

## Section 1:

### #1 (First paragraph): a. Strengths:

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

b. Weaknesses: Main issue: Inconsistent tone Your writing jumps between formal and informal language, creating a disjointed narrative. For instance, "Aethelred the Unready sat sternly on his throne, attempting to be ready this time" contrasts sharply with "But what was that? In the corner of my eye, I spied a glowing tome."

c. Exemplar: "Aethelred the Unready sat sternly on his throne, his demeanour betraying a newfound readiness. As I crept past the clanking royal knights, my gaze was drawn to a peculiar sight in the royal library."

### #2 (Third paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Introduces intriguing magical elements
- Creates a sense of mystery and anticipation

b. Weaknesses: Main issue: Overuse of adjectives Your writing is cluttered with excessive descriptors, which can overwhelm the reader. For example, "The glowing, yellowed pages covered in calligraphy were written in a small and faint font" contains too many adjectives in quick succession.

c. Exemplar: "The tome's pages glowed faintly, covered in intricate calligraphy that danced before my eyes."

### #3 (Final paragraph): a. Strengths:

- Builds tension and excitement
- Introduces a clear conflict and resolution

b. Weaknesses: Main issue: Rushed pacing Your conclusion feels hurried, with events unfolding too quickly without proper development. For instance, "Sir Keynes swung his sword, glinting in the moonlight, at the Dark Economist's neck, slicing it off" happens abruptly without build-up or explanation.

c. Exemplar: "Sir Keynes raised his sword, its blade catching the moonlight. With a swift, calculated strike, he brought it down upon the Dark Economist, whose form shimmered and began to dissolve."

Actionable task: Rewrite the final paragraph, focusing on slowing down the pacing and providing more detail about the confrontation with the Dark Economist. Ensure to build tension gradually and explain the characters' actions and motivations more clearly.

Overall score: 41/50

Section 2: Revision Guidelines

### **The Invisible Hand's Gambit**

Aethelred the Unready sat sternly on his throne, attempting to be ready this time. The royal knights clanked around the throne room, trying to guard it by night. I pushed past them and snuck into the royal library, as countless little pinpricks of stars shone through the glass ceiling, casting long shadows on the wooden floorboards. But what was that? In the corner of my eye, I spied a glowing tome hidden behind the other books, a yellow halo circling over it. I carefully pulled it out of the bookshelf and read the title: The Wealth of Realms.

My eyes threatening to boggle out of my sockets, I flipped the delicate leather cover which was embroidered with gold and gems that glittered in the moonlight. My hand fell slack and the obsidian quill clattered to the ground, seeping ink which was ruining the oak floorboards. Not that it mattered. I told myself that I was only imagining this, and I ought to receive sleep, but no, I was intrigued. The glowing, yellowed pages covered in calligraphy were written in a small and faint font, and I squinted to see the indecipherable handwriting. I tried not another attempt to read the writing as I was already succumbing to sleep and I feared that if I blinked, it would last for the rest of the night.

#2 That morning, I found myself kneeling in a puddle of ink with my face in the magical tome, which still had golden letters dancing around in a halo despite the sunlight. With the morning sun warmly basking my back, I could finally appreciate the magical properties of the luminescent chronicle. The glowing words were prancing around the page, each sentence in the book a financial incantation. Chanting these phrases in the market square, I took in instant, almost magical effect-the financial leper instantaneously obtaining the wealth of the king, and nobles suddenly fumbling in their moneybags only to find fluff.

Soon enough, Sir Keynes arrived in a cloud of dust, his mathematical ~~armor~~ [armour] shining in the sun as if it was just polished. He drew his gleaming metallic sword and waved it swiftly, restoring the money to its original owners, settling the commotion. He spoke in the rough and unsettling tone, that I ought to clamber on his horse. I hesitated and streaks of perspiration began to moisten, though I eventually gave in and squished

onto the remaining space on his oiled leather saddle. The horse began to trot, with double the load on its back, at a leisurely pace. By the time the horse stopped, our shadows were over thrice our height.

Judging by the majestic face of the front of the building, I concluded that we had arrived at the Royal Mint Building. It was almost night, and guards had begun to work on their night shift. They let us through, almost as if they were expecting us and we stepped inside, walking deeper into the heart of the enormous building. Chills ran down my spine though I was no more than twenty ~~centimeters~~ [centimetres] from Sir Keynes, one of the best knights in the kingdom. Soon enough, we had come to the minting room, and in the middle, there was the Dark Economist himself.

#3 Flipping open the glowing book that was resting in my moist palms and muttered the first incantation in the book. The Dark Economist flinched but had taken no signs of damage. He cackled and revealed ~~is~~ [his] plan for market domination, filling the entire Mint Building with his musty breath. Sir Keynes swung his sword, glinting in the moonlight, at the Dark Economist's neck, slicing it off. 'Nooooooooooooo!' howled the economist as he disintegrated into all the money he had manipulated to fall in his evil palms. Before he could regenerate, we sprinted out of the mint and onto Sir Keynes horse. Medieval England had just been saved.