

## Section 1:

### #1 - Opening paragraph with storm imagery

**Strengths:** Your vivid sensory language creates a powerful atmospheric opening. The metaphorical connection between the storm and emotional turmoil shows sophisticated thinking.

**Weakness: Unclear narrative perspective** → Your opening shifts confusingly between describing the storm and the narrator's experience without establishing clear connections. Phrases like "Every roar was a subtle warning of danger" and "Every chant gently signalled me with jagged yet unspoken words" lack clarity about what these sounds represent or how they relate to your main story.

**Exemplar:** *The storm outside mirrored my feelings as I waited for Mum - each rumble of thunder reminded me of my growing worry.*

### #2 - Concert scene description

**Strengths:** Your detailed portrayal of the mother's performance demonstrates strong observational skills. The sensory details about her appearance and music create an engaging scene.

**Weakness: Sentence structure complications** → Your sentences become overly complex and sometimes unclear. The phrase "every note as a humble pianissimo" is grammatically incomplete, and "her voice numbed all the pain that was hidden" creates confusion about whose pain is being referenced.

**Exemplar:** *Each note she played was soft and gentle, like a quiet whisper that made all my worries disappear.*

**#3 - Lightning strike and aftermath** **Strengths:** Your action sequence effectively builds tension through sound effects and physical descriptions. The emotional impact of the separation comes through clearly.

**Weakness: Logical sequence gaps** → Your narrative jumps between events without sufficient explanation of cause and effect. The transition from "Lightning struck her" to the mother's condition needs clearer development of what actually happened and how severe her injuries were.

**Exemplar:** *When the lightning hit the stage, Mum collapsed immediately, and I could see she was badly hurt.*

■ Your piece shows genuine emotional depth and contains moments of beautiful descriptive writing that capture the bond between child and parent effectively. The central concept of a child's patient love and ultimate loss resonates strongly. However, your narrative would benefit from clearer storytelling that helps readers follow the sequence of events more easily. Focus on making each paragraph connect smoothly to the next one, so your readers never feel confused about what's happening. Additionally, consider simplifying some of your more complex sentences to ensure your powerful emotions come through clearly. Your story has real heart - now work on making sure every reader can follow your journey from beginning to end. Also, pay attention to completing your thoughts in each sentence before moving to the next idea. Furthermore, develop the relationship between the storm imagery and the actual events more explicitly throughout your piece.

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**Overall Score: 42/50**

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## Section 2:

#1 Rigid strikes of opal bruised the obsidian sky like brushes of pain tumbling through a purple mayhem. Every roar was a subtle warning of danger. Every chant gently ~~signaled~~ [signalled] me with jagged yet unspoken words. The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd [.] ~~with a snap of a finger~~ [With a snap of a finger, silence fell].

#2 As the hour hand and the minute hand simultaneously hit 12 on the clock, I stared with drowsiness at the door. When will Mum come back? I asked myself – has Mum ever played with me since I was 7? The door clicked [.] I sprinted towards Mum, but all I deserved to see was the exhaustion on her face. Where was the smile that used to be permanently there? Thoughts buzzed in my ears like frenzied bees. Should I tell her? Should I tell her about my feelings? I made my final decision~~::~ [.] ~~nothing~~ [Nothing] would interrupt Mum until the most important day of her life.

All of this – the waiting, the silence – had led to this. Eager fans cheered like a tuba [.] ~~every~~ [Every] accented staccato crescendoed through the concert stage. I cheered the loudest. On the stage stood Mum. Her chestnut hair hovered above her shoulders and rested upon her ears. Her dress radiated with vibrant shades of yellow – my favourite colour. I watched with inspiration [as] her alluring fingers softly plucked the strings of her harp [.] ~~every~~ [Every] note ~~as~~ [was] a humble pianissimo. As she played, my ears adored the way her melody reverberated through the stage [.] ~~her~~ [Her] voice numbed all the pain that was hidden. Mum always puts on citrusy perfume [—] the sour seeds, the sweet lemonade.

#3 Pitter patterPitter [, pitter] patter. Hua la la~~,Hua~~ [, hua] la la. Boom! Crash! Crack! I gasped. Music stopped. My knuckles turned white [.] ~~my~~ [My] heart hammered relentlessly like a wild animal trying to escape from my chest. My heartbeat pulsated erratically as adrenaline accelerated through my veins. My jaws were clenched – my lips bled. ~~Ghost-like~~ [Ghost-like] strikes pierced through the atmosphere as ~~it~~ [they] forced a halt to the concert. An ear-piercing roar of deafening thunder suddenly reverberated through the air~~and~~ [, and] streaks of incandescent lightning flashed across the dismal sky. She fell. Mum quivered from fright [.] ~~she~~ [She] was left agonised in the middle of the stage, her arms turning black. Lightning struck her. I fastened my steps up the stairs [.] I rushed next to Mum.

Crimson blood streamed down her arms and soaked her legs [.] ~~all~~ [All] the manifestation ~~written~~ [was written] on her face. Doctors rushed ~~on~~ [onto the] stage whilst Mum was still suffering in pain. They took her into the ambulance [.] ~~the~~ [The] sirens grew even louder than the thunder. Every second, every mistake might separate me and my Mum forever. However, I had never thought that it would be my last time seeing Mum through the rowdy roar of sirens. Not even the accompaniment of her harp. Not even a person to love me from now on. Not even her citrusy perfume. Sweet, when I remembered her harp. Sour, of the silence between us.