

## Revising

Some writing is clearly exciting even though it is loaded with error. A writer who takes delight in language has to feel a combination of excitement and frustration when strong purpose and feeling is marred by error.

The following passage has delightful potential. It has humor and vivid observation of people and scene. Revise it. Keep the writer's comic sense. Your passage should be shorter than the original, which tends to a wordiness of style and also to include materials that distract from the central purpose.

*Oh No! Not another day. I thought to myself as I hit the off button to my echoing alarm. Rolling out of the warmth of my bed I regretted not having studied. How could I be so naive as to think I could pull off writing this test. Today at 10/15 a.m. I would meet my maker. As I entered Miss Mitchell's highly enlightened grade nine English class, my stomach churning with regret. All around me I heard exclamations of fabricated surprise as the blue-[iXVX,] majority shuffled in realizing that today was the dreaded V-Day. Presently our short, confident, bespectacled class instructress appeared late, and minus a late slip and I saw in her coral coloured smile that we would "perhaps" get a reprieve. Perhaps being the operative word. Right at that moment of the intense fear of being unprepared I promised myself that never again would I put myself through such agonizing torment. I was going to study from now on. Forget about the great movie on television or driving by the guy of my dreams house to see if he is home. From this day forth, I was going to loci myself in my bedroom for the night, never to be seen again until the test material was deeply embedded within my mind. Next to me Dianne fidgeted nervously wondering with great anxiety whether or not to throw herself out the window for not having studied, finally deciding against it as she didn't wish to mess her freshly coiffured chestnut brown hair. Of course, behind em, I could hear the familiar refrain of George, who is terminally lost in space,, asking imploringly "What did she say?" "What are we doing?" I am confident I can smell the aroma of fresh baked muffins, and vocalize these feelings to hear my immediate neighbours retort in disgust that what i actually smell are the stinky radiators. Now, finally after being gratefully excused from doing the test tomorrow, and amid the bevy of giggles, we as a class,undertake the task of writing a paragraph about our recent class expedition. This undertaking progresses smoothly until Sue interrupts with a snort like explosion of laughter, which caused her cherubic face to turn candy apply crimson and the rest of the class to erupt into laughter. As I glanced around amid the youthful crowd in which I find myself, and through the haze of smelly armpits and remnants of cigarette smoke, I see my friend Laurie in her bright red apparel labouring industriously to get her spelling correct, shoulders humped over and cheeks working along with her as she chew her bubble gum.*