

### Original paragraph

Percy sat down on the rickety old chair opposite ghastly Gabe, who began to pick his nose curiously. "Erm, can you not?" Percy stated, disgust evident in his tone of voice. Gabe just huffed and continued. Percy contemplated asking his mother to tell Gabe to stop being so revolting for once in his life, but knew that his mother hated being involved in the ongoing dispute between them. Percy lowered his head so Gabe's nose picking adventure was out of sight and took a sip of the orange juice in front of him. Mmmm delicious, he thought to himself.

### Edited paragraph

Percy approached the table cautiously. Percy struggled to get on with ghastly Gabe most days but for some reason today, Percy was struggling to bring himself to even be in the same room as Gabe (or ogre as Percy sometimes called him). Come on Percy, do it for your mother he told himself. He sat down on the unsteady, ancient chair opposite ghastly Gabe, who had now decided to pick his nose curiously. Gabe made Percy felt nauseous the majority of the time, but this was the icing on the cake. Percy had to stop himself from gagging. "Erm, do you mind?" Percy questioned, disgust evidence in the tone of his voice. Gabe just grumbled and continued his journey deep into his nostrils. Percy contemplated asking his mother if she would mind telling Gabe to stop being so repulsive for once in his life, but he knew his mother hated being involved in the ongoing dispute between them. Percy lowered his head. Now Gabe's nose picking adventure was out of sight, he might be able to manage his breakfast. He took a sip of the refreshing, smooth orange juice in front of him. Mmmm, delicious, he thought to himself.