

Section 1

#1: "My breath snagged. My heartbeat slowed. I looked down. / Blurry. / Spinning. / My tongue touched the cap then the stalk. / It tasted odd. Bitter. Evil."

Strengths: Your piece uses short, punchy sentences that build tension effectively—the fragmented structure mirrors the narrator's physical distress and keeps the reader engaged. The sensory details ("tasted odd. Bitter. Evil") ground the reader in the immediate experience and create genuine unease.

→ **Abrupt temporal shift** Your writing jumps without warning from the narrator blacking out directly to "10 minutes ago," which leaves the reader disoriented. The opening creates momentum, then the narrative pulls back suddenly, and this makes it difficult to follow what's happening. Consider signposting this shift more clearly so your reader understands the timeline.

Instead, you might write: "Everything went black. / 10 minutes earlier, my friend warned me..." to signal the flashback more smoothly.

#2: "A tingling feeling, like something was biting with blunt teeth came from inside the fabric. I slapped my trousers and then it stopped. 'Probably just a bug' I thought then went back to finding it. / Then it came back with vengeance."

→ **Uneven pacing and clarity** Your piece rushes through the escalation of symptoms without letting the reader sit with the tension long enough. The phrase "came back with vengeance" tells us something is intense, but the previous sentences don't build enough dread beforehand. The connection between the character dismissing the feeling and it returning needs more breathing room.

You might revise to: "A tingling feeling, like something was biting with blunt teeth, came from inside the fabric. I slapped my trousers. It stopped. Relief washed over me—probably just a bug. But seconds later, the sensation returned, fiercer than before."

#3: "What was once my skin had become something monstrous. / Red. Bloated. / I watched helplessly as it crawled up. / I tried to stand. But crumbled down instantly. / Now it had reached my mouth and now it was time for me to meet my fate. / Death."

Strengths: Your piece nails the horror of physical transformation with precise, visceral detail—"Red. Bloated." works because it's simple and awful. The final single-word sentence, "Death," is a powerful full stop that emphasises the stakes.

→ **Repetitive phrasing** Your writing uses "now" twice in close succession ("Now it had reached my mouth and now it was time"), which weakens the impact. Also, the final lines tell the reader directly what's happening rather than showing it through action or sensation—this takes away from the dread you've built so carefully.

Consider: "What was once my skin had become something monstrous. Red. Bloated. It crawled upward. My legs wouldn't obey. As the infection reached my mouth, I understood: this was the end."



Your piece has real strengths—you've created a genuinely unsettling scenario with effective sensory details and a compelling hook. However, your writing needs more control over pacing and clarity. Your opening is strong, but the flashback interrupts the tension without enough warning, and this throws your reader off balance. Additionally, some of your sentences repeat ideas or tell the reader what's happening instead of letting them experience it. To improve, focus on smoothing out your timeline so the reader always knows where they are in the story, and strengthen your word choices so you're not repeating words like "now" too close together. Also, try to show moments of fear or desperation through actions and sensations rather than naming them directly—let your reader feel the horror rather than being told about it.

Score: 40 / 50

Section 2

My breath snagged. My heartbeat slowed. I looked down. Blurry. Spinning. My tongue touched the cap then the stalk. It tasted odd. Bitter. Evil. My eyes wandered around for a last second before I blacked out. ~~10 minutes ago.~~ [Moments earlier, my friend had warned me.] My friend warned me for the 10th time about how this place is infected with Umbra morbus. However ~~I~~ [I] shook it off like water off ~~a~~ [a] ducks [s] back. He said ~~don't~~ [don't] come running to me if I got infected but I didn't care about that. I cared about my camera. I had lost my camera while trying to take a photo of the Fungi but I couldn't find any so I left without my camera. ~~I climbed over the fence and landed in the playground sand pit.~~ [I climbed over the fence, landing in the playground sandpit.] Now it was time to find the camera. But little did I know that the sandpit shelters the Umbra morbus and now one of its spores has landed in my shoe. I brushed the sand off my sleeves and scanned the playground. The camera had to be around here somewhere. A tingling feeling, like something was biting with blunt teeth, [,] came from inside the fabric. I slapped my trousers and then it stopped. ~~'Probably just a bug' I thought then went back to finding it.~~ ['Probably just a bug,' I thought, then went back to finding it.] ~~Then~~ [Soon,] it came back with vengeance. My leg jerked. I

froze. The sting became something bigger like I was being jabbed by a needle. I yanked off my shoe, and for a heartbeat, for only a heartbeat. I saw it. The mark of the devil. What was once my skin had become something monstrous. Red. Bloated. I watched helplessly as it crawled up. I tried to stand. But crumbled down instantly. Now it had reached my mouth and now it was time for me to meet my fate. Death.