

Section 1:

#1 - Opening paragraph describing the invitation and Jack's nervousness

Strengths: Your sensory details create vivid imagery, particularly "fingers trickled down the rough texture" and "sun's reflection bounced of the golden words." Your use of physical reactions like "stomach tightening into a knot" effectively shows Jack's anxiety.

Weakness: Confusing metaphor usage → The phrase "gym bag was loaded with items, waiting at the front porch like missiles at a country's border" creates confusion because missiles don't wait peacefully - they're meant for action. This metaphor doesn't match the calm waiting situation you're describing.

Exemplar: *"My gym bag sat packed and ready at the front porch, like a faithful dog waiting for its walk."*

#2 - Journey to Mike's house and arrival at the door

Strengths: Your description of Jack's hesitation at the door builds tension well. The detail "I dig my hand through the slight hole in my bag" shows his nervous habit effectively.

Weakness: Unclear sentence construction → The sentence "The ground was pulling me towards it, preventing me from moving" doesn't make logical sense because if the ground pulls you down, it wouldn't stop you from moving forward to the door.

Exemplar: *"My feet felt heavy, as if they were stuck to the ground, making each step towards the door feel impossible."*

#3 - Inside Mike's house and bedtime sequence

Strengths: Your transition from daytime activities to nighttime flows naturally. The counting detail "57, 58, 59, DING-DONG!" creates suspense and shows Jack's restlessness.

Weakness: Repetitive sentence patterns → You use "I" to start too many sentences in a row, making the writing feel choppy. Phrases like "I dived," "I stretched," "I closed," "I continuously heard," "I rolled" create a monotonous rhythm.

Exemplar: *"Diving onto the comfortable mattress, I stretched my legs across the blanket. The rustling window and dripping tap kept me awake as I rolled restlessly, counting each tick of the clock."*

■ Your piece captures the authentic nervousness of a first sleepover experience really well. You've chosen relatable moments that many readers will connect with, like hesitating at the door and struggling to fall asleep in an unfamiliar place. Your sensory details help readers feel Jack's anxiety alongside him. However, your writing could benefit from varying your sentence beginnings more often to create better flow. Also, some of your metaphors need clearer connections to make sense to readers. Additionally, focus on making your descriptions more logical - when you describe physical sensations or actions, make sure they match real experiences. Your dialogue feels natural, which brings the characters to life nicely. To strengthen your writing further, try reading your sentences aloud to check if they sound smooth and make sense. Your story has a clear beginning, middle, and end, which shows good structure planning.

Score: 43/50

Section 2:

The First ~~sleepover~~ [Sleepover]

#1 The decorated, vibrant invitation was pinned to the refrigerator with a magnet shaped like an eaten apple. My fingers trickled down the rough texture, soothing my mind, breath, and heart. The sun's reflection bounced ~~of~~ [off] the golden words, sending a blinding glare into the room. I skimmed through the words, my stomach tightening into a knot and my hands ~~drooling~~ [slick] with sweat. ~~My gym bag was loaded with items, waiting at the front porch like missiles at a country's border. His battered teddy was stuffed into his pocket.~~ [My gym bag sat packed at the front porch, stuffed with overnight essentials. My battered teddy was tucked safely in my pocket.]

"JACK!" exclaimed ~~mum~~ [Mum] from downstairs. My feet felt like jelly, as I dawdled down the stairs. As we piled my overnight items in the boot, thoughts clustered into the small space in my mind. The cold sensation of my metal zipper trickled down my spine. The ride through the traffic felt like a rollercoaster.

#2 We finally reached the door. "Are you ready?" asked ~~mum~~ [Mum]. I smiled ~~and~~ [an] artificial smile, my eyebrows angling together. I gradually approached the oak-brown door. I ~~dig~~ [dug] my hand through the slight hole in my bag, grazing my shirts, shorts, ~~toothbrushes~~ [toothbrush], toothpaste, and my teddy.

I clenched my hands ~~in~~ [into] a fist, raising it towards the door. Then I lowered it. The world ~~span~~ [spun] with possibilities. ~~The ground was pulling me towards it, preventing me from moving. Or at least that's what I thought.~~ [My feet felt heavy, rooted to the spot, as if the ground

held me captive.] I finally built the courage, ~~pushing~~ [pressing] the doorbell. Mum's sigh in the distance echoed ~~though~~ [through] my ears.

The creak of the floorboards and the thumping of ~~foots~~ [feet] slowly approached ~~my~~ [me], until the door ~~pelted~~ [swung] open. "Wassup dude!" shouted Mike, anticipating a clap.

A lump formed in my throat as I replied, "H-h-hey Mike."

#3 Mum sent me her final 'goodbye' as I entered Mike's house. I gritted my teeth thoroughly, shoving my hands in my pocket, but all I could feel was the numbness from the sweat on my hand. We immediately began yapping to each other, boasting about our weekend, before we started unpacking Lego and continuously gaming.

Time flew, and in a blink of an eye, the blue sky was now dark.

~~I dived onto the comfortable mattress that was provided, prepare to sleep. I stretched my legs across the blanket, pulling up my blanket. I closed my eyes, prepared to sleep. I continuously heard the rustling of my window, and the dripping of the water from the tap. I rolled in my bed, counting the ticking of the clock.~~ [Diving onto the comfortable mattress provided, I prepared for sleep. After stretching my legs across the blanket and pulling it up to my chin, I closed my eyes. The rustling window and dripping tap filled the silence as I rolled restlessly, counting each tick of the clock.]

57, 58, 59, DING-DONG!

I couldn't sleep, yet I thought, maybe if I didn't think of anything, maybe I could. And that was all I remembered.