

Section 1

#1: "The school gates stood tall and cold, their black metal bars biting into the grey morning air."

Strengths:

- Your opening sentence immediately creates a strong mood through sensory details like "tall and cold" and "black metal bars"
- The word "biting" effectively shows how unwelcoming the school feels

Vague Sensory Connection → Whilst you've used the word "biting," it's unclear exactly how metal bars can bite into air. The image doesn't quite make sense when you think about it carefully. Air is invisible and weightless, so describing bars as "biting into" it creates confusion rather than a clear picture. Consider describing what the bars actually look like or how they make you feel instead.

Exemplar: *The school gates stood tall and cold, their black metal bars rising sharply against the grey morning sky.*

#2: "Each step felt heavier than the last, like I was dragging summer behind me, piece by piece, letting it go against my will."

Strengths:

- Your comparison of steps feeling heavier captures the reluctance of returning to school
- The phrase "against my will" clearly shows you don't want summer to end

Repetitive Structure → This paragraph relies heavily on listing feelings one after another without varying how you connect them. Notice how you use "I could still feel... hear... but here, all I heard..." This pattern becomes predictable. Your sentences would flow better if you mixed up the structure, perhaps combining some ideas or using different sentence beginnings.

Exemplar: *The warmth of last week's sun still clung to my skin, and somewhere in my mind, seagulls cried over the crash of waves—but the school bell shattered those memories like broken glass.*

#3: "School had swallowed the colour of summer, and all that remained was grey."

Strengths:

- Your metaphor of school "swallowing" summer powerfully shows how completely the holidays have disappeared
- The contrast between "colour" and "grey" emphasises the change effectively

Underdeveloped Conclusion → Your final sentence ends the piece quite suddenly. After building up detailed descriptions of sights, sounds, and smells throughout your writing, this short statement feels rushed. You haven't given your reader a moment to absorb the full impact of returning to school. The ending would benefit from expanding on this grey feeling or showing one final concrete detail that captures your emotions.

Exemplar: *School had swallowed the colour of summer. Grey walls stretched ahead of me, grey voices echoed down the corridor, and even my memories of golden sand and turquoise water seemed to fade into that same dull shade.*



Your piece creates a clear contrast between summer freedom and school routine, which forms a solid foundation. However, you could strengthen the substance by showing us *why* this transition matters to you personally. Right now, you've focused mainly on describing what you see, hear, and smell, but your writing would have more depth if you revealed specific memories or moments that made summer special. For instance, instead of just mentioning "laughter of my friends around a beach bonfire," you might briefly describe one particular evening or conversation that you're losing.

Additionally, consider developing the emotional journey more fully. You've told us summer is gone, but you could explore the complicated feelings that come with change—perhaps a tiny part of you is curious about the new school year, or maybe you're worried about something specific. These layers would add substance to your writing.

The structure of your piece works well with its three paragraphs, but the final paragraph needs expansion. Your middle paragraph is rich with details, whilst your conclusion feels thin in comparison.

Try balancing the length and detail across all sections. Also, think about varying your sentence patterns more—you often start with "The" or "I," which creates a repetitive rhythm. Mixing short, punchy sentences with longer, flowing ones would make your writing more engaging to read.

Overall Score: 40/50

Section 2:

#1 The school gates stood tall and cold, their black metal bars ~~biting into~~ [rising sharply against] the grey morning ~~air~~ [sky]. As I stepped through them, a heavy silence wrapped around me, thick and suffocating. My footsteps echoed on the concrete path, too loud, too real, replacing the soft whisper of waves I'd grown used to. The scent of damp tarmac and cut grass clung to the air, so different from the salty breeze and coconut sunscreen of just a week ago.

#2 The building loomed ahead, brick walls dull and uninviting, windows blank like watching eyes. Each step felt heavier than the last, like I was dragging summer behind me, piece by piece, letting it go against my will. ~~I could still feel the warmth of the sun on my skin, hear the distant calls of seagulls, the laughter of my friends around a beach bonfire but here, all I heard was the shrill cry of the school bell, slicing through the air like broken glass.~~ [The warmth of last week's sun still clung to my skin, and somewhere in my mind, seagulls cried over the crash of waves—but the school bell shattered those memories, its shrill cry slicing through the air like broken glass.]

#3 The corridors smelled of cleaning fluid and old paper, and the taste of chlorine still lingered faintly on my lips, a reminder of days spent by the pool. But it was gone now. ~~School had swallowed the colour of summer, and all that remained was grey.~~ [School had swallowed the colour of summer. Grey walls stretched ahead of me, grey voices echoed down the corridor, and even my memories of golden sand and turquoise water seemed to fade into that same dull shade.]