

Henry Cooper lights a match and the unlit cigar makes him salivate. He found it in the truck, a single White Owl that rolled behind the clutch, and he tries another match, too, tantalized to quit. He finally gets a flare. It's tiny in his palm, and he draws a big orange ember at the tip. He blows the smoke and sniffs it in, nostalgic for a thousand other spring afternoons. The fire on the matchstick looks clear in the sun, and he throws it down, thinking the wind's blown it out. The matchstick flutters into the mulch under a boxwood, and Henry strikes another, fresh cigar clamped in his teeth, mailbag swaying off his shoulder. He shouldn't smoke on the route. He shouldn't be smoking at all, having promised it to Ava. The thought of her expression, if she smells a stale cigar—tired, un-surprised—, kills the pleasure of the smoke. Henry licks tobacco off his lip, contemplates the ember, then drops the blunt onto the sidewalk and crushes it under his toe. He shakes his head and laughs, happily remorseful, then lifts the mailbag and walks to the door at Six Arcadia Street. He's forty-five years old, short, and powerfully built, with forearms bigger than some men's calves and an abdomen that makes him grand instead of flabby. His walrus mustache crinkles when he grins. He looks natural in uniform: gray pants with vertical stripes, blue-collar shirt, zippered sweater with an eagle on the breast—casual but dignified, the clothes of a man who walks for a living. married all these years and there it was, she put her foot down. Married all these years, Ava worries about his morning cough and night-time snores. Henry knows she means well and wants to ease her mind, and she's been quietly surprised he's managed to quit for as long as he has. But, it's such a fine spring day with the leaves sashaying in the trees, mailbag full, and ten more blocks before he's done. He tells himself the smell won't linger in his clothes, that a few quick puffs are a very small betrayal.

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Rewriting & Line Editing Final Exam
Fall 2023
Prof. Irina Grechko
Due 12/13/2023 at 9am EST

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Commented [WM1]: Changed from passive voice. Y ... [2]

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Moved up [4]: Henry Cooper lights a match.

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Commented [WM3]: I moved this to the top for better ... [4]

Commented [WM4R3]: I also restructured the sentence ... [5]

Commented [WM5]: I wanted to make sure that we a ... [6]

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Commented [WM7]: I'm not sure flutters is the right ... [8]

Commented [WM8]: Changed to active voice.

Commented [WM9]: Moved this up as well to continue ... [9]

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Commented [WM11]: Inserted a serial comma.

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Commented [WM20]: I added another serial comma ... [18]

Commented [WM21]: I broke this sentence up beca ... [19]

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Commented [WM22]: I deleted this throat clearer w ... [20]

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Next up, the house of Sam and Laura Bailey: married, in their late twenties, childless, and new to the block, still getting junk addressed to the previous owners. For today's mail, there's a water bill, a Weatherwares catalog for Laura, and a sculpture magazine for Sam. Henry loves the style of this wooden mailbox as it hangs alongside the door. The ornate lid with iron hinges has a hand-carved medical symbol, that staff with wings and two snakes winding up the middle on the front. The Elegance and strangeness of it is what makes this mailbox his favorite.

He figures Laura is a doctor, having seen her a few times in the early afternoon, as if her shifts are different hours than a regular person's hours. She's tall and pale with big, round eyes.

One day, he handed her the mail and felt transfixed, comfortable but weirdly self-conscious in her gaze. She was quiet in a way that made her seem smart, and when she turned, he saw the beautiful knot she'd made in her hair. He remembers describing it to Ava that night.

"It sounds like a braided bun," Ava said, but it sounded too plain for such a wonder of a knot.

Henry's been a carrier for twenty-one years, but he's only had his current route a handful of months. His first route was rural, a word describing at least half of Waterbury, and he delivered everything west of town proper. Sometimes driving a mile between houses, many of the roads unpaved and many of the homes terribly neglected. He liked the scenery but not the isolation. At the time, he yearned to take a route in town: businesses and brownstones, plenty of bustle for a person as gregarious as Henry. When one became available, he took it. Working that route for seventeen years, he knew a few hundred people on a first-name basis, but is finding in middle age—much to his surprise and only very slowly—that he wanted more of the quiet, more trees, and open air.

Commented [WM23]: I changed this for flow. It's was just too sudden and you needed to continue from the previous paragraph.

Commented [WM24]: We need to make sure we are leveraging the correct descriptors here.

Moved up [1]: The unlit cigar makes him salivate. He found it in the truck, a single White Owl that had rolled behind the clutch, and he tries another match, too tantalized to ... [21]

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→It's

Commented [WM25]: I added a serial comma and a semi-colon to create a better sentence flow.

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Commented [WM26]: The name of this magazine should be italicized.

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Deleted: The ...ooden mailbox is wood and...s it hangs alongside the door. It has a...he ornate lid with iron hinges has a and the front's ...and-carved with a ...edical symbol,, that staff with the wings and two snakes winding up the middle...that staff with wings and two snakes winding up the middle on the front.—Henry's favorite mailbox, elegant and strange.... [22]

Commented [WM27]: Adding the description of the mailbox and why it is Henry's favorite is a great idea. I just restructured for better readability and flow.

Deleted: a's ... doctor, having seen her a few times in the early afternoon, as if her shifts are different hours than a regular person's hours. She's tall and pale with big, ...ound eyes. He handed her the mail one day ...ne day, he handed her the mail and felt transfixed, comfortable but weirdly self-conscious in her gaze. She was quiet in a way tha [23]

Commented [WM28]: This was a jaunty aside. I rewrote to better flow into the next sentence and to update it from [24]

Commented [WM29]: While we can say "He's" here I think changing it back to Henry's name brings the rea [25]

Deleted: He's

Deleted: twenty-one...twenty-one years, but he's only [26]

Commented [WM30]: This was too long for one sentence. I broke it into two sentences for better pacing.

Deleted: ,...and he leapt to...t the time, he yearned to ...ake a route in town: businesses and brownstones, plenty [27]

Commented [WM31]: Changed to active voice.

Commented [WM32]: Added another serial comma

Commented [WM33]: I was struggling with this sentence so I restructured it for better clarity. [28]

On weekdays, everyone's at work except the old-timers, like Miss Finn and her sister, the other Miss Finn, who live here at Number Eight with the hummingbird curtains flapping at the screens.

Five catalogs, a Medicare notice, three handwritten letters, a pair of flyers, something from the bank, an envelope of seeds, and more junk mail than anyone under eighty is liable to get in a week—a typical day for Nan and Joan Finn. Henry prides himself on knowing people's names but can't for the life of him remember which sister is which. They are both skinny and tall, with noses so hooked he once saw a pair of umbrellas hanging on a rail and thought of them. One is sweet and borderline senile; she thanks him for the mail as if he's driven there, especially for her. The other is brisk and eyes him like an old-school nun, saying "thank you" so distinctly that the "th" and "k" are equally crisp.

He spots the sweeter of the two sitting in the living room, surrounded by a least a hundred figurines: songbirds, saints, and miniature trees.

"Afternoon," Henry says. "Beaut of a day."

She smiles and looks around like maybe Jesus said hello. Then she finds him there and smiles again with even more delight. Her hair's bone gray, the same as her teeth and skin, but her sweater and eyes are cornflower blue. He bets that he could lift her one-handed if he tried.

Henry walks off, cuts across the lawn, and pre-checks the mail for Number Ten: Mr. and Mrs. Billy Kane. They get a power bill, phone bill, credit report, and something from the courthouse—a black letter day. There's also a night school mailer addressed to Sheri and a lingerie catalog addressed to Billy. The grass turns scabbly right at the property line, a band of

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Commented [WM34]: Clarity needed since we just go from one statement into talking about the Finn sisters.

Commented [WM35]: All numbers under 100 should be spelled out.

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Commented [WM36]: We have to use conjunctions sparingly. If you notice I did the same thing to the eighty two sentences up.

Deleted: sister's

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Commented [WM37]: This is a great descriptor but you can just use "Them" here.

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Commented [WM38]: This needed to flow better. I understand what you are saying, but it sometimes comes across as too abrupt.

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Commented [WM39]: While I don't judge names and genders, this might be a bit confusing with these traditional names and the catalogs they are receiving. Is there an ... [29]

Commented [WM40R39]: If all else we can just del ... [30]

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dirt that leads to a newly poured sidewalk square, another span of dirt, and finally, a road patch—probably the scars of a dug-up sewer pipe. The house looks worse. Cockeyed steps, grey paint blistering the walls, and an American flag so grubby it ought to be burned out of respect.

No one's home today. There isn't a mailbox, so Henry leaves the letters inside the screen door. Suddenly, Henry hears a sound—a crackling he's been hearing for a while unawares. He looks up the street and sees a fire in the bushes. They're the boxwoods at

Number Six, Sam and Laura Bailey's, sending smoke and orange flames into a hedgerow of yews. The yews are burning, too, right against the clapboards.

"Holy shit," Henry says.

He drops the mailbag and runs. The Bailey's house isn't sided—the boards are actual wood—and it looks as if the window frame has already caught fire. He thinks it must have been a match, remembering the mulch, but even now he can't believe how ferociously it's spreading.

The cigar's rolled away; maybe it was that one fraction of an ember that he didn't fully crush.

He squints against the heat from several feet away, moving closer upwind and beats the fire with his sweater. Almost instantly, the sweater ignites, and Henry drops it into the flames.

The boxwoods vanish in a huge withering flare, and then the fire hits a yew and really cuts wild, covering the wall like water rushing up.

He runs to Number Eight and looks for Miss Finn. She's exactly where he left her, smiling in her chair.

"Oh!" she says.

"Nan..."

Commented [WM41]: We want to make sure we are consistent in our American spelling of things since the scene is set in suburban America.

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Commented [WM42]: I added suddenly here because this sentence needs to denote a sense of urgency.

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Deleted: It must have been a match, he thinks

Commented [WM43]: This wasn't coming across as clear so I restructured it for clarity.

Commented [WM44]: This didn't need to be italicized with a comma added.

Deleted: that,

Commented [WM45]: Changed this from passive voice.

Deleted: moves

Deleted: ignites

Commented [WM46]: Huge doesn't quite give the reader a sense of how big the fire is or the danger of it and might cause them to skim this word. I would suggest something like massive, tremendous, or explosive to give it more umph.

Commented [WM47]: This is an unnecessary throat word.

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Commented [WM48]: Not a note on development just a quick side to say that I really like this sentence. The image it evokes of a completely unphased old woman is hilarious! Great Job!

"I'm Joan," she mumbles, sounding confused.

Henry glances next door, sweating from the heat. The **fire** caught the house and spread to the Finn's lilac shrubs, ten feet away and moving fast.

"I need your phone," he says, walking in before Joan can even answer.

He's over-forceful, banging the door and striding halfway into the room before he notices her face. Joan backs away, smiling but alarmed, growing smaller by the second near a shelf of figurines. Henry looks around and gulps, swallowing a heartbeat. He doesn't have his mailbag and can't remember dropping it.

"There's a fire," he says. "You got to leave...where's your sister?"

"In the shower," Joan says, uncomprehending.

"Where...," Henry asks, looking for the bathroom.

"There's a fire?"

"Where's the shower," he yells, scaring Joan mute. She backs away and points up. "Call 911," Henry tells her.

He takes the stairs two at a time and falls nears the top, slipping three steps and murdering his shin. He finds the bathroom door, hears the running **water**, and knocks hard.

"Nan?"

"Who's there?" a voice says.

"It's Henry...the mailman," he says. "You've got to come out, there's a fire."

Commented [WM49]: This shouldn't be pluralized.

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Commented [WM50]: Whos is saying this? While it is clear to us, it might not be as clear to the reader.

Commented [WM51]: Added a comma here.

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The hallway's narrow and dim, so claustrophobic Henry feels trapped. Smoke's drifting in—he can feel it in his eyes. The window at the top of the stairs darkens intermittently. He leans against the door and hears the shower curtain slide.

"Who's there?" Nan says, closer to the door.

"You got to get dressed," Henry says. "We got to go."

A smoke alarm trips downstairs. It shocks him like a volt, turning the scene into an actual emergency. Just then, Joan calls from the bottom of the stairs. Henry goes and looks down, leaning over the rail. She looks afraid, like a child he's forgotten.

"Did you call the fire department?" he asks.

She cries while knotting her hands.

"Where's Nan?" Joan asked.

"Did you call 911?"

She nods her head, dutiful and small.

"Get out of the house," he says.

"The porch...," she tells him, pointing out front. He runs down and sees fire sheeting past the door, billowing the curtains, more fire than expected. Another smoke alarm sounds right above his ear.

"Wait in the yard," he says, moving her along. "Go, I'll get your sister."

He runs back up and checks the window at the top of the staircase. The Bailey's whole wall is hidden by the blaze, vivid orange with astonishing amounts of black smoke, thick clouds puffing up, blowing in the wind. He hurries to the bathroom and rattles the knob.

Commented [WM52]: This is not a good comparison. The word "volt" doesn't fit here. We should try something more visually engaging like "It shocks him as though he touched an electric fence." I think this should convey more urgency.

Commented [WM53]: This is another throat clearer word and can be removed as it doesn't add anything.

Commented [WM54]: I inserted this to keep the with the pacing of the story.

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Commented [WM55]: Changed this to "asked" since this is a question and not a statement.

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Commented [WM56]: Another instance of passive voice. I Changed it to active voice.

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Commented [WM57]: Again, this is another question and not a statement.

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Commented [WM58]: **Class Question** Not sure why the apostrophe is over the "w" and I can't seem to delete it.

Also the word "whole" is not entirely fitting with the tone of the piece.

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"Miss Finn," ~~he says~~.

"Go away!" Nan says ~~before crying out~~ "Joan? Joan!"

"Back up," Henry tells her.

He rams into the door, ~~breaking the wood~~, screws, and hinges go chiming off the sink.

Nan's shriek is like the smoke alarm—piercing, ~~elemental~~. She's standing in a bathrobe, trembling in the steam, hair raggedy and wet, and all her bones standing out. She aims a hair dryer level ~~at~~ his head, like a gun.

"Whoa," he says, showing her his palms.

For a moment he's afraid of her. ~~Even though she is just a~~ hundred-pound woman only seconds from a heart attack. The window up the hall trembles at the heat. He moves fast, stooping down to get his arm around Nan's hips, and then he tilts her up and hauls her out of the bathroom on his shoulder. She hits him with the dryer, right above the tailbone. He thumps downstairs ~~as~~ quickly as he can, trying to catch the dryer with his free hand ~~while~~ getting rapped on the knuckles and the wrist.

At the bottom of the stairs, Nan quits, attacking him and sags. He takes her out back, where the smoke's so tall it's shadowing the lawn. Poor Joan, waiting ~~helplessly~~ in the corner of the yard, sees him carrying Nan like a body and starts sobbing uncontrollably.

"She's fine," Henry says, standing them together.

Nan sees the Bailey house, thoroughly engulfed ~~in flames~~. She sees her ~~own~~ house and ~~her mouth is agape~~. She hugs the dryer to her breast and looks at Henry more timidly than Henry's ever seen her. He doesn't want to leave them, but they're safer staying put.

Commented [WM59]: The main character is in a burning house looking for an old woman. "He says" doesn't fit in with the urgency of the situation and slows down the pacing. Try using "He screamed!", or "He Yelled!" or another adverb that shows how important him calling out is.

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Commented [WM60]: We can link these two pieces of dialogue better.

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Commented [WM61]: Restructured this for clarity and we didn't need a semi-colon.

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Commented [WM62]: Not a good word choice for this. Let's try something like "Primal"

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Commented [WM64]: "She" can not gape. I restructured this to provide clarity.

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“Don’t move,” he says.

He runs around the house toward the sirens out front. A crosswind of fire hits him by the porch. He isn’t ~~really~~ burned, only flashed on the cheek, but he staggers with his hand clapped tight to his face.

Fire ~~is now~~ in and out the windows, flaring up the eaves, ~~and~~ roaring with a sound like wind on wind. The flames jump a hedge to ~~Number Ten~~, Billy Kane’s ratty house, and Henry wishes ~~that~~ he hadn’t thought ~~poorly~~ of it.

Trucks ~~are~~ jamming around the ~~road~~, but no one seems to rush. Firefighters mill around, maddeningly slow, their lack of energy surreal and almost comforting. Henry notices his mailbag lying on the sidewalk. He grabs it out of instinct and jogs toward the Bailey’s ~~house~~, stepping on a fire hose. ~~and awed by the colors~~. All the noise seems ~~quiet or at least~~ overwhelming, every shout, every detail swallowed in the blaze.

He can see the Bailey’s mailbox, nothing but a husk. The house on the left is upwind and only now catching fire. ~~The Carmichael family’s house~~—Peg and Bob, two boys. *Two young boys*. He runs to get a fireman. They’ve already ~~have~~ a hose unfurling right toward him. Someone yanks ~~Henry him~~ by the arm ~~pulling him~~ far across the street, where his bowels go saggy at the full panorama. He clenches up hard, scared ~~of having~~ an accident, jellied in the ~~legs, and~~ dizzy in the heat. He doesn’t recognize the neighborhood. Red and white lights, orange fire in the windows, a strong smell of diesel fuel blowing off the trucks. The smoke towers ~~up and carries off a mile~~ and flows West for almost a mile, tall enough for anyone in town to see it drift.

Commented [WM65]: Another “Throat Clearer” word that is not needed.

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Commented [WM66]: Fire in this instance is a verb and you can’t contract it in this way.

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Commented [WM67]: What colors? This is an unnecessary aside and doesn’t add to the story.

Commented [WM68]: The use of “quiet” and “overwhelming” here makes them seem to contradict one another. I think we should just go with overwhelming as it fits the tone.

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Commented [WM69]: Who is this? Is it Henry?

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Commented [WM70]: The smoke can not “carry off a mile” We need to change this.

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An ambulance arrives, ~~with police not far behind~~ police and paramedics. Everybody's here, and nobody can help. He can't abide it—this is him; this is all his doing—so he runs and takes a firefighter firmly by the arm. ~~The firefighter is a rookie in their~~ mid-twenties with a short goatee, ~~whose~~ eyes are reassuringly direct and even wise.

"There's two ladies in the yard at Number Eight," Henry yells.

"Where's Eight?" ~~The firefighter replies.~~

~~Just then,~~ something terrible collapses, an entire piece of roof. It sends sparks sky-high from the Bailey's second floor. ~~Henry sees the dormer from the corner of his eye,~~ just a momentary view before the smoke blots it out. There's a person at the window, barely real, like a mannequin.

"There," Henry yells. "Upstairs, Number Six!"

"What..."

"Someone in the dormer!"

~~The rookie is now~~ all frazzled by the double information. He sends another firefighter after the Finns and runs to the Baileys with another pair of guys.

Henry follows him, ~~adrenalized and~~ charging at the flames. He isn't thinking straight, believing he can storm right through, maybe carry someone out the way he carried Nan. He stumbles on a hose and lands on his palms, ~~his mailbag spilling into~~ the road. A gust of wind blows a letter into the flames; it disappears so fast it's like the house sucked it in. Henry gathers up the mail and backs away, suddenly afraid of all that heat. A policewoman lifts him off the ground, almost violently, swearing in his ear and telling him to go.

Commented [WM71]: The paramedics would be arriving with the ambulance so I changed that to match. Also, the police would be arriving separately so I reworded the structure to fit.

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Commented [WM72]: While this word "Technically" fits I think we can find a better word to go here. Let's try stomach or bear.

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Henry sees the ~~dormer~~, but the person isn't there anymore. Maybe he imagined it. He moves away, searching every window of the house, the policewoman stretching out ~~her~~ arm to pull him back. The fire shifts. He sees a woman, like a sculpture, burning in the living room, standing with her arm raised gracefully above her. She's beautiful aflame, and Henry almost faints, relieved to know it must have been a statue in the dormer, too. Everybody's out. Everyone's alive. He can make it up to anyone as long as no one dies.

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The fire staggers him again, just ~~looking at the damage, sitting on the ground, and~~ seeing all that black. The water barely dims it...they'll be fighting this for hours. Henry moans and holds his hair, rocking back and forth, staring at the flames until his eyes burn dry. Such a terrifying blaze from a flicker, from a ~~match~~—the more it builds, the more immense and supernatural it feels.

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Nan and Joan Finn join him at the curb. They're holding hands, hip to hip, kid sisters in a storm...oblivious and trusting him, believing ~~him a Hero~~. Joan ~~is~~ right beside him, wearing slippers in the grass. The hem of Nan's bathrobe sways near his leg.

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"It was me," Henry says.

No one hears him in the noise.

He constricts there, airless, at the sight of Laura Bailey. A fireman carries her out, bowed across his arms, in a rainfall of water from an upturned hose. Mouth open, eyes closed, wearing nothing but a nightgown. The fabric's soaked through ~~and clings to her ribs, Her~~ head hangs limp, and her hair unspools. She's smudged with ~~soot~~, but her face is clean—fresh and wet, unbearably clear.

Deleted: and clings to her ribs, and

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Henry tips into the road. He's down on all fours, and suddenly, she's gone, blocked by the medics and a pop-up stretcher. It's dark in the street **now**, nightlike and evil. The Finns press close and put their hands on Henry's back. They're holding him. Their fingertips are skeletal and real.

"It was me," Henry sobs, loud enough to hear, with the women and the world falling on his shoulders.

Commented [WM73]: Add the word now to show that it has transitioned to night time and keep the pacing of the story.

Notes for the Author:

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I liked this short story very much. The characters you created feel real and three-dimensional. When reading through it you get a genuine sense of humanity and a feeling of guilt over Henry's actions regardless of how accidental they were. My favorite characters were the two old sisters (as noted above), and I would love for you to develop them a little more. I think the comedic undertones they convey help alleviate and add balance to the seriousness of the scenes.

With that, I do have some developmental notes I would like to share. I noticed you used several long sentences in your descriptions and tried separating them with commas. In the future, you should focus on breaking those down into complete sentences separated by periods. This will help the pacing and flow of the story **and remove** any unnecessary strain imposed on the reader. When writing dialogue, you tend to lean towards the words "say" or "says" many times. While this isn't grammatically illegal, it does reflect that you are an amateur writer and could cause the reader to lose faith in your credibility. I made suggestions in the text, and I hope those will help you when looking for ways to **express better** who said what and how during your dialogue.

My last note is about consistency in your writing. There are times when you utilize things like a serial comma, and **sometimes** you don't. I would suggest picking one way and continuing to do it that way to better align with your style and keep your writing the same throughout the text.

Other than that, I am grateful that you allowed me to read and edit this. I am excited for the next chapter, to find out more about Henry and the aftermath of the block fire!

Page 1: [1] Deleted William McKeever 3/2/24 7:17:00 PM

Page 1: [2] Commented [WM1] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:24:00 AM

Changed from passive voice. You want to make sure the reader understands the tense of the story.

Page 1: [3] Commented [WM2] William McKeever 12/10/23 5:15:00 PM

I would change this word to something similar to “Addicted” since that seems to be the feeling you are trying to convey.

Page 1: [4] Commented [WM3] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:21:00 AM

I moved this to the top for better flow. Being at the bottom turned it into an aside instead of a description of the action that was happening all along.

Page 1: [5] Commented [WM4R3] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:26:00 AM

I also restructured the sentence to give a better sense of clarity.

Page 1: [6] Commented [WM5] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:29:00 AM

I wanted to make sure that we are being consistent and clear so I added “On the Match Stick.”

Page 1: [7] Commented [WM6] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:31:00 AM

I eliminated this cliché. It’s not necessary to the story and we should stay away from cliché at all costs.

Page 1: [8] Commented [WM7] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:33:00 AM

I’m not sure flutters is the right word to use here. How about rolls, glides, or bounces? There are plenty of other adverbs we can use to better describe the movement of the matchstick.

Page 1: [9] Commented [WM9] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:22:00 AM

Moved this up as well to continue with the cigar lighting scene to help with flow and not make it an aside.

Page 1: [10] Commented [WM10] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:45:00 AM

I restructured this to maintain the flow. When jump in and out it pulls the readers away from the story.

Page 1: [11] Deleted William McKeever 12/7/23 9:35:00 AM

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Page 1: [12] Commented [WM12] William McKeever 12/7/23 9:36:00 AM

Paunch didn’t seem to be the right word. Let’s stick with more common words for descriptions so we don’t lose the reader’s interest when they have to go look it up in a dictionary.

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Page 1: [13] Deleted **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:23:00 AM**

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Page 1: [14] Commented [WM15] **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:18:00 AM**

Deleted this. It's not terribly relevant and draws you out of the scene.

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Page 1: [15] Commented [WM16] **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:47:00 AM**

I restructured this to better bring the reader back to Ava so that the pacing stays consistent.

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Page 1: [16] Commented [WM17] **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:53:00 AM**

I deleted the sentence about the Kodiak man because it is an unnecessary aside and adds more questions.

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Page 1: [17] Deleted **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:48:00 AM**

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Page 1: [17] Deleted **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:48:00 AM**

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Page 1: [17] Deleted **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:48:00 AM**

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Page 1: [17] Deleted **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:48:00 AM**

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Page 1: [18] Commented [WM20] **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:54:00 AM**

I added another serial comma here to maintain consistency.

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Page 1: [19] Commented [WM21] **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:57:00 AM**

I broke this sentence up because it was too long and too much for the reader to chew at once.

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Page 1: [20] Commented [WM22] **William McKeever** **12/10/23 5:19:00 PM**

I deleted this throat clearer word as it is not necessary to describe the betrayal and doesn't add to the story.

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Page 2: [21] Moved to page 1 (Move #1) **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:14:00 AM**

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Page 2: [21] Moved to page 1 (Move #1) **William McKeever** **12/7/23 9:14:00 AM**

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Page 2: [24] Commented [WM28] William McKeever 12/7/23 10:11:00 AM

This was a jaunty aside. I rewrote to better flow into the next sentence and to update it from passive voice.

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Page 2: [25] Commented [WM29] William McKeever 12/7/23 10:12:00 AM

While we can say “He’s” here I think changing it back to Henry’s name brings the reader back from the small journey of the first page and reminds them of who we are talking about.

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▲ **Page 2: [26] Deleted** William McKeever 12/10/23 5:25:00 PM

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▲ **Page 2: [27] Deleted** William McKeever 12/7/23 10:16:00 AM

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▲ **Page 2: [28] Commented [WM33]** William McKeever 12/7/23 10:19:00 AM

I was struggling with this sentence so I restructured it for better clarity.

▲ **Page 3: [29] Commented [WM39]** William McKeever 12/7/23 10:36:00 AM

While I don't judge names and genders, this might be a bit confusing with these traditional names and the catalogs they are receiving. Is there any way to make this more descriptive, like "Why each are getting those specific catalogs?"

Page 3: [30] Commented [WM40R39]

William McKeever

12/7/23 10:37:00 AM

If all else we can just delete this as it doesn't really add to the story and is an unnecessary aside.