

Section 1

#1: "One day, which was dark gray, a faint noise, as thin as spider web, brushed against Felix's hearing."

Strengths:

- Your opening creates a mysterious atmosphere that makes readers curious about what will happen next
- The comparison of the noise to a spider web is creative and helps readers imagine something very quiet and delicate

Awkward sentence structure → The opening sentence feels clumsy because "which was dark gray" interrupts the flow between "One day" and what happened on that day. When you describe the day in the middle of your sentence, it makes readers pause awkwardly. Try placing descriptions at the beginning or end of sentences instead. For example, the phrase "brushed against Felix's hearing" is an unusual way to say Felix heard something—we typically say sounds reach our ears, not our hearing.

Exemplar: *On a dark grey day, a faint noise as thin as a spider's web reached Felix's ears.*

#2: "Within, there was the smell of old wood and forgotten stories. Darkness was around in shadows circling me (:."

Strengths:

- Linking the smell to "forgotten stories" creates an imaginative connection between scent and memory
- You're attempting to build a spooky, mysterious mood inside the shop

Point of view confusion → Your story suddenly switches from telling us about Felix ("he trudged," "his rucksack") to writing as if you are Felix ("circling me"). This confuses readers because they don't know whose story they're following anymore. When you write a story about someone else, you need to stay consistent and keep using words like "he" and "his" throughout. The emoticon at the end also doesn't belong in a story—it looks like a typing mistake.

Exemplar: *Inside, there was the smell of old wood and forgotten stories. Darkness gathered in shadows that circled Felix.*

#3: "Made out of 100000\$ Wood. Carefully, Felix swept out a finger."

Strengths:

- You're trying to show the cello is valuable and special
- The image of Felix carefully touching it shows his gentle, respectful nature

Sentence fragments and unclear meaning → "Made out of 100000\$ Wood" stands alone without connecting to a complete thought, which breaks the flow of your writing. Additionally, readers won't understand what "100000\$ Wood" means because wood isn't typically described this way, and the dollar sign placement looks incorrect. The phrase "swept out a finger" is confusing—we don't usually "sweep out" fingers. When describing actions, choose verbs that clearly show what's happening.

Exemplar: *The cello was crafted from rare, valuable wood. Carefully, Felix reached out and brushed his finger along its surface.*

■ Your story has a lovely heart to it—the idea of a struggling young musician discovering a magical instrument with a mysterious past is engaging and warm. You've chosen an interesting plot with the disappearance of Maestro Elara and the special connection between Felix and her cello. However, your writing would become much stronger if you focused on making each sentence clear and complete. Right now, many sentences feel choppy or awkwardly arranged, which interrupts the flow of your story. For example, in your second paragraph, work on smoothing out phrases like "Darkness was around in shadows circling me" and "His echo filled the hallway with a clatter" so readers can picture the scene more easily. Additionally, your story jumps very quickly from Felix discovering the cello to performing at the talent show. Adding more detail about his practice sessions—perhaps showing a specific moment when he struggled, then improved—would help readers feel more connected to his journey. Consider expanding the middle section where Felix learns to play, showing us one complete practice session rather than just telling us "the sounds were tremulous." Your ending at the talent show is touching, but you could strengthen it by describing how Felix felt during one particular moment of his performance, rather than summarising the whole piece. These changes would give your story more depth and help readers experience Felix's transformation alongside him.

Overall Score: 42/50

Section 2

~~One day, which was dark gray~~ **[On a dark grey day]**, a faint noise, as thin as ~~spider~~ **[a spider's]** web, brushed against Felix's hearing **[reached Felix's ears]**. Most days, Felix's own little violin made a sound more like an annoyed cat than any lovely music. He trudged along busy shops, his rucksack thumping against his back. But today, a tiny tune seemed to tug ~~him~~ **[at him]**, like a gentle tug at his sleeve, ~~into~~ **[drawing him towards]** a dusty, dusty old shop he had never noticed before...

~~#1 Within~~ **[Inside]**, there was the smell of old wood and forgotten stories. ~~Darkness was around in shadows circling me (-:.~~ **[Darkness gathered in shadows that circled Felix.]** "Hello?" Felix's ~~shout~~ **[call]** was soft and alone. No answer. He crept past ~~tea-cup~~ **[teacup]** shelves and ~~shaky, wobby~~ **[shaky, wobbly]** chairs. ~~His echo filled the hallway with a clatter.~~ **[His footsteps clattered and echoed through the hallway.]** And then, half hidden in ~~the~~ **[a]** dusty nook, behind frayed velvet, something dark and vertical waited.

~~#2 It was a cello, bigger than Felix, its dark wood scuffed and weathered like ancient bark. A fine layer of dust coated its smooth curves. Made out of 100000\$ Wood. Carefully~~ **[The cello was crafted from rare, valuable wood. Carefully]**, Felix ~~swept out~~ **[reached out with]** a finger. His fingertip touched its side lightly, and a low, vibrating thrum, sounding much like a giant's sleepy breath, resonated through the air. He ~~played~~ **[touched it]** softly and carefully ~~hoping~~ **[, hoping]** to not break the discovered item. It wasn't the dusty shop humming; it felt like the cello was alive.

He wrapped his arms around the bow. His small hands struggled to ~~keep~~ **[hold]** it. He drew it gently over one string. ~~boom~~ **[Boom]**. The sound vibrated deep in his chest, warm and full. It was ~~alive~~ **[rich]**, like a secret pulse.

"Ah, the Elara cello!" A soft voice startled Felix. An old man, the shop owner, emerged from the shadows. "That was Maestro Elara's, you see. They say that her music wasn't so much played but lived. She could coax a cello to tears or ~~bring it to bellow~~ **[make it bellow]** with joy. And then one day, she just vanished, leaving behind only her music." The old man smiled softly. "Only a heart of gold can hear its song."

#3 Felix lugged the cello out of the ~~store~~ **[shop]**, his own heart racing. At home, he set it gently in his room. Every afternoon, he'd pick up the bow. His fingers slipped initially, and the sounds were tremulous. But the cello appeared to instruct him. ~~Vroom. plink. boom.~~ **[Vroom. Plink. Boom.]** The music became richer, growling like a far-off storm, then trilling like a happy bird. Felix was not playing by himself; it was as if the cello recalled Elara's forgotten songs, singing them ~~out of~~ **[through]** him. The notes were tender, a squeeze on the shoulders, a whispered ~~inquiry~~ **[question]**.

Weeks later, there was a hushed rumour circulating around school, the **[about the]** year's talent show. Felix's belly did the nervous jittery dance, but he knew what to do. That evening, spotlights blinded. He stepped cautiously onto the stage, the Elara cello glimmering under the light. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and began to play.

The opening note swelled, a deep, mellow wave across the room. It wasn't Felix's usual squeaky violin sound. This was firm, deep music, with feeling. ~~This~~ **[It]** hummed and swooped, warming the whole room to comfortable warmth, then thrilling to exuberance. The music told tales wordlessly, a forgotten master's melody intertwining with Felix's own. Every ear listened, captivated by the sweet, human timbre of the Elara cello.