Proof-reading and editing practice

Extract from *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, by Roald Dahl

*‘Oh what a man he is, this Mr Willy Wonka!’ cried Grandpa Joe.*

*‘Did you know, for example, that he has himself invented more than two hundred new kinds of chocolate bars, each with a different centre, each far sweeter and creamier and more delicious than anything the other chocolate factories can make…’*

*‘…Mr Willy Wonka can make marshmallows that taste of violets, and rich caramels that change colour every ten seconds as you suck them, and little feathery sweets that melt away the moment you put them between your lips. He can make chewing gum that*

*never loses its taste, and sugar balloons that you can blow up to enormous sizes before you pop them with a pin and gobble them up…’*

Thanks for the Knife

An excerpt from The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins.

Sixty seconds. That's how long we're required to stand on our metal circles before the sound of a gong releases us. Step off before the minute is up, and land mines blow your legs off. Sixty seconds to take in the ring of tributes all equidistant from the Cornucopia, a giant golden horn shaped like a cone with a curved tail, the mouth of which is at least twenty feet high, spilling over with the things that will give us life here in the arena. Food, containers of water, weapons, medicine, garments, fire starters. Strewn around the Cornucopia are other supplies, their value decreasing the farther they are from the horn. For instance, only a few steps from my feet lies a three-foot square of plastic. Certainly it could be of some use in a downpour. But there in the mouth, I can see a tent pack that would protect from almost any sort of weather. If I had the guts to go in and fight for it against the other twenty-three tributes. Which I have been instructed not to do.

We're on a flat, open stretch of ground. A plain of hard-packed dirt. Behind the tributes across from me, I can see nothing, indicating either a steep downward slope or even a cliff. To my right lies a lake. To my left and back, sparse piney woods. This is where Haymitch would want me to go. Immediately.

I hear his instructions in my head. "Just clear out, put as much distance as you can between yourselves and the others, and find a source of water."

**Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire**

**By J.K. Rowling**

**CHAPTER ONE**

**The Riddle House**

The villagers of Little Hangleton still called it “the Riddle House,” even though it had been many years since the Riddle family had lived there. It stood on a hill overlooking the village, some of its windows boarded, tiles missing from its roof, and ivy spreading unchecked over its face. Once a fine-looking manor, and easily the largest and grandest building for miles around, the Riddle House was now damp, derelict, and unoccupied.

The Little Hagletons all agreed that the old house was “creepy.” Half a century ago, something strange and horrible had happened there, something that the older inhabitants of the village still liked to discuss when topics for gossip were scarce. The story had been picked over so many times, and had been embroidered in so many places, that nobody was quite sure what the truth was anymore. Every version of the tale, however, started in the same place: Fifty years before, at daybreak on a fine summer’s morning when the Riddle House had still been well kept and impressive, a maid had entered the drawing room to find all three Riddles dead.

The maid had run screaming down the hill into the village and roused as many people as she could.

“Lying there with their eyes wide open! Cold as ice! Still in their dinner things!”

The police were summoned, and the whole of Little Hangleton had seethed with shocked curiosity and ill-disguised excitement. Nobody wasted their breath pretending to feel very sad about the Riddles, for they had been most unpopular. Elderly Mr. and Mrs. Riddle had been rich, snobbish, and rude, and their grown-up son, Tom, had been, if anything, worse. All the villagers cared about was the identity of their murderer — for plainly, three apparently healthy people did not all drop dead of natural causes on the same night.

The Hanged Man, the village pub, did a roaring trade that night; the whole village seemed to have turned out to discuss the murders. They were rewarded for leaving their firesides when the Riddles’ cook arrived dramatically in their midst and announced to the suddenly silent pub that a man called Frank Bryce had just been arrested.

“Frank!” cried several people. “Never!”

Frank Bryce was the Riddles’ gardener. He lived alone in a run-down cottage on the grounds of the Riddle House. Frank had come back from the war with a very stiff leg and a great dislike of crowds and loud noises, and had been working for the Riddles ever since.

DIARY OF A WIMPY KID: HARD LUCK

MARCH

Monday

Mom’s always saying that friends will come and go but family is forever. Well, if that’s true, I could be in for a rough ride. I mean, I love my family and all, but I’m just not sure we were meant to LIVE together. Maybe

it’ll be better later on when we’re all in different houses and only see each other on holidays, but right now things are just a little dicey.

I’m surprised Mom’s always pushing the “family” message, since she and her sisters don’t really get along. Maybe she thinks if she keeps

repeating it to me and my brothers, then we’ll come out different. But, if I was her, I wouldn’t hold my breath. I think Mom is just trying to make me feel better about my situation with Rowley anyway. Rowley’s been my best friend ever since he moved into my neighbourhood, but things have really changed between us recently. And it’s all because of a GIRL.

Believe me, the last person in the world I ever thought would get a girlfriend was ROWLEY.

I always thought I’D be the one in a relationship and Rowley would be the guy everyone kind of felt sorry for. I guess I’ve got to give Rowley some credit for actually finding a girl who likes him. But I don’t

have to be HAPPY about it. Back in the good old days, it was just me and Rowley, and we hung out and did whatever we wanted. If we felt like blowing bubbles in our chocolate milk at lunch, then that’s exactly what

we did.

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