

Section 1:

#1 (First paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Vivid description of the throne
- Effective portrayal of the king's distress

b. Weaknesses: Inconsistent tone Your writing shifts abruptly from formal, descriptive language to more colloquial expressions. For instance, the phrase "rage about to burst the plug holding it in" feels out of place compared to the earlier, more formal descriptions. This inconsistency disrupts the flow and atmosphere you've established.

c. Exemplar: "The king, Henry III, sat upon a velvet throne, its intricate golden patterns intertwining like serpentine veins. 'This is dire,' he exclaimed, his voice trembling with barely contained fury. 'The crops falter, the Hundred Years' War persists, and our economy teeters on the brink of collapse!'"

#2 (Third paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Intriguing introduction of a mysterious character
- Effective use of descriptive language

b. Weaknesses: Overuse of adjectives Your writing in this section relies heavily on adjectives, which can overwhelm the reader. For example, "Her demeanor was like a silhouette of darkness, her sickly fingers like needles" contains multiple descriptors that may detract from the impact of the character's appearance.

c. Exemplar: "A figure materialised from the shadows, her presence chilling me to the bone. 'So, young scribe,' she inquired, her grin curving against pale skin, 'do you think you deserve this power?'"

#3 (Last paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Interesting plot twist
- Moral lesson incorporated

b. Weaknesses: Rushed conclusion Your ending feels abrupt and underdeveloped. The sudden appearance of the "ghastly figure" and the rapid resolution of the conflict leave many questions unanswered. For instance, you write, "I realised that the economic changes were not smart," but this realisation seems hasty and lacks depth.

c. Exemplar: "As the crowd marvelled at the changes, a familiar voice cut through the air. 'Foolish boy,' the ghastly figure hissed, 'attempting to alter the fabric of reality for

mere praise and wealth.' As she spoke, I began to understand the gravity of my actions."

Actionable task: Rewrite the last paragraph, focusing on developing the protagonist's realisation about the consequences of their actions. Ensure to explore the character's thoughts and emotions as they come to terms with the moral implications of using the tome.

Overall score: 40/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

The king, Henry III, sat upon a velvet throne, the intricate golden patterns like bulging serpentine veins, intertwining elaborately. "This is dire. The crops aren't growing well, ~~the hundred year war~~ [the Hundred Years' War] is still on, and our economy is about to collapse!" he exclaimed, rage about to burst the plug holding it in. I watched him keenly from my mahogany table, dropping my quill, ink tarnishing the vermilion carpet. Opening my tome, I stared at what I had ~~wrote~~ [written], but suddenly, the letters began to prance across the parchment. I thought I was dreaming. However, this was far from the case. #1

A halo of luminescent auric glow appeared before my eyes, its enchanting allure capturing me in its trance. The kingdom's peril had been erased from my memory, instead all of my attention was diverted at this magical treatise.

A ghastly figure materialised from the shadows, her deathly presence sending a shiver ~~down~~ [down] my spine. Her demeanour was like a silhouette of darkness, her sickly fingers like needles. "So young scribe, do you think you deserve this power?" she inquired, her menacing grin curving against her alabaster skin. "All I can say is recite something". Without another word, she puffed out of existence, as I still tried to understand what just occurred. #2

Following the strange figure's command, I flipped to a random page, reading the golden letters. As I began to recite, a clatter and gasps broke out, and when I turned my head to peer outside of the window, a merchant's wheelbarrow overflowed with sapphires, rubies, jade and diamonds, while another's wheat, corn and bread vanished from existence. I stared at the tome, and I hatched a plan to save the entire kingdom.

A crowd gathered, wondering what the new scribe had to say for himself. "Maybe he's getting beheaded because he's been too slow," someone muttered, wanting to return to his work as a carpenter, exasperated because of the waiting and the sweltering sun. I strode upon stage, my heart pounding like a snare drum. "Let me introduce you people

and peasants to this tome," I remarked, sweat bubbling up on my palms. Don't let yourself get this part wrong, I thought, shuddering at the thought of calling forth the entire kingdom to get ridiculed and demoted to a peasant.

Out of my pocket, I heaved out the legendary tome, and began to recite the holy charm, hoping to change the state of the kingdom. Each word brought forth another change, and by the time the ritual had ended, the entire stage had been converted into silver, the curtains had become soft as clouds, and the king's castle had become a pristine marble palace. The audience watched in awe, every mouth ajar as they breathed in immaculate air.

~~"Foolish boy, trying to change economics for his own praise and wealth. You shall be banished from access to the Tome of Wisdom!" the ghastly figure shouted, pointing a draconian finger at me. The peculiar figure erased the changes made by the tome, slapped the tome out of my hands, and disappeared, the tome with it. I realised that the economic changes were not smart – there was no point in making a utopia without any effort or satisfaction. ["Foolish boy!" the ghastly figure's voice boomed, echoing across the transformed square. "You dare manipulate the fabric of reality for your own glory?" As she spoke, the enormity of my actions began to dawn on me. The figure's draconian finger pointed accusingly, and I felt the weight of my choices bearing down upon me. With a flick of her wrist, she erased the changes wrought by the tome, each vanishing marvel a stark reminder of my hubris. As the tome was wrenched from my grasp and disappeared along with the figure, I was left to contemplate the true cost of my actions. I realised then that genuine prosperity couldn't be conjured from thin air – it required effort, time, and the collective will of the people.] #3~~