

Section 1

#1: Haruto's Opening Scene"Haruto streaked through the dense rain, his footsteps slapping against slippery concrete or sinking into patches of soggy earth-like stepping into a cold, discarded stew."

Strengths:

- Your opening creates strong movement and urgency that immediately pulls readers into the action
- The sensory detail of footsteps "slapping" and "sinking" helps readers feel Haruto's frantic escape

Pacing inconsistency → Your narrative jumps too quickly between the present chase and the backstory without giving readers time to settle into either scene. You shift from "he didn't slow, didn't breathe; only ran" directly into explaining he "used to be the CEO" without establishing why we should care about his current situation first. This makes it difficult for readers to become invested in the character before you ask them to follow a lengthy flashback.

Exemplar: *Before diving into his past, you could anchor us more firmly in the present moment: "Haruto's lungs burned as he crashed through the rain-soaked streets. Behind him—always behind him—were the men from Christmas Eve, the ones who'd turned his company headquarters into a war zone."*

#2: Kai's Lottery Win"He had just won \$1 billion USD. (Or 1,512,242,000 AUD to be exact.) On his first try."

Strengths:

- The mounting tension as each number is called creates genuine excitement that mirrors how Kai would feel
- Including both currencies shows attention to detail in your world-building

Believability gaps → Whilst lottery wins drive your plot forward, the sequence of events feels rushed and lacks the small realistic details that would make this extraordinary moment feel genuine. You tell us "Kai exploded with joy" but don't show us what this explosion looks like—does he scream? Drop the

ticket? Stand frozen? Additionally, winning a billion-dollar lottery and immediately sprinting to headquarters in a thunderstorm, whilst dramatically satisfying, skips the natural human reactions (shock, disbelief, checking the ticket multiple times) that would make this moment resonate more deeply with readers.

Exemplar: *"Kai's hands trembled as he checked the numbers again. And again. The ticket crumpled slightly in his grip. Around him, other customers returned to their routines, but Kai couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. Then, all at once, his legs were carrying him out the door, his umbrella forgotten on the counter."*

#3: Kwan's Terrorist Attack Several men were leaning against the vehicle and to Kwan's ultimate shock, one of them was holding not one, but a bunch of 10 strapped together in a tight bundle."

Strengths:

- The perspective of an ordinary person witnessing something terrible adds human stakes to a large-scale event
- Your description of the explosion's aftermath with "colossal crater" and spreading flames creates vivid disaster imagery

Unclear visual details → You write "one of them was holding not one, but a bunch of 10 strapped together" but never specify what these objects are (though context suggests explosives). This vagueness weakens the threat because readers can't picture the exact danger Kwan is witnessing. Furthermore, the sequence of events becomes confusing—Kwan sees the suspicious men, starts to dial emergency services, and then "just as he received the call" the explosion happens. This timeline is muddled because we don't know if he completed the call, if someone answered, or how much time passed between his observation and the blast.

Exemplar: *"One man casually gripped a bundle of cylinders, dark and cylindrical, wrapped together with silver tape. Kwan's stomach dropped—he'd seen images like this in news reports. His fingers shook as he pulled out his mobile and began dialling triple zero, but before the first ring, the world erupted in fire and sound."*

■ Your piece tackles three dramatically different scenarios happening simultaneously, which is an ambitious structural choice. The parallel storytelling shows you're experimenting with how different people experience the same rainy day in vastly different ways. However, your writing would benefit from slowing down and trusting your readers to stay engaged without constant action. Each storyline rushes from one event to the next without pausing to explore how these characters actually feel or think beyond surface reactions.

For Haruto's section, you could strengthen the connection between past and present by weaving his memories into the chase scene rather than stopping the action completely for backstory. Additionally, small details about what he notices whilst running (street signs, faces in windows, the weight of exhaustion) would make his fear more tangible.

With Kai's narrative, the double stroke of luck (promotion and lottery) feels convenient rather than earned. You might explore the moment of winning more deeply—what goes through someone's mind when their entire life changes in seconds? Also, consider whether both lucky events are necessary, or if focusing on one would create a stronger, more focused story.

Kwan's section needs clearer cause-and-effect connections. Walk us through his decision-making: why does he approach dangerous terrorists? What specific details make him certain they're a threat? The explosion feels rushed partly because we haven't spent enough time in Kwan's perspective to understand his character before the crisis hits. Throughout all three sections, remember that powerful writing often lives in the quiet moments between big events—the breath before the scream, the second of doubt before the decision.

Overall Score: 43/50

Section 2

#1 POV of sidewalk scene

Three perspectives. One piece.

Haruto:

Haruto streaked through the dense rain, his footsteps slapping against slippery concrete or sinking into patches of soggy earth—like stepping into a cold, discarded stew. He didn't slow, didn't breathe; only ran. Passersby cast anxious glances his way, uncertain whether to be alarmed. Fortunately, there was nothing chasing him. At least not visibly. From Haruto's perspective, the danger had already arrived.

He used to be the CEO of a globally renowned gaming company. High-profile and high-risk, he was no stranger to assassination attempts or kidnapping threats. But the latest attempt on his life was unlike anything before.

It began with subtle warnings: odd movements, unexplained security breaches, uneasy silences in the office corridors. Sensing a looming threat, Haruto ordered guards to monitor every entrance around the clock. What he didn't ~~realize~~ [realise] was that the danger wasn't outside trying to get in. It was already inside.

Life at the company continued as usual, until one storm-wracked Christmas Eve.

A knife sliced through the air inside headquarters, barely missing Haruto and shattering a nearby monitor. Gasps erupted. Screams followed. In a flash, several masked men burst from a hidden panel near the fire extinguisher, armed to the teeth.

Chaos tore through the building like wildfire. Employees screamed and scrambled, some trampling over desks, others diving for exits. Haruto vanished into the panicked crowd just as police sirens screamed ~~toward~~ [towards] the scene. Squad cars swerved and skidded to a halt outside, narrowly avoiding civilian vehicles.

When the dust settled and the invaders vanished, a grim investigation began. But one question haunted everyone who'd made it out alive:

Where had the CEO gone?

Now, Haruto runs—not from the scene, but from the people who staged it. The ones who know his name. The ones who won't stop until he's dead.

Kai:

Kai casually strolled along the drenched pathway, grinning with pleasure as dripping citizens trudged miserably through the thunderous weather. Raindrops bounced off the massive umbrella above him,

forming puddles around his feet. But Kai, unlike the others, dodged them with ease, jogging playfully while fellow pedestrians occasionally slipped—sending tsunamis of crystal-clear water cascading from the sidewalks.

It was a miserable day for most. But not for Kai.

As a dedicated secretary to the local Member of Parliament, promotions were rare and slow to come by. Fortunately, today was different. The personal assistant to the MP had resigned—offered a job in court as a judge. The sudden vacancy had to be filled quickly, and that's how Kai proudly found himself promoted to the coveted title of personal assistant.

But that wasn't the only stroke of luck waiting for him.

#2 Still reeling from the unexpected promotion, Kai couldn't shake the feeling that his fortune wasn't over. On a spontaneous whim, he dashed to the nearest lottery shop and bought a ticket. The salesman handed over the randomly generated slip, and Kai's eyes scanned the printed numbers:

10, 33, 41, 47, 56.

Moments later, a voice crackled through the speakers in the shop. The Powerball draw was about to begin.

Kai's heart pounded. He watched, frozen, as the host prepared to read the winning numbers.

The first number: 10.

"Yesss," Kai whispered under his breath, fists clenched. One step closer.

Next: 33.

Groans echoed around the shop as others began to lose hope. But Kai's excitement only grew.

Then came the final sequence:

41... 47...

He could barely breathe. It felt like waiting for test results that would decide his future.

"And the final number... 56!"

For a moment, time stopped.

Kai exploded with joy—his body trembling, his mouth agape, his heart soaring. It felt like he had just won the World Cup. No, something bigger.

He had just won \$1 billion USD.

(Or 1,512,242,000 AUD to be exact.)

On his first try.

Not wasting a second, Kai bolted out of the shop and sprinted ~~toward~~ [towards] the lottery headquarters, passing by stunned onlookers who could only watch the strange blur of a man racing through the rain.

Kwan:

#3 There would never be another day like this for Kwan. Especially the tragedy of a superstructure brought down by several sinister terrorists. On that tempestuous afternoon, passersby were all solitary and ~~avoid~~ [avoided] contact from another person. This made Kwan suspicious. There must be something terrible occurring ~~this~~ [that] day. And he was right.

As a lone man turned the corner of a building, Kwan saw that in the exact same direction, a massive 35 ~~ton~~ [tonne] oil truck[was] parked in a spot in front of the community shopping mall. Several men were leaning against the vehicle~~and~~ [, and] to Kwan's ultimate shock, one of them was holding not one, but a bunch of 10 ~~strapped~~ [cylindrical objects strapped] together in a tight bundle. The suspicious men looked as if they ~~going~~ [were going] to blow the building up. Kwan's spine felt a shiver go through it. Whatever they were ~~planing~~ [planning], he needed to intercept it, now. He peered around to check if the coast was clear before sprinting down the lane whilst dialling ~~000~~ [triple zero].

Just as he ~~received~~ [completed] the call, a deafening explosion could be heard behind Kwan. His mouth opened in disbelief as a colossal crater was ~~reveal~~ [revealed] through all the smoke and flames. Shrieks ~~fill~~ [filled] the air like a disease as firefighters and medical services, including the police department~~rushed~~ [, rushed] into the scene.

Citizens scampered for their lives as the whole mall ~~bursting~~ [burst] into a gigantic fireball. Even with the combination of the rain and water from the hydrants, the disastrous flaming rage continued to expand like a fresh balloon, eating everything in its path. Kwan spluttered in terror before making a split~~second~~ [-second] decision[:]

Run.

He darted alongside all the fleeing residents, ~~only petrified yelps and the crackling of burning wood~~
[hearing only petrified yelps and the crackling of burning wood]. Nothing could wipe this thought out
of Kwan's memory. Never.