Wind howled around her ears, batting her face with freezing air. ~~Gasping for breath, she realised she could hear something.~~ [As she gasped for breath, she gradually realised she could hear something beneath the storm's fury.] Tilting her head to the stage, Daisy could faintly hear the orchestra's tubas and double basses rumbling nervously, unsure whether to continue or not. The bows moved agonisingly slowly, gradually harmonising with the tubas. Flutes slowly joined in, raising the silver bar to their mouth and blowing. Soon, the entire orchestra was playing, with trombones confidently moving their slides and saxophones creating a growing crescendo. #1 Daisy squinted, scrunching up her eyes, and thought that she saw a pale barrier in the sky, as if holding back the lightning and thunder. Abruptly, thunder slammed claws onto the stage, growling and hissing at the band. With wide eyes and pale faces, white as snow, the orchestra dropped their instruments instantly. At that exact moment, the film preventing the thunder from coming through broke, and Daisy heard a distant ringing and shattering sound, like glass. ~~She unconsciously patted her pocket, recalling when her father had first given her house glass window panes.~~ [She unconsciously patted her pocket, the sound reminding her of when her father had first brought home glass window panes]

for their house.] They bought three sheets, all they could afford. #2 Daisy clearly remembered that moment: first, the intense, overjoyed grin that traced her face from ear to ear, wide and large. ~~The laughing, at how they finally got something Daisy loved.~~ [Then came the laughter, celebrating how they finally had something Daisy had always wanted.] The freedom, of knowing what was outside and being able to see it. She snapped back into reality, hearing that ringing and shattering once again. The crowd looked up in confusion, trying to find the cause of the sound. But Daisy knew. She knew the root of this storm. She knew how to end it. She just needed to tell the band.

"Keep playing!" hollered Daisy. "It can stop the storm!" Her father had always told her 'Listen when storm speaks: there is always a meaning.' She couldn't have felt her father's words buzz in her head more. Everything clicked into place now. The jigsaw had finally been completed. In a way, she was grateful for this storm, or she might have grown and died without knowing how much her father had taught her. "Tubas! Bassoons! Violas! Flutes! Clarinets! Saxophones! Percussion! Piano! Listen! Your playing will create a barrier that can stop the storm!" Daisy cried. "Give us proof!" boomed a flute player, his voice sceptical but his eyes shining with hope. "Up there! You can see a film forming when you play and don't stop! Music ignites our hearts!" she added, repeating another of her father's favourite mantras. ~~The band nodded, believing in the only theory that they had.~~ [The band hesitated momentarily, then slowly nodded as they noticed the shimmering barrier above, choosing to believe in the only hope they had.] #3 Their notes rose, creating a barrier on the obsidian black sky. Clouds roared and snarled, sending jagged lightning hurtling towards the band. They fearlessly played on, their pieces igniting their night sky. Daisy's eyes shimmered with hope["Please work," she whispered, her voice barely audible.] The sky screamed and barked furiously, helpless and unable to ruin the concert. The barrier was thick and sturdy, weaved with treble clefs and middle Cs. "I think it worked," breathed Daisy, sighing with a wave of sudden relief. Stars twinkled merrily at her, as if they didn't notice the raging battle that had lasted for three hours. The crowd was silent, absolutely speechless. They abruptly erupted with cheers, whooping and clapping. Daisy felt her cheeks tinge pink. Thanks, Dad," she smiled, taking out her envelope and slipping out the faded image of her father in black and white. "You were the real hero today. You and your mantras that I always thought were so annoying. They saved the day," she whispered to the photograph.