

## PROSE Versions of the Same Image

Select an image and upload to an Image Analyzer

PROMPT: Analyze this image with a detailed, accurate, and thorough description of the person from head to toe. Observe and describe every visible detail, including clothing, posture, expressions, and any small elements like wrinkles, stains, or accessories. Aim to create a clear, complete mental picture of the person as they appear in this image, ensuring accuracy and vividness, enough so that a blind person would be able to see them clearly in their mind.

### Detailed Analysis of the Man in the Pool

This image is a close-up, slightly low-angle shot of a white man emerging from a pool or hot tub, captured in an outdoor, sunny resort-like setting.

#### Head and Face

**Hair and Scalp:** His hair is light brown or dark blonde, styled short but with enough length on top to run his hands through. It appears wet, slicked back, and darkens where it is saturated with water. His scalp is visible through the wet strands.

**Facial Hair:** He has a well-maintained, medium-length light brown beard and mustache, covering his jawline, chin, and upper lip, giving him a rugged appearance.

**Expression and Features:** His eyes are closed, and his

mouth is slightly open, as if exhaling or taking a deep breath. This expression, combined with the hands running through his hair, suggests a moment of intense relief, exertion, or focus, possibly just rising from the water or refreshing himself. His brows are slightly furrowed in concentration. His skin is fair, with a slight sun-kissed tone.

Accessories: He wears a delicate, silver-colored chain necklace, resting against his collarbones.

## Torso and Arms

Physique: He possesses a muscular and fit upper body. His shoulders are broad, and his chest is well-developed. His arms are visibly toned, with defined biceps and triceps, which are flexed as he holds his hands on his head.

Skin Details: There is a light covering of fine, light brown body hair on his chest, concentrated around the sternum and thinning out towards the sides. His armpits show some natural light brown hair. His skin is damp with water droplets.

Hands and Posture: Both hands are interlocked or placed on top of his head, running his fingers through his wet hair. The posture is symmetrical and dynamic, drawing attention to his muscular arms and upper torso.

Tattoo: A small, delicate black text tattoo is visible on his right lower ribcage area (viewer's left), just above the water line. The script is difficult to read but appears to be one word, possibly 'Grace' or similar.

Clothing: He is shirtless and submerged from the lower chest/midriff down, with the water line sitting just below

his pectoral muscles.

## Setting and Context

**Background:** The man is situated at the edge of a pool or spa, with a curved, stainless steel handrail or support bar passing overhead, reflecting the sunlight.

**Foreground:** The immediate foreground consists of the edge of the pool, appearing to be made of light gray stone or concrete, followed by a border of reddish-brown and terracotta-colored tiles.

**Distance:** In the background, there is a hint of tropical vegetation, a covered lounge chair, and a large, beige or tan patio umbrella, suggesting a warm, outdoor vacation or resort environment. The lighting is natural and bright, enhancing the sheen of the water on his skin and hair.

**PROMPT:** Transform this analysis into a vivid, detailed prose description of approximately 100–200 words. Use the writing style attached.

## WS:IR Style

**WRITING.STYLE.Intimate.Reflective.05  
1125.txt**

Text Document · 5 KB



## MODELS' OUTPUTS

Google Gemini (Flash)

The man emerged from the hot water, pushing both hands deep into his saturated hair, his eyes closing against the bright, outdoor light<sup>1</sup>. Water slicked the light brown strands against his scalp<sup>2</sup>. He wore only a delicate silver chain against the damp, muscular curve of his chest<sup>3</sup>. The slight opening of his mouth held a breath that seemed to be held, then released slowly<sup>4</sup>. The movement was deliberate; the tension in his shoulders—broad and wet—eased as his fingers raked back the hair<sup>5</sup>. On his ribcage, a small, black script of a tattoo peeked above the water line, a secret carried on the skin<sup>6</sup>. He stood anchored to the reddish-brown tiles of the pool edge, the warm air heavy with the scent of water and sun<sup>7</sup>. It was a moment of absolute physical presence.

REVISION PROMPT: Critique your output response based on the prompt and the WS:IR guidelines

The man emerged from the hot water, pushing both hands deep into his saturated hair, his eyes closing against the bright outdoor light. Water slicked the light brown strands against his scalp, darkening their color. He wore only a delicate silver chain against the damp, muscular curve of his chest. His mouth parted slightly as he held and then slowly released a breath. As his fingers raked back the wet hair, the muscles in his arms tightened, and the tension in his broad shoulders seemed to dissipate. On his ribcage, a small, black script of a tattoo lay just above the water line, a secret carried on the skin. He stood anchored to the reddish-brown tiles of the pool edge, the air around him thick with the warm scents of water and sun.

## Claude Sonnet 4.5

The water breaks across his shoulders, light catching each suspended bead. His hair, darkened and slicked from immersion, clings to his scalp as both hands pass through it—palms pressing, fingers raking—the gesture deliberate, necessary. His eyes remain closed. His mouth parts slightly, releasing breath or drawing it, some private negotiation with air and effort.

The beard along his jaw holds moisture in its grain. A thin chain rests against the hollow of his collarbone. Water traces the contours of muscle: shoulders, biceps, the shallow valley of his sternum where fine hair darkens in the wet. A small tattoo marks his lower ribs, script too small to decipher from this distance.

The steel handrail curves overhead, throwing back glare. Behind him, terracotta tile borders the pool's edge, and beyond that, a canvas umbrella, the suggestion of palms. The light is unforgiving, revealing every surface: skin, water, stone. He remains submerged to mid-torso, suspended in that moment between descent and emergence, his posture suggesting neither ease nor distress—only presence, only breath.

## REVISION

The water breaks across his shoulders, light catching each bead. His hair darkens where it's wet, slicked close to his scalp. Both hands move through it, palms pressing

back, fingers spreading. His eyes stay closed. His mouth opens slightly.

The beard along his jaw holds moisture in its grain. A thin chain rests against his collarbone. Water follows the lines of his chest and arms, pooling briefly in the hollow of his sternum where fine hair grows. A small tattoo marks his lower ribs, black script, illegible from here.

The steel handrail curves overhead, bright with reflected sun. Terracotta tile borders the pool's edge. Behind him: a canvas umbrella, palm fronds, a lounge chair in shade.

The light is direct, unfiltered. He remains submerged to mid-torso, hands still moving through his hair, mouth still open, breathing.

PerplexityAI GPT 5.1 model

He has just broken the surface, water slicking his hair straight back from his forehead, the darkened strands separated enough that the pale of his scalp shows through. His hands stay laced over his crown as if to hold the moment in place, fingers buried in the wet weight of it, elbows framing his face. His eyes are closed. His mouth parts around a breath that leaves him open and unguarded for a second longer than seems necessary. Sun lays a fine gloss across his shoulders and chest, picking out the shallow rise of muscle at the collarbones, the denser weight through his upper arms. Droplets cling and slide, catching in the light that also sharpens the fine pale hair at his sternum and the darker tuft in his armpit when his arm lifts. The thin silver chain at his neck settles

against wet skin, a quiet line above the pool's lip. Below that, where the water cuts him off at the mid-chest, a small word in black ink sits on his right ribs, half suggested, hard to read at this distance. Behind him, stone, tile, and the blurred suggestion of palms and canvas shade fix him in a warm, contained world, as if the day begins and ends at the edge of this pool.

## REVISION

He has just broken the surface, water slicking his hair straight back from his forehead, the darkened strands separated enough that the pale of his scalp shows through. His hands stay laced over his crown, fingers buried in the wet weight of it, elbows framing his face. His eyes are closed. His mouth is slightly open around a breath, jaw loose, as if he has not yet remembered to close it.

Sun lays a fine gloss across his shoulders and chest, picking out the shallow rise at the collarbones and the denser weight through his upper arms. Droplets cling and slide, catching in the light that also sharpens the fine pale hair at his sternum and the darker tuft in his armpit when his arm lifts. A thin silver chain at his neck settles against wet skin, a quiet line above the pale lip of concrete and the band of reddish-brown tile. Where the water cuts him off at the mid-chest, a small word in black ink sits on his right ribs, its letters blurred by distance. Behind him, curved steel, stone, tile, and the soft, out-of-focus lift of palms and canvas shade hold him inside a warm, contained corner of the resort afternoon.

## Free ChatGPT 5.1

He rises through the bright water with his eyes closed, fingers spread through the wet weight of his hair. The sunlight softens along his shoulders, catching on the chain that settles against his collarbones. Drops slide over the line of his chest where a faint pattern of hair gathers near the sternum. His breath seems to loosen as he tilts his head back, the pool quiet around him except for a small tremor of reflected light.

The tension in his arms holds for a moment, muscles drawn and steady, as if he is letting the warmth settle into him. A single word rests along his ribcage, the tattoo half hidden by the shifting water. Behind him the curve of the railing glints, and beyond that the soft blur of palms and a pale umbrella. I watch the scene steady itself, the air carrying a trace of heat that feels suspended between us.

## REVISION

He moves upward through the water with slow intention, eyes closed, his hands firm in the wet strands of his hair. The light gathers along his shoulders and settles on the thin chain resting at his collarbones. Droplets trace the shape of his chest, catching on the denser hair near the center before slipping toward the waterline. The heat in the air folds gently around the scene, steady and unspoken.

His arms remain lifted, muscles drawn in a way that feels



both reflexive and deliberate. The small script along his ribcage appears and disappears as the surface shifts, a brief mark held close to the body. The rail behind him curves in a bright arc, its reflection trembling just slightly. Beyond it, the muted forms of palms and a shaded chair remain still. The space holds him without urgency, each detail settling with a clarity that asks for quiet attention.

— end of prose versions —

ERIC's ASSESSMENT (a ChatGPT Custom GPT "Senior Editor at HarperRow"):

Alright—now I'm dropping the style-guide framework entirely and judging these purely as literary prose, the same way I would evaluate a passage from a client who pays for high-level editorial rigor. I'm reading for precision, originality, tonal control, sentence architecture, sensory coherence, and confidence of voice.  
Here's the blunt truth.

THE ONLY ONE THAT TRULY STANDS OUT AS HIGH-QUALITY PROSE

Perplexity (REVISION).

Not because it's flawless—it isn't—but because it demonstrates the highest combination of:

compositional confidence  
sentence-level intelligence  
precision of sensory detail

original but unforced phrasing

visual and rhythmic unity

It reads like a writer who has command of the line.

Let me break it down with the same level of scrutiny I use for working novelists.

Perplexity (REVISION) — What makes it the strongest

This paragraph has a consistent, sophisticated internal logic.

The image is built from micro-detail outward. The prose isn't just relaying what's visible—it's interpreting light, texture, and posture with confidence but not inflation.

Examples of lines that show craft:

"the darkened strands separated enough that the pale of his scalp shows through."

→ Observational, clean, anchored.

"His hands stay laced over his crown, fingers buried in the wet weight of it, elbows framing his face."

→ Strong physical geometry; the line carries shape.

"Sun lays a fine gloss across his shoulders and chest, picking out the shallow rise at the collarbones..."

→ Controlled lyricism without edging into purple.

"...the soft, out-of-focus lift of palms and canvas shade..."

→ Cinematic but not indulgent; confident.

Where it falters (and why I'd push an author to sharpen):

occasionally lapses into prettiness ("warm, contained corner of the resort afternoon"), the rhythm gets syrupy at moments, last sentence is too resolved, too "authorial". But these are editorial refinements, not fundamental flaws. The underlying craft is clearly there. If an author handed me this, I'd mark it up—but I wouldn't question their talent. Claude (REVISION) — Close second, but colder and safer. Claude's revision is disciplined, precise, and very polished—but also a little over-managed.

You can feel the model trying to "not mess up."  
Strengths:

clear, tightly controlled sentences

high consistency

a very steady hand

But: It's curated rather than written.

A bit too antiseptic; lacks a living pulse.

Often defaults to "safe" phrasing that feels workshop-generated.

The final line collapses into vagueness ("mouth still open, breathing").

If an author handed me this, I'd say: clean, competent, but I need more pulse and less caution.

Free ChatGPT (REVISION) — Muddled atmospheric impulse

Readable and often warm, but:

relies on soft-focus language ("the heat... folds gently," "the space holds him")

uses ungrounded abstraction as filler  
lacks precision of gesture and physicality  
rhythm sometimes goes limp

This is the sort of draft where I'd tell an author:

"You're riding mood instead of perception. Cut 30% of the haze and sharpen what's actually happening." There's talent, but no control yet.

Google Gemini (REVISION) — The weakest in raw prose terms

Not bad, but generic. It reads like respectable commercial description, not literary craft.

clichés of sensory language

overly linear structure

phrases like "secret carried on the skin" that feel prefab

shallow rhythm

a slightly tourist-brochure relationship to the setting

If an author handed me this, I'd say:

"This is a placeholder draft. It needs a full re-envisioning with deeper attention and originality."

FINAL JUDGMENT (PURE PROSE QUALITY)

WINNER: Perplexity GPT 5.1 (REVISION) — The only one that shows real literary instinct.

Claude (REVISION) — Polished, smart, but too careful, too cold.

Free ChatGPT (REVISION) — Atmospheric but vaguely conceived.

Google Gemini (REVISION) — Competent but generic and shallow.

Brutally Honest Summary

If these four came from actual clients:

Perplexity — I'd say: "Good foundation. Let's refine."

Claude — I'd say: "You're executing, not inhabiting the moment. Push deeper."

ChatGPT — I'd say: "You're painting mood instead of writing. Re-anchor."

Gemini — I'd say: "This needs a more original, more attentive rewrite."

— end of ERIC's comments —