

- Client:** Kelly Marsh
- Project:** Copyediting for fantasy novel – *Kill Karma*
- Objective:** Provide in-depth line edits and an editorial critique
- Key Components:**
1. Point out inconsistencies with punctuation, dialogue structure, and POV characters
 2. Provide suggestions to strengthen word flow and action sequences and tighten prose
 3. Point out areas where clarification is needed for plot and characterization

Edit/Critique Close-Up #1

montarboard and robe, diploma in hand. She stood between her beaming mom and dad. Again, the formerly [six-feet-under, pushing up daisies, extinct, semi-transparent] mom and dad duo. Frantic chattering interrupted their [sojourn] down memory lane. Loki had [gamboled] to an end table, roughly five doors away, that was under siege by an army of more family portraits. But one in particular sent the capuchin over the lip of the event horizon. Loki jabbed his hairy finger at an even younger girl around age five or six, whose slender, nay anorexic, limbs draped over the knees of the kneeling matriarch and patriarch of the rambling Victorian abode. The [Corpulent Nubian goddess] Willa Davidson - who was not semi-transparent but fully fleshed out and very much alive - wrapped her meaty arms around the little girl in a bear hug, her two-hundred watt smile threatening to blind those in her presence. [Who wasn't alive - her semi-transparent, lily-white-skinned husband, Willy, with a skein of gunmetal grey hair.] [Dead or not,] he echoed the same effervescent euphoria as his wife. And the cigar parked on his lips, the monocle [firmly in its rightful place], and jaunty playful suspenders all lent themselves to the same bubbly vibe.

Pepper focused her attention on the frustrated monkey, his lips curled back in a snarl. "Loki, do you know this girl?" His head bobbed up and down, his face screaming, [Finally somebody asked me that question. I was beginning to think you all were [oxygen-thieving] idiots.] "Is this Jaylyn?" Deflated, Loki gave a scornful shake, and if Pepper wasn't mistaken, the monkey lobbed an eye roll.

A scar marred the right side of the vouncling's face, draggng down her eve a tad. From

- Comment [JLC1707]:** I would simplify this. It's a bit wordy and redundant.
- Comment [JLC1708]:** Word choice
- Comment [JLC1709]:** Word choice – keep it simple
- Comment [JLC1710]:** ?
- Comment [JLC1711]:** Reword – "Her semi-transparent... grey hair, however, was not alive." Or something similar.
- Comment [JLC1712]:** Consider removing.
- Comment [JLC1713]:** "positioned over his [right or left] eye"
- Comment [JLC1714]:** Or "oxygen-deprived"
- Comment [JLC1715]:** Is this what he's really thinking or is Pepper making up the thoughts for him (like we do with pets)?

Edit/Critique Close-Up #2

Once high enough, she [built momentum on the already pendulum-ing cord. After a few pumps and close enough to the bank of windows, aka the only way out, she kicked off from her precarious position] and soared through the narrow jagged-toothed maw.

On the corrugated roof, lightning whipping, rain pouring, she hazarded a glance back, a small part of her hoping that Blondie would emerge victorious. The stranger, haloed by the raging infemo, removed his shades, [the better to see his intended victim, his eyes forged from every shade of green and blue in the sea. At first he trained his gun on Pepper, his eyes forged from every shade of green and blue found in the ocean's offing] anchoring on her. Once [Death (?)] had Pepper's undivided attention, he about-faced to the [English Rose] and was moments from delivering the coup de grâce.

[Cheerio, poppet, Pepper spat as she hitched a ride with the rain that surged down the slanted tin roof, then shimmied down a pipe, and to Lola she legged it.]

- Comment [JLC561]:** "pumped her legs, building momentum on the swinging cord."
- Comment [JLC562]:** "After a few pumps, and when she was close enough to the bank of windows, her only way out, to make a leap for it..."
- Comment [JLC563]:** You could remove this.
- Comment [JLC564]:** I would remove this – we're mostly in Pepper's POV, so we don't have access to other characters' thoughts or reasoning.
- Comment [JLC565]:** Repeated – use only once here.
- Comment [JLC566]:** How about "Death, or whoever he was,"
- Comment [JLC567]:** Word choice

Featured Comments (Editorial Critique):

I thought Pepper's moonlighting as avenger-for-hire needed a little clarification as well. How did she get into that line of work, since her memories were erased? Does she still have trace amounts of memories from her past? Is there a natural pull toward that field? What spurred her to get into it? Did she see a friend get hurt?

I thoroughly enjoyed the beginning ("prologue"). The remainder of the story did seem to have a different feel, like a sarcastic tone. Perhaps it's the historical versus contemporary aspect. Or it could be that the prologue is heavy in emotion/tension whereas the remainder is more action-based. As much as I loved the prologue, I wonder what would happen to the story without that part, if readers started with Pepper and learned new info right along with her. That would give the story a more cohesive feel.