

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Vivid imagery and descriptive language
- Effective use of sensory details

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of adjectives and adverbs Your writing in this section is saturated with descriptive words, which can overwhelm the reader. For instance, phrases like "sublime astonishment" and "enthraling riddles" are used in close proximity, diminishing their individual impact.

c. Exemplar: "Wulfric's quill rolled onto the floor as the tome before him began to glow, awakening from its century-long slumber."

#2 (Second paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Strong contrast between the library and outside world
- Detailed depiction of historical setting

b. Weaknesses: Lack of coherence Your paragraph jumps abruptly from the library to the outside world without a smooth transition. The description of the external environment, while vivid, feels disjointed from the previous scene. For example, the sudden mention of "Rats and sewers" and "witch hunts" disrupts the flow of the narrative.

c. Exemplar: "As Wulfric stepped out of the grandiose royal library, he was confronted with the harsh realities of everyday English life."

#3 (Fifth and sixth paragraphs): a. Strengths:

- Introduction of conflict and tension
- Effective use of dialogue

b. Weaknesses: Inconsistent character development Your portrayal of Wulfric seems to shift abruptly. He goes from being in awe of the book to using it callously to eliminate a threat. The line "No one can mess with me" feels out of character with the earlier depiction of Wulfric as a scholarly figure.

c. Exemplar: "Wulfric hesitated, torn between fear and the power he now possessed. With trembling hands, he opened the book, searching for a way to protect himself."

Actionable task: Rewrite the first paragraph, focusing on creating a balance between descriptive language and narrative progression. Ensure that each adjective and adverb serves a specific purpose in setting the scene or developing the character.

Overall score: 40/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

The Powerful Book

Wulfric's obsidian quill rolled onto the threadbare floor, his eyes widening with ~~sublime~~ [profound] astonishment as the spellbinding tome before him began to illuminate with an otherworldly halo pulsing in enthralling riddles, on the precipice of awakening from ~~it's~~ [its] century long slumber. Shining letters spun across the curled parchment with frayed edges, forming serpentine beams of light, mesmerising Wulfric in the process.

#1 [Stepping out of the grandiose of the royal library with the gold~::~~::~-trimmed books and costly quartz pillars, vermilion red carpets everywhere you stepped, Wulfric was greeted with the normal English life.] ~~Rats and sewers filled most of the cobblestone pathway, ragged old hags running from men on witch hunts while fighting their patchy, long black robes always creating the possibility of tripping, and all the slaves affected by the contagious bubonic plague, caused by the low sanitary conditions that were quite typical in England.~~ [As Wulfric stepped out of the opulent royal library, he was confronted with the harsh realities of everyday English life. Rats scurried along the cobblestone pathways, while ragged figures fled from witch hunts, their tattered robes threatening to trip them at every step. The air was thick with the stench of disease, a grim reminder of the plague that ravaged the populace.] He glanced back through the religious stained glass windows of the imperial library, separated from the rest of chaotic England by an elegant drawbridge intricately ~~buil#~~ [built] by England's best builders. Class division was very obvious.

#2 The marketplace was a racket of merchants and traders, as well as people attempting to get to the sales they need. Wulfric could feel the trapped book waiting to be aroused, its rhymes used once again. Nothing could ever quieten down this lot of hawkers and hagglers, but as he recited the bedazzling rhyme from the thick book, a hush fell over the crowd. "Allow all prices to shift and change according to demand and supply, values of essentials up and others down." A palpable tingling shot up his spine, followed by a trembling pang of gnawing suspense. Soon after, price tags began to alter, merchants and consumers shouting with delight and disdain. It was magical.

Right before their eyes, bakers' loaves of bread dissolved into worthless grains of wheat once again, causing all customers to head over to the rice ~~mans'~~ [man's] sales. Bread

became very scarce, only available to those who knew the process of making it. Rice was the newest hit in the marketplace, causing price tags to grow slightly. Not that he thought anyone minded- bread and all the items that had vanished weren't his favourite sales.

#3 [Fame and admiration floated towards him, but so did envy and hatred. Strolling through the streets, dodging scrawny paupers shivering on the rough floor, shifting uncomfortably and holding out a trembling cup, their only possession acquired from the bins, he didn't manage to weave out of the way of one very sinister woman. She wore a cloak of deep melancholy, her devious eyes devoured by satanic darkness. As she forced out a smile, her stained grimy teeth were revealed, causing Wulfric to recoil.

"Hello," she spoke in a silent tone, her voice coarse and hoarse. "That's the little magical poem book you have there, yes? You don't know ~~it's~~ [its] powers...it's best if I handle it, dear. Now don't make this too hard, just hand it over and no damage will be done..."

All her syllables were slowly spoken, with a hint of menace and devilish intentions. ~~Wilfric~~ [Wulfric] would have handed the book to her swiftly and sprinted until he could see not even a speck of her left, but not when he had the book by his side. Rapidly peeking in a verse of the book, he speed~~~read through it with a great desire that it would be effective. "One shall never approach the one in possession of the mighty book. You approach with harmful desires, one verse shall wipe you out for eternity."

Immediately the woman spun at an alarming rate. So fast Wulfric couldn't make out her very distinctive face anymore. As her whirling slowed, her life was terminated and she became nothing more than a speck of dust. Wulfric smirked smugly. "No one can mess with me."]