

Different Types of Draft Editing

Compared/Contrasted by Paragraph:

Unedited:

Mari lurched toward the ladder to the bridge, tapping at her helmet-comm, trying to raise Kena. But it was silent, and it was dead.

Kena's feet came out of the bridge, and there was a moment where their mirrored faceplates seemed transparent as they shared a last look, a knowing look. Then they lowered into their pods, their last hope, and sealed the heavy metal lids, the lids that were only meant to be closed when the pods became coffins, over themselves.

In those last few seconds, or long hours, or whatever they were, Mari felt herself opening that box, that Pod inside herself that she kept the lid on, and she could not keep it closed any longer. OR maybe she was now inside it, with the memories she kept inside it.

Late-Developmental:

Mari lurched toward the ladder to the bridge, tapping at her helmet-comm, trying to raise Kena. But it was silent, and it was dead.

Kena's feet came out of the bridge, and there was a moment where their mirrored faceplates seemed transparent as they shared a last look, a knowing look. Then they lowered into their pods, their last hope, and sealed the heavy metal lids, the lids that were only meant to be closed when the pods became coffins, over themselves.

In those last few seconds, or long hours, or whatever they were, Mari felt herself opening that box, that Pod inside herself that she kept the lid on, and she could not keep it closed any longer. OR maybe she was now inside it, with the memories she kept inside it.

Commented [EA1]: Is there a change in gravity due to the generator shutting off suddenly?

Commented [EA2]: I don't find this to be clear. How are these pods their last hope but the lids are only meant to be closed when the pods become coffins? I would like to see more detail throughout the narrative to clarify this. I surmise that these are escape pods that, since space is so tight on the Scout, conveniently double as sleeping/storage areas?

Commented [EA3]: This idea of time being a slippery thing that Mari can't keep tabs on has become a theme in this story. If you wish it to be a theme in the story, you can strengthen it substantially, simply by describing those moments of temporal drifting in more detail. Make your reader pause just like Mari does.

Commented [EA4]: This! This is great. I love the representation of Mari's past pain being like the escape pod she is forced to "bury" herself in. The many points of comparison are perfect. However, it isn't obvious until this point that she is in a lot of emotional pain. A little more characterization as noted in other comments would clarify that—make it clear from her actions and responses that she is depressed or missing a part of herself in some way.

Line Edit:

Mari lurched toward the ladder to the bridge. She frantically tapped ~~ng at~~ her helmet-comm, ~~trying to raise Kena.~~

“Kena? Kena!”

~~But it~~ he comm was silent. ~~, and it was dead.~~ Dead.

Kena’s feet came down the ladder toward Mari ~~out of the bridge~~, and there was a moment where their mirrored faceplates seemed transparent as the ScoutRunners ~~y~~ shared a last, knowing look ~~look, a knowing look~~. Then ~~they~~ each woman lowered into ~~their~~ her pods, ~~their last hope~~, and sealed the heavy metal lids, ~~the lids that were~~ only meant to be closed when the pod was her last hope—or was about to ~~s~~ become her coffins, ~~over themselves~~.

In those last few seconds, or long hours, or whatever they were, Mari felt the seal breaking on ~~herself opening that box, that~~ her internal Pod of memories, but she could not stop it from opening now. ~~inside herself that she kept the lid on, and she could not keep it closed any longer. OR maybe she was now inside it, with the memories she kept inside it.~~

Copy Edit:

Mari lurched toward the ladder to the bridge. She tapped ~~ng~~ at her helmet-comm and; ~~tried~~ ~~ng~~ to raise Kena. But the comm ~~it~~ was silent, ~~and it was dead~~ and unresponsive.

Kena’s feet came down out of the bridge, and as they passed each other there was a moment where their mirrored faceplates seemed transparent as they shared a last, knowing ~~look, a knowing~~ look. ~~Then they both~~ lowered into their ~~P~~ pods, their last hope, and sealed the heavy metal lids—, the lids that were only meant to be closed when the ~~P~~ pods ~~became~~ were about to become coffins—, over themselves.

In those last few seconds, or long hours, or whatever they were, Mari felt herself opening that box, that Pod inside herself ~~that she kept the lid on~~ on which she kept the lid tightly sealed, and she could not keep it closed any longer. ~~Or~~ maybe she ~~was~~ had ~~now~~ sealed herself inside it, ~~with~~ alongside the memories she kept ~~inside it~~ locked away.

Commented [EA5]: You might want to specify when/where this moment happens. At the bottom of the ladder as they pass each other?

Commented [EA6]: This paragraph not only briefly switches out of the single third-person perspective into a collective “they,” but also you lose the thread with Mari a little bit. Help your reader see it through Mari’s eyes. Yes, it’s important to maintain Mari’s impression that Kena also sealed herself into an escape pod...push yourself to do that without just “explaining” it.

Commented [EA7]: This is redundant, but it feels stylistic. Perhaps consider whether this is the style you wish to have?

Commented [EA8]: Especially given the later scene of finding Kena has died, this should probably be rewritten from Mari’s perspective instead of from “they.”

Proofread:

Mari lurched toward the ladder to the bridge, tapping at her helmet-comm, trying to raise Kena. But it was silent, and it was dead.

Kena's feet came out of the bridge, and there was a moment where their mirrored faceplates seemed transparent as they shared a last look, a knowing look. Then they lowered into their Ppods, their last hope, and sealed the heavy metal lids,—the lids that were only meant to be closed when the Ppods became coffins—
—over themselves.

In those last few seconds, or long hours, or whatever they were, Mari felt herself opening that box, that Pod inside herself that she kept the lid on, and she could not keep it closed any longer. OrR maybe she was now inside it, with the memories she kept **inside it**.

