

This review test will be simple, you will be given 3 “small” passages. All you have to do is review them. In other words: Tell us EVERYTHING you think about it, and EVERYTHING you can capture from the text.

Give a rating out of 10, and tell why you are giving such a rate. If you need an example, feel free to [check the reviews](#) made on Scribble's.

Tip: The more detailed the review, the better.

Please send your “résumé” – Bio, and reasons why you want to work with us – with your review attached, to Juliofarai2@gmail.com

Thank you! Good luck!

Text 1

The rain awakened Lancer this morning, pounding on his hotel room window. The Arizona lightning combined with the accompanying thunder didn't seem to bother the gunslinger as he slept through the night. The rain was welcome in south eastern Arizona, even though it turned the dusty streets of Tombstone into muddy slush and made keeping one's boots in what seemed like eternal brown gunk.

Lancer opened the curtains to gaze upon the street below and through the drops on the window he could see commerce still proceeded in the boomtown. Silver was still king and when a miner found the strike he was hoping for the first place he went was usually the saloon. While he should have gone to the assayer's office, the saloon had its calling.

There the likes of anyone dealing cards or spinning a roulette wheel found a new friend. Wyatt Earp was one of the most trusted and though he tried to make sure the miner with the rich vein knew what he should do, it wasn't the former lawman's job to make it happen. After all, this was the Wild West and it was every man for himself.

A knock at the door, even at this early hour, usually meant Javy Lopez was right about doing his job. Trusted Javy was the one man Lancer knew he could count on. They had been together for years and Lancer understood the importance of the job Javy did for him and Javy understood how important it was to make sure Lancer could trust him.

“It is me, señor Lancer,” came the voice from the hallway.

“It's open!” Was the gunslinger's reply.

The door opened and Javy quickly presented Lancer with the latest edition of the Tombstone Epitaph. The headlines were the usual.

“Cattle Herd Stolen; No Suspects!”

Lancer knew it was the work of the Cowboys. The notorious gang led by Johnny Ringo and Curley Bill Brocius was as right as rain when it came to thieving cattle. Cattle were their trademark. Whether it was

Mexican cattle brought across the U.S. border, or if it was local cattle rustled into Mexico, the Cowboys were sure to leave their mark.

Little did Lancer know “cattle” was a word he was going to become extremely familiar with in the coming weeks. Cattle and “rustling.”

“It is the work of the Cowboys again, señor?”

“Yes Javy, I’m afraid it is,” Lancer answered back. “Although with so little evidence and the fear the gang drives into anyone they come across, it’s going to be difficult to prove.”

Javy buried his head for a moment, a moment not lost on Lancer.

“What is it?”

“I am sorry but I cannot bring you breakfast this morning,” Javy offered. “It seems the cook took ill and Mr. Rantz said to tell you breakfast might be better served at the café down the street.”

A smile came over Lancer’s face. He patted Javy on the shoulder with a “that’s okay” kind of touch. Then he reached into his pocket and gave the man servant his customary Twenty-dollar gold piece. Javy almost backed off taking it but Lancer insisted.

“Oh, I almost forgot, you have two telegrams this morning.”

Lancer immediately perked up. He knew about the telegram summoning him to Los Angeles but what were the other two? Javy handed them over quickly.

Lancer opened the first. It was from his contact in California.

“Lancer, please delay coming to Los Angeles. Things have changed but we will still need you. It likely will be about a month. Please advise receipt.”

“Well Javy, there is no need to pack my bags for the coast. Let’s see what the other one has to offer.”

The well healed man began reading the document and then sat down. He did not expect to see what was before him, but he was always open to a new adventure.

“Well, Javy, you can pack my bags and prepare Lincoln, but not for the coast. It looks like Nebraska is calling.”

Javy seemed surprised. He had never been to the upper mid-west where Nebraska and Wyoming stretched across the growing United States. He couldn’t begin to think about what to pack for the journey.

“A winter coat and long johns,” Lancer said boldly. “It is the time of year where I’m expecting cold winds and possibly snow, but hopefully not.”

“What do they want you to do, senor?”

“It’s the Cattleman’s Association. Seems they’ve been losing lots of cattle to rustlers and they need someone to find out who is doing the stealing.”

Javy looked at the Epitaph and glanced back at Lancer.

“I don’t think it’s the Cowboys,” Javy joked.

Lancer burst into laughter. Then he hit Javy on the shoulder with the rolled up newspaper. Javy joined in the jovials, then left. Lancer went to the window and smiled. The sky in the distance was clear blue. He liked that. He never liked the rain. Coming in out of it was much more preferable.

The man could see the rain starting to subside as he walked down the stairs of the hotel to the waiting bar. There Jonah Rantz had his coffee and morning shot prepared and waiting for him.

“A good morning Mr. Lancer, despite the rain,” Rantz greeted Lancer without a smile.

“The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain but here, it’s a muddy transition,” was the reply.

Lancer nodded, downed his shot and sipped the coffee before saying more. A smile followed.

“Mighty tasty as always my friend and as I’ve told you many times afore, you don’t have to use the term Mister before my name,” was his response. “We’re friends and while I do respect the respect, I’m no longer in the army.”

Rantz saluted with a smile and a big grin appeared on Lancer's face. He tipped his hat and headed for the door. He was hungry and down from the Birdcage sat a place where breakfast was always inviting. As Lancer stood at the door, the rain was not so.

Lancer looked skyward, tugged on his coat and braved the cold wind which blew down the main street in Tombstone. The wind at his back at least served to keep the water off his face as he trekked the wooden sidewalks between the steps and the mud to make it to the place for breakfast. The Longhorn Restaurant on Allen Street served a mighty fine steak and it was a hungry man in black who was looking for steak and eggs this morning.

"Well look what the cat dragged in!" Came the booming voice of Virgil Earp as Lancer entered the room. "Shut the damn door behind you. You're letting the rain all over the place."

Lancer smiled. He liked Virgil. He liked Virgil about the same as he liked Wyatt. The brothers were inseparable and like most mornings these days they

could be found having breakfast with brother Morgan before plying their various trades.

Wyatt had no thought of becoming a lawman again but Virgil was actually thinking of going back to the law. Morgan was going to go along with both of them. The kind of guy who was more of a follower than a leader, Morgan didn't have much choice. His two older brothers were what would come to be known as Alpha Males in a west filled with testosterone.

"Mind if I sit?"

"Lance, since when did you ever have to ask?" Wyatt responded. "Matter of fact breakfast is on me this morning."

Lancer nodded again in the direction of the former lawman before posing the obvious.

"Rich miner hit your table last night, huh?"

“Now Lance, what on earth would make you think that?” Came the sarcastic comment from Virgil. “Wyatt only did what come natural like.”

Wyatt put his hand inside his coat vest and slightly pulled back the black top coat. He pulled out a huge wad of cash and showed a taste of it to Lancer. Lancer’s eyes opened rather wide.

“My you did have a good night,” he said before turning to the waitress. “Four eggs and big thick steak.”

The waitress gave a heads up as she watched Lancer’s fingers spread wider and wider as he laughed.

“And throw in a piece of that Pecan Pie for grins,” he said turning back to Wyatt who was laughing. “Can’t deny that sweet tooth.”

Morgan slapped Lancer on the shoulder before raising a hand to the waitress.

“That goes for me too,” the younger brother chipped in. “And put it on my big brother’s tab.”

Virgil just sipped his coffee as if nothing bothered him. Reading the Epitaph this morning he’d lost his sunshine.

“What’s got your goat this fine, wet morning?” Lancer offered up.

“Rustlers, Cowboys and killings.”

Lancer sat back to ponder the statement. The Cowboys had struck again. They’d stolen a herd about 30 miles east of Tombstone the night before the rains came. They used the weather as cover to drive them into a canyon on the other side of the border to hole up until it passed. They’d bring a mighty fine price down around Nogales way.

“Rustlers?”

“Seems the Cowboys rustlin’ cattle got my brothers goat lately,” Wyatt pointed out. “Virg, we’re here to make our fortune, not lawman up!”

Virgil shifted in his seat, sipped his coffee and tried not to stare Wyatt down. The two were as thick as brothers could be but there were times Virgil riled up inside to where Wyatt didn’t recognize him.

“Maybe you can keep dealin’ cards and watching that gang steal, rustle and then stagger in and intimidate folks, but it’s getting’ to me.”

Lancer stepped in quickly.

“Look fellas I got breakfast coming and I’d really like to eat it without getting heartburn, if you catch my drift,” the gunslinger registered. “Now if we can put the family squabble aside for a few minutes, I do have a question maybe the three of you can help me with.”

The brothers agreed without a word to settle this later. Lancer needed help and they were obliged to give it.

“I’m going up to Nebraska tomorrow, cattlemen up there in Broken Bow, got some troubles and need my help.”

Virgil’s ears perked up right away.

“Range War? Didn’t think you’d get involved in something like that. Nasty business.”

Lancer waived him off.

“Nah, rustlers,” he assured the older Earp. “Seems something about they got it going on up there and can’t seem to catch who’s behind it.”

“Cattleman’s Association hiring you?”

Lancer nodded. Wyatt didn’t look up from his coffee and said it straight forward.

“There’s your answer,” he replied. “Never knew an association of cattleman to be anywhere near the honest

truth. Probably doing the rustling themselves and looking for someone to blame it on. You look out for yourself up there. We are really talking nasty business.”

Lancer had thought about it but since he didn’t have much to go on yet, he wasn’t making any assumptions. He took in all that Wyatt was saying however.

“I’d rather face Johnny Ringo than a cattleman in a suit and tie, any day,” Wyatt pointed out.

Just then a booming voice came from the doorway.

“Well, I’m right here law dog.”

Johnny Ringo stood tall enough despite not being a man of great stature. When he spoke, whether softly or with a keen sense of power, people listened. Wyatt, surprised, did not even look up.

“Can’t you figure enough to come in out of the rain, Ringo,” Wyatt suggested. “Oh, I forgot you did.”

The comment was enough to rile Ringo and move his hand toward his gun. It didn’t take much because Ringo was always looking for a fight, itching to pull his .44.

“I wouldn’t do that,” came the voice of Doc Holliday behind Ringo. “Johnny Ringo why don’t you just sit down and have some breakfast? I’ll even pay for it.”

Ringo stood frozen. He’d love to tangle with Holliday and maybe would one day, but not today. As his hand moved slowly away from his holster Ringo settled down a bit.

“You keep your money Holliday,” he answered. “I can buy my own breakfast, anytime, any day.”

Virgil couldn’t pass up the opportunity.

“Yup, I guess the price of cattle just went up, didn’t it Ringo, I mean some folks got their pockets full of foldin’ money, not just jinglin’ change, ain’t that right?”

“You got somethin’ to say Earp, you say it!”

Virgil got up from the table and walked directly over to Ringo. The two men went face to face and stared, neither with a smile to be had.

“I got something to say, Cowboy,” Virgil held his ground. “Where’s your partner, Curly Bill this morning? Oh, he’s probably eatin’ Tortilla’s and enchiladas somewhere near the Mexican border, I figure.”

As Ringo’s hand moved closer to his side again, Doc put his hand onto Ringo’s hand and held tightly. Ringo, despite his lack of even temperedness, understood he was not going to win anything here. He

stared directly into the eyes of the elder Earp, turned and stormed out. Doc let him move on.

“Now nobody sit with their back to door, ya hear?” Virgil warned.

“Not necessary,” Doc responded. “You see, Johnny Ringo, while a desperate scoundrel, carries too much pride in himself to back down and then shoot you in the back. He’ll be back, but his breakfast will be eaten elsewhere this morning.”

Holliday joined the brothers and Lancer at the table. Wyatt’s right hand slowly moved back onto the table. It didn’t go unnoticed by Lancer, Wyatt was ready to back his brother’s play. Ringo never had a chance this morning. He would again.

A heavy sigh of relief came down upon the patrons of The Longhorn. Bill Longhousen, the manager came to the table with a much relieved heart.

“Thank you men, I do appreciate no one dying in my restaurant on such a lousy day,” Longhousen said. “How about I treat you to coffee all around and piece of pie?”

“How about breakfast all around?” Wyatt suggested.

Longhousen wasn’t too keen on the expensive suggestion. He himmed and hawed a bit but finally nodded.

“Sure, you got it Wyatt.”

Longhousen briskly walked off and went directly to the waitress to explain the deal. None too happy about it was the proprietor but the waitress knew one thing; her tip was going to be huge.

Breakfast was as expected, smooth and the talk was more than small. By the time the Pecan pie arrived, Lancer still needed some answers.

“So, before I break this up this morning, you fellas got anything I can work with?”

Doc hadn’t been clued in, being more occupied with Ringo and between coughing spells tried to chip in.

“If its gamblin’ advice you seek my friend, I’d suggest you stay away from our mutual friend here,” the shooting gambler joked. “I had ten fingers and ten toes before I ran into him back before our kindly friendship, and today, I dare say one of those toes is missing.”

“Aw go on Doc, you know as well as I do, that fancy lady back in Dodge shot it off one night,” Wyatt responded. “So don’t go blamin’ it on me.”

Holliday laughed out loud.

“I do declare she was a feisty one now wasn’t she?” Doc crouched a little bit then put his hands between his legs. “Well at least she missed what was she was really aimin’ for!”

“I’m taking on a case up in Nebraska, Doc. Broken Bow,” Lancer said ignoring the chance to make light of the situation. “Cattlemen up there can’t determine who’s rustling their herds.”

Doc shot back confidently.

“Cattlemen, who else! Most likely some political dealings in the midst of it all. Never trust a Cattleman who’s in an association. Politics being the bane of human existence.”

Wyatt looked up smartly.

“Exactly what I told him, Doc,” he quipped. “Not sure he’s going to take mine or your advice on this one.”

Lancer reached out his hand to Doc and shook it. He began to reach over to Wyatt to do the same, but suddenly pulled it back.

“Lost a toe, huh, Doc?”

“Yes sir I did,” was the answer.

“So I shouldn’t chance shaking the hand of the one who deals it then?”

Wyatt looked surprised, then paused and burst out laughing. The entire table joined in the laughter as the pie arrived along with an extra pot of coffee.

The pretty waitress smiled at Lancer and then Doc. Doc had his own lady friend in Big Nose Kate. Lancer was free.

“Sometimes the way women look at you Lance, I think you could have any woman you want, ain’t that right?”

Lancer looked over at Doc and put his hand on his shoulder.

“That is definitely too much trouble to even think about my friend,” Lancer said. “Sometimes I think about settlin’ down, having a wife and some kids, but in the end, I can’t. Not now. Maybe not ever. Maybe some day. I’m not sure.”

Doc removed his hat and gave Lancer a dramatic look. No smile, but a man with a keen bit of advice.

“Lance, it sounds like you have a dilemma. Your time will come and when it does I hope she’s the prettiest filly in the land and you have all your body parts intact.”

With that Doc rolled off a series of loud coughs. Lancer and the others could see the blood in Holliday’s kerchief used to wipe his mouth. They knew Doc as a wise man who probably wouldn’t last to his 40th birthday. He was barely thirty. Kate would see him through to the end whatever the end would be.

Text 2

Let it be known to you that it is the Fourth Age of the recorded history of the Andromeda galaxy. Millions of years have come and gone since the last light in the old Milky Way galaxy winked out. There was a time long ago when the astronomers of the old races, the Ceti, the Amaurot, the Iss and the Hibagons in the Andromeda galaxy gazed at that distant spiral web of stars and dust in their telescopes. They looked and wondered if any intelligent life similar to their own lived there.

Now, they can do so no longer.

Tucked away in a far corner of the Andromeda galaxy, undiscovered yet by any other race, the Hominids live and die as all creatures do. As the centuries pass, the collective memory of the Hominids fade away.

Some recall the old legends of an original home world in that now dead galaxy. Depending on the storyteller that imaginary world was called Earth while others call it Eden. No matter the name, they do agree on one vital point: It was a paradise. It had been peopled by a race that had ascended to such glorious heights that they made perfection seem like a tarnished pot discarded into the refuse dump by comparison.

Then came the Dark Evil, they lament, as their story takes an ominous turn. This dark force that roamed the universe, an ever dying force that devoured every star, every planet that it came into contact with. Wherever this force passed, it left no life behind to tell its story, or to raise an alarm to warn the next victim.

In the chaotic final years, so the story goes, two forces arose to oppose the darkness. One, its name still unknown to this day, gathered up the inhabitants of the surviving worlds and bore them here to safety in Andromeda. The second formed a line in the space between the stars and held the darkness at bay just long enough for the migration to be completed.

These were the Rangers, the Galactic Knights of the Milky Way. They were sworn to uphold justice and to battle evil wherever they may encounter it. “Might for Right”, a way of life born uncountable centuries before any of them had first drawn breath, was their holy credo.

By the hundreds of thousands, these brave men and women held that line. Led by the greatest Ranger of them all, “X” Underwood , who stood bravest and tallest of them all at the forefront of that line and refused to yield even one inch of space to the dark force.

Wave after wave of Rangers fell. Wave after wave of Rangers rising to take their place just as quickly until only one

Ranger remained. “X” Underwood died spitting challenge as he charged alone at the darkness.

The precious time the Rangers had bought was enough. By the time the evil force had reached the furthest outposts of humanity in the Milky Way, its planets no longer held any form of life upon their respective surfaces. Every man, women, child and living creature had all been carried away to safety.

Now, in this Fourth Age, many believe these stories of the

Dark Force, the Rangers and their heroic stand and the great migration to Andromeda are nothing more than a myth. They look into the night sky where this Murky Way, as it is now called, is supposed to be and see nothing but the cold black of space. That galaxy, and the supposed lost birth world of the Hominids are nothing more to them than bedtime stories told to frighten recalcitrant children.

“Behave,” they are told. “Or the Dark Force will eat you like it did the Murky Way!”

But a few actually remember, and they believe the stories. They believe them and they pass them on to those who are willing to listen.

Because, they say, should that darkness ever again find the descendants of the Murky Way, there should be those ready to stand against it once more. The Andromeda galaxy will need sons and daughters willing to become a new breed of Rangers. To be the Knights of the Andromeda Galaxy, ready to battle the darkness that lay beyond the stars. And, until that day, be ready to battle the darkness that lay within the hearts of any given Hominid male or female.

And to do so in the old way.

Text 3

I think she just broke my back. I tried to move but couldn't. Breathing slow and labored, I stared into the undead woman's eyes that dripped an ominous glare down onto my helpless body. Maybe if I hadn't gotten dreamy eyes for this really cute guy (I mean jerk), the weight of the human race wouldn't be sitting on my shoulders. I would've easily given my life so my best friend, Jess, wouldn't die. Too late. The full moon draped around the undead woman's shadow that climbed up my broken body like ghosts of death. There was a drizzle of rain so light that I barely felt it kiss my face, my arms and legs. I don't know if the blood fell from above, from those staring down on me, or if the rain had washed my own onto the ground. The island soil, thirsty for moisture, welcomed my blood. Terror gripped me. For some odd reason while staring up at my approaching death, I remembered something my mother used to always warn, "Never say nevermore." For at that moment when all hope seemed lost, a girl who swore she'd never bleat like a frightened lamb screamed as if every part of my insides had been alight with flame. It wasn't only the putrid scent of rotten corpses that defiled my being, but the terror from the horde of the dead hovering over me like weeks-starved coyotes. The undead woman crept forward on all fours to kill me. Again.