

### Section 1:

#1 (Opening paragraph: "The train station groaned with the weight of weary bodies...")

Strengths: Your opening creates a vivid atmosphere with strong imagery like "iron beasts" and "coughing smoke and rust." You've also established an effective mood that matches the emotional weight of the story.

Weakness: Unclear metaphor connections → The phrase "as if hope had missed its train long ago" doesn't connect clearly to the concrete details about the station. The metaphor feels disconnected from what you're actually describing, making it harder for readers to understand what you mean.

Exemplar: *The platform stretched endlessly, empty except for the echoes of departed passengers.*

#2 (Middle section: "Joe leaned across the cold concrete slab...")

Strengths: You show Joe's nervousness effectively through physical details like "sweaty palms" and "clutched flowers." The contrast between the bright flowers and his dark memories creates good tension.

Weakness: Inconsistent sensory details → You describe the concrete as cold whilst also mentioning "the sun was shining" and flowers standing "bright and tall." These details contradict each other and confuse the setting you're trying to create.

Exemplar: *Joe leaned against the warm concrete platform, the morning sun casting long shadows as he waited.*

#3 (Dialogue section: "Joe," she started once more...")

Strengths: Your dialogue feels natural and shows the characters' emotions well. The interruptions and repetition of "Sorry" effectively demonstrate Joe's anger and pain.

Weakness: Missing quotation marks → Several pieces of dialogue aren't properly punctuated, particularly when the mother explains about custody. This makes it difficult to follow who is speaking and when.

Exemplar: *"Joe," she whispered, "if you don't care, I don't blame you, but I would like you to know that I care."*

■ Your piece tackles a powerful emotional topic and shows genuine understanding of family conflict. The reunion between Joe and his mother feels authentic, and you've captured the complexity of their relationship well. However, your writing would benefit from clearer descriptions and better attention to technical details. Additionally, you could strengthen the emotional impact by showing more of Joe's internal thoughts during key moments. Also, consider developing the mother's character more - we learn about her situation quite late in the story. Furthermore, some of your sentences could be combined or restructured to flow more smoothly. The ending feels a bit rushed too, so you might want to slow down that final moment of reconciliation to make it more powerful.

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**Score: 40/50**

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## Section 2:

### The Lost Reunion

#1 The train station groaned with the weight of weary bodies and forgotten goodbyes, echoing like a hollow shell. The trains loomed like iron beasts, coughing smoke and rust into the choking air. The platform stretched endlessly ~~as if hope had missed its train long ago~~ [where hope seemed to have departed with the last train].

#2 Joe leaned ~~across~~ [against] the cold concrete ~~slab~~ [platform,] ~~the texture opposite from~~ [its rough surface contrasting with] his ~~palms~~ [smooth skin]. Nervously, he clutched flowers in his sweaty palms[while] waiting for her to come. ~~The sun was shining and the flowers stood bright and tall.~~ [Despite the gloomy atmosphere, the bright flowers stood tall in his grip.] 10 years [—ten long years.] Joe thought of the vast ~~amount~~ [number] of missed birthdays, missed ~~mother's~~ [Mother's] ~~days~~ [Days,] ~~missed~~ [and missed] ~~end-of-year school assemblies.~~ He missed those dark brown eyes. [—] ~~Those~~ [t]hose eyes that seemed to know the solution to everything. Suddenly, he had a ~~flash back~~ [flashback]. He remembered her indifferent expression as she watched tears ~~streamed~~ [stream] down his face. He remembered ~~as~~ [how] she spun on her heels, without speaking a single word, and climbed into the taxi. Joe ~~fastened~~ [tightened] his grip around the flowers, unaware of ~~the flowers~~ [them] suddenly becoming droopy and wilted. Then he heard it.

#3 "Joe." The voice was familiar[—] as if he had heard it years before.

He turned around[while] already knowing who it was. "Mum." The word felt foreign, too small for the gap between them.

She was different. Her face was more wrinkled, her jaw more stubborn[,] but there was no mistaking those eyes. Those eyes which he loved. Those eyes which he wanted to forget[—to] eradicate ~~from his memory~~. Those eyes that threw his mind ~~in~~ [into] a heated debate. Those eyes.

"Joe," she started once more. "JoeI'm—"

"Sorry," he scoffed. "Sorry doesn't change the fact that I cried my heart out every day, praying you would come back. Sorry doesn't change the fact that you left me to die."

"Joe—"

"Sorry," he ~~cut~~ [cut her off,] anger boiling up inside him like ~~an angry~~ [a] volcano about to erupt. "Sorry," he screamed at the top of his lungs, "doesn't change the fact ~~you~~ [that you] didn't care about me. And you still don't!"

He sat down on a bench[while] clenching his fists and seeing red. For a moment[,], ~~none~~ [neither] of them spoke until she started again, white as a ghost.

"Joe," she said softly[while] reaching out to grab his hand. "As soon as I left, I regretted it. I wanted to come back. I wanted to be with my Joe["]

The way she said it made Joe go all fuzzy inside. ~~They~~ [The] way she said it made him cool his anger [—] ~~Θ~~[o]nlyfor a second.

"Then why didn't you come back? Why did you stay? You've got no reason, which proves I'm right. You don't care. And guess what? I don't care anymore[,] either."

"Joe," she whispered[as if] ~~like~~ the words were fragile and about to break, "~~If~~ [if] you don't care[,] I don't blame you, but I would like you to know[that] I care. I really do. But I wasn't allowed anywhere near you. Your father had all the money, and I had... my hopes. I begged the courts for custody, but they denied [it.] I wasn't allowed to touch you until you ~~were~~ [turned] 18. But now things are different—you are 18["]

With that[,], she reached out and stroked her son's hair.

"Every night I dreamed of you turning 18. I dreamed of ~~me~~ [us] finally being ~~with you~~ [together]. It was my biggest dream[,] and now it's happening["]

Joe sat quietly, lost in thought. He wanted to forgive his mum[,] but was it that easy[,] after all the trouble she ~~caused~~ [had put] him ~~?~~ [through?]

"M-mum," he ~~chortled~~ [choked] with emotion, "I-I am sorry. I shouldn't have said I don't care because I do[—] I really do. I wanted to forget you, but I ~~didn't~~ [couldn't]. I also dreamt of you every night—dreamt that you would come back. And now my dream has also come true. It just needs one more thing."

"What?"

"Your warm, comforting hug."

~~So,~~ [And so,] parent and child embraced each other ~~in a world of no worries~~ [as if the world around them had disappeared].