



Fiction Proofreading

Be the editor: there are 25 errors to be corrected in the following fictional extract.

Checklist:

- 10 spelling mistakes, including:
 - 4 homophones.
- 10 punctuation errors, including:
 - 3 missing commas;
 - 2 superfluous apostrophes;
 - 2 missing apostrophes;
 - 1 missing question mark;
 - 1 missing full stop;
 - 1 missing hyphen in a compound noun.
- 3 inconsistencies in tense of verb (past/present/future).
- 2 erroneous capital letters.

Use blank space to practise spellings and to visualise different options.

Extension: identify what you think are the most ambitious examples of vocabulary. Why do you think the writer chose these particular words?

A Plaiice beyond

She ran her hand over the course railings their cracked paintwork scraping abrasively against her supple fingertips. Once majestic barriers, the sands of time had worn them down to dereliction. Wondering aimlessly, Ayila s hand trailed across the arks curves and lumpen adornments, flowed like tributaries and leading eventually to the grandiose gate which she now stood before, her touch lingering on the rose motif at the heart of it. Noticably smoother than any other part of the perimeter, this floral garland also retained some colour; where much of the oppressive black surface had given way to a silvery grey, the rose flushed an Autumnal auburn. She wonders if its coating had been expensive gold leaf. Placing her palm upon this most ornate detail, she slowly enfolded her fingers' around it, then suddenly recoiled as she felt it's sharp edges prick her flesh.



For the first time on her travels, Ayila felt vulnerable. The gothic façade of the place had not given her pause for thought, so entranced was she with the idea of adventure and a quest that offered much-needed respite from the dreariness of domestic life. That momentary sensation of pain, however, served to remind this ordinary girl that she was sleepwalking into unknown territory. What was her hitherto tedious existance being swopped for

Fortified by the realisation that their was no returning to the remote Land from which she d come, Ayila reached for the latch and gave it a descisive push. As the rickety gate swings open, the granite gatepost crumbled further, hunks of formerly proud masonry sent tumbling into a shallow grave of upturned soil. With a self assurance that felt alien to someone who'd been raised to beleive that meekness was a virtue, the bold young woman strode across the boundary along the gravel pathway and up to the imposing front door. Taking its rusty brass knocker in hand, she repeated her purposeful action with the gate latch, banging it forcefully against the solid oak admission point. Then she waited.



Fiction Proofreading Answers

A Place Beyond

She ran her hand over the **coarse** railings, their cracked paintwork scraping abrasively against her supple fingertips. Once majestic barriers, the sands of time had worn them down to dereliction. **Wandering** aimlessly, Ayila's hand trailed across the **arcs**, curves and lumpen adornments, **flowing** like tributaries and leading eventually to the grandiose gate which she now stood before, her touch lingering on the rose motif at the heart of it. **Noticeably** smoother than any other part of the perimeter, this floral garland also retained some colour; where much of the oppressive black surface had given way to a silvery grey, the rose flushed an autumnal auburn. She **wondered** if its coating had been expensive gold leaf. Placing her palm upon this most ornate detail, she slowly enfolded her finger around it, then suddenly recoiled as she felt its sharp edges prick her flesh.

For the first time on her travels, Ayila felt vulnerable. The gothic façade of the place had not given her pause for thought, so entranced was she with the idea of adventure and a quest that offered much-needed respite from the dreariness of domestic life. That momentary sensation of pain, however, served to remind this ordinary girl that she was sleepwalking into unknown territory. What was her hitherto tedious **existence** being **swapped** for?

Fortified by the realisation that **there** was no returning to the remote land from which she'd come, Ayila reached for the latch and gave it a **decisive** push. As the rickety gate **swung** open, the granite gatepost crumbled further, hunks of formerly proud masonry sent tumbling into a shallow grave of upturned soil. With a self-assurance that felt alien to someone who'd been raised to **believe** that meekness was a virtue, the bold young woman strode across the boundary, along the gravel pathway and up to the imposing front door. Taking its rusty brass knocker in hand, she repeated her purposeful action with the gate latch, banging it forcefully against the solid oak admission point. Then she waited.