

Section 1

#1: Opening paragraph ("The guitar stood drowsily upright... countless parties")

Strengths:

- Your opening creates a strong image of the guitar by describing it as "drowsily upright" and leaning against a "cracked wall of a ghostly house", which helps readers picture the scene straight away.
- You've given us helpful background about the guitar's past, telling us it was once played at parties with "clean, soothing" strings.

Repetition → You've written "house house" which repeats the same word twice. This appears to be a typing mistake that breaks the flow of your sentence. Always read your work aloud to catch these small errors.

Exemplar: *The guitar stood drowsily upright, waiting for someone to play it, as it leaned against the cracked wall of a ghostly house.*

#2: Middle section ("Bob inspected each string... refusing to give up")

Strengths:

- Your simile comparing Bob to "a pirate determined to find treasure" effectively shows how committed he is to fixing the guitar.
- The details about Bob working late into the night, with the "glistening moon and stars" rising, help readers understand how much time and effort he's putting in.

Unclear progression → You tell us Bob "sat there, fixing the guitar for hours" and then immediately describe the moon rising, but we don't really know what he's actually doing during all this time. What steps is he taking? Is he cleaning parts, adjusting pegs, replacing anything? Adding these specific actions would help readers follow his repair process more clearly and make the hard work feel more real.

Exemplar: *Bob inspected each string carefully, loosening the pegs and adjusting the tension whilst wiping away years of grime from the frets.*

#3: Ending ("After a prolonged time... which they absolutely loved")

Strengths:

- The moment when Bob plays the single note at midnight and memories flood back is touching and brings the story full circle to his childhood memories.
- Your description of Bob's reaction—"His mouth stretched from ear to ear, his eyes lit up"—clearly shows his joy.

Rushed conclusion → Your ending jumps too quickly from Bob finishing the repair to a whole week passing, then suddenly he's at parties playing the guitar. You've spent most of your piece on Bob discovering and fixing the guitar, but the actual result—him playing it and sharing it with others—gets squashed into just two sentences. This makes the ending feel hurried and less satisfying. Try spending more time on how Bob felt playing the restored instrument, perhaps describing one party scene in detail, or showing how others reacted when they heard it.

Exemplar: *At his first gathering the following Saturday, Bob cradled the restored guitar nervously. As his fingers found the opening chords of his grandfather's favourite song, the room fell silent. Soon, people were swaying, some with tears in their eyes, as the melody his grandfather once played filled the space once more.*

■ Your piece has a lovely emotional core—the connection between Bob and his grandfather through the guitar is genuinely moving. However, your narrative would benefit from more balanced pacing throughout. You've devoted significant space to Bob discovering the guitar and the description of its poor condition, but the actual repair process—which should be the heart of your story—feels quite vague. What exactly did Bob do during those hours? Did he struggle with particular strings? Did he need to find special tools or materials? These details would make the story richer and more believable.

Additionally, your writing sometimes tells us things rather than showing them. For instance, you write "The nostalgia echoed in his ear" but this is quite abstract. Instead, you might describe specific memories that came flooding back, or show how his body moved differently as he played. Your piece also needs more attention to sentence variety—many of your sentences follow a similar structure,

which can make the writing feel a bit repetitive. Try mixing short, punchy sentences with longer, more complex ones to create better rhythm.

The ending, as mentioned earlier, needs expansion. You've built up to Bob successfully repairing the guitar, but then everything afterwards happens in a rush. Consider spending at least another paragraph on Bob's experience of playing the restored instrument and sharing it with others. This would give your story a more satisfying and complete feeling. Overall, you've got a solid foundation with good descriptive moments, but working on pacing, specific details, and showing rather than telling would strengthen your piece considerably.

Overall Score: 42/50

Section 2

#1 The guitar stood drowsily upright, waiting for someone to play it, as it leaned against the cracked wall of a ghostly ~~house-house~~ **[house]**. It had been years since the clean, soothing ~~stings~~ **[strings]** which were now oily and loose had been played at countless parties.

Several years later, Bob, who unfortunately had his grandfather pass away recently **[recently,]** wanted to clean up his grimy house. ~~While he was moving all the furniture out, he stumbled across an acoustic guitar.~~ **[Whilst moving all the furniture out, he stumbled across an acoustic guitar.]** The unsturdy, worn timber, which used to be ~~as~~ smooth and appealing to the eyes, was now faint due to the amount of ash covering it. He picked it up ~~full of~~ **[with]** caution, and gently swiped his finger across the wood. Ash and debris were left on his finger as he looked at the patch of untouched wood he ~~swiped~~ **[had wiped]** off. ~~Then suddenly~~ **[Suddenly]**, a vivid memory appeared in his mind. He ~~had remembered~~ **[remembered]** the time when he was just a kid and pranced around the floor acting like a professional dancer as his grandfather played a harmonious melody on the instrument. But when he strummed the guitar, it played an awfully ringing and croaky sound. Bob raised his eyebrow, with a ~~disgusting~~ **[disgusted]** look on his face, for he knew he definitely needed to tune the instrument.

#2 Bob inspected each string and note and tuned each one. He sat there, fixing the guitar for hours. Like a pirate determined to find treasure, he was determined to fix it. Even when the glistening moon

and stars arose **[arose,]** he hunched his back over the lamp, refusing to give up. "Will I ever fix this?" he uttered silently to himself. Bob was starting to lose hope and doubt himself. His eyes were weary, ~~body~~ **[his body]** slouched and overall exhausted. Bob's fingers were oily and sooty from mending it.

#3 After a prolonged time, he tuned the last note **[note,]** making it back in tune. He picked up the guitar as midnight chimed and played a single note. The beautiful sound played countless memories at once of his grandfather in his mind. His mouth stretched from ear to ear, his eyes lit up. He stood up as proud as a fearless lion, and strummed some nice music. The nostalgia echoed in his ear as he pranced around the old room like he was a kid again. And one week later **[later,]** the timber and strings were fresh as new. He brought it to parties just like his grandfather did and played it to everyone **[everyone,]** which they absolutely loved.