

Section 1:

#1 Opening paragraph with the locker discovery

Strengths: Your writing creates immediate suspense with the mysterious note, and you use sensory details like "wet, black ink stuck onto my fingers" to make the scene feel real.

Character Development Issues → Your character Billie doesn't show much emotional depth or realistic reactions. When finding a threatening note, most people would feel genuinely worried or confused, but Billie seems to brush it off too quickly. The phrase "My head was a whirlpool spinning with questions" tells us about confusion but doesn't show us what Billie is actually thinking or feeling in detail.

Exemplar: *"My stomach dropped as I read the words again. Who would want to steal from me? I glanced around the empty hallway, wondering if someone was watching me right now."*

#2 The sports day and carnival preparation

Strengths: You show Billie's confidence well, and the dialogue between friends feels natural when they're discussing the competition.

Pacing Problems → Your story rushes through important events without giving them proper attention. The sports training session covers multiple activities in just a few sentences, and we don't get to experience what makes Billie such a good athlete. Phrases like "After a few 10 minutes" and "Sport ended after an hour of hard work" skip over details that could make your story more engaging.

Exemplar: *"I picked up the shotput ball, feeling its familiar weight in my palm. As I drew my arm back, I could hear my coach's advice echoing in my mind."*

#3 The carnival race and trophy theft

Strengths: You build good tension during the race, and the sudden blackout creates an effective cliffhanger ending.

Plot Logic Gaps → Your story doesn't explain important details that readers need to understand. How does Billie run 1 kilometre in 1 minute when the world record is much slower? Why does the mysterious thief choose this exact moment to steal the trophy? The connection between the warning note and the actual theft isn't clear, leaving readers confused rather than satisfied.

Exemplar: *"As the lights flickered back on, I noticed muddy footprints leading away from where the trophy had been displayed, just like the ones I'd seen near my locker yesterday."*

■ Your story has an exciting mystery plot that keeps readers interested, but it needs more realistic details and deeper character development to truly engage your audience. Billie comes across as overconfident rather than likeable, which makes it harder for readers to care about what happens to her. Additionally, your story would benefit from slowing down during key moments to let readers experience the action alongside your character. Also, you need to connect your plot points more clearly so readers can follow the mystery logically. Consider adding more details about why someone would want to target Billie and how the thief planned their crime. Furthermore, your dialogue could show more of each character's personality - right now, most characters sound quite similar when they speak.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2:

#1 The School Thief

After class, I ~~strided~~ [strode] to my locker to get my books for chemistry. Once I reached my locker, there was a big note written on my locker in permanent marker. My ~~mesmerised~~ [mesmerised] horror told me to touch it. My hand lifted slowly, trembling with fright. Wet, black ink stuck onto my fingers as my fingers glided across the smooth yet rusted surface of my ~~carmine~~ [crimson] locker. "Your prize will be stolen by ME~~"~~ [" read] ~~Read~~ the note. What prize? Who's me? Why will I be the victim of the thief? My head was a whirlpool spinning with questions. I looked around, suddenly back in my school again. No one was in the hallway~~and~~ [, and] what did I have now? Oh yeah! Chemistry! I grabbed my books and paced towards the chemistry classroom. My brain was still thinking about that note on my locker. Who wrote it? Why stolen? While the teacher kept on explaining the powers of sulfuric acid~~f~~ [, I] jotted down the powers and stuff and yada yada yada. The teacher marched up to me, snatched my notebook and read my notes. "So....Concentrated sulfuric acid has a powerful dehydrating property, removing water (H 2O) from other chemical compounds such as table sugar (sucrose) and other carbohydrates, to produce carbon, steam, and heat." The teacher read out loud. "Fine, this is okay, but next time, I WON'T let it slide." The teacher hissed, her face scarlet.

After an hour of boring chemistry, the teacher finally dismissed the class and my class headed to sport. Yes! The school carnival young sprinters competition was tomorrow! "Billie is definitely going to place first as the 12-13 age champions!" I heard my best friend Cordelia whisper to another girl called Juno. "100%"[,"] Juno exclaimed. "No, 100000000%!" Cordelia replied. I already knew it was

going to be me to win first as age champion. I was so excited for tomorrow I wish today was skipped!

#2 "Billie, can you sit on the silver seats please?" Mr. ~~Thorné~~ [Thorne] asked, piercing through my thoughts of receiving the age champion trophy. What a bummer. I sat down on the silver seats as my head hung low as if there was a boulder attached to my ~~foreign and~~ [forehead and] neck. I didn't need this average training. I already trained hours in the gym for the carnival but not for too long because I wouldn't improve as I was a natural young athlete. After Mr. ~~Thorné~~ [Thorne] sorted us into groups of 6, we started to do our activity which was running laps around the court. After ~~a few~~ [about] 10 minutes, we moved onto the next activity which included the shotput. This was my favourite because the weights are so easy to throw and they are so lightweight! Well, mostly for me because ~~it's~~ [they're] like only 4 kilograms. "Melany, you're showing excellent resilience although I have a suggestion [,] ~~can~~ [Can] you put the shotput ball to just touch the end of your ear so you can have a better push when you throw it[?]" ~~Suggested~~ [suggested] Mr. ~~Thorné~~ [Thorne]. Sport ended after an hour of hard work. The day finally ended and I could have a good sleep for tomorrow and I'm confident I will win. Marcus Kenn the 'male karen' doubts I can win the carnival and he says if I win, he'll eat his homework. I'd love to see that! ° ° °

#3 Today is finally the carnival and I'm gonna win that gorgeous, golden, glimmering trophy. The bright summer's sun glowed a spotlight on it. "Young sprinters race, starts first in 1 minute. Melany, Juno, Cordelia, Marcus, Danni, Terry, and Billie! That is you!" buzzed a quick announcement through the muddy, rusty, old megaphone. I stepped out of the little tent-like shelter to walk slowly towards the racing lanes. I walked into lane 1, my lane ~~and~~ [, and] I steadied myself and took a deep breath. Everyone else participating in the race bent low to get a strong boost when they take off. Such dummies, they think I am not here ~~otherwise~~ [Otherwise], they just want to place on the podium. "On your marks, get set, BEEP!" buzzed the megaphone. Everyone took off as well as I but it was a piece of cake beating everyone. 1 kilometre in 1 minute! Pretty fast compared to everyone else. I stepped to the sidelines, and received my 1st place ribbon. "GO CORDELIA!! GO MELANY!! WOOOOOO!!" I cheered. As soon as I cheered, that gave them the strength to keep on going. Cordelia went from jogging to actually sprinting while Melany tried to overtake Marcus. Unfortunately, neither Melany nor Cordelia came second or third. I was quite disappointed ~~at the fact~~ [that] they didn't win but still, they tried their best at least. After a few hours of championships and races, it was the moment of truth. But before that, the school moved indoors so it wouldn't be so hot anymore and we could be under the air conditioning. Whew! That feels much better. Everyone settled in their seats, waiting for the age champion awards. "And the moment you've all been waiting for, females first up, age 12-13 years. 3rd place goes to....Joanna Wong!" ~~Exclaimed~~ [exclaimed] Mr. James the head of sport as ~~Joana~~ [Joanna] made her way up the stairs and onto the stage to claim her medal. "And second place goes to.... Annita Caroline!" ~~Proclaimed~~ [proclaimed] Mr. James while Annita enthusiastically marched up the stage and received her shiny, polished, silver medal. The splendid golden trophy glinted under the spotlight. It was the moment of truth and the school's celebration for 12-13 age champions. "And 1st place goes to...."Mr. James' loud enthusiastic words fell into a deafening silence. The room went pitch black and everyone started to

panic. I knew that the trophy was mine but what in the world was happening? I then thought about the note I found on my locker yesterday but what was that supposed to do with this? This is nothing but a room of chaos, not a robbery! I heard a loud crash and then a cracking noise of the podium sounding as if it was about to collapse! Oh no, oh no! I started to panic even more than everyone else and when the lights came back on, the trophy was gone.