

Short Story: Editing Sample

Tap. ~~The~~ mouth of the stream formed halfway up the window. The bursting sunlight slowly forfeited its living room space to the rolling clouds; dancing in its beam, unsettled ~~specks~~ drew their cloaks.

Commented [EK1]: Green highlights indicate sections that were well-written, compelling, or need no revision at present.

Tap. Tap. Melissa lifted her head; a red half-circle lingered on her arm. She watched the last band of light retreat ~~up through the clear pane~~, sucked out by the ~~passing~~ fall wind. She pushed ~~loose~~ brown locks behind her ears and pressed the rising tension out of her temples. A faint whistling crept by the front door, the wooden frame resisting the cold that pressed inward.

Commented [EK2]: I like the mood evoked by these descriptions on page 1.

Commented [EK3]: Specks of...?

Commented [EK4]: I inserted strikethroughs in a few places where I felt the details to be non-essential.

Tap. Tap. Tap. She stood and tiptoed to the window. The sky was a gray dam; its overflowing spray fell around the house. She tightened in on herself. Her fingers bundled the white edges of her camisole, hiding under sheer sleeves colored like the clouds. ~~Contrasting~~ her pale skin, ebony pants stretched to her calves. The sky's belly rumbled.

~~"Melissa?"~~ Called a sing-song voice.

Commented [EK5]: Is there a different way you could describe without using the word "contrasting"? I feel like that particular word draws my attention away from the narrator and towards the Author's presence.

She stared through the ~~square~~ as silver streaked across the sky. She pulled the curtain and retreated.

Also, I don't need to know everything she is wearing. Just the camisole might be enough.

~~"Melissa?"~~ Said the voice.

Commented [EK6]: Nice pacing in this section of dialogue.

Fluorescent light suddenly filled the space. ~~Melissa noticed the~~ claps against the wood floor.

Commented [EK7]: Square of windowpane?

~~"Melissa!"~~ Boomed a tall, slender man behind her.

Commented [EK8]: "Snow boots clapped against the wood floor." No need to describe via the protagonist's perceptions (e.g. She noticed; she saw; she heard)

~~"What?"~~ She snapped.

~~"Your mother is trying to talk to you."~~

She ~~blew out through her nose and~~ tightened her arms across her stomach. Behind her father stood a blonde-haired woman, the beginnings of wrinkles forming at the corners of her mouth. ~~An ivory button-up fit snugly above freshly pressed navy pants. A snake coiled around a cross was sown onto one shoulder.~~ ~~Melissa's father wore a similar uniform except a lanyard hung from his neck, displaying his credentials as an emergency room doctor. . . .~~

Commented [EK9]: Suggestion for smoothness: "Sewn into the left shoulder of her ivory button-up blouse was a snake coiled around a cross. Melissa's father wore that uniform, too—ivory shirt and pressed navy pants—and a lanyard hung from his neck. His nametag read, '...'"