

Section 1:

#1: Opening Scene (Alleyway) "Cooked. Nowhere to go. An alleyway with weathered bricks, unwanted litter, and grime covered the floor."

Strengths:

- Your opening word "Cooked" immediately establishes urgency and creates a strong hook that draws readers in.
- The sensory details of "weathered bricks" and "grime covered the floor" help paint a vivid picture of the threatening environment.

Incomplete Sentence Structure → Your opening relies heavily on sentence fragments. While "Cooked. Nowhere to go" creates impact, the third sentence lacks a clear subject performing an action. You've written "An alleyway with weathered bricks, unwanted litter, and grime covered the floor," which reads as if the alleyway itself covered the floor. This creates confusion about what's actually happening in the scene.

Exemplar: *I stood trapped in an alleyway where weathered bricks lined the walls, and unwanted litter and grime covered the floor.*

#2: Playground Description "Lakeshore Sunshine Playground, the greatest playground in the city. Bins toppled over and overflowing with Rotten Scraps..."

Strengths:

- The contrast between the playground's name and its actual condition effectively shows how the area has deteriorated.
- Your accumulation of details (bins, graffiti, corroded slide) builds a comprehensive picture of decay.

List-Heavy Description → Your paragraph presents the playground through a long string of observations connected mainly by commas and "and." This structure reads like a shopping list rather than flowing prose. The sentence "Bins toppled over and overflowing with Rotten Scraps, a sign promoting Police Recruitment graffitied; 'FILTHSHORE PIGS', a slide with corroded metal, the swings rusty and sagging, and the paint faded and peeling" tries to contain too many separate ideas without proper connections between them.

Exemplar: *Bins lay toppled over, overflowing with rotten scraps. A sign promoting police recruitment had been graffitied with the words "FILTHSHORE PIGS." The slide's metal had corroded, the swings hung rusty and sagging, and paint peeled from every surface.*

#3: Confrontation and Escape "My cadets training instincts kicked in. I snatched the revolver out of the hands of the thug, ripped out the chamber, and with some effort, smashed it into pieces."

Strengths:

- Your action sequence moves quickly and maintains tension throughout the confrontation.
- The detail about cadets training provides background that makes the character's actions more believable.

Unclear Character Capability → Your protagonist's sudden ability to disarm and destroy a revolver raises questions about believability. You mention "cadets training," but this brief reference doesn't sufficiently explain how someone who moments earlier was "quivering" and stuttering could suddenly overpower an armed gang member and break apart a gun's chamber with their bare hands. The transition from terrified victim to capable fighter happens too abruptly without showing the internal shift or building up the character's confidence.

Exemplar: *My cadets training instincts surged through me. Before I could think, my hand shot out and grabbed the revolver. The thug, caught off guard, loosened his grip for just a moment—enough for me to wrench it free, pop out the chamber, and hurl the weapon across the playground.*

■ Your piece shows strong potential in creating atmosphere and tension. The playground setting works well as a symbol of a neighbourhood in decline. However, your writing would benefit from smoother connections between ideas and more careful attention to how sentences flow together. Additionally, consider showing us more about your character's thoughts and feelings during key moments rather than simply telling us what happened. Also, focus on making your action sequences more realistic by showing the steps that lead to big changes in your character's behaviour. The jump from frightened to confident needs more development. You might revise the middle section where you describe the playground by breaking that long sentence into several shorter, clearer ones that each focus on one specific detail.

Overall Score: 40/50

Section 2:

~~#1 Cooked. Nowhere to go. An alleyway with weathered bricks, unwanted litter, and grime covered the floor.~~ [Cooked. Nowhere to go. I stood trapped in an alleyway where weathered bricks lined the walls, and unwanted litter and grime covered the floor.] I looked back, : Two teenagers, wearing sunglasses and masks were heading closer. One had a sledgehammer; the other wielded a rusty car exhaust pipe.

Half an hour earlier,

~~#2 I looked up ahead. Lakeshore Sunshine Playground, the greatest playground in the city. Bins toppled over and overflowing with Rotten Scraps, a sign promoting Police Recruitment graffitied; "FILTHSHORE PIGS", a slide with corroded metal, the swings rusty and sagging, and the paint faded and peeling.~~ [Bins lay toppled over, overflowing with rotten scraps. A sign promoting police recruitment had

been graffitied with the words "FILTHSHORE PIGS." The slide's metal had corroded, the swings hung rusty and sagging, and paint peeled from every surface.]

I've been here once, when the building was freshly built, which was several years ago. Now, this area was ruled by gangs, and stepping into their park was like declaring World War III. All I had to do, was cross the park so I could make it back home. It's now or never. I sprinted across the playground, ensuring not to trip over, and just before I got to the playground door on the other side, a voice cracked somewhere. "What do you think you're doing? Scum?" I glanced around, heart beating at the speed of light. "I, I just want to go to the other side." I quivered, not daring to look up. A few teenagers laughed, and soon, another gangster broke the laughter. "This is a revolver." ~~He [he] stated, pointing to a gun in his hand, which clearly had live rounds in it. My gut told me immediately,~~ that something wrong was going to happen.

#3 "Ever heard of Russian Roulette?" the thug questioned. I shook my head. Gambling with a gun, I'm guessing? That can't be good. "Alright, I will load a live bullet into the chamber, spin it, and fire it ~~in~~ [at] your head. You die, not my problem." ~~He mentioned: [he said.]~~ No, I could not accept such a thing. ~~My cadets training instincts kicked in. I snatched the revolver out of the hands of the thug, ripped out the chamber, and with some effort, smashed it into pieces. I threw it into my pocket, and ran.~~ [My cadets training instincts surged through me. Before I could think, my hand shot out and grabbed the revolver. The thug, caught off guard, loosened his grip for just a moment—enough for me to wrench it free, pop out the chamber, and hurl the broken pieces aside. Then I ran.] I glanced back at the thugs, and three gangsters ~~where~~ [were] hunting me down, dead or alive. One armed with a knife, another wielding a car exhaust pipe, the last with a sledgehammer.

I understood now, ~~the~~ [The] playground was a skirmish ground, a territory ~~s~~ [stripped of joy ~~or~~ [and] sunshine. It was a fight to the death, and no one ~~will~~ [would] save you. Not even LPD.