

Section 1:

#1: "Arthur's slender, golden quill, still stained with royal purple ink, rolled to the crimson carpet from his yellowed scroll. He jolted awake, hurri "Ack!" he yelped, and hurriedly picked it up to avoid tarnishing the carpet. There was no use. A dark stain blossomed on the soft fabric."

a. Strengths:

- Vivid imagery with detailed descriptions of colours and textures
- Effective use of sensory details to set the scene

b. Weaknesses: Abrupt Transitions Your writing jumps from one action to another without smooth transitions. For instance, the shift from the quill rolling to Arthur jolting awake is jarring. The phrase "He jolted awake, hurri" is particularly disjointed, breaking the flow of the narrative.

c. Exemplar: "Arthur's slender, golden quill, still stained with royal purple ink, rolled from his yellowed scroll onto the crimson carpet. Startled from his doze, Arthur yelped, "Ack!" and hurriedly snatched up the pen, but it was too late. A dark stain had already blossomed on the soft fabric."

#2: "Arthur's head snapped to the tome. He immediately scrambled back, his breath clogging up in his throat. The ancient runes, once dull, pulsed with seething magic, demanding to be set free, to unleash its hungry power to the world. Serpentine tendrils of shadow writhed as they touched the air, then found their way to Arthur's chalk-white face."

a. Strengths:

- Intense, atmospheric description that builds tension
- Effective use of personification for the magical elements

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of Dramatic Language Your writing relies heavily on intense, dramatic language, which can be overwhelming. Phrases like "seething magic," "hungry power," and "serpentine tendrils of shadow" are evocative but risk becoming melodramatic when used in quick succession.

c. Exemplar: "Arthur's gaze locked onto the tome. He recoiled, his breath catching in his throat. The once-dull runes now pulsed with an eerie light, as if demanding release. Shadowy wisps curled from the pages, reaching towards Arthur's ashen face."

#3: "Arthur grimaced in fear. "What have I done?""

a. Strengths:

- Concise and impactful ending
- Effectively conveys the character's realisation and emotion

b. Weaknesses: Lack of Context Your ending, while punchy, lacks sufficient context to fully understand Arthur's predicament. The sudden shift from the magical book's demands to Arthur's realisation of wrongdoing feels abrupt and unexplained.

c. Exemplar: "Arthur grimaced, a cold dread settling in his stomach as he watched the chaos unfold. 'What have I unleashed?' he whispered, the weight of his actions crashing down upon him."

Actionable Task: Rewrite the opening paragraph, focusing on creating smoother transitions between actions and events. Pay attention to how one sentence flows into the next, ensuring a more cohesive narrative.

Overall Score: 42/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

Arthur's slender, golden quill, still stained with royal purple ink, rolled to the crimson carpet from his yellowed scroll. He jolted awake, ~~hurri~~ [hurriedly.] "Ack!" he yelped, and hurriedly picked it up to avoid tarnishing the carpet. There was no use. A dark stain blossomed on the soft fabric. He placed the pen gently back onto the curling edges of the frayed parchment, for any excess pressure and the ink valve would burst, giving him something worse than a beating to worry about. His head whipped around to face the leather-bound tome he was watching, examining its golden edges, the ancient runes surrounding it. His brow furrowed as the air... shifted. Arthur felt a chill go down his spine, droplets of sweat that stuck to his robes. He shifted ~~uncomfortable~~ [uncomfortably] on the mahogany bench, his fingers tightening on his quill involuntarily. An eerie whisper crawled its way into his mind, hissing to look at the book. Look at the book, it whispered. Look. LOOK!

#1 [Arthur's head snapped to the tome. He immediately scrambled back, his breath clogging up in his throat. The ancient runes, once dull, pulsed with seething magic, demanding to be set free, to unleash its hungry power to the world. Serpentine tendrils of shadow writhed as they touched the air, then found their way to Arthur's chalk-white face.] He froze as the temperature dropped and his breath misted the air. He gulped, and inhaled for breath that did not come ~~Gagging~~ [gagging], he crawled to the window, but the latches had frozen over. Icy fingers squeezed his lungs until no breath could

come in. Flashing light filled his mind. A dark room. Blood. He scrambled for something, anything, to smash the book into nothingness before he could die. 12 was too young! The tendrils filled his mouth, and... he could breathe again. He glanced at the book. It was just a boring old book. Not really.

A figure materialised out of thin air. Lady Atheria stood before him. Not the once slender – featured, kind woman, but the entity of shadow and darkness. Her face was sharp angles, and sallow, paper-thin skin covered her cheeks. Her lips were dry and chapped, white and ghostly and her eyes... Pools of empty black that drew him in. Arthur felt himself falling, his breath left his lungs and he stopped living. The haunted woman chuckled. Her robes were black and purple shadows, adorned with the tortured souls of the dead, and her cloak was midnight blue, fluid and rippling like a pool. Atheria chuckled. "You might be wondering why I've killed you. I can't talk to the living. A part of my curse." Her eyes twinkled with amusement. "I see you've found my brother's tome." She rasped, in a voice that was neither human nor animal. "Be careful with it. You will not last long. I am destined to take it, to destroy the world and rule it!" Her eyes blazed with the power of a thousand suns and Arthur felt himself blacking out.

#2 [He was writing in the library, a day later. Deciding not to mention his episode, he'd saved unnecessary trouble. "The laws of this... kingdom... will be decided... along with..." As his quill scratched at the parchment, he muttered the words. "We will... also... need to discuss.... Supply and demand!" with a flourish, he signed and closed the scroll. Out of the corner of his eye, the tome was glowing. "Not again," he muttered, hurrying to the door. Instead, due to his clumsiness, he smacked into the window... and gaped at the event happening outside.] Arthur couldn't believe his eyes. By the very second, goods and products were disappearing and reappearing! Bolts of magic flew from the leather-bound book, and it then comfortably settled in his lap. More. The voice urged, and the book smacked him. "OW! What was that for??" He yelled, but the voice was impatient. More! I need more! Now! We must!

#3 [Arthur grimaced in fear. "What have I done?"]