

## Section 1:

### #1 - Opening paragraphs describing the house and the woman's state

**Strengths:** Your vivid imagery effectively creates a haunting atmosphere with details like "two plates on the table, both full of food, but stale cold" and "her hair hang in ragged, mangy bunches." Your contrast between the decaying house and the trapped woman works well to show her isolation.

**Weakness:** Unclear scene transitions → Your writing jumps between different locations and timeframes without clear connections. Phrases like "On the bottom floor, a locked, barricaded door was the dungeon" and then suddenly "Reels of the parenting group she'd joined" confuse readers about where the woman is and what's happening when.

**Exemplar:** *She sat in the locked room on the bottom floor, scrolling through her phone with bloodshot eyes.*

### #2 - The Disney World news story section

**Strengths:** Your use of social media content feels realistic and shows how the algorithm affects the character's mental state. The specific details about the crocodile attack create emotional impact.

**Weakness:** Confusing narrative flow → Your piece switches from describing the news story to the woman's reaction without smooth connections. The phrase "As she stared blankly at the screen, something seemed to break in her" comes too suddenly after the Disney information, making it hard to follow the character's emotional journey.

**Exemplar:** *Reading about the child's death, she felt something snap inside her mind.*

### #3 - The diary discovery and ending

**Strengths:** Your child's handwriting in the diary feels authentic with spellings like "SECRIT! KEAP OWT!" and "pwomise." The emotional revelation that Danny won't return creates a powerful ending.

**Weakness:** Rushed character development → Your character changes from complete breakdown to gentle acceptance too quickly. The shift from "great heaving sobs" to "almost-smile" and "maybe it was time to accept that" happens without showing the steps of her emotional healing process.

**Exemplar:** *Slowly, through her tears, she began to understand that whilst Danny was gone, his love remained with her.*

■ Your piece tackles difficult emotions around grief and loss with genuine feeling. The setting of a decaying house mirrors the character's mental state effectively. However, your writing would benefit from clearer connections between scenes and events. Consider adding transitional sentences that help readers follow the character's journey from one moment to the next. Additionally, your character's emotional changes need more development - show us the small steps that lead to her realisations rather than jumping from despair to acceptance. Your dialogue and internal thoughts could also be expanded to give readers deeper insight into the character's mind. The timeline of events needs clarifying too - help readers understand when things happened and how they connect to each other.

---

**Overall Score: 43/50**

---

## Section 2:

Still Here

Two plates on the table, both full of food, but ~~stale-cold~~ [stale and cold], as if frozen in time. The top floor was an insect haven, all crumbling wood, webs, and filth. The house was dead silent, but it wasn't abandoned.

On the bottom floor, a locked, barricaded door ~~was~~ [concealed] the dungeon of a tormented soul. Her hair ~~hang~~ [hung] in ragged, mangy bunches. Bloodshot eyes stared at a never-ending ~~Tik-Tok~~ [TikTok] scroll. Her bank account was slowly sucked dry by the ever-increasing mountain of greasy pizza boxes and ~~soda~~ [soft drink] cans.

#1 Reels of the parenting group she'd joined were flicked before they even started. Children laughed and played. Her haunted eyes were searching for one thing, yet she couldn't bring herself to type it.

Finally, the algorithm gave her the one thing she craved and feared.

#2 ~~There is~~ [There was a] 4-year-old dead at Disney World, from a crocodile attack. His single mother refuses to comment. The attack has been deemed as 'due to unsafe conditions'.

Disney World is currently being sued, their case being that, 'Our park is safe. It is parents who need to watch their own children. Our staff aren't lifeguards, and our terms and conditions, written on signs across the park, enforce this.'

As she stared blankly at the screen, something seemed to break in her. Her friends had abandoned her, ~~gave~~ [given] her some cash to look nice, and then deleted her from their contacts. Depressed people often feel that insanity is the only salvation. As the phone switched off, an insane smile dragged its way up her face.

She staggered into the kitchen like a zombie, dragging herself on the musty, disgusting floor until her legs obeyed her. The cracked, torn wood splintered and wounded her feet, but she didn't care.

She came out of the pantry with a stack of precious hand-made china plates. "Dinner's ready!" she called, and placed the plates on the table with mock delicacy. Then she pushed them off like a child, and watched them fall with glee.

"Son! I dropped the dinner. Can you just stay upstairs!" she yelled to no one in particular. Scraping her feet on the shattered china, she almost seemed to enjoy it, like people crave the drugs that destroy them.

By the time she was too tired to continue her fantasy, her feet were bleeding heavily and infected. "Oh no! I burned myself making dinner. Son! Stay upstairs."

She couldn't bring herself to call for her son, because the shred of life in her still knew he would never come. All ~~those feeling~~ [those feelings] swirled in her, a boiling froth of sadness, ~~called~~ [calmed] temporarily by the insanity she sought, and she collapsed on the kitchen floor.

She must have pulled herself up the stairs and onto the top floor when she was out, but all she knew was that she woke up next to a tall tower of boxes in the attic. Woozy, she pushed herself up, cloudiness ironically clearing her mind. Her phone, plus a new shattered screen, lay next to her.

Irresistibly, she swiped the code in automatically, and swiped hazily to the 'Created' section. She bumped her hand against the latest one.

A little boy on his mother's shoulders. "Hey everyone! I have a riddle. My diary is on the ~~taallest~~ [tallest] mountain, in my house. If you come over to my house, we can find it and play!"

"Hey everyone! I ha-"

She didn't even notice she was crying until great heaving sobs wracked her shoulders.

~~Tallest mountain.~~ [The tallest mountain.] She glanced up at the ceiling. The box towered over her like... a.... ~~moun... tain~~ [mountain].

#3 She stretched up, knocking over the whole thing at the same time. The topmost box tumbled over, spilling out its treasure. A tiny, blue book with the words, 'SECRIT! KEAP OWT!'

scrawled on it in messy, excited handwriting. A soft hand caressed the cover, flipping it over with gentleness. She gave an almost-smile, and turned the pages to the last entry.

Dear Diry,

Mum say we're goin on a hoidai HOLIDAY to Disney World! I have to leeve you here. But I'll still be here with you. I'll always be here with you. And I'll come back.

I pwomise !

Lots ov love, Danny

She could almost hear his pudgy little voice sounding it out. Silver droplets ran down the page, each leaving a dark trail in their wake.

He wasn't coming back. He was never coming back. And maybe it was time to accept that.

But he was still here.