

Proofreading Activities

Activity One

First identify the type of mistake in the passage, then correct the four mistakes.

Russell groaned his mum shouted up the stairs, "Russell, get up now or you'll be late – again!"

"Riiight." he called back wearily. "It's always the same," he thought, "Just when you are warm, comfy and having a fabulous dre – what was that?" Russell's train of thought was interrupted by a small figure running along the top of the skirting boards. It was only there for a second, but he was sure he'd seen. Russell shook his head in an effort to 'reboot' his vision. But no, there it was again, this time climbing up the leg his desk. A small person, no more than 6 inches high, scaling the telegraph pole upright.

Russell felt no fear, only curiosity. It occurred to him that maybe he was a) dreaming or b) going slightly mad but he decided that having an imp or a pixie in his room was far more interesting than getting dressed, whatever the reason for its appearance. He approached slowly, much like when he was trying to catch his rabbit to put it to bed, "Mustn't spook it," he whispered himself.

"Oi, who are you calling it?" said a tiny voice.

Activity Two

First identify the type of mistake in the passage, then correct the 11 mistakes.

He wasn't exacly dressed like an elf, come to think of it. The boy (Russell was farely sure this was a boy now) had thick, dark hair which he war long and free. He wore an all-in-one suit made out of what seemed to be a flexible, smooth tweed. "That looks itchy," Russell though. He had a utility belt holding tinny tools: a hammer, pliers, a screwdriver and a quantity of wire ties. All perfect, minuscule replicas of fermiliar items in Russell's dad's tool box. On his back was a rucksack with, Russell presumed, his climbing gear inside it. On his feet were a pair of chocolate-brown boots which looked like leather gloves, but for feet. There was a seperate section for each toe. "Five toes through," Russell noted, "same as me." The eyes that were now looking at Russell expectently were deep brown, almost black and the elf's skin was shiny, soft-looking and a deep mahogany colour.

Proofreading Activities

Activity One

Type of mistake: words missing.

Russell groaned **as** his mum shouted up the stairs, "Russell, get up now or you'll be late – again!"

"Riiiiight." he called back wearily. "It's always the same," he thought, "Just when you are warm, comfy and having a fabulous dre – what was that?" Russell's train of thought was interrupted by a small figure running along the top of the skirting boards. It was only there for a second, but he was sure he'd seen **it**. Russell shook his head in an effort to 'reboot' his vision. But no, there it was again, this time climbing up the leg **of** his desk. A small person, no more than 6 inches high, scaling the telegraph pole upright.

Russell felt no fear, only curiosity. It occurred to him that maybe he was a) dreaming or b) going slightly mad but he decided that having an imp or a pixie in his room was far more interesting than getting dressed, whatever the reason for its appearance. He approached slowly, much like when he was trying to catch his rabbit to put it to bed, "Mustn't spook it," he whispered **to** himself.

"Oi, who are you calling it?" said a tiny voice.

Activity Two

Type of mistake: spelling including homophones and commonly misspelled words.

He wasn't **exactly** dressed like an elf, come to think of it. The boy (Russell was **fairly** sure this was a boy now) had thick, dark hair which he **wore** long and free. He wore an all-in-one suit made out of what seemed to be a flexible, smooth tweed. "That looks itchy," Russell **thought**. He had a utility belt holding **tiny** tools: a hammer, pliers, a screwdriver and a quantity of wire ties. All perfect, minuscule replicas of **familiar** items in Russell's dad's tool box. On his back was a rucksack with, Russell presumed, his climbing **gear** inside it. On his feet were a pair of chocolate-brown boots which looked like leather gloves, but for feet. There was a **separate** section for each toe. "Five toes **though**," Russell noted, "same as me." The eyes that were now looking at Russell **expectantly** were deep brown, almost black and the elf's skin was shiny, soft-looking and a deep mahogany colour.