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Videan Unlimited

Compelling Writing Exercise

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- State the action
- Realistic internal talk/ stay in character’s head
- Don’t label emotions
- Show physical reaction
- Show emotional reaction
- Show, don’t tell.
- Use active verbs
- Use active voice
- See something extra?

Original text	Revised for active, deep POV
<p>She was in trouble. Lark saw Noel and Mikk Stone running toward her, led by their powerful mother Alannyss. Lark was afraid. She had to move! She was pulling the zither over her shoulder, as she fiercely siphoned power, and sang her new Earth-healing spell. The ground responded immediately, it was shaking and crumbling into the fissure with an earthy slithering sound. She heard the soil plunge into the void under the tower, then the gem’s light winked out and the wiirms stopped their chaotic flight. Unfortunately, she watched them refocus on her as a sandy avalanche was zipping out across the lawn and was filling the rift into the distance.</p> <p>It caused her Dark Fae pursuers to shift direction slightly as the closing earth was tumbling near them, but they continued their rapid approach. The Stones were halfway across the lawn and she saw waves of drawn energy seem to waft, nearly invisible, toward them. Their auras were flickering a furious red. Noel, was bringing up the rear, and he was gathering energy, too, but his aura glowed orange. Lark knew it represented fear, not the burning anger exhibited by his evil brother and mother.</p> <p>Her mind desperately searched for a way to escape the oncoming attack here with her back against the enemies’ stronghold. Frantic, she looked toward Noel. Surely, my boyfriend wants to help me, she thought. She watched him look up and around as he was running. He was, apparently, satisfied no one was watching his movements, including the wiirms flying above them, he gestured wildly toward the edge of the forest farther up to her left.</p> <p>She glanced to where he pointed. She saw a “Scales” was nestled just inside the border of trees. The small building was integrated into a large tree, and was beckoning a quick escape. Hope gripped her. She knew if she could just reach the transportation building and get the door closed and locked, she could use its karakia-infused dragon scales and phoenix tears to whisk her away.</p> <p>Lark was so scared she could hardly sing the Movere spell but, somehow, she managed it. She jumped into the air with the aid of the casting. Her own aura was shining a brilliant yellow orange, which colored her vision as she was whisking across the grounds. Gliding with her arms tight to her sides, she leaned forward rigidly to minimize air resistance. She heard the zither bouncing against her back and her leather cloak billowed out behind her.</p>	<p>As Noel and Mikk Stone ran toward her, led by their powerful mother Alannyss, Lark’s heart jumped into her throat. <i>I need to move!</i> She pulled the zither over her shoulder, fiercely siphoned power, and sang her new Earth-healing spell. The ground responded immediately, shaking and crumbling into the fissure with an earthy slithering sound. As soil plunged into the void under the tower, the gem’s light winked out and the dragons stopped their chaotic flight. Unfortunately, they refocused on her as a sandy avalanche zipped out across the lawn, filling the rift into the distance.</p> <p>It caused her Dark Fae pursuers to shift direction slightly as the closing earth tumbled near them, but they drew closer by the second. The Stones had covered half the lawn on their way to her, and waves of drawn energy wafted, nearly invisible, toward them. Their auras flickered a furious red. Noel, bringing up the rear, gathered energy, too, but his aura glowed orange. It represented fear, not the burning anger exhibited by his evil brother and mother.</p> <p>Her mind grasped this way and that, searching for a way to escape the oncoming attack here with her back against the enemies’ stronghold. Her boyfriend must want to help her. He looked up and around as he ran. Apparently satisfied no one watched his movements, including the wiirms, he gestured wildly toward the edge of the forest farther up to her left.</p> <p>Her gaze moved to where he pointed. A “Scales” nestled just inside the border of trees. The small building, integrated into a large tree, stood beckoning a quick escape. If she could just reach the transportation building and close and lock the door, she could use its karakia-infused dragon scales and phoenix tears to whisk her away.</p> <p>Her heart pounded so hard she could hardly sing the Movere spell but, somehow, managed it. She jumped into the air with the aid of the casting, her own aura shining a brilliant yellow orange, coloring her vision as she whisked across the grounds. She glided with her arms tight to her sides and leaned forward, rigid, to minimize air resistance. The zither bounced against her back and her leather cloak billowed out behind her.</p>

Alannyss's voice rang out from behind.
"She's making a run for The Scales!"
It wasn't necessary for her to look back to know the Stones had changed direction and were following her flight toward the transport module. She had to hurry. She redoubled her intent and draw of energy. At this speed, though, she wondered if would she be able to stop to open the door? As her fear grew, she almost decided to slow down slightly, but when the heat of an Ignea spell's fireball grazed her right arm, she winced in pain, sped up, and diverted from a direct path into a zigzag flight. Moving targets were harder to hit, she knew. Her mind was striving for any idea to protect herself. She could not use a Custodio shielding karakia to protect herself. Such a spell sealed around her body would interfere with the functioning of The Scales' fire-based transmutation and restoration processes. She realized she could only attempt to outmaneuver her pursuers.

"The brat is making a run for The Scales!" Alannyss's voice rang out from behind. No need to look back. Of course, the Stones had changed direction and followed her flight toward the transport module. She redoubled her intent and draw of energy. At this speed, though, would she be able to stop to open the door? She almost decided to slow down slightly, but when the heat of an Ignea spell's fireball grazed her right arm, she winced, shook off the sting, and diverted additional speed from a direct path into a zigzag flight. Moving targets are always harder to hit, right? She could not use a Custodio shielding karakia to protect herself. Such a spell sealed around her body would interfere with the functioning of The Scales' fire-based transmutation and restoration processes. She could only attempt to outmaneuver her pursuers. Sweat beaded and flew off from her brow as she soared forward.