Section 1

#1: Opening paragraphs

Strengths:

- Your descriptive language creates a mysterious atmosphere, particularly through phrases like "silhouette dissolved into the morning fog like a brushstoke vanishing into silk"
- Your use of specific details (silver fountain pen, leather suitcase, tapping his foot three times) helps readers picture the scene clearly

Vague Scene Transitions → Your writing shifts suddenly from Loid walking in foggy streets to him entering the café without showing us how he got there. The phrase "his silhouette dissolved into the morning fog" confuses readers because it sounds like he disappeared completely, but then he immediately "reappeared at the door." This makes it unclear whether he's inside or outside the café, and readers might wonder what happened in between these moments.

Exemplar: "Loid walked through the foggy streets before pushing open the door to Collin's Cottage Café, where his eyes immediately found his former colleague seated near the window."

#2: Middle dialogue and confrontation

Strengths:

- Your dialogue reveals the characters' emotions effectively, showing Loid's hurt and anger through his questions
- Your inclusion of Yor's backstory about her struggling family adds depth to her character

Unclear Character Motivations → Your writing doesn't explain clearly why Yor sabotaged the project or what "changed plans" means specifically. When Yor says "if I changed plans, my family would have a bit more money," readers can't understand how messing up a work project would help her family earn money. This connection between her actions and the outcome isn't clear, which makes it hard for readers to understand whether Yor's choice made sense or why Loid is so upset about it.

Exemplar: "I took on extra paid work during our project deadline, which meant I couldn't finish my part of our assignment on time."

#3: Ending

Strengths:

- Your revelation about the childhood friendship creates an emotional twist that changes how readers view the entire story
- Your final image of Loid holding the locket while regretting his words is touching and memorable

Rushed Emotional Resolution → Your ending introduces the childhood friendship connection very suddenly, and readers don't have enough time to understand how important this relationship was. The story jumps quickly from Loid discovering the locket to him rushing outside to Yor already gone, which feels too fast. Additionally, your writing doesn't show us why Yor kept this secret about knowing Loid was her childhood friend, or what she hoped would happen at their meeting.

Exemplar: "Loid stared at the photograph, memories flooding back—Yor teaching him to climb trees, sharing her lunch when his family had none. She had recognised him all along, yet he'd spoken to her so cruelly. His hands shook as he realised what he'd lost."

■ Your piece tells an emotional story about two people whose past connects in unexpected ways, which creates interest for readers. However, your writing would benefit from clearer explanations of why characters make certain choices. When Yor explains her actions, readers need to understand the direct connection between what she did and how it helped her family—right now, this link is missing. Also, your story introduces the childhood friendship twist at the very end, but this important information needs more space to develop. Consider adding small hints earlier in the story that suggest Yor might know more about Loid than she's letting on, such as her mentioning a specific memory or using a childhood nickname accidentally. Additionally, your dialogue moves the story forward well, but some sections need clearer transitions between locations and actions. For example, when Loid's "silhouette dissolved into the morning fog," readers might think he vanished rather than simply walking through fog into a building. Using more straightforward descriptions of movement will help readers follow the action more easily. Your emotional moments are strong, particularly when Loid regrets his words, but

spending more time on these feelings would make them even more powerful. Finally, think about what questions your readers might have while reading—such as how Yor recognised Loid or why she came to this meeting—and answer these questions within your story so nothing feels confusing or unexplained.

Overall Score: 42/50

Section 2

#1 → Loid Forger walked around the foggy serpentine streets, gazing around his serene surroundings, noting every intricate detail on his notepad with his silver fountain pen he kept in his suit pocket. ~~Before entering Collin's Cottage Cafe, the place he would meet his old workmate, his silhouette dissolved into the morning fog like a brushstoke vanishing into silk. Then, he reappeared at the door, his eyes darting to his former colleague like a shadow at dusk.~~ [As he approached Collin's Cottage Café to meet his old workmate, the morning fog swirled around him like silk. He pushed open the door, his eyes immediately darting to his former colleague like a shadow at dusk.] Loid placed his leather suitcase on the wooden floor, tapping his foot three times before opening his mouth.

"A bit early today, Yor," he began.

"Or maybe you're a little late."

The words came out faster than he had anticipated, filling the room with an awkward silence. Unsure of what to say, Loid plastered a fake smile on his face.

"Long time, no seeI guess..."

Yor's thin crimson lips stayed still, staring at her polished black shoes as she gave a small nod.

"Loid," she began, her voice cracking ever so slightly.

He looked up, surprised that she had spoken to him for the first time that wasn't a reply.

"You remember when we were younger," she took a pause, "at Emmersons Corporations?"

Loid's friendliness now faded away like withered petals falling from a rose, knowing that the conversation was about to turn serious.

"Yes. Why?"

Yor cleared her throat, flicking her silky black hair behind her shoulders.

"Well, the head of Emmersons – Mr Cleaves... he's unfortunately," Yor bit her lip, finding the right words, "he's gone."

Loid's jaw dropped. Bullets of sweat trickled down his forehead while something hammered against his ribs[;] each one faster than the next.

"No..[.]" Memories flashed back, reminding him of the best times they had together.

Yor tapped her fingers on her arm twice, worrying if she would make the wrong response.

#2 → "When did this happen?" he stammered, demanding to know the truth dipped in bitter medicine.

"A few years ago," she slowly replied.

Silence hung in the air once more, stretching above them longer than the one before.

"How could you...? Why didn't you tell me this earlier? Why? We had each other's numbers.... [.] Just why couldn't you have told me?"

Loid's anger flooded the ~~cafe~~ [café] as he clenched his fists in frustration.

Yor took a deep breath before answering.

"I was worried about you, Loid. I knew you were going to be shocked, so I was trying to care-"

"What did you say?" Loid's voice echoed in the room, this time quiet.

Yor didn't reply, and instead stared at her hands through her tinted black glasses.

"Yor... you never cared about me. When you purposefully messed up our work project, I ~~muttered in disbelief~~ [was disappointed], but I gave you another chance. But when you left our assignment programme at the last minute, I was shocked. But even if we weren't friends, you could've told me. You didn't need to lie about you worrying about me."

This time, she rose to her ~~defense~~ [defence]. "I never messed the project ~~on~~ [up on] purpose – it was for my family. We were poor. We were struggling to pay our billsand my parents were ~~in~~ [under] stress. I felt terrible for them, and I knew that if I changed plans, my family would have a bit more money. It wouldn't be much, but it would be something meaningful."

"Meaningful?" Loid almost scoffed. "Sure, I get that your family was financially struggling, but doing that is the worst thing you can do. My family was also struggling. My father was seriously ill while my mother struggled with almost everything due to depression. I knew I had to work hard for my family and earn our cash. And yet, you existed by our sides in blissful ignorance of others' situations and cared only for yourself."

#3 → Yor now pursed her lipsand lifted her black tinted glasses. When she removed them, Loid saw someone different to the Yor he had ~~knew~~ [known]. She had wrinkles and a large scar near her eyes.

"Fine then. I'm sorryLoid Forger. I'm sorry that it was my fault that Mr Cleaves passed away. I'm sorry that I purposefully sabotaged our work project. And I'm sorry that you thought that I never cared about you." She rose from her seatand tossed ~~out~~ a golden locket out of her dress pocketbefore leaving.

Loid picked up the locketand opened it. Inside was an oddly familiar image. A moment later, his fingers trembled like fragile autumn leaves. Realisation had collided with reality - this was an image of him and Yor when they were young. Now his childhood memories bloomed like reviving flowers. She had been his only friend when he was a child, and now, the relationship had ended. Yor had ~~knew~~ [known] all this time that Loid was the same person as her childhood friend.

Loid held onto the locket in his palms and rushed out of the ~~cafe~~ [café]. "Wait!" he called, desperate to say one last message to her. But it was too late. Yor had already boarded her taxi. Hopelessly, he checked his phone. Yor's name was gone. She had deleted his number. "No..." he whispered. He held onto the locket tightly, regretting every word he had said to her ~~today~~ [that day]. He wanted to go back in time, but deep in his heart, he knew that they would be apart and would never see each other again.