

Section 1:

#1 (Opening paragraph with the sunflower) **Strengths:** Your opening creates a vivid picture with strong imagery like "golden crown unfurling like a banner of defiance." You also build tension effectively by showing how the wind changes from playful to threatening.

Weakness: Unclear transitions → The shift from describing the sunflower to introducing the narrator happens too suddenly. You jump from "The wind thickened, no longer playful" straight to "Beyond the field, the shadows began to stir" without connecting these ideas clearly. This makes it hard for readers to follow your story's flow.

Exemplar: *Beyond the field where the sunflower swayed, the shadows began to stir—long, deliberate, as if responding to the same unseen force that had changed the wind.*

#2 (The tile discovery and journey home) **Strengths:** You create mystery well with the tile and the old man's warning about "One tile awakens the path. Two summon the gate." Your sensory details like "tile burned cold in my pocket" are engaging.

Weakness: Repetitive phrasing → You use "burned cold in my pocket" twice in close proximity, and similar sentence patterns throughout. Phrases like "I walked" and "The tile" appear too frequently without variation. This makes your writing feel choppy rather than smooth.

Exemplar: *The mysterious object pulsed with an icy heat against my leg, its rhythm matching the quickening of my heartbeat.*

#3 (Dream sequence and ending) **Strengths:** Your imaginative world-building shines here with creative details like "pagodas threaded with glass elevators" and "rickshaws that floated a breath above the ground." The dream feels otherworldly and mysterious.

Weakness: Confusing metaphors → The phrase "like a fingerprint pressed into eternity" doesn't clearly connect to how something "folds inward." Your metaphors become unclear when you mix different comparisons without explaining how they relate to each other or to the main story.

Exemplar: *The pattern spiralled inward like water circling a drain, each layer revealing deeper mysteries that pulled me further into its centre.*

■ Your piece shows strong creative imagination and atmospheric writing. You build mystery effectively and create vivid scenes that draw readers in. However, your story needs clearer connections between different parts. The jump from the sunflower scene to finding the tile feels sudden and confusing. Also, you repeat certain phrases too often, which makes your writing sound repetitive rather than flowing smoothly. Additionally, some of your metaphors don't connect clearly to your main ideas, making them hard to understand. To improve your writing, try adding sentences

that link different scenes together more smoothly. Also, vary your sentence beginnings and avoid using the same phrases multiple times. Furthermore, make sure your comparisons help readers understand your ideas better rather than confusing them. Your creative ideas are excellent—you just need to present them more clearly so readers can follow your story easily.

Overall Score: 44/50

Section 2:

#1 The sunflower stood proud against the rising wind, its golden crown unfurling like a banner of defiance. The daystar cast a warm glance, brushing its face with light—bright, almost too cheerful. In reply, the flower swayed, its stem bowing and bending, a slow dance growing frantic. The wind thickened, no longer playful, carrying the low growl of something gathering beyond the ~~horizon~~. [horizon. As the atmosphere grew heavy with foreboding, something stirred in the distance.]

#2 Beyond the field, the shadows began to stir—long, deliberate, as if something had just remembered its name. I walked across the empty fields, every step like a breaking point. The tile burned cold in my pocket, pulsing faintly—like it knew the storm was coming before I did. I wasn't supposed to take it. The old man had warned me: "One tile awakens the path. Two summon the gate." But I hadn't believed him, not until the wind changed and the birds stopped singing. Now the tile hummed with a rhythm I couldn't ignore, and the ground beneath me felt thinner than it should.

The lamplights flickered as I walked my way home. I couldn't help but think about the tile. It seemed odd, the timing, the place, and the object itself in particular. I traced the outline of the white dragon back at home, wondering what to do with it. I couldn't let it go, it was just too peculiar.

~~The tile burned cold in my pocket the rest of the day, like a thought you're not ready to think.~~ [The mysterious object remained against my leg for the rest of the day, like a thought you're not ready to think.] That night, my dreams shifted.

#3 I was standing in a version of the city that glowed in sepia tones, its skyline crowded with impossible architecture—pagodas threaded with glass elevators, rickshaws that floated a breath above the ground. The air buzzed with static, and every signpost bore a different dialect: ancient, forgotten, made-up.

In the margins of my notebook, I've begun sketching my dreams from memory. The more I draw it, the more I notice it doesn't spiral outward—it folds inward, like a fingerprint pressed into eternity. And sometimes, when I'm not paying attention, the white dragon shifts its expression. Just slightly.

The more the dreams appeared, the more true north seemed to move away.

The sunflower had bowed since morning, its golden crown dulled to a sickly ochre. Petals clung like wet paper, heavy with something more than rain. The wind no longer danced—it whispered, low and deliberate, curling around the stem like a warning. Where it once reached for the sun, it now leaned toward the earth, as if listening for something buried beneath. Something that hadn't spoken in years.