

Section 1:

#1 "I stood in the foyer of a house I didn't remember building—but somehow knew. The floor pulsed beneath my feet, warm like skin. Water slid down the windows, though the sky outside was dry and still. Somewhere upstairs, a piano played itself."

Strengths: Your vivid sensory details create a powerful dreamlike atmosphere. The contrasting elements (dry sky/wet windows) effectively establish the surreal nature of the dream.

Weakness: Disjointed imagery without contextual connection → The piano playing itself is introduced but not developed further. This leaves a promising sensory element hanging without integration into the broader experience. The phrase "a piano played itself" could be better connected to how you felt about hearing this mysterious sound.

Exemplar: *The floor pulsed beneath my feet, warm like skin, while somewhere upstairs, a piano played itself—its haunting melody drawing me deeper into this familiar-unfamiliar place.*

#2 "The rooms unfolded around me, shifting with every breath. A hallway became a childhood bedroom. The wallpaper—flying horses—I used to believe they moved at night. The kitchen smelled like cinnamon and bleach. A chair on the ceiling whispered my name."

Strengths: Your use of unexpected transitions between spaces creates genuine dream logic. The sensory details (smells of cinnamon and bleach) add richness to the experience.

Weakness: Fragmented flow between sensory elements → The sudden shifts between locations happen without meaningful connections between them. The phrase "A chair on the ceiling whispered my name" comes after kitchen smells without building a clear emotional progression through these spaces.

Exemplar: *As I moved through the shifting rooms, childhood memories surfaced—the flying horse wallpaper I once believed came alive at night gave way to a kitchen filled with the contradictory smells of cinnamon and bleach, before I looked up to find a chair clinging to the ceiling, softly whispering my name.*

#3 "The ceiling cracked open. The house breathed in. I woke up."

Strengths: Your concise ending effectively captures the abrupt nature of dream conclusion. The personification of the house "breathing in" creates a powerful final image.

Weakness: Underdeveloped emotional conclusion → The ending lacks a clear emotional response or reflection on what the dream meant to you. The three short sentences create an abrupt stop without connecting to the emotional journey through the dream house.

Exemplar: *As the ceiling cracked open above me and the house drew in one final, shuddering breath, I woke up with my mother's words still echoing—a reminder that I was still searching for a place to truly call home.*

■ Your dream diary entry creates a fascinating dreamscape with rich imagery and symbolism. The core strength lies in how you've captured the fluid, illogical nature of dreams where spaces transform and impossible things happen naturally. To deepen the substance, consider adding more of your emotional reactions to these strange events. How did you feel when the floor pulsed beneath your feet? Were you frightened, curious or comforted by the chair whispering your name? Adding these emotional responses would help readers connect more deeply with your experience. Also, the recurring theme about "home" and your mother could be strengthened by making clearer connections between these elements throughout the piece. Try building a stronger link between the beginning and end of the dream to create a more satisfying journey through this mysterious house. Your writing shows great potential—with a bit more attention to your emotional journey through the dream, you could transform this good piece into something truly memorable.

Score: 40/50

Section 2:

Dear diary today I have a dream, and this is how it was.

#1 I stood in the foyer of a house I didn't remember building—but somehow knew. The floor pulsed beneath my feet, warm like skin. Water slid down the windows, though the sky outside was dry and still. Somewhere upstairs, a piano played itself.

The rooms unfolded around me, shifting with every breath. A hallway became a childhood bedroom. The wallpaper—flying horses—I used to believe they moved at night. The kitchen smelled like cinnamon and bleach. A chair on the ceiling whispered my name.

Flash—

My mother slicing apples at a sunlit table. "One day, you'll build a place of your own." She smiled like she knew she wouldn't see it.

#2 The attic appeared next, impossibly wide, filled with shadows that flinched. In its centre: a door.

DO NOT OPEN UNLESS YOU FORGOT.

I opened it.

Water walls. My reflection swam beside me, changing ages. "You never moved in," it said. "You only visit."

I fell through the house~~~~room to room~~—room to room—memories stacked like boxes. A hospital bed. A wilted flower. A crib with a letter:

"You are not lost. You just keep trying to come home."

I landed in the living room. Every piece of furniture wore a white sheet. A photo on the mantle showed my mother. Then it changed. It was me.

#3 The ceiling cracked open. The house breathed in.

I woke up.