

Section 1:

#1 - Opening paragraph: "The wind screamed through the trees like a warning, but I couldn't resist. The abandoned tree-house at the edge of the woods had whispered my name for years—and tonight, I answered."

Strengths: Your opening creates immediate tension and mystery. The personification of the wind "screaming" and the tree-house "whispering" draws readers in effectively.

Weakness: Unclear motivation → You haven't explained why your character feels compelled to visit the tree-house. The phrase "but I couldn't resist" doesn't give readers enough information about what drives your character's decision, making it harder to connect with their actions.

Exemplar: *"The wind screamed through the trees like a warning, but curiosity about the strange lights I'd seen flickering inside drove me forward."*

#2 - Discovery sequence: "I crouched beside an old chest tucked in the corner, fingers trembling as I lifted the lid. Inside were small treasures—an old flashlight, a cracked compass, a notebook with faded scribbles: 'Operation Ghost Watch — Day 11.'"

Strengths: Your description of the chest's contents builds mystery well. The notebook entry "Operation Ghost Watch" creates intrigue about previous visitors.

Weakness: Missing context → You don't explain who might have left these items or when they were placed there. The phrase "small treasures" lacks specific details that would help readers visualise exactly what your character discovers.

Exemplar: *"Inside lay remnants of childhood adventures—a rusty torch, a compass with its glass cracked, and a leather-bound notebook belonging to someone named Jake."*

#3 - Climax: "A figure stood in the shadows. Not moving. Not speaking. I blinked. It vanished."

Strengths: Your short, sharp sentences create excellent tension. The figure's sudden disappearance adds to the supernatural atmosphere.

Weakness: Underdeveloped climax → You don't provide enough description of the figure to create a lasting impression. The phrases "stood in the shadows" and "it vanished" are too brief to build real fear or understanding of what your character witnessed.

Exemplar: *"A tall, thin figure stood motionless in the far corner, its face obscured by darkness. When I blinked, only empty air remained where it had been standing."*

■ Your piece shows strong potential for atmospheric horror writing. The pacing works well, moving from curiosity to fear effectively. However, your story needs more depth in character development and clearer explanations of events. Additionally, you could strengthen your descriptions by adding more sensory details beyond just sight and sound. Consider expanding on your character's thoughts and feelings throughout the experience. Also, the supernatural elements need better grounding—readers should understand whether this is meant to be a real ghost encounter or your character's imagination. Furthermore, the ending feels rushed and could benefit from a stronger resolution that ties together the notebook discovery and the figure appearance.

Score: 44/50

Section 2:

#1 The wind screamed through the trees like a warning, but I couldn't resist. The abandoned tree-house at the edge of the woods had whispered my name for years—and tonight, I answered.

#2 Branches clawed at my jacket as I climbed the hill. The tree-house loomed above, barely visible under the moonlight, swaying ever so slightly with the wind. Its wooden ladder, cracked and splintered, looked ready to fall apart, but I grabbed it anyway. One rung at a time.

Each step creaked like a groan from the past. Leaves blew in circles below me, and the trees shuddered all around. I reached the top, heart pounding, and slowly pushed open the trapdoor.

The hinges squealed.

The air inside was thick with dust and old wood. A broken lantern lay in one corner, and a stack of yellowed comic books in another. Spiderwebs hung like curtains, swaying gently as the wind seeped through the cracks in the wooden walls.

I stepped inside, and the trapdoor slammed shut behind me. BANG.

I spun around, breath caught in my throat. Nothing but the shadows. I whispered, "Hello?"

No answer. Just the wind, moaning through the tiny window.

#3 I crouched beside an old chest tucked in the corner, fingers trembling as I lifted the lid. Inside were small treasures—an old flashlight, a cracked compass, a notebook with faded scribbles: "Operation Ghost Watch — Day 11."

I turned the page. "Something is in the woods. Watching. It only comes when the wind is loud."

My blood turned to ice.

A soft creak echoed from behind me.

I whipped around.

A figure stood in the shadows. Not moving. Not speaking.

I blinked. It vanished.

The wind howled louder now, rattling the boards. The tree-house rocked. I ran to the trapdoor, yanked it open, and scrambled down the ladder, slipping on the final rung and landing hard.

I didn't look back.

Behind me, the tree-house creaked again—like it was laughing.