

Section 1

#1: "I was sketching an old tree twisted and broken in places, but still standing something about it reminded me of resilience."

Strengths:

- Your use of the tree as a symbol works well, showing how objects can represent bigger ideas
- The visual details help readers picture the scene clearly

Missing Punctuation → Your sentence runs together without proper breaks. When you write "still standing something about it," you need punctuation to separate these thoughts. This makes readers confused about where one idea ends and another begins. A dash or full stop would help show that you're moving from describing the tree to sharing your thoughts about it.

Exemplar: *"I was sketching an old tree—twisted and broken in places, but still standing. Something about it reminded me of resilience."*

#2: "It was weird for me, aged of 20 at the park drawing instead of working hard at an University, but I actually quit it. Writing essays and solving math problems like the others isn't what i enjoyed, highlighting, shadowing, different shapes."

Strengths:

- You're honest about your choices, which makes the diary entry feel real
- Your character's passion for art comes through clearly

Unclear Expression → Your sentences don't flow smoothly together, making it hard to understand your meaning. The phrase "Writing essays and solving math problems like the others isn't what i enjoyed, highlighting, shadowing, different shapes" mixes together different thoughts without showing how they connect. Readers can't tell if you're listing what you dislike or what you prefer. Breaking this into separate sentences would help each idea stand on its own.

Exemplar: *"It felt strange being 20 years old at the park drawing, instead of working hard at university—but I'd actually left. Writing essays and solving maths problems like the others wasn't what I enjoyed. Highlighting, shadowing, creating different shapes—that's what called to me."*

#3: "Since then, months had passed and I'm sitting in a sunlit room in Paris, staring at my name printed beneath a framed drawing and newspapers. My drawing. In a real gallery."

Strengths:

- The short sentences create excitement and show your amazement well
- Your achievement feels earned because we've followed your journey

Tense Confusion → Your writing switches between past and present tense in confusing ways. You write "months had passed" (past) but then "I'm sitting" (present), which makes readers unsure when events are happening. In a diary entry reflecting on the past, you need to choose one time frame and stick with it, or make it very clear when you're shifting from past memories to the present moment.

Exemplar: *"Since then, months have passed, and now I'm sitting in a sunlit room in Paris, staring at my name printed beneath a framed drawing in the newspapers."*

■ Your piece tells an inspiring story about following your dreams, and the main events are interesting—meeting Professor Elara and becoming a recognised artist. However, your writing would benefit from adding more depth to the middle sections. Right now, you jump very quickly from the park meeting to success in Paris. Readers would connect more with your journey if you showed us some of the challenges you faced at art school or moments when you doubted yourself. Additionally, your diary entry would feel more personal if you included specific memories from your time at Avendale—perhaps a particular assignment that was difficult, or a friendship you formed. The emotional moments are there, but they need more room to breathe.

Also, your writing sometimes tells us how you felt instead of showing it through actions and details. For instance, when you say "I felt a strange mix of excitement and disbelief," you could instead describe what your body did—maybe your hands shook, or you read the card three times. These concrete details make readers feel the emotions with you rather than just hearing about them.

The paragraph beginning with "I walked back to home" moves too quickly through important time. Months of art school are summarised in just a few sentences, but this is where your biggest growth happened. Consider expanding this section to include at least two or three specific scenes from your time learning. What was your first day like? Did you ever want to give up? Adding these moments would make your success feel more real and earned.

Overall Score: 41/50

Section 2

Dear Diary,

#1 Today my life changed forever. It started like any other ordinary afternoon,—a pencil in one hand, sketchbook in the other, knees curled under me on the park bench. The world around me buzzed with people chatting, laughing, and walking dogs, but I was lost in my own quiet universe of lines and shadows. I was sketching an old ~~tree~~ **twisted—twisted and broken in places, but still standing something. Something** about it reminded me of resilience.

#2 It ~~was weird~~ **felt strange** for me, ~~aged of at 20 at the~~ **to be at a park** drawing instead of working hard at ~~an University~~ **university**, but I ~~actually quit~~ **had actually left** it. Writing essays and solving ~~math~~ **maths** problems like the others ~~isn't~~ **wasn't** what ~~it~~ **I** enjoyed, highlighting, shadowing, different shapes.—**highlighting, shadowing, creating different shapes was what truly captivated me.** ~~Art~~, is what I'm truly passionate ~~in~~ **about**, and maybe one day, I would be that artist, standing proudly on ~~the~~ **a** stage.

I never expected anyone to notice my art until then ~~I felt it—I felt it~~—I felt it—a presence. Someone had stopped behind me. My hand froze mid-line, heart suddenly pounding in my chest, like a million eyes were staring at me.

"That's... beautiful," a voice said, warm but precise. I turned, blinking in the soft afternoon light, and found an elderly woman standing there. ~~Wrinkled~~ **A wrinkled** face, ~~kinda~~ **a kind** smile, and a sketchpad of her own tucked under one arm.

"I'm Professor Elara, you. **You** can call me Mrs Elara if you want. I teach at Avendale School of the Arts.", **she** ~~She~~ explained.

The name hit me like a jolt. Avendale. The place where prodigies go. Where art breathes and dreams don't just survive, ~~—they soar. Many worldworld-renowned artists were taught there~~and, so it was a surprise that a professor ~~is~~**was** talking to me. I laughed nervously, thinking she must be joking. But she wasn't. She handed me a card, her fingers ink-smudged like mine, and I felt a strange mix of excitement and disbelief.

"I'd like you to come to our ~~collegeschool~~ if you're willing~~to~~. There's something in your work—honesty, vulnerability. That ~~is~~**can** never ~~to~~ be ~~showed~~**expressed** in words." After she spoke her words, Professor Elara left.

I walked back ~~to~~ home, floating ~~in the air~~ with my head ~~twisted~~**spinning**. The weeks that followed were a blur. I received an offer. Me. A ~~normal child~~**quiet kid** who ~~draws~~**drew** in the park because the kitchen table ~~is~~**was** too cramped and noisy. Suddenly owning a studio, mentors, and ~~classmate~~**classmates** who were all talented.

#3 Since then, months ~~had~~**have** passed~~and~~, **and now** I'm sitting in a sunlit room in Paris, staring at my name printed beneath a framed drawing ~~and~~**in the** newspapers. My drawing. In a real gallery. People are whispering my name like I'm someone. I'm no longer the quiet kid with the sketchbook—I'm an artist. Recognised ~~And~~**and** celebrated.

I still think about that day on the bench. How a stranger saw something in me I didn't even see in myself. It wasn't just an art project anymore—~~it~~ **it** was the beginning of becoming who I was always meant to be.

Funny how a single moment can change the trajectory of your whole life, ~~—~~not with fireworks or fanfare, but with a single glance, a single word, a single chance, and. And I took it.