

Section 1

#1: "I had nearly forgotten it existed until yesterday, when I found it while looking for my soccer boots. Its smooth wooden body, chipped at the edges, still shimmered faintly in the afternoon light."

Strengths:

- You've created a clear picture of how you discovered the flute, helping readers understand the moment of rediscovery
- The description of the flute's appearance ("chipped at the edges, still shimmered") shows good attention to detail

Missing Emotional Connection → While you describe finding the flute, the writing doesn't fully show what you felt in that moment. Readers need to understand why this discovery mattered to you before learning about your grandpa. Adding a sentence about your emotions when you first picked it up would strengthen this part. For instance, did your heart skip a beat? Did memories rush back? The phrase "I had nearly forgotten it existed" tells us you forgot, but doesn't help us feel the surprise of remembering.

Exemplar: *As I lifted it from the cupboard, a sudden warmth spread through my chest—memories I didn't know I'd kept safe began to surface.*

#2: "My chest tightened. Could this be the very flute that ended silence on a battlefield? Driven by something I couldn't name, I practiced every day."

Strengths:

- The rhetorical question effectively builds suspense and shows your growing realisation
- The transition from discovery to action shows your character's determination

Underdeveloped Motivation → Your writing jumps quickly from finding the photo to daily practice without exploring the journey between these moments. Readers need to understand what "something I couldn't name" actually was. What thoughts kept you awake? What did you imagine when you held

the flute? The phrase "Driven by something I couldn't name" is vague—naming even part of this feeling would make your motivation clearer and more believable.

Exemplar: *Driven by a need to honour him, to understand what he'd lived through, I practiced every day, hoping the music might tell me stories his words never had.*

#3: "Sometimes," she said, "things break not to end, but to remind us of their worth." With Mum's help, we found a flute repairer, an old man who smiled when he saw it."

Strengths:

- The teacher's words provide meaningful comfort and shift your perspective
- The introduction of the repairer adds hope to the story

Rushed Resolution → The movement from breaking the flute to finding it repaired happens too quickly. Your writing doesn't explore the difficult time between these events. How long did you feel guilty? What conversations did you have with your mum? The sentence "With Mum's help, we found a flute repairer" rushes past what could be an important part of your story—the journey of making things right. Readers would benefit from seeing you work through your guilt and fear.

Exemplar: *For days, I couldn't look at the broken pieces without feeling sick. But Mum sat with me one evening and said, "Grandpa would want you to try." Together, we searched for someone who could help, ringing music shops until we found an old man who specialised in vintage instruments.*

■ Your piece tells a touching story about connection across generations, and you've chosen meaningful moments to share. The core of your narrative—discovering your grandpa's flute and learning its history—has real emotional potential. However, your writing would benefit from slowing down at key moments to let readers truly experience what you felt. Right now, you move through important events quite quickly, which makes some parts feel rushed rather than fully explored.

Focus on developing the middle section of your story. The paragraph about practising could be expanded to show us specific moments: perhaps a day when you nearly gave up, or a morning when you finally played a difficult note correctly. Additionally, your final paragraph wraps up very neatly, but it would be stronger if you included a specific memory of playing the restored flute. What tune did you choose first? How did it feel different?

Also, consider adding more sensory details throughout. You mention the smell of dust and cedar wood at the beginning—this works beautifully. Apply this same technique to other moments: What did the attic smell like? How did the broken piece feel in your hand? These concrete details help readers step into your experience rather than just reading about it.

Overall Score: 42/50

Section 2

#1 The flute sat quietly at the back of my cupboard, wrapped in an old cloth that smelled faintly of dust and ~~cedar wood~~ [cedarwood]. I had nearly forgotten it existed until yesterday, when I found it whilst looking for my soccer boots. Its smooth wooden body, chipped at the edges, still shimmered faintly in the afternoon light. I remembered what Grandpa used to say: "This flute has seen more than your eyes ever will." Back then, I never understood what he meant. I brought it to my lips and blew gently. A breathy, broken note escaped. It wasn't much, but it stirred something inside me ~~like the wind had whispered a secret I couldn't quite hear.~~ [;] [**—as though the wind had whispered a secret I couldn't quite hear.**]

#2 That night, curiosity got the better of me. I opened Grandpa's old trunk in the attic, the one no one dared touch since he passed. Among yellowed letters and medals lay a photo: Grandpa in uniform, the flute hanging by his side. On the back, in neat handwriting, it said: "Played at dawn, 1945. The war is over." My chest tightened. Could this be the very flute that ended silence on a battlefield?

Driven by something I couldn't name, I ~~practiced~~ [practised] every day. The notes came slowly—first the low ones, then the high, trembling ones that made Mum stop in the hallway and listen. The flute began to sing again. It felt ~~like~~ [as though] Grandpa was there, guiding my fingers, smiling quietly the way he always did. **#3** But one evening, during a local history night at school, I brought the flute to perform. As I played the tune I'd ~~learned his tune and~~ [learnt—his tune—] the room fell silent. Then, a loud crack. A piece of the flute had splintered in my hand. Gasps echoed. I felt ~~like~~ [as though] I'd broken a piece of history.

Tears stung my eyes. I had destroyed the last piece of him. Later, my teacher approached. She held the flute gently, as if it were alive. "Sometimes," she said, "things break not to end, but to remind us of their worth." With Mum's help, we found a flute repairer, an old man who smiled when he saw it. "This design... rare. German make. War issue. You're lucky to have it." He restored it carefully, adding a silver ring to strengthen the crack. It didn't look the ~~same but~~ [same, but] it sounded better than ever. Now, I play it every weekend. Not for applause, but for memory. Grandpa's flute is more than just wood and ~~breath, it's~~ [breath—it's] a voice from the past, echoing in the present.