

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

## DEV 110

### WORD CHOICE: EDITING EXERCISE II

Correct any errors in word choice in the following paragraph.

One dark night in ancient times an evil which named Glog said to the raven on her shoulder, "Lets have some fun. We'll break the rules of time and bring back a dragon. It's been a long time since the ground has shaken!" To begin the ritual, Glog changed into her best close: a loose lizard skin dress with spider web trim; with two buttons made of goat eyes; and with bat wings, too, one attached to each shoulder. She also checked the whether. "We can proceed weather or not it rains, but wind is a principle ingredient in any type of sorcery," she told her raven. Shortly, she heard the wind raise and new the time was right to raise a dragon up from the depths of time. On a fire she sat a cauldron filled with items witch had been past through all the generations of her family-- portions of dried skin and bones from huge primordial creatures and secret powders and liquids which she chose with care and blended with patients. As she stirred the contents of the cauldron, her cackles of glee broke the quite of the night. Suddenly, the cauldron burst; torrid flames and enormous billows of smoke raised from it. "Look their," Glog shrieked to the raven as she pointed to the smoke; "I've done quite a good job of creating a dragon." Inside the smoke, growing by leaps and bounds, was a dragon that looked like the pictures her ancestors had sketched in dusty, old books accept that it had human hands and feet and a tail more like a pig's than a dragon's. "Were in the world did that tail come from," shouted Glog. As the dragon grew, erupting through the ceiling at her hut and burning her furniture with it's fiery breath, Glog remembered her Uncle Merlin's advise: "Don't create things your not able to control!" When the dragon started eating her herbs and potions, it wasn't two difficult for Glog to no that she couldn't control it. While Glog desperately searched her book of wizardry for an antidragon spell, the dragon looked hungrily at her and than gulped down her raven as an

appetizer. It's squawks could be heard for miles. Finally, she found the words she needed:

"Ugly beast, rotten to the core, return to the dark ages of the dinosaur." The dragon immediately evaporated, leaving quite a bad smell which never left Glog's hut. She didn't care, though; the hut smelled better than the inside of a dragon's belly. And she wasn't discouraged about her magical abilities either. "Who's to say what I'll conjure up some other day," she chuckled.