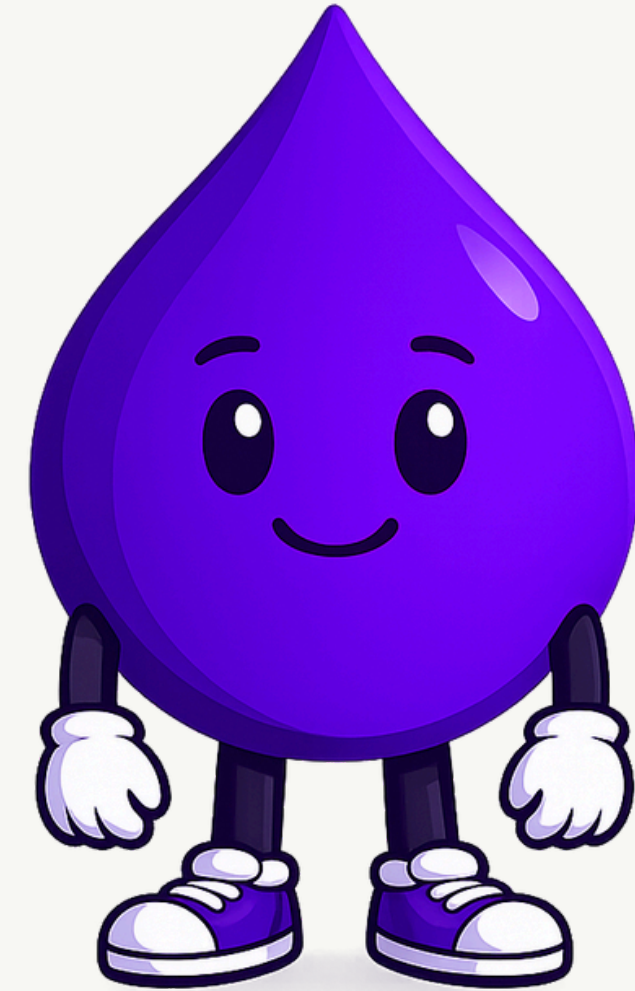
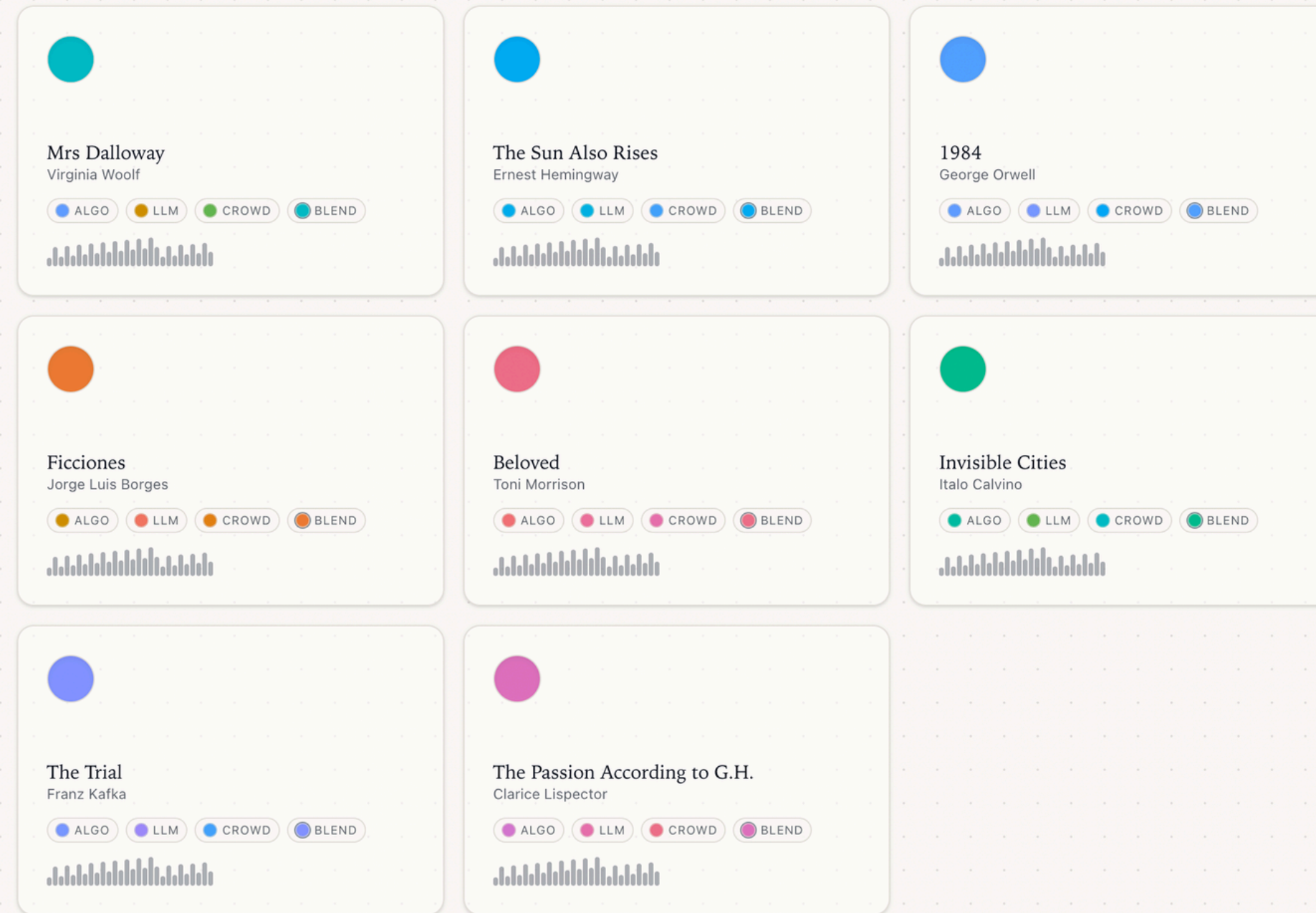


# INKKLINGS

PITCH PRESENTATION



# WHAT COLOR IS SHAKESPEARE?

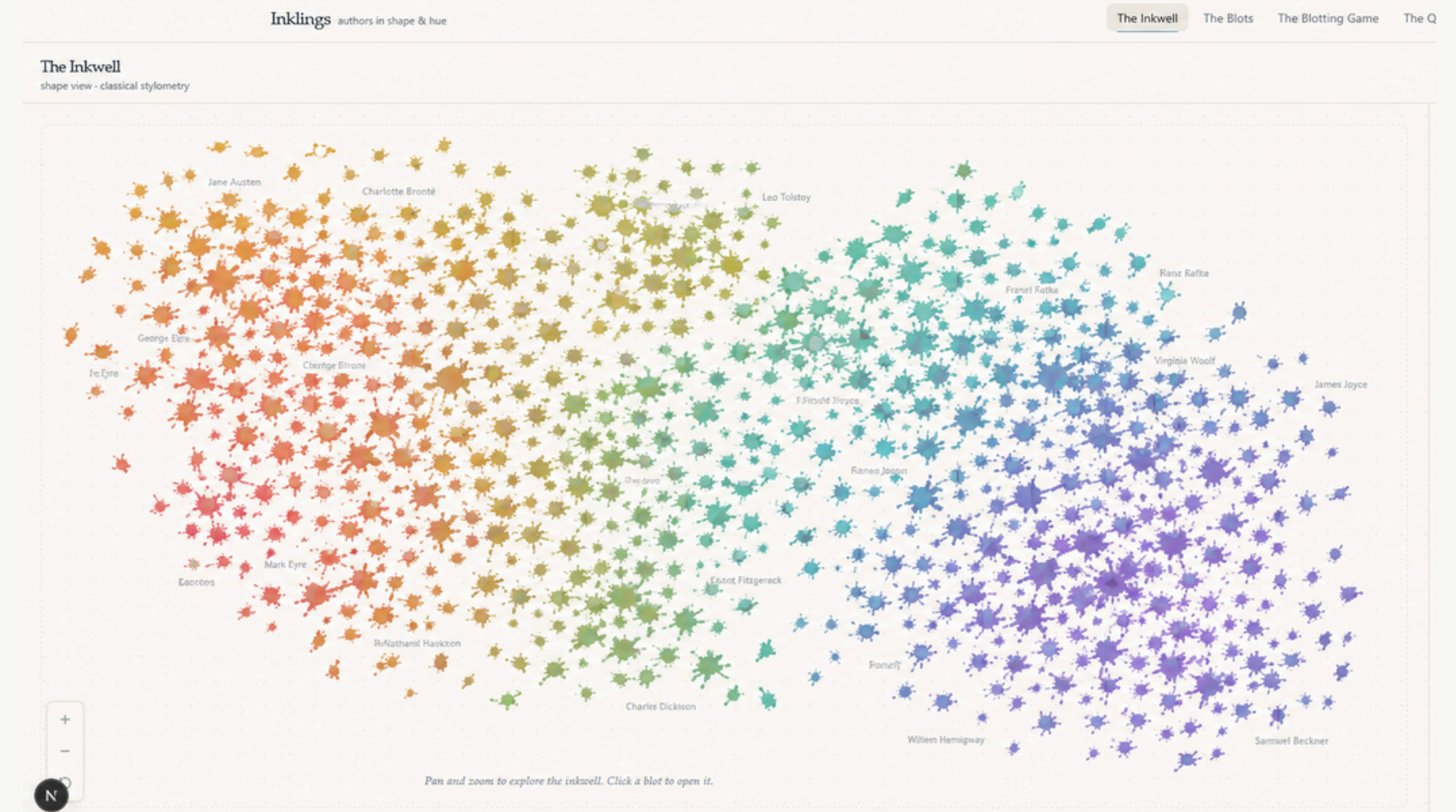


# PROBLEM

- ✦ WRITING STYLE IS HARD TO DESCRIBE
- ✦ EXISTING STYLOMETRY TOOLS ARE NUMERIC AND INACCESSIBLE
- ✦ READERS AND WRITERS STRUGGLE TO **SEE** STYLISTIC DIFFERENCES

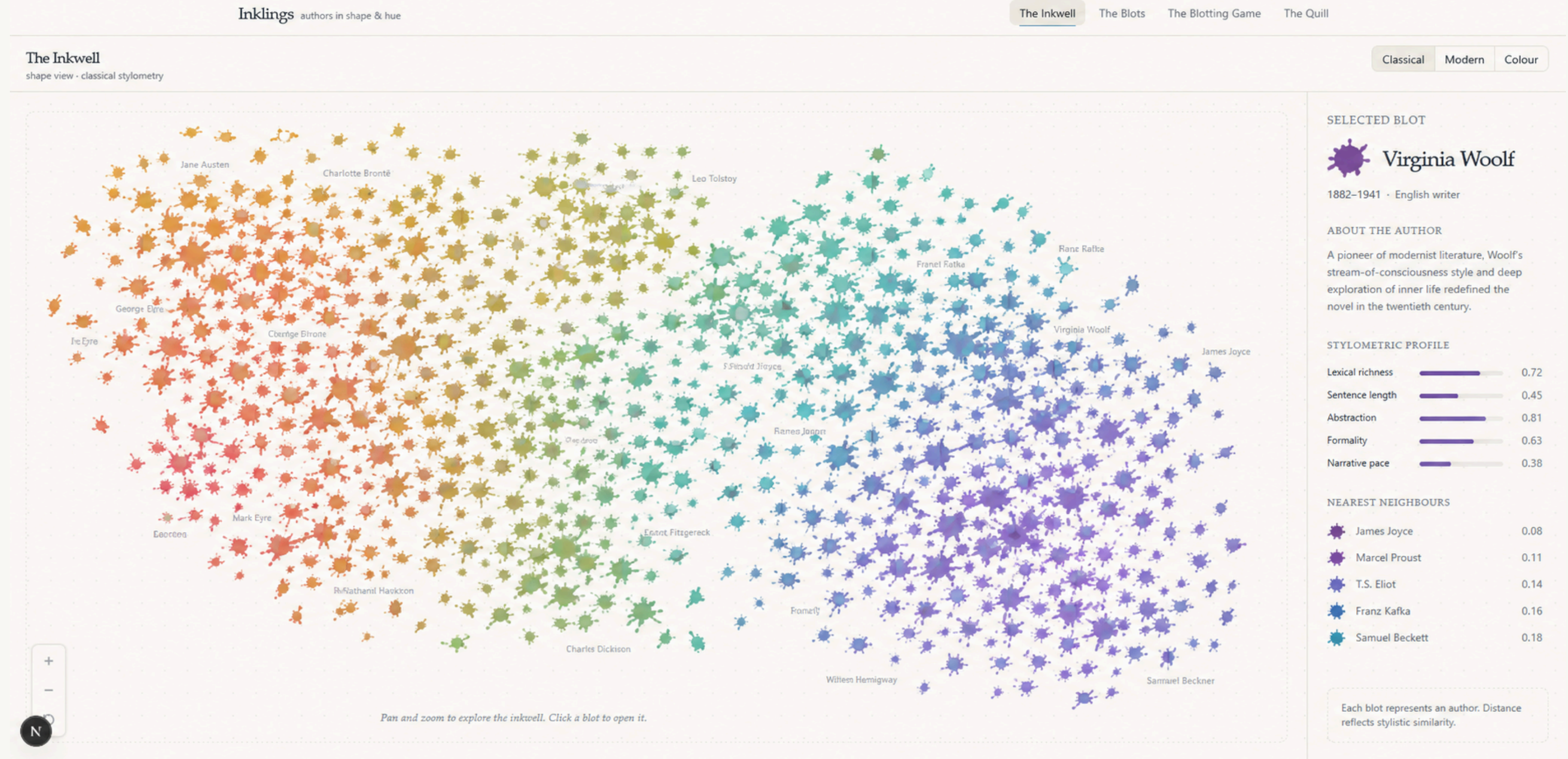
# CORE IDEA

WE TRANSLATE  
WRITING STYLE INTO  
**COLOR, SHAPE &  
INTERACTION**



# explore literary identity through color

# FEATURES



## FEATURES

daily stylistic guessing game

## The Blotting Game

Guess the hue of a smudge. Every guess feeds the consensus ink.

🔥 streak 0 · 🏆 score 0

Smudge → Swatch

Smudge → Wheel

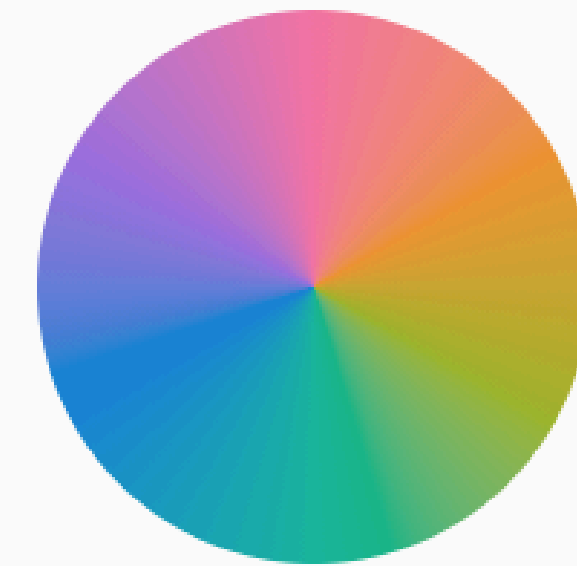
Twin Smudges

SMUDGE

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions.

**Pick on the wheel**

Drop the nib anywhere on the wheel.



## FEATURES

## watch small edits shift your stylistic hue

## The Quill

Write, and watch the hue of your prose surface. Target a colour to receive nudges.

Readout

Target

## ORIGINAL

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?!

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural; but when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

Removed or toned down / Added or emphasized

## SUGGESTED (MEADOW GREEN)

Alice was beginning to get **drowsy** in the **warm afternoon**, sitting on the bank beside her sister, with so little to do but **watch the clouds drift by**. She'd **peeked** into her sister's book now and then, hoping for **pictures or a bit of conversation**, but it was all words, and that, she thought, 'isn't **much fun at all!**'

She **daydreamed** (as well as her **sleepy head** would let her) about making a daisy-chain—would it be worth getting up and finding the **prettiest ones?** Just then, a white rabbit with pink eyes **hopped by in a great hurry**. That in itself wasn't so surprising; but when she heard it mutter, '**Oh my! Oh my! I'll be late!**' it did make her stop and wonder. Because when the rabbit **pulled a watch from its jacket pocket** and hurried on, she knew she'd never seen **such a thing before—and, full of curiosity,** she **dashed** across the field and, **luckily,** arrived just in time to see it **disappear** down a rabbit-hole **beneath the hedge**.



TARGET COLOUR

meadow green

*Fresh, natural, and grounded.  
Suggestions aim for calm, clarity,  
and gentle observation.*

## NUDGES APPLIED

- Softened intensity**  
*Replaced harsh or strong words with gentler, more natural ones.*
- Invites calm**  
*Slowed the pace and added breathing space.*
- Grounded imagery**  
*Favoured nature, warmth, and quiet detail.*

## VIEW OPTIONS

 Side-by-side

 Inline diff

*Changes are shown relative to the original.*

**THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR  
ATTENTION!**

