

Section 1:

#1 *"Branches clawed at the sky as I crept toward the tree-house, its crooked silhouette swaying under the weight of time. The house loomed above me like a forgotten watchtower, perched in the gnarled arms of an ancient gum tree."*

Strengths: Your opening creates a strong mood with vivid imagery. The comparison to a watchtower helps readers picture the scene clearly.

Weakness: Unclear sequence → Your writing jumps between different actions without clear connections. You mention creeping towards the tree-house, then describe climbing a ladder, but it's confusing when these actions happen.

Exemplar: *I crept towards the tree-house, then began climbing the damp ladder that led to its entrance.*

#2 *"I paused. Something thudded a dull, echoing noise and I was frozen. Shadows danced on the ground like restless spirits."*

Strengths: Your short sentences build tension effectively. The shadow description adds to the spooky atmosphere.

Weakness: Repetitive sentence structure → Your sentences follow the same pattern, making the writing feel choppy. Many sentences start with "I" or simple subjects, which makes the flow uneven.

Exemplar: *After pausing to listen, I heard a dull thud that froze me in place, whilst shadows danced below like restless spirits.*

#3 *"The walls were covered in peeling posters, faded by sun and rain, their once-bright colours now ghosts of childhood. A broken lantern lay on its side. Crayon drawings curled at the edges, pinned to the wall with rusty nails."*

Strengths: Your descriptive details paint a clear picture of the abandoned space. The phrase "ghosts of childhood" works well to show how old everything is.

Weakness: Disconnected observations → Your descriptions don't connect to create a complete picture. You list what you see but don't explain how these details relate to the story or your character's feelings.

Exemplar: *The peeling posters and curled crayon drawings reminded me of happier times, making the empty tree-house feel even more lonely.*

■ Your piece shows good use of sensory details and creates an effective spooky atmosphere. However, the writing would benefit from smoother connections between ideas and clearer structure. Your descriptions are vivid, but they sometimes feel like separate observations rather than parts of one story. Additionally, you could strengthen your writing by varying your sentence beginnings and length more. Also, connecting your descriptions to the character's emotions would help readers understand why these details matter. Furthermore, organising your observations in a more logical order would help the story flow better. You might also consider explaining what the character hopes to find or why they're visiting this place, which would give your descriptions more purpose.

Overall Score: 40/50

Section 2:

#1 Branches clawed at the sky as I crept toward the tree-house, its crooked silhouette swaying under the weight of time. The house loomed above me like a forgotten watchtower, perched in the gnarled arms of an ancient gum tree. #2 The damp, cold ladder groaned beneath my feet, every wooden rung splintered and cold like forgotten bones. My heart thudded in my chest. I climbed higher, each step echoing inside me, until finally, I reached the platform. ~~I paused. Something thudded a dull, echoing noise and I was frozen.~~ [I paused when something thudded with a dull, echoing noise that froze me in place.] Shadows danced on the ground like restless spirits. The air smelled of wet bark, old soil, and something musty, like a suitcase left too long in the attic. My torch flickered weakly in my hand. Somewhere behind me, a kookaburra laughed, sharp and jarring in the stillness. ~~Every sound felt too loud for this.~~ [Every sound felt unnaturally loud in the silence.] ~~The air tasted like damp moss, so I grabbed the first rung.~~ [Despite the air tasting like damp moss, I grabbed the first rung.] It was slick and rough, the grain raised and split from years of storms and silence. The door to the tree house was hanging off one hinge, swinging slowly in the wind, a breathless invitation. I stepped inside, the floorboards moaning underfoot, and the smell of mildew wrapped around me like a damp blanket. #3 The walls were covered in peeling posters, faded by sun and rain, their once-bright colours now ghosts of childhood. A broken lantern lay on its side. Crayon drawings curled at the edges, pinned to the wall with rusty nails. A curtain flapped in the shattered window, whispering secrets to the night.

