

Susan

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

Summary: Nelly Wors is vaguely aware of her special abilities, until living weapon Charles McArbit breaks into her sheltered life and exposes the truth — That she is one too. He teaches her to control her powers, and together they take on both the light and dark forces influencing their lives.

Comment [s1]: One what? A weapon-find a good descriptor to insert here

The Stranger walked down the town's empty streets, ~~the~~ quiet ~~clung~~ clinging to him like the stagnant breath of a vicious beast. ~~The man was used to noise and colors. Even sunlight failed to fully penetrate the dome arcing above the town, a barrier that crumbled for him like wet sand;~~ it left a dark tint over the identical ~~white-white~~-sided houses, with their sparse gardens and perfectly trimmed lawns.

Comment [s2]: Better word

Now and then, the Stranger's focus was drawn to cheers and jeers that came from all directions at once. He'd dismiss the raucous quickly, his superior hearing searching for clicks and slides that could mean a weapon was drawn. Or for angry roars at the discovery of his abandoned motorcycle and the hole it left in Plainsville's precious force field.

Comment [s4]: ? But I thought it was quiet

He took a left off of East Street onto Welcome's Way and strolled through the ~~the latter~~ being placed at the center of town, nowhere near the one official border patrol station, far from the sight of any potential visitor's. It was a major road, featuring town hall, shops, and a small community college. The Stranger knew he faced consequences if discovered on Local's Ground. But he also knew that his best cover was a sunny Social Day afternoon. The locals would be busy at whatever sporting event the North and South High Schools were hosting. Welcome's Way would be without an unwelcome.

Comment [s5]: Overall, this paragraph is really confusing to me. I have no idea of what's going on except for a guy walking down a street and a town that is covered by a dome.

1165

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The man paused at a statue of a stout man in minister's robes. It shined in the glow of spotlights set along ~~the-its~~ base. ~~The Stranger~~~~Pulling pulled~~ down his black hood for a closer look ~~at at the monument~~. ~~The-the~~ brass plate's engraving credited a Carson Q. Karzon with founding the town and continued to praise his many accomplishments as both its legislative and spiritual leader. The Stranger pulled his hood back up, and resumed his walk, shoulders slouched. He followed a path ~~made-formed~~ by shadows of the surrounding buildings.

Comment [s6]: Implied

Comment [s7]:

Comment [s8]: Is this needed here? I assume it is. Are the strangers slouched shoulders a result of reading the plaque?

Comment [s9]: good sentence/visual

He **noticed** a malt shop. Bold white letters outlined in red declared "PLAINSVILLE DAIRY BAR." A cardboard sign hanging in the window listed shop hours:

First Day through Social Day
~~open-Open~~ 2:00 PM till 20 minutes before Evening's Curfew
Closed Birth Day

Formatted: Centered, Line spacing: single

Formatted: Centered, Space After: 12 pt, Line spacing: single

Comment [s10]: Implied

The Stranger had never seen a malt shop ~~before~~. He ~~looked-peered~~ through the ~~large~~ glass windows. ~~noting the R-~~ red booths ~~lining-lined~~ the walls, black and checkered countertops, and red stools circling a long shiny, metal counter. A few patrons occupied seats. ~~The man wondered about the clientele~~. He made a few assumptions ~~about the clientele~~, based solely on the words "bar" and "malt (liquor)." The man ~~suddenly~~ realized how thirsty he was.

Comment [s11]: trying to change the sentence structure here to make it varied throughout the paragraph. Are the black and checkered countertops actually tables? Because I can't picture the counters being black and checkered and shiny and metal.

Comment [s12]: Instead of saying this, try something like, His mouth was dry...I'm not sure...or he hadn't eaten since the day before...

He pulled open the shop's glass door, ~~allowing it to swing shut behind him~~. Another man ~~paused-as-he~~ passed by the Stranger ~~and caught his eye~~. ~~The men looked at each other~~. The Local's expression twisted into curiosity. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead chuckled and shook his head. ~~The Local exited~~. ~~The Stranger found himself staring at a~~

~~A~~ black sign on a silver, metal pole ~~read~~: "Seat Yourself." ~~He-The Stranger scanned the shop and decided to claim~~~~chose~~ a stool, seating he was already accustomed to.

Another customer at the counter, a man in a white leisure suit and fedora, stopped sipping at a bright pink liquid through a straw ~~and leaned forward~~. His eyes widened ~~as they acknowledged the Stranger~~.

Comment [s13]: Toward the stranger?

Comment [s14]: Implied

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

"Pss. Psst. Daddio, you a stranger?" ~~he asked.~~

The Stranger tensed, but remained silent.

Comment [s15]: What's the white suit's reaction?

~~A fruit fly danced between the two.~~

An older mustachioed gentleman wearing a yellow and red striped shirt beneath a pink apron stood behind the counter. ~~He was~~ drying an empty glass.

"What'll it be?" he grunted at the newcomer.

The Stranger furrowed his brow.

"Psst..." whispered the man in the white suit. He grabbed a trifold paper menu from between a napkin dispenser and condiments stand ~~and.~~ ~~He handed~~ ~~the menu~~ to the Stranger. The Stranger read it over. Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

"Sonny, what'll it be?" the mustachioed man snapped. He set down the glass and adjusted his paper pink cap.

~~The Stranger was completely unfamiliar with the menu items.~~ Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

~~The man in the~~ White suit spoke up again. "Get a malt. Trust me." He ~~then returned~~ ~~to~~ resumed slurping his pink beverage.

The Stranger set the menu down. "A... malt?"

The mustachioed man stared back at him. "Well, Sonny, what kind?"

"Kind?"

"Yes. What flavor?"

"Regular?"

Snickers could be heard from the remaining patrons, a group clustered in the nearest booth.

"Never had a malt before?!" one called out.

Comment [s16]: What makes the waiter change so fast from being irritated to being accommodating?

no red light
on
canez

fantasy?

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

"Vanilla is a popular choice," the waiter said, glaring at the other patrons. "I'll fix one right up for you, Sonny."

The mustachioed man poured milk and powder into a blender. He then opened a freezer and scooped out a clump of vanilla ice cream adding that too. Last came a squirt of syrup followed by a whirl of the blades. Within minutes

The waiter set a tall glass filled with a thick white mixture ~~was set before~~ in front of the Stranger. He sniffed at the contents before taking a sip. He relaxed as the ice cream combination made its way down his throat. It tasted good.

"I'll be right back if you need anything, Sonny." The mustachioed man nudged the man in the white leisure suit. "You make sure this young man is set, now. I'll be back in a moment. Keep him here." The bartender rushed to the back room. The Stranger was lost in the sweetness of the malt, amazed that beverages existed that didn't burn.

The man in the white suit began to fidget. "So... umm..." ~~The A fruit~~ fly did another a loop passing through the pair. The Stranger swatted it away.

"Name's Cool Cat Jazz, and I'm one happening swinger," continued the man in white. "Best swing dancer in the area, Daddio. Not bad with a bowling ball either. Broke 175 my last game."

The Stranger ignored him and continued to drink his malt.

"You... You really aren't from around here, are you?" Cool Cat Jazz asked.

The Stranger suddenly slammed his hands down onto the counter and kicked over his stool as he stood. Cool Cat Jazz stared at him, fear creeping onto his face.

"H-hey now... Didn't mean to offend, Daddio."

Comment [s17]: Condense; no need for such detail

Comment [s18]: Why this verb? Did he think he'd get sick from it?

Comment [s19]: I can't picture him being able to nudge a customer. Isn't the waiter behind a counter? He might nod, but I don't know how he'd nudge him.

Comment [s20]: Reword (awkward). Is he referring to hot drinks, such as coffee? If so, this is a bit dramatic. If not, elaborate before this; he should be hesitant to try it and we should know why in the moment that he is about to try it.

Comment [s21]: Is this significant?

Comment [s22]: It's an unwritten rule not to use the word "suddenly" unless absolutely necessary.

The Stranger removed his hands, ~~revealing money on the counter~~ leaving money where they had been.

Comment [s23]: Not sure how to fix this sentence. I'd just keep it simple and say he slammed the money on the counter.

As he pulled down his hood he said, "I'm no thief. Not a saint either. But definitely not a thief. Didn't want the group of men who just came in to ruin that for me. Drag me away before I could pay and all."

Comment [s24]: How does the white suit react to this? It's a weird thing to say.

The Stranger turned to face a group of ~~men in their teen~~ teenage boys. Most wore varsity jackets; ~~and~~ a few were in muddy, grass ^{dash} stained lacrosse uniforms.

"Who won?" someone ~~from a booth~~ yelled.

"South Plainsville High, of course," ~~the clear alpha~~ one of them replied. Clearly the alpha—~~He~~ he stood in the center of the group, the marking of a team captain on his dirty, bright blue uniform. Bulky arms crossed his broad chest.

"And who are you?" ~~His~~ The alpha eyes turned to the stranger. ~~His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust. Bulky arms crossed his broad chest. His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust.~~ But his brown eyes stayed sharp, attempting to pierce through the Stranger.

Comment [s25]: The "but" doesn't make sense; I just took the sentence out.

Comment [s26]: Should the "s" be capitalized?

The stranger unzipped his hoodie and tied it around his waist, revealing his own muscular frame and handsome features. His coarse dark hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. His dark eyes returned the Captain's fierce stare. The Captain almost unclenched his jaw in response to the Stranger's many silver piercings running along his ears and tattoo of a ring of roses on his exposed arm. The Stranger's muscles bulged beneath the torn off sleeves of his black shirt.

Comment [s27]: This is a POV shift; how do we know that? This story is from the POV of the stranger, who wouldn't know if someone "almost unclenched his jaw."

"My name is Charles McArbit." The Stranger smiled. "And forgive the cliché, but take me to your leader."

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The teen cracked his neck. Then his jaw. Then his knuckles. “You got him. Student body president, captain of the lacrosse team, and lead usher at Services.”

Charles laughed. “Your actual leader.”

“The mayor?”

“Minister Wors. He knows why I’m here. What I came to take back.”

The teen and his companions stared blankly at Charles.

“Are you seriously going to pretend that old corrupt sod of a minister isn’t running this place from the shadows?” Charles asked.

The teenagers looked at each other, searching for signs of what to do. So the Captain did as captains do and took command. He lunged forward, allowing his fist to make contact with Charles McArtbit’s right eye. The Captain winced back in pain.

“Raf!” a female voice called out.

“Sally-Ann!” The Captain tensed up. A ~~brown-brown~~-haired teenage girl strode up to him as he stroked his wounded fist. She waved her finger around, ~~to say “shame!”~~ before jabbing it into his chest.

Comment [s28]: implied

“Was this the emergency? Some Unfortunate skipping out on Judd? You know fighting upsets Nelly!”

“Nelly...” said Charles. All eyes were on him. “Nelly... Wors?”

Sally-Ann’s jaw dropped. “Raf... This man’s not from here, is he?”

Julie

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

Summary: Nelly Wors is vaguely aware of her special abilities, until living weapon Charles McArbit breaks into her sheltered life and exposes the truth. That she is one, too. He teaches her to control her powers and together they take on both the light and dark forces influencing their lives.

- why empty? Social Day?

The Stranger walked down the town's empty streets. The quiet clung to him like the stagnant breath of a vicious beast. The man was used to noise and colors. Even sunlight failed to fully penetrate the dome arcing above the town, a barrier that crumbled for him like wet sand. It left a dark tint over the identical white sided houses with their sparse gardens and perfectly trimmed lawns. Now and then, the Stranger's focus was drawn to cheers and jeers that came from all directions at once. He'd dismiss the raucous quickly, his superior hearing searching for clicks and slides that could mean a weapon was drawn. Or for angry roars at the discovery of his abandoned motorcycle and the hole it left in Plainsville's precious force field.

Why? where he broke through?

Not quiet (sent 1)

What could look out?

He took a left off of East Street onto Welcome's Way, the latter being placed at the center of town, nowhere near the one official border patrol station, far from the sight of any potential visitor/s. It was a major road, featuring town hall, shops, and a small community college. The Stranger knew he faced consequences if discovered on Local's Ground. But he also knew that his best cover was a sunny Social Day afternoon. The locals would be busy at whatever sporting event the North and South High Schools were hosting. Welcome's Way would be without an unwelcome.

Is he?

Could these citizens draw weapons?

mind me this world other vehicle? would it be hide it?

JULIE

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The man paused at a statue of a stout man in minister's robes. It shined in the glow of spotlights set along the base. The Stranger pulled down his black hood for a closer look at the monument. The brass plate's engraving credited a Carson Q. Karzon with founding the town and continued to praise his many accomplishments as both its legislative and spiritual leader. The Stranger pulled his hood back up, and resumed his walk, shoulders slouched. He followed a path made by shadows of the surrounding buildings.

Is it right now? (see p. 1)

Is hood covering eyes?

why? why not proud? arrogant?

What year? interesting time notation

He noticed a malt shop. Bold white letters outlined in red declared "PLAINSVILLE DAIRY BAR." A cardboard sign hanging in the window listed shop hours: First Day through Social Day open 2:00 PM till 20 minutes before Evening's Curfew. Closed Birth Day. The Stranger had never seen a malt shop before. He looked through the large glass windows, noting the red booths lining the walls, black and checkered countertops, and red stools circling a long shiny, metal counter. A few patrons occupied seats. The man wondered about the clientele. He made a few assumptions, based solely on the words "bar" and "malt (liquor)." The man suddenly realized how thirsty he was.

or lined up?

Does he have human needs?

He pulled open the shop's glass door, allowing it to swing shut behind him. Another man paused as he passed by the Stranger. The men looked at each other. The Local's expression twisted into curiosity. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead chuckled and shook his head. The Local exited. The Stranger found himself staring at a black sign on a silver, metal pole. "Seat Yourself." He scanned the shop and decided to claim a stool, seating he was already accustomed to.

why?

Another customer at the counter, a man in a white leisure suit and fedora, stopped sipping at a bright pink liquid through a straw and leaned forward. His eyes widened as they acknowledged the Stranger.

JULIE

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

"Pss. Psst. Daddio, you a stranger?"

The Stranger tensed, but remained silent.

A fruit fly danced between the two.

An older mustachioed gentleman wearing a yellow and red striped shirt beneath a pink apron stood behind the counter. He was drying an empty glass. "What'll it be?" he grunted at the newcomer.

The Stranger furrowed his brow.

"Psst..." whispered the man in the white suit. He grabbed a trifold paper menu from between a napkin dispenser and condiments stand. He handed the menu to the Stranger. The Stranger read it over.

"Sonny, what'll it be?" the mustachioed man snapped. He set down the glass and adjusted his paper pink cap.

The Stranger was completely unfamiliar with the menu items. Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

The man in the suit spoke up again. "Get a malt. Trust me." He then returned to slurping his pink beverage.

The Stranger set the menu down. "A... malt?"

The mustachioed man stared back at him. "Well, Sonny, what kind?"

"Kind?"

"Yes. What flavor?"

"Regular?"

Snickers could be heard from the remaining patrons, a group clustered in the nearest booth.

"Never had a malt before?!" one called out.

"Where you from, outer space?"

Wouldn't all
citizens know
one another?

Julie

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

“Vanilla is a popular choice. I’ll fix one right up for you, Sonny.” The mustachioed man poured milk and powder into a blender. He then opened a freezer and scooped out a clump of vanilla ice cream adding that too. Last came a squirt of syrup followed by a whirl of the blades. Within minutes a tall glass filled with a thick white mixture was set before the Stranger. He sniffed at the contents before taking a sip. He relaxed as the ice cream combination made its way down his throat. It tasted good.

“I’ll be right back if you need anything, Sonny.” The mustachioed man nudged the man in the white leisure suit. “You make sure this young man is set, now. I’ll be back in a moment. Keep him here.” The bartender rushed to the back room. The Stranger was lost in the sweetness of the malt, amazed that beverages existed that didn’t burn.

soda jerk

Wouldn't he find it unpleasant if he was used to burning?

The man in the white suit began to fidget. “So... umm...” The fly did another loop passing through the pair. The Stranger swatted it away.

“Name’s Cool Cat Jazz, and I’m one happening swinger,” continued the man in white. “Best swing dancer in the area, Daddio. Not bad with a bowling ball either. Broke 175 my last game.”

The Stranger ignored him and continued to drink his malt.

“You... You really aren’t from around here, are you?” Cool Cat Jazz asked.

The Stranger suddenly slammed his hands down onto the counter and kicked over his stool as he stood. Cool Cat Jazz stared at him, fear creeping onto his face.

Why overreact?
I thought he wanted to fit in.

“H-hey now... Didn’t mean to offend, Daddio.”

The Stranger removed his hands, revealing money on the counter. As he pulled down his hood he said, “I’m no thief. Not a saint either. But definitely not a thief. Didn’t want the group of men who just came in to ruin that for me. Drag me away before I could pay and all.”

JULIE

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The Stranger turned to face a group of men in their teens. Most wore varsity jackets and a few were in muddy, grass stained lacrosse uniforms.

“Who won?” someone from a booth yelled.

“South Plainsville High of course,” the clear alpha replied. He stood center of the group, the marking of a team captain on his dirty, bright blue uniform. “And who are you?” His eyes turned to the stranger. Bulky arms crossed his broad chest. His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust. But his brown eyes stayed sharp, attempting to pierce through the Stranger.

v2

The Stranger unzipped his hoodie and tied it around his waist, revealing his own muscular frame and handsome features. His coarse dark hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. His dark eyes returned the Captain’s fierce stare. The Captain almost unclenched his jaw in response to the Stranger’s many silver piercings running along his ears and tattoo of a ring of roses on his exposed arm. The Stranger’s muscles bulged beneath the torn off sleeves of his black shirt.

“My name is Charles McArbit.” The Stranger smiled. “And forgive the cliché, but take me to your leader.”

What?!
awkward
reward

The teen cracked his neck. Then his jaw. Then his knuckles. “You got him. Student body president, captain of the lacrosse team, and lead usher at Services.”

Charles laughed. “Your actual leader.”

“The mayor?”

“Minister Wors. He knows why I’m here. What I came to take back.”

Would he really
tip his hand
so soon?

The teen and his companions stared blankly at Charles.

“Are you seriously going to pretend that old corrupt sod of a minister isn’t running this place from the shadows?”

JULIE

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The teenagers looked at each other, searching for signs of what to do. So the Captain did as captains do and took command. He lunged forward, allowing his fist to make contact with Charles McArtbit's right eye. The Captain winced back in pain.

"Raf!" a female voice called out.

"Sally-Ann!" The Captain tensed up. A brown haired teenage girl strode up to him as he stroked his wounded fist. She waved her finger around, to say "shame!" before jabbing it into his chest.

"Was this the emergency? Some Unfortunate skipping out on Judd? You know fighting upsets Nelly!"

"Nelly..." said Charles. All eyes were on him. "Nelly... Wors?"

Sally-Ann's jaw dropped. "Raf... This man's not from here, is he?"

?!
No kidding!

HAVE STRANGER REPEAT A MANTRA OR MISSION IN HIS HEAD.
FIND THE GIRL. ~~STEAL THE DIAMOND~~, KIDNAP THE MAYOR.

HAVE STRANGER OBSERVE MORE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN WORLDS:
CLOTHING, CLIMATE, LANGUAGE, ARCHITECTURE, FOOD.

DOES STRANGER SPEAK ENGLISH?
HAVE TRANSLATION BOOK ON SELF?

THIS REMINDS ME OF STEPHEN KING'S UNDER THE DOME.

Jean's Comments

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

Good World Building!

Summary: Nelly Wors is vaguely aware of her special abilities, until living weapon Charles McArbit breaks into her sheltered life and exposes the truth. That she is one, too. He teaches her to control her powers, and together they take on both the light and dark forces influencing their lives.

The Stranger walked down the town's empty streets. The quiet clung to him like the stagnant breath of a vicious beast. The man was used to noise and colors. Even sunlight failed to fully penetrate the dome arcing above the town. ~~a barrier that crumbled for him like wet sand~~. It ~~cast~~ a dark tint over the identical white sided houses with their sparse gardens and perfectly trimmed lawns. Now and then, the Stranger's focus was drawn to cheers and jeers that came from all directions ~~at once~~. He'd dismiss the raucous quickly, his superior hearing searching for clicks and slides that could mean a weapon was drawn. Or for angry roars at the discovery of his abandoned motorcycle and the hole it left in Plainsville's precious force field. ~~which crumbled like wet sand when he broke through it~~.

Comment [PHS 1S1]: Odd comparison since a vicious beast would not be quiet.

He took a left off of East Street onto Welcome's Way, the latter ~~being placed~~ located at the center of town, nowhere near the one official border patrol station, far from the sight of any potential visitors. It was a major road, featuring town hall, shops, and a small community college. The Stranger ~~knew he would~~ faced consequences if discovered on Local's Ground. But ~~he also knew that~~ his best cover was a sunny Social Day afternoon. The locals would be busy at whatever sporting event the North and South High Schools were hosting. Welcome's Way would be without an unwelcome.

Comment [PHS 1S2]: Is this a proper name?

Comment [PHS 1S3]: Sometimes you capitalize Locals and sometimes you don't.

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The ~~man~~ Stranger paused at a statue of a stout man in minister's robes. It shined in the glow of spotlights set along the base of the monument. ~~The Stranger pulled down his black hood for a closer look at the monument.~~ The brass plate's engraving credited a Carson Q. Karzon with founding the town and ~~continued to praise~~ his many accomplishments as both its legislative and spiritual leader. ~~The Stranger pulled his hood back up, and r~~esumed his walk, shoulders slouched. ~~H~~he followed a path made by shadows of the surrounding buildings.

~~He noticed a malt shop.~~ Bold white letters outlined in red declared "PLAINSVILLE DAIRY BAR." A cardboard sign hanging in the window listed the malt shop hours: First Day through Social Day open 2:00 PM till 20 minutes before Evening's Curfew. Closed Birth Day. The Stranger had never seen a malt shop before. He looked through the large glass windows, noting the red booths lining the walls, black and checkered countertops, and red stools circling a long shiny, metal counter. A few patrons occupied seats. The man wondered about the clientele. He made a few assumptions, based solely on the words "bar" and "malt (liquor)." The man suddenly realized how thirsty he was.

He pulled open the shop's glass door, allowing it to swing shut behind him. Another man paused as he passed by the Stranger. The men looked at each other. The Local's expression twisted into curiosity. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead chuckled and shook his head. The Local exited. ~~The Stranger found himself staring at a~~ black sign on a silver, metal pole read, "Seat Yourself." He scanned the shop and ~~decided to claim~~ed a stool, seating he was already accustomed to.

Another customer at the counter, a man in a white leisure suit and fedora, stopped sipping at a bright pink liquid through a straw and leaned forward. His eyes widened as they acknowledged the Stranger.

word echo

Formatted: Highlight

Formatted: Highlight

Comment [PHS 1S4]: Wondered what?

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

"Pss. Psst. Daddio, you a stranger?"

The Stranger tensed, but remained silent.

A fruit fly danced between the two.

An older mustachioed gentleman wearing a yellow and red striped shirt beneath a pink apron stood behind the counter. He was drying an empty glass. "What'll it be?" he grunted at the newcomer.

The Stranger furrowed his brow.

Vary Sentence Starters.

"Psst..." whispered the man in the white suit. He grabbed a trifold paper menu from between a napkin dispenser and condiments stand. He handed the menu to the Stranger. ~~The Stranger read it over.~~

"Sonny, what'll it be?" the mustachioed man snapped. He set down the glass and adjusted his paper pink cap.

The Stranger was completely unfamiliar with the menu items. Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

The man in the suit spoke up again. "Get a malt. Trust me." He then returned to slurping his pink beverage.

The Stranger set the menu down. "A... malt?"

The mustachioed man stared back at him. "Well, Sonny, what kind?"

"Kind?"

"Yes. What flavor?"

"Regular?"

~~Snickers could be heard from the remaining patrons,~~ a group clustered in the nearest booth snickered.

"Never had a malt before?!" one called out.

Formatted: Indent: First line: 0"

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

“Vanilla is a popular choice. I’ll fix one right up for you, Sonny.” The mustachioed man poured milk and powder into a blender. He then opened a freezer and scooped out a clump of vanilla ice cream ~~adding that too~~. Last came a squirt of syrup followed by a whirl of the blades. Within minutes a tall glass filled with a thick white mixture was set before the Stranger. He sniffed at the contents before taking a sip. He relaxed as the ice cream combination made its way down his throat. It tasted good.

“I’ll be right back if you need anything, Sonny.” The mustachioed man nudged the man in the white leisure suit. “You make sure this young man is set, now. I’ll be back in a moment. Keep him here.” The bartender rushed to the back room. The Stranger was lost in the sweetness of the malt, amazed that beverages existed that didn’t burn.

The man in the white suit ~~began to fidget~~. “So... umm...” The fly did another loop passing through the pair. The Stranger swatted it away.

“Name’s Cool Cat Jazz, and I’m one happening swinger,” continued the man in white. “Best swing dancer in the area, Daddio. Not bad with a bowling ball either. Broke 175 my last game.”

The Stranger ignored him and continued to drink his malt.

“You... You really aren’t from around here, are you?” Cool Cat Jazz asked.

The Stranger ~~suddenly~~ slammed his hands down onto the counter and kicked over his stool as he stood. Cool Cat Jazz stared at him, fear creeping onto his face.

“H-hey now... Didn’t mean to offend, Daddio.”

The Stranger removed his hands, revealing money on the counter. As he pulled down his hood he said, “I’m no thief. Not a saint either. But definitely not a thief. Didn’t want the group of men who just came in to ruin that for me. Drag me away before I could pay and all.”

Comment [PHS 1S5]: What group of men?

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The Stranger turned to face a group of men in their teens. Most wore varsity jackets and a few were in muddy, grass stained lacrosse uniforms.

“Who won?” someone from a booth yelled.

“South Plainsville High of course,” the clear alpha replied. He stood center of the group, the marking of a team captain on his dirty, bright blue uniform. “And who are you?” His eyes turned to the sStranger. Bulky arms crossed his broad chest. His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust. But his brown eyes stayed sharp, attempting to pierce through the Stranger.

wordedno.

Formatted: Highlight

Formatted: Highlight

The sStranger unzipped his hoodie and tied it around his waist, revealing his own muscular frame and handsome features. His coarse dark hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. His dark eyes returned the Captain’s fierce stare. The Captain almost unclenched his jaw in response to the Stranger’s many silver piercings running along his ears and tattoo of a ring of roses on his exposed arm. The Stranger’s muscles bulged beneath the torn-off sleeves of his black shirt.

“My name is Charles McArbit.” The Stranger smiled. “And forgive the cliché, but take me to your leader.”

The teen cracked his neck. Then his jaw. Then his knuckles. “You got him. Student body president, captain of the lacrosse team, and lead usher at Services.”

Charles laughed. “Your actual leader.”

“The mayor?”

“Minister Wors. He knows why I’m here. What I came to take back.”

The teen and his companions stared blankly at Charles.

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

"Are you seriously going to pretend that old corrupt sod of a minister isn't running this place from the shadows?"

The teenagers looked at each other, searching for signs of what to do. So the Captain did as captains do and took command. He lunged forward, allowing his fist to make contact with Charles McArtbit's right eye. The Captain winced back in pain.

"Raf!" a female voice called out.

"Sally-Ann!" The Captain tensed up. A brown haired teenage girl strode up to him as he stroked his wounded fist. She waved her finger around, to say "shame!" before jabbing it into his chest.

"Was this the emergency? Some Unfortunate skipping out on Judd? You know fighting upsets Nelly!"

"Nelly..." said Charles. All eyes were on him. "Nelly... Wors?"

Sally-Ann's jaw dropped. "Raf... This man's not from here, is he?"

Comment [PHS 1S6]: Who?

Comment [PHS 1S7]: Who?

Summary: Nelly Wors is vaguely aware of her special abilities, until living weapon Charles McArbit breaks into her sheltered life and exposes the truth. That she is one too. He teaches her to control her powers and together they take on both the light and dark forces influencing their lives.

Ed

2 meanings: have to figure out

steps he
in my
tracks
to figure
out

The Stranger walked down the town's empty streets. The quiet [clung to him] like the stagnant breath of a vicious beast. The man was used to noise and colors. Even sunlight failed to fully penetrate [the dome arcing above the town], a barrier that crumbled for him like wet sand. It left a dark tint over the identical white-sided houses with their sparse gardens and perfectly trimmed lawns. Now and then, the Stranger's focus was drawn to cheers and jeers that came from all directions at once. He'd dismiss the raucous quickly, his superior hearing searching for clicks and slides that could mean a weapon was drawn. Or for angry roars at the discovery of his abandoned motorcycle and the hole it left in Plainsville's precious force field.

Let's
a lot
going
on
here.
take
your
time.
back up.
have him
approach
the dome

He took a left off of East Street onto Welcome's Way, the latter being placed at the center of town, nowhere near the one official border patrol station, far from the sight of any potential visitor's. It was a major road, featuring town hall, shops, and a small community college. The Stranger knew he faced consequences if discovered on Local's Ground. But he also knew that his best cover was a sunny Social Day afternoon. The locals would be busy at whatever sporting event the North and South High Schools were hosting. Welcome's Way would be without an unwelcome.

- interesting, enigmatic world. mysterious
- good, clear

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The man paused at a statue of a stout man in minister's robes. It shined in the glow of spotlights set along the base. The Stranger pulled down his black hood for a closer look at the monument. The brass plate's engraving credited a Carson Q. Karzon with founding the town and continued to praise his many accomplishments as both its legislative and spiritual leader. The Stranger pulled his hood back up, and resumed his walk, shoulders slouched. He followed a path made by shadows of the surrounding buildings.

is this night?

He noticed a malt shop. Bold white letters outlined in red declared "PLAINSVILLE DAIRY BAR." A cardboard sign hanging in the window listed shop hours: First Day through Social Day open 2:00 PM till 20 minutes before Evening's Curfew. Closed Birth Day. The Stranger had never seen a malt shop before. He looked through the large glass windows, noting the red booths lining the walls, black and checkered countertops, and red stools circling a long shiny, metal counter. A few patrons occupied seats. The man wondered about the clientele. He made a few assumptions, based solely on the words "bar" and "malt (liquor)." The man suddenly realized how thirsty he was.

to meet like a sign

He pulled open the shop's glass door, allowing it to swing shut behind him. Another man paused as he passed by the Stranger. The men looked at each other. The Local's expression twisted into curiosity. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead chuckled and shook his head. The Local exited. The Stranger found himself staring at a black sign on a silver, metal pole. "Seat Yourself." He scanned the shop and decided to claim a stool, seating he was already accustomed to.

a type of ?

Another customer at the counter, a man in a white leisure suit and fedora, stopped sipping at a bright pink liquid through a straw and leaned forward. His eyes widened as they acknowledged the Stranger.

“Pss. Psst. Daddio, you a stranger?”

The Stranger tensed, but remained silent.

A fruit fly danced between the two.

An older mustachioed gentleman wearing a yellow ~~and red~~ striped shirt beneath a pink apron stood behind the counter. He was drying an empty glass. “What’ll it be?” he grunted at the newcomer.

The Stranger furrowed his brow.

“Psst...” whispered the man in the white suit. He grabbed a trifold paper menu from between a napkin dispenser and condiments stand. He handed the menu to the Stranger. The Stranger read it over.

“Sonny, what’ll it be?” the mustachioed man snapped. He set down the glass and adjusted his paper pink cap.

The Stranger was completely unfamiliar with the menu items. Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

The man in the suit spoke up again. “Get a malt. Trust me.” He then returned to slurping his pink beverage.

The Stranger set the menu down. “A... malt?”

The mustachioed man stared back at him. “Well, Sonny, what kind?”

“Kind?”

“Yes. What flavor?”

“Regular?” ✓

Snickers could be heard from the remaining patrons, a group clustered in the nearest
← booth.

“Never had a malt before?!” one called out.

“Vanilla is a popular choice. I’ll fix one right up for you, Sonny.” The mustachioed man poured milk and powder into a blender. He then opened a freezer and scooped out a clump of vanilla ice cream adding that too. Last came a squirt of syrup followed by a whirl of the blades. Within minutes a tall glass filled with a thick white mixture was set before the Stranger. He sniffed at the contents before taking a sip. He relaxed as the ice cream combination made its way down his throat. It tasted good.

from
the point
of view
of the
stranger

“I’ll be right back if you need anything, Sonny.” The mustachioed man nudged the man in the white leisure suit. “You make sure this young man is set, now. I’ll be back in a moment. Keep him here.” The bartender rushed to the back room. The Stranger was lost in the sweetness of the malt, amazed that beverages existed that didn’t burn.

The man in the white suit began to fidget. “So... umm...” The fly did another loop, passing through the pair. The Stranger swatted it away.

“Name’s Cool Cat Jazz, and I’m one happening swinger,” continued the man in white. “Best swing dancer in the area, Daddio. Not bad with a bowling ball either. Broke 175 my last game.”

The Stranger ignored him and continued to drink his malt.

“You... You really aren’t from around here, are you?” Cool Cat Jazz asked.

The Stranger suddenly slammed his hands down onto the counter and kicked over his stool as he stood. Cool Cat Jazz stared at him, fear creeping onto his face.

“H-hey now... Didn’t mean to offend, Daddio.”

The Stranger removed his hands, revealing money on the counter. As he pulled down his hood he said, “I’m no thief. Not a saint either. But definitely not a thief. Didn’t want the group of men who just came in to ruin that for me. Drag me away before I could pay and all.”

The Stranger turned to face a group of men in their teens. Most wore varsity jackets and a few were in muddy, grass-stained lacrosse uniforms.

“Who won?” someone from a booth yelled.

“South Plainsville High of course,” the clear alpha replied. He stood center of the group, the marking of a team captain on his dirty, bright blue uniform. “And who are you?” His eyes turned to the stranger. Bulky arms crossed his broad chest. His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust. But his brown eyes stayed sharp, attempting to pierce through the Stranger.

The stranger unzipped his hoodie and tied it around his waist, revealing his own muscular frame and handsome features. His coarse dark hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. His dark eyes returned the Captain’s fierce stare. The Captain almost unclenched his jaw in response to the Stranger’s many silver piercings running along his ears and tattoo of a ring of roses on his exposed arm. The Stranger’s muscles bulged beneath the tom-off sleeves of his black shirt.

“My name is Charles McArbit.” The Stranger smiled. “And forgive the cliché, but take me to your leader.”

The teen cracked his neck. Then his jaw. Then his knuckles. “You got him. Student body president, captain of the lacrosse team, and lead usher at Services.”

Charles laughed. “Your actual leader.”

“The mayor?”

“Minister Wors. He knows why I’m here. What I came to take back.”

The teen and his companions stared blankly at Charles.

“Are you seriously going to pretend that old corrupt sod of a minister isn’t running this place from the shadows?”

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The teenagers looked at each other, searching for signs of what to do. So the Captain did as captains do and took command. He lunged forward, allowing his fist to make contact with Charles McArtbit's right eye. The Captain winced back in pain.

"Raf!" a female voice called out.

"Sally-Ann!" The Captain tensed up. A brown-haired teenage girl strode up to him as he stroked his wounded fist. She waved her finger around, to say "Shame!" before jabbing it into his chest.

"Was this the emergency? Some Unfortunate skipping out on Judd? You know fighting upsets Nelly!"

"Nelly..." said Charles. All eyes were on him. "Nelly... Wors?"

Sally-Ann's jaw dropped. "Raf... This man's not from here, is he?"

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

Lizabeth-

You're working on an interesting situation. There's a village under a force field. A stranger riding a motorcycle penetrates the dome and walks around in confusion. He enters a malt shop and gets into a fight. The reader learns he's there to find Minister Wors and bring something back with him.

First of all, take a look at the technical suggestions I've embedded into the pages. There are voice problems, paragraph problems, and sequence problems. All of them have nothing technically to do with the actual story. But, the reader will be put-off by these very correctable errors. Rule number one: the reader must not be distracted by unintended distractions.

The opening paragraph is very confusing. Think about disassembling it and clear up the confusion - needless dancing around the stranger's name, for instance. Just open with his name and see how much circumlocution you will not need.

I'm not clear on the town. Is it empty because of the sports events? Who were those in the malt shop? Why did the stranger get so angry? Why was the team captain so quick to throw a punch?

There were several sections noted that didn't logically follow one another. Easily fixed.

You have the beginning of an interesting story with all the necessary ingredients. Keep going. Some day we'll get the lowdown on who the stranger is and what he wants to bring back.

Good luck

Dave

Summary: Nelly Wors is vaguely aware of her special abilities, until living weapon Charles McArbit breaks into her sheltered life and exposes the truth. That she is one too. He teaches her to control her powers and together they take on both the light and dark forces influencing their lives.

The Stranger walked down the town's empty streets. The quiet clung to him like the stagnant breath of a vicious beast. The man was used to noise and colors. Even sunlight failed to fully penetrate the dome arcing above the town, a barrier that crumbled for him like wet sand. It left a dark tint over the identical white sided houses with their sparse gardens and perfectly trimmed lawns. Now and then, the Stranger's focus was drawn to cheers and jeers that came from all directions at once. He'd dismiss the raucous (*noise?*) quickly, his superior hearing

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

searching for clicks and slides that could mean a weapon was drawn. Or for angry roars at the discovery of his abandoned motorcycle and the hole it left in Plainsville's precious force field.

(This first paragraph assumes too much. I'm disoriented. I needed two readings to make sense of it. These are the elements that lead to confusion: the man, the dome, the hole in the dome, cheers and jeers(who were they directed at?) superior hearing, motorcycle, force field. All of these elements need to be feathered into the story in a logical way.)

He took a left off of East Street onto Welcome's Way, the latter being placed at the center of town, nowhere near the one official border patrol station, far from the sight of any potential visitor's. *(This sentence is too long with too many clauses in it. Break it up into bit sized chunks.)*

It was a major road, featuring town hall, shops, and a small community college. The Stranger knew he faced consequences if discovered on Local's Ground. But he also knew that his best cover was a sunny Social Day afternoon. The locals would be busy at whatever sporting event the North and South High Schools were hosting. Welcome's Way would be without an unwelcome.

The man paused at a statue of a stout man in minister's robes. It shined in the glow of spotlights set along the base. *(Is it nighttime?)* The Stranger pulled down his black hood for a closer look at the monument. The brass plate's engraving credited a Carson Q. Karzon with founding the town and continued to praise his many accomplishments as both its legislative and spiritual leader. The Stranger pulled his hood back up, and resumed his walk, shoulders slouched. He followed a path made by shadows of the surrounding buildings.

He noticed a malt shop. Bold white letters outlined in red declared "PLAINSVILLE DAIRY BAR." A cardboard sign hanging in the window listed shop hours: First Day through Social Day open 2:00 PM till 20 minutes before Evening's Curfew. Closed Birth Day. The

Stranger had never seen a malt shop before. He looked through the large glass windows, noting the red booths lining the walls, black and checkered countertops, and red stools circling a long shiny, metal counter. A few patrons occupied seats. The man wondered about the clientele. He made a few assumptions, based solely on the words “bar” and “malt (liquor).” The man suddenly realized how thirsty he was. *(Is the town abandoned – the high schools’ sporting events? Who wouldn’t attend the big events?)*

He pulled open the shop’s glass door, allowing it to swing shut behind him. Another man paused as he passed by the Stranger. The men looked at each other. The Local’s expression twisted into curiosity. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead chuckled and shook his head. The Local exited. The Stranger found himself staring at a black sign on a silver, metal pole. “Seat Yourself.” He scanned the shop and decided to claim a stool, seating he was already accustomed to.

Another customer at the counter, a man in a white leisure suit and fedora, stopped sipping at a bright pink liquid through a straw and leaned forward. His eyes widened as they acknowledged the Stranger.

“Pss. Psst. Daddio, you a stranger?”

The Stranger tensed, but remained silent.

A fruit fly danced between the two.

An older mustachioed gentleman wearing a yellow and red striped shirt beneath a pink apron stood behind the counter. He was drying an empty glass. “What’ll it be?” he grunted at the newcomer.

The Stranger furrowed his brow.

“Psst...” whispered the man in the white suit. He grabbed a trifold paper menu from between a napkin dispenser and condiments stand. He handed the menu to the Stranger. The Stranger read it over.

“Sonny, what’ll it be?” the mustachioed man snapped. He set down the glass and adjusted his paper pink cap.

The Stranger was completely unfamiliar with the menu items. Bonnets? Waffle bowls?

The man in the suit spoke up again. “Get a malt. Trust me.” He then returned to slurping his pink beverage.

The Stranger set the menu down. “A... malt?”

The mustachioed man stared back at him. “Well, Sonny, what kind?”

“Kind?”

“Yes. What flavor.”

“Regular?”

Snickers could be heard from the remaining patrons (*passive voice. Say ‘the remaining patrons in the nearest booth snickered’*), a group clustered in the nearest booth.

“Never had a malt before?!” one called out.

“Vanilla is a popular choice. I’ll fix one right up for you, Sonny.” The mustachioed man poured milk and powder into a blender. He then opened a freezer and scooped out a clump of vanilla ice cream adding that too. Last came a squirt of syrup followed by a whir of the blades.

Within minutes a tall glass filled with a thick white mixture was set before the Stranger (*Passive again. Say, ‘the man behind the counter set the tall glass with a thick white mixture before the stranger. Active as opposed to passive’*). (*New paragraph.*) He sniffed at the contents before

taking a sip. He relaxed as the ice cream combination made its way down his throat. It tasted good.

“I’ll be right back if you need anything, Sonny.” The mustachioed man nudged the man in the white leisure suit. “You make sure this young man is set, now. I’ll be back in a moment. Keep him here.” The bartender rushed to the back room. The Stranger was lost in the sweetness of the malt, amazed that beverages existed that didn’t burn. *(Three people in action in one paragraph. Try to begin a new paragraph with each new person.)*

The man in the white suit began to fidget. “So... umm...” The fly did another loop passing through the pair. The Stranger swatted it away.

“Name’s Cool Cat Jazz, and I’m one happening swinger,” continued the man in white. “Best swing dancer in the area; Daddio. Not bad with a bowling ball either. Broke 175 my last game.”

The Stranger ignored him and continued to drink his malt.

“You... You really aren’t from around here, are you?” Cool Cat Jazz asked.

The Stranger suddenly slammed his hands down onto the counter and kicked over his stool as he stood. Cool Cat Jazz stared at him, fear creeping onto his face. *(Probably more than that. Backed away; leaned away; retreated, etc..)*

“H-hey now... Didn’t mean to offend, Daddio.”

The Stranger removed his hands, revealing money on the counter. As he pulled down his hood he said, “I’m no thief. Not a saint either. But definitely not a thief. Didn’t want the group of men who just came in to ruin that for me. Drag me away before I could pay and all.” *(Out of order. Introduce the football team before they are referenced.)*

The Stranger turned to face a group of men in their teens. Most wore varsity jackets and a few were in muddy, grass stained lacrosse uniforms.

“Who won?” someone from a booth yelled.

“South Plainsville High of course,” the clear alpha replied. He stood center of the group, the marking of a team captain on his dirty, bright blue uniform. “And who are you?” His eyes turned to the stranger. (Out of order.) Bulky arms crossed his broad chest. His broad forehead and square jaw twisted in a sign of disgust. But his brown eyes stayed sharp, attempting to pierce through the Stranger. *(No sense that the stranger was a threat. Why are the kids so defensive?)*

The stranger unzipped his hoodie and tied it around his waist, revealing his own muscular frame and handsome features. His coarse dark hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. His dark eyes returned the Captain’s fierce stare. The Captain almost unclenched his jaw in response to the Stranger’s many silver piercings running along his ears and tattoo of a ring of roses on his exposed arm. The Stranger’s muscles bulged beneath the torn off sleeves of his black shirt.

“My name is Charles McArbit.” The Stranger smiled. “And forgive the cliché, but take me to your leader.”

If his name is not important why not say it up front

The teen cracked his neck. Then his jaw. Then his knuckles. “You got him. Student body president, captain of the lacrosse team, and lead usher at Services.”

Charles laughed. “Your actual leader.”

“The mayor?”

“Minister Wors. He knows why I’m here. ~~What I came to take back.~~”

The teen and his companions stared blankly at Charles.

“Are you seriously going to pretend that old corrupt sod of a minister isn’t running this place from the shadows?” *(Who said this?)*

FANTASY NOVEL: PROJECT ASA (WORKING TITLE) BY LIZABETH GELASSEN

The teenagers looked at each other, searching for signs of what to do. So the Captain did as captains do and took command. He lunged forward, allowing his fist to make contact with Charles McArtbit's right eye. The Captain winced back in pain. *(Just say that the captain threw a punch, but the captain's had got the worst of it.)*

"Raf!" a female voice called out.

"Sally-Ann!" The Captain tensed up. A brown haired teenage girl strode up to him as he stroked his wounded fist. She waved her finger around, to say "shame!" before jabbing it into his chest.

"Was this the emergency? Some Unfortunate skipping out on Judd? You know fighting upsets Nelly!"

"Nelly..." said Charles. All eyes were on him. "Nelly... Wors?"

Sally-Ann's jaw dropped. "Raf... This man's not from here, is he?"

(This is a very strange series of dialogue and action. I'm afraid it needs to be rethought out in more detail.)