

PORTFOLIO - Sample 1

Original Document	Edited Document (with mark-ups)
<p>Below is a sample of my own writing and how I have edited my own writing, after completing the Professional Editing course at Mount Royal University.</p>	
<p>Prologue</p> <p>Early morning fog rolls off the banks of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers like a thick mist only seen in horror movies, it has a musty, almost moldy smell to the air that dissipates as the sun rises and temperatures warm. The damp and heavy air, clings to my bare skin.</p> <p>I slowly regain consciousness and try to open my eyes, but the pain shooting through my face makes it difficult. My right eye opens the tiniest amount to see blurred lights off in the distance. My left eye won't open at all; it's swollen shut and the pain is piercing. I try to take a breath but can't open my mouth; there is tape over my mouth, and I am finding it hard to breathe.</p> <p>As I struggle to breathe, panic sets in and my body aches in ways I never thought possible. My arms are stretched out over my head, and my shoulders scream in pain as I lift my arms bringing them back over my head and close to my body. My wrists are tightly bound with tape, cutting off circulation to my hands. I lift my hands to my mouth, fingers numb and fumbling to find the edge of the tape. I scratch my face in a panic, trying to get the tape to come off. I scream as I pull the tape back, muffled at first but growing louder as my mouth is freed.</p> <p>I take in a deep breath drawing the musty, dampness of the air into my lungs. I take a moment to breathe and feel my head throb in pain, but it also helps to clear my thoughts. The realization of where I am and what happened to me, comes rushing over me. I let out a blood curdling scream as I can feel their hands rip off my dress, hold me down and probe every part of my body. The fear of what happened takes hold of me, and I curl my body in on itself and cry.</p> <p>A few minutes pass as I cry and gasp for breath. I feel the coldness of the air seep into my bones and realize that I am lying naked on the grass and my hands are still bound. I start to chew at the tape on my wrists and I can taste blood in my mouth but fear keeps me chewing and tearing at the tape to free myself.</p> <p>Once my hands are free, I get on to my hands and knees, searching for my dress on the wet grass. I see the shimmer of my dress a few feet away, and crawl toward it. My fingers feel the softness of my satin dress, and bury my face in it and cry.</p> <p>Cold, bruised and aching, I managed to stand up and pull my dress down my body wincing as feel sharp pains in my side and between my legs. Standing now, I turn 360</p>	<p>Prologue</p> <p>The Eearly morning fog rolls off the banks of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers, <u>hanging heavy in the air, like a thick mist only seen in horror movies</u>, The fog carries a <u>it has a</u> musty, almost moldy smell <u>into</u> the air that dissipates as the sun rises and temperatures warm. The damp and heavy air, <u>clings to my bare skin, leaving drops of dew that run down my face</u>. <u>The sensation of the trickling water on my skin slowly awakens me.</u> I <u>I</u> slowly regain consciousness and try to open my eyes, but the pain shooting through my face makes it difficult. My right eye opens <u>a sliver only to see</u> the tiniest amount to see blurred lights off in the distance. My left eye won't open at all; it's swollen shut and the pain is piercing. I try to take a <u>deep</u> breath but can't open my mouth. <u>My heart races, and panic washes over me.</u> there is tape over my mouth, and I am finding it hard to breathe.</p> <p>As I struggle to breathe, <u>my nostrils flaring with each breath</u>. panic sets in and mMy body aches in ways I never thought possible. <u>My shoulders scream in pain from</u> My arms are <u>being stretched out over my head above me.</u> I slowly <u>and my shoulders scream in pain as</u> I lift my arms bringing them back over my head and <u>I scream under the tape that holds my mouth closed.</u> <u>The coppery, metallic taste in my mouth makes me gag a little but I manage to pull my arms back over my head and close to my chest.</u> close to my body. My wrists are tightly bound with tape, cutting off circulation to my hands.</p> <p><u>Tears flow from my eyes as</u> I lift my hands to my mouth. F <u>fingers numb and fumbling to find the edge of the tape.</u> I <u>I</u> scratch my face <u>as I claw at the tape in a panic,</u> trying to get the tape to come off. <u>I whimper</u> scream <u>as I pull the tape it</u> back, muffled at first but growing <u>to a scream louder</u> as my mouth is freed.</p> <p>I take in a deep breath drawing the musty, dampness of the air into my lungs. I take a moment to breathe and feel my head throb in pain, but it also helps to clear my thoughts. The realization of where I am and what happened to me, comes rushing over me. I let out a blood curdling scream as <u>remember the feeling of</u> can feel their hands rip off my dress, hold me down and probe every part of my body. The fear of what happened takes hold of me, and I curl my body in on itself and cry.</p>

Commented [RR1]: Passive voice. Try removing "would"

Commented [RR2]: By moving this sentence from the beginning to the end, you create a link to the next paragraph

Commented [RR3]: Be careful of the words you use such as wrists vs hands. Each paints a slightly different picture. Complete the picture by describing sight, sound, feel and even taste. The phrase "my mouth is freed" also ties into the next paragraph giving continuity.

degrees and recognize the football field and it starts to come back to me. He asked me to go for a walk so we could talk, and the others came out of the shadows and grabbed me.
Just thinking about it, I convulse and throw up.

A few minutes pass as I cry and gasp for breath. Lying naked on the grass, I feel the coldness of the air seep into my bones and realize that I am lying naked on the grass and realize my hands are still bound. I start to chew at the tape on my wrists an, d+can tasting the blood in my mouth but fear keeps me chewing and tearing at the tape to free myself.

Once my hands are free, I get on to my hands and knees crawl on the grass, searching for my clothes, dress on the wet grass. I see the shimmer of my dress a few feet away, and crawl toward it. My fingers feel the softness of my satin dress, and bury my face in it, wiping away the tears and cry.

Cold, bruised and aching, I managed to stand up and pull my dress down my body. I wince from the ing as feel sharp pains in my side and stabbing pain between my legs, now crusted with dried blood.

Standing now, I turn 360 degrees in circles and recognize the football field and it starts to come back to me. We were going for He asked me to go for a walk so we could talk, when and the others came out of the shadows and grabbed me. The thought causes my body to just thinking about it, I convulse and throw up.

Commented [RR4]: In your next sentence you talk about walking across the football field but you previously don't acknowledge where you are. A short sentence to identify where you are will link the next paragraph better.

Commented [RR5]: As you approach the end of your Prologue, start to build some suspense about who could have done this.

Commented [RR6]: This might be a good spot to stop. Leave the reader wanting to know more.

Prologue

The early morning fog rolls off the banks of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers, hanging heavy in the air. The fog carries a musty, almost moldy smell in the air that dissipates as the sun rises and temperatures warm. The damp air, clings to my bare skin, leaving drops of dew that run down my face. The sensation of the trickling water on my skin slowly awakens me. I try to open my eyes, but the pain shooting through my face makes it difficult. My right eye opens a sliver only to see blurred lights off in the distance. My left eye won't open at all; it's swollen shut and the pain is piercing. I try to take a deep breath but can't open my mouth. My heart races, and panic washes over me.

I struggle to breathe, my nostrils flaring with each breath. My body aches in ways I never thought possible. My shoulders scream in pain from my arms being stretched out above me. I slowly lift my arms bringing them back over my head and I scream under the tape that holds my mouth closed. The coppery, metallic taste in my mouth makes me gag a little but I manage to pull my arms back over my head and close to my chest. My wrists are tightly bound with tape, cutting off circulation to my hands.

Tears flow from my eyes as I lift my hands to my mouth. Fingers numb and fumbling to find the edge of the tape, I scratch my face as I claw at the tape in a panic. I whimper as I pull it back, muffled at first but growing to a scream as my mouth is freed.

I take in a deep breath drawing the musty, dampness of the air into my lungs. I take a moment to breathe and feel my head throb in pain, but it helps to clear my thoughts. The realization of where I am and what happened, comes rushing over me. I let out a blood curdling scream as remember the feeling of their hands rip off my dress, hold me down and probe every part of my body. The fear of what happened takes hold of me, and I curl my body in on itself and cry.

A few minutes pass as I cry and gasp for breath. Lying naked on the grass, I feel the coldness of the air seep into my bones and realize my hands are still bound. I start to chew at the tape on my wrists, tasting the blood in my mouth but fear keeps me chewing and tearing at the tape to free myself.

Once my hands are free, I crawl on the grass, searching for my clothes. I see the shimmer of my dress a few feet away, and crawl toward it. My fingers feel the softness of my satin and bury my face in it, wiping away the tears.

Cold, bruised and aching, I managed to stand up and pull my dress down my body. I wince from the sharp pains in my side and stabbing pain between my legs, now crusted with dried blood.

Standing now, I turn in circles and recognize the football field and it comes back to me. We were going for a walk when the others came out of the shadows and grabbed me.

The thought causes my body to convulse and throw up.