

JULIE

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Is this the start of the novel?

Summary: Mary, a high school girl was kidnapped by a demon and made into his slave. Imbued with his unholy powers, she serves him by destroying other demons that roam the earth.

How can she destroy demons?
Have power?

Mary knelt down, running her hand through the desert sand. It sifted through her fingers, trickling back down, appearing unaltered. It was hot and dry, an extreme contrast to the humid east coast of America. Her skin burned red in the air, as if in an oven. The city itself was no different than any American city, however. Stone and glass buildings with shops stood as far as the eye could see. She leaned against a stone shop and pretended to watch a television playing inside.

Nice imagery

The sand or the climate?

Ambiguous

Mary stood up. Cautiously, she watched a girl from this land cross the street. She

local?

Why is his name David

followed the teenage girl from a distance, entranced by the cobalt headdress that she wore. David had told her it was called a Hijab.

cap or lower case?

her

(understood)

And a Luke

She thought of David for a moment, smiling dreamily. She had to keep her head in the mission, at least for now. She continued her silent pursuit.

Who M or D?

(subtle reference to wife or Santans)

The young Muslim girl was still young like Mary. Attached to the hand of the young woman was a small girl, whom Mary assumed was her younger sister.

ambiguous

she held

(Satan) or Bill

The teenage girl and her younger sister crossed another busy street. Mary stopped in an alleyway, opened her phone, and typed.

x2
combine

"I found her. She's walking her sister to school... what is so important about her, and where the Hell are we."

(Beelzebub)

JULIE

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Ways into previous #.

← Mary looked around, trying to remain undetected. She readjusted her headscarf nervously while she waited.

Her phone vibrated. ^{she read the text response.}

Combine {

"She is the most skilled of the girls I am collecting and once again, it's called Tehran". ^{How so?}

The girl stopped at a small building made of yellow stone. She was greeted by an old lady. Her younger sister ran inside, met by other children. Mary watched from the alleyway, and when she was sure she wouldn't be seen, she crept closer to the building and sat on a bench.

^{Why is he there if she is the one to follow that girl?} ^{David suddenly appeared} A man arrived and sat next to Mary. Mary looked at him without speaking for a moment, enchanted by his unnatural beauty that only a shape shifter could achieve. The scent of his smell and feeling of his aura charmed her inner soul and only made it more impossible for her to resist his still undiscovered mission. She shook her head, coming out of her trance.

X
need
with
no

Mary clenched her hands in a fist. "I don't know what I am supposed to be doing, David!"

David ignored her and continued to watch the girl. Mary stared at her confused, "What is so special about her?" ^{already asked}

^{Really? in Tehran?} David cleared his throat in frustration, once again ignoring Mary. He'd already answered her more than once and didn't feel like talking again. They cautiously followed her to a skate park where she met two other teenage girls holding skateboards. David and Mary took a seat in the bleachers, watching on. The girls skated and performed advanced tricks to the amazement of Mary. "I thought the woman here were uncultured and uneducated. Here they are skating and having a good time." ^(she doesn't sound amazed.)

The girls looked towards them, and seemed to notice two out-of-place white teenagers, and wanted to impress them.

JULIE

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Mary crossed her arms and smiled. "I will admit that I am impressed." Her exhilaration quickly waned, however, due to the scorching desert sun which pulsated through exotic red clouds as it lowered on the horizon. "It's so fucking hot here". Mary hesitated for only a moment before taking off the hijab she'd worn to blend in. She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Fix your head dressing," David snapped, his features rigid. "The people around here will give you trouble if it's not right. They will confiscate your passport or worse."

Mary rolled her eyes, exasperated, and adjusted her hijab. When she was done, she once again stared into David's hazel eyes. As out of place as she felt here, she loved pleasing David. She was addicted to his aura; it enveloped her inside and out. It was only through her headstrong nature that she didn't fully succumb. She suspected that was one of the things he liked about her, though he rarely made light enough conversation to allow for compliments.

"I want to know why you are collecting girls. If I'm going to help you, I need to know what's going on."

David stared silently at Mary, his eyes half open as if he ^{were} bored; he turned his gaze towards the skaters.

"I am collecting this girl because she is linked to creatures in power, both in the government of this city, and in the world."

"That doesn't explain how you know all this. Who taught you about these things?" Mary cautiously asked, not expecting an answer.

"I lost everything to them. My life, my family..." He said, his tone verifying his words. Mary had rarely seen David give way to emotion, but this was the first time she'd ever seen him capable of sadness. His eyes began to water. Mary opened her mouth, surprised. She tried to think of something to say. She hadn't expected an answer, much less one denoting so much pain.

choose not / puzzled
JULIE

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Just as quickly as it had come, his ^{sing} emotions ^{plur} subsided. David straightened, rigid. He looked straight ahead.

choose / straightened

"Just know I am here to protect humans from them."

Mary looked at him, puzzled. David had always been an enigma, but he never ceased to amaze her.

Really?
Doesn't she know he's a shape shifter?

"Humans. You sound weird and creepy again. I never asked you this but: are you American? You don't talk like us."

How long has she known him?

David sighed and looked up at the desert sky in his aversion to answering questions about himself but this question left him visually dismayed.

?! never

"No."

The odd moment of bonding was cut short by what David had apparently been waiting for. He smirked at Mary. She frowned, knowing that he rarely smiled at lighthearted humor. She'd only seen him smile in the face of danger.

A police officer entered the park. He walked drunkenly, nightstick in hand. The girls on skateboards adjusted their Hijabs nervously as they watched him approach. The officer talked to the three girls out of earshot from Mary and David. Mary saw the girls back nervously away from the officer. She glanced at David for a moment, and he immediately motioned for her to continue watching. The officer grabbed the arm of one of the Iranian girls while the other two ran away in escape. Mary recognized her as the girl David had ordered her to follow.

redundant

David rested his cheek in his hand, as if watching a rerun on television. Mary stood up, alarmed, her posture and attitude in stark contrast to David's.

"I can feel it, David! It's one of them! We have to do something!"

David patiently examined the officer before speaking in his usual, drowsy monotone.

Julie

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"Mary, if you want to survive this quest, then I suggest you learn quickly." He didn't move.

Mary clenched her fists. She watched as the girl struggled and fell to the ground, her Hijab falling back, long dark hair spilling out. The young girl crawled backwards away from the officer, terrified of whatever she saw. The officer drunkenly stumbled towards her, moving slowly enough to give her time to stand up and run away. He sped up his pursuit, close on her trail. His movements were so clumsy, it reminded Mary of a toddler still learning to run. The girl jumped over a tall chain-linked fence surrounding the skate park, and ran into the city streets. The officer stopped at the fence and laughed, his voice deep and menacing.

David tapped Mary on the shoulder. She jumped, startled. He motioned towards the officer, whose hysterics were gradually sounding less and less human.

? "This is what happens if you abuse your gift." He sighed in despair. "It is a red type, take care of it and remember what I told you". He folded his arms and leaned back on the bleacher behind him, as if about to take a nap. ?!

Mary took two worn daggers from sheaths hidden in her lower back. She ran a finger over the Old English text, as a quick reminder.

Where? "1492 Lord Baltimore"

World he say "yo"? "Yo, cop, get your ass over here!"

David rolled eyes and put his hands in his pockets. "So unprofessional." He leaned back further and looked up at the purple sky, appearing to only notice the sunset.

The officer ran drunkenly towards Mary. She stared at the creature full of hatred, waiting for it to come to her. She remained still, unflinching. It wore a standard police uniform, with fresh

JULIE

fresh x 2
find stronger

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

singe marks, as if it had been immersed in a freshly-douse blazed. Its eyes melted, running down its face in a horrifying mess.

horror
x 2

It was enough for Mary to temporarily freeze with horror. She remembered David's training, but the sight of this beast was beyond anything his usual expressionless description could have prepared her for.

WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO COLLECT GIRLS?
WHY DIDN'T COP?
WHY DOES DAVID SHOW EMOTION?
THIS SHOWS PROMISE.

Ed

Summary: Mary, a high school girl was kidnapped by a demon and made into his slave. Imbued with his unholy powers, she serves him by destroying other demons that roam the earth.

* It's an interesting situation. Some good details.
* More of the scene. Her wonder at being there.
* What's she doing there? Even if you've just told us, tell us again. We (readers) are stupid.
* Be consistent.

Mary knelt down, running her hand through the desert sand. It sifted through her fingers, trickling back down, appearing unaltered. It was hot and dry, an extreme contrast to the humid east coast of America. Her skin burned red in the air, as if in an oven. The city itself was no different than any American city, however. Stone and glass buildings with shops stood as far as the eye could see. She leaned against a stone shop and pretended to watch a television playing inside.

apparently!
From other
nice descriptive
Can't picture this: back against shop? how watch? plus, isn't she kneeling down?

Mary stood up. Cautiously, she watched a girl from this land cross the street. She followed the teenage girl from a distance, entranced by the cobalt headdress that she wore. David had told her it was called a Hijab.

what land?
describe girl
why capitalized?
also: later, apparently she's wearing one, too.

She thought of David for a moment, smiling dreamily. She had to keep her head in the mission, at least for now. She continued her silent pursuit.

The young Muslim girl was still young like Mary. Attached to the hand of the young woman was a small girl, whom Mary assumed was her younger sister.

how does she know?
look as young as Mary was
young girl? or young woman
wait! she would see the 2 girls at the same time

The teenage girl and her younger sister crossed another busy street. Mary stopped in an alleyway, opened her phone, and typed.

"I found her. She's walking her sister to school... what is so important about her, and where the hell are we."

she thinks
how could she possibly know
- good writing
- clear: easy to picture
wait: she's looking for a specific person, sees a girl, and she's the one? pretty lucky! she should buy a lottery ticket today.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

later: hujab?

Mary looked around, trying to remain undetected. She readjusted her headscarf nervously while she waited.

Her phone vibrated.

now she's a girl!

"She is the most skilled of the girls I am collecting and once again, it's called Tehran".

punctua
goes ins
the quotati
marks

The girl stopped at a small building made of yellow stone. She was greeted by an old lady. Her younger sister ran inside, met by other children. Mary watched from the alleyway, and when she was sure she wouldn't be seen, she crept closer to the building and sat on a bench.

A man arrived and sat next to Mary. Mary looked at him without speaking for a moment, enchanted by his unnatural beauty that only a shape-shifter could achieve. The scent of his smell and feeling of his aura charmed her inner soul and only made it more impossible for her to resist his still undiscovered mission. She shook her head, coming out of her trance.

easy
to
pick

She clenched her hands in a fist. "I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing, David!"

David ignored her and continued to watch the girl. Mary stared at her confused. "What is so special about her?"

David cleared his throat in frustration, once again ignoring Mary. He'd already answered her more than once and didn't feel like talking again. They cautiously followed her to a skate park where she met two other teenage girls holding skateboards. David and Mary took a seat in the bleachers, watching on. The girls skated and performed advanced tricks to the amazement of Mary. "I thought the woman here were uncultured and uneducated. Here they are skating and having a good time."

POV #
do not
sitting any
more

The girls looked towards them, and seemed to notice two out-of-place white teenagers, and wanted to impress them.

the
1

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Mary crossed her arms and smiled. "I will admit that I am impressed." Her exhilaration quickly waned, however, due to the scorching desert sun ^{that} which pulsated through exotic red clouds as it lowered on the horizon. "It's so fucking hot here". Mary hesitated for only a moment before taking off the hijab she'd worn to blend in. She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Fix your head dressing," David snapped, his features rigid. "The people around here will give you trouble if it's not right. They will confiscate your passport or worse."

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"That doesn't explain how you know all this. Who taught you about these things?" Mary cautiously asked, not expecting an answer.

"I lost everything to them. My life, my family..." He said, his tone verifying his words. Mary had rarely seen David give way to emotion, but this was the first time she'd ever seen him capable of sadness. His eyes began to water. Mary opened her mouth, surprised. She tried to think of something to say. She hadn't expected an answer, much less one denoting so much pain.

Wait!
now it's
a hijab?

well
descri

you seem to have 2 different
kinds of quotes going on. Search
trip take
them all.

47

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Just as quickly as it had come, his emotions subsided. David straightened, rigid. He looked straight ahead.

"Just know I am here to protect humans from them."

Mary looked at him, puzzled. David had always been an enigma, but he never ceased to amaze her.

"Humans. You sound weird and creepy again. I never asked you this but: are you American? You don't talk like us."

[David sighed and looked up at the desert sky in his aversion to answering questions about himself but this question left him visually dismayed.] *awkward*

"No."

The odd moment of bonding was cut short by what David had apparently been waiting for. He smirked at Mary. She frowned, knowing that he rarely smiled at lighthearted humor. She'd only seen him smile in the face of danger.

A police officer entered the park. He walked drunkenly, nightstick in hand. The girls on skateboards adjusted their ~~Hijabs~~ nervously as they watched him approach. The officer talked to the three girls out of earshot from Mary and David. Mary saw the girls back nervously away from the officer. She glanced at David for a moment, and he immediately motioned for her to continue watching. The officer grabbed the arm of one of the Iranian girls while the other two ran away in escape. Mary recognized her as the girl David had ordered her to follow. *of course: they followed her plane.*

David rested his cheek in his hand, as if watching a rerun on television. Mary stood up, alarmed, her posture and attitude in stark contrast to David's.

"I can feel it, David! It's one of them! We have to do something!"

David patiently examined the officer before speaking in his usual, drowsy monotone.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"Mary, if you want to survive this quest, then I suggest you learn quickly." He didn't move.

Mary clenched her fists. She watched as the girl struggled and fell to the ground, her Hijab falling back, long dark hair spilling out. The young girl crawled backwards away from the officer, [terrified of whatever she saw]. The officer drunkenly stumbled towards her, moving slowly enough to give her time to stand up and run away. He sped up his pursuit, close on her trail. His movements were so clumsy, it reminded Mary of a toddler still learning to run. The girl jumped over a tall chain-linked fence surrounding the skate park, and ran into the city streets.

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Mary took two worn daggers from sheaths hidden in her lower back. She ran a finger over the Old English text, as a quick reminder!

"1492 Lord Baltimore"

"Yo, cop, get your ass over here!"

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The officer ran drunkenly towards Mary. She stared at the creature full of hatred, waiting for it to come to her. She remained still, unflinching. It wore a standard police uniform, with fresh

YA EXCERPT: *(NO TITLE)*

singe marks, as if it had been immersed in a [freshly-douse blazed] Its eyes melted, running down its face in a horrifying mess.

It was enough for Mary to temporarily freeze with horror. She remembered David's training, but the sight of this beast was beyond anything his usual expressionless description could have prepared her for.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Summary: Mary, a high school girl was kidnapped by a demon and made into his slave. Imbued with his unholy powers, she serves him by destroying other demons that roam the earth.

Jenna's Comments

Mary knelt down, running her hand through the desert sand. It sifted through her fingers, trickling back down, appearing unaltered. ^{-compared to what?} It was hot and dry, an extreme contrast to the humid east coast of America. Her skin burned red in the ^{heat} air, as if in an oven. The city itself was no different than any American city, however. Stone and glass buildings with shops stood as far as the eye could see. She leaned against a ~~stone~~ shop and pretended to watch a television playing inside. *(I thought she was kneeling in a desert ??)*

Mary stood up. Cautiously, she watched a girl from ^{huh?} this land cross the street. She followed the teenage girl ~~from a distance~~, entranced by the cobalt headdress ~~that~~ she wore. David had told her it was called a Hijab.

She thought of David for a moment, smiling dreamily. She had to keep her head in the mission, at least for now. She continued her silent pursuit.

The ~~young~~ Muslim girl was ~~still~~ young like Mary. ^{Holding} Attached to the hand of the young woman was a small girl, whom Mary assumed was her younger sister. ^{why?}

^{Is she a woman or a girl?} ~~The teenage girl and her younger sister~~ ^{they} crossed another busy street. Mary stopped in an alleyway, opened her phone, and typed.

"I found her. She's walking her sister to school. [?] what is so important about her, and where the Hell are we."

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Mary looked around, trying to remain undetected. She readjusted her headscarf nervously while she waited.

Her phone vibrated.

"She is the most skilled of the girls I am collecting and once again, it's called Tehran".

- Why would she forget this?

The girl stopped at a small building made of yellow stone. ~~She was greeted by an old lady.~~ Her younger sister ran inside, ^{with the} ~~met by~~ other children. Mary watched from the alleyway, and when she was sure she wouldn't be seen, she crept closer to the building and sat on a bench.

^{Does he materialize?} ~~A man~~ ^{David} arrived and sat next to Mary. ^{she} Mary looked at him without speaking for a moment, enchanted by his unnatural beauty, ^{the kind} ~~that~~ only a shape shifter could achieve. ^{His} ~~The~~ scent of his ~~smell~~ and ~~feeling of~~ his aura charmed her ~~inner~~ ^{mysterious} soul and ~~only~~ ^{made} it more impossible for her to resist his still ~~undiscovered~~ mission. She shook her head, coming out of her trance.

Mary clenched her hands in a fist. "I don't know what I am supposed to be doing, David!"

^{Is she jealous?} David ignored her and continued to watch the girl. Mary stared at her ^{too} ~~confused~~ "What is so special about her?"

^{POV shift} David cleared his throat ^{still} ~~in frustration~~, ~~once again~~ ignoring Mary. He'd already ~~answered~~ ^{stay in Mary's head!} ~~her more than once~~ and didn't feel like ~~talking again~~. They ~~cautiously~~ followed her to a skate park where she met two other teenage girls holding skateboards. David and Mary took a seat in the bleachers, ~~watching on~~. The girls skated and performed advanced tricks to the amazement of Mary. "I thought the woman here were uncultured and uneducated. ~~Here~~ ST they are skating and having a good time."

The girls looked towards them, ^{Seemingly} ~~and seemed~~ to notice two out-of-place white teenagers, and wanted to impress them.

^{another POV shift}

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Mary crossed her arms and smiled. "I will admit that I am impressed." Her exhilaration quickly waned, however, due to the scorching desert sun which pulsed through exotic red clouds ~~as it lowered on the horizon~~. "It's so fucking hot here", Mary hesitated for ~~only~~ a moment before taking off the hijab she'd worn to blend in. She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Fix your head dressing," David snapped, ~~his features rigid~~. "The people around here will give you trouble if it's not right. They will confiscate your passport or worse."

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"I want to know why you are collecting girls. If I'm going to help you, I ~~need to~~ ^{have to} know what's going on."

~~David stared silently at Mary, his eyes half open as if he was bored; he turned his gaze towards the skaters.~~

"I am collecting this girl because she is linked to creatures in power, both in the government of this city, and in the world"

"That doesn't explain how you know all this. Who taught you about these things?" Mary cautiously asked, not expecting an answer.

"I lost everything to them. My life, my family..." He said, his tone verifying his words. Mary had rarely seen David give way to emotion, but this was the first time she'd ~~ever seen him~~ ^{realized he}

^{was} capable of sadness. His eyes began to water. Mary opened her mouth, surprised. She tried to think of something to say. ~~She hadn't expected an answer, much less one denoting so much pain.~~

too ea
to divo
this
keep us
wonder
for m

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

Just as quickly as it had come, his emotions subsided. David straightened, rigid. He looked straight ahead.

"Just know I am here to protect humans from them."

Mary looked at him, puzzled. David had always been an enigma, but he never ceased to amaze her.

"Humans. You sound weird and creepy again. I never asked you this but: are you American? You don't talk like us."

David sighed and looked up at the desert sky in his aversion to answering questions about himself but this question left him visually dismayed.

"No."

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"I can feel it, David! It's one of them! We have to do something!"

David patiently examined the officer before speaking in his usual, drowsy monotone.

Do
Is he
Earth
American
How can
even
be
human?
He's
shape
this
der.
He's
human.

she had followed earlier.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"Mary, if you want to survive this quest, then I suggest you learn quickly." He didn't move.

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The officer stopped at the fence and laughed, his voice deep and menacing.

David tapped Mary on the shoulder. She jumped, ~~startled~~. He motioned towards the officer, whose hysterics were ~~gradually~~ sounding less and less human.

"This is what happens if you abuse your gift." He sighed in ~~despair~~. "It is a red type, take care of it and remember what I told you". He folded his arms and leaned back on the bleacher ~~behind him~~, as if ~~about~~ to take a nap.

Mary took two worn daggers from sheaths hidden in her lower back. She ran a finger over the Old English text, as a quick reminder.

"1492 Lord Baltimore"

"Yo, cop, get your ass over here!"

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The officer ~~ran drunkenly~~ towards Mary. She ~~stared at the creature full of hatred~~, waiting for it to come to her. ~~She remained still, unfaltering~~. It wore a standard police uniform, with fresh

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singe marks, as if it had been immersed in a freshly-douse blazed. Its ^{eyes} eyes melted, ^{eyes ran} running down its face in a horrifying mess.

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DAVE

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

I will enjoy the next version of the unusual story. There needs to be some clarification in person and place. I made some suggestions where the author might clarify the "where" and the "who" as the story unfolds.

I also enjoyed the mystery of purpose. Why are David and Mary on this harvest? The monster part was, if anything, underdone.

Keep on with it. This is a promising beginning of an unusual adventure.

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Mary knelt down, running her hand through the desert sand. It sifted through her fingers, trickling back down, appearing unaltered. It was hot and dry, an extreme contrast to the humid east coast of America. Her skin burned red in the air, as if in an oven. The city itself was no different than any American city, however. Stone and glass buildings with shops stood as far as the eye could see. She leaned against a stone shop and pretended to watch a television playing inside. *(Where is she. Desert? City? Destroyed city?)*

*Where is she?
13 She?* Mary stood up. Cautiously, she watched a girl from this land cross the street. She *(Mary? Pronouns are sometimes tricky.)* followed the teenage girl from a distance, entranced by the cobalt headdress that she wore. David *(Boyfriend?)* had told her it was called a Hijab.

She thought of David for a moment, smiling dreamily. She had to keep her head in the mission, at least for now. She continued her silent pursuit.

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"I found her. She's walking her sister to school... what is so important about her, and where the Hell are we." *(Good. She's as unsettled as the reader.)*

Mary looked around, trying to remain undetected. She readjusted her headscarf nervously while she waited.

Her phone vibrated.

"She is the most skilled of the girls I am collecting and once again, it's called Tehran(.)".

The girl stopped at a small building made of yellow stone. She was greeted by an old lady. Her younger sister ran inside, met by other children. Mary watched from the alleyway, and when she was sure she wouldn't be seen, she crept closer to the building and sat on a bench.

A man arrived and sat next to Mary. Mary looked at him without speaking for a moment, enchanted by his unnatural beauty that only a shape shifter could achieve. ~~The scent of his smell~~ His scent and ~~feeling~~ of his aura charmed her inner soul and only made it more impossible for her to resist his *(and her)* still undiscovered mission. She shook her head, coming out of her trance. *(When did she go into a trance? How would the reader know she was in a trance? The author has to help the reader to understand what's going on.)*

Mary clenched her hands *into* a fist. "I don't know what I am supposed to be doing, David!"

David ignored her and continued to watch the girl. Mary stared at her confused "What is so special about her?"

David cleared his throat in frustration, once again ignoring Mary. He'd already answered her more than once and didn't feel like talking again. They cautiously followed her to a skate park where she met two other teenage girls holding skateboards. David and Mary took a seat in the bleachers, watching on. The girls skated and performed advanced tricks to *Mary's*

~~amazement. the amazement of Mary.~~ "I thought the woman here were uncultured and uneducated. Here they are skating and having a good time."

The girls looked towards them, and seemed to notice two out-of-place white teenagers, and wanted to impress them.

Mary crossed her arms and smiled. "I will admit that I am impressed." Her exhilaration quickly waned, however, due to the scorching desert sun which pulsated through exotic red clouds as it lowered on the horizon. "It's so fucking hot here(.)". Mary hesitated for only a moment before taking off the hijab she'd worn to blend in. (*Hijab? News to me.*) She ran her fingers through her hair.

on the phone "Fix your head dressing," David snapped, his features rigid. "The people around here will give you trouble if it's not right. They will confiscate your passport or worse."

Mary rolled her eyes, exasperated, and adjusted her hijab. When she was done, she once again stared into David's hazel eyes. As out of place as she felt here, she loved pleasing David. She was addicted to his aura; it enveloped her inside and out. It was only through her headstrong nature that she didn't fully succumb. She suspected that was one of the things he liked about her, though he rarely made light enough conversation to allow for compliments.

"I want to know why you are collecting girls. If I'm going to help you, I need to know what's going on."

David stared silently at Mary, his eyes half open as if he was bored; he turned his gaze towards the skaters.

"I am collecting this girl because she is linked to creatures in power, both in the government of this city, and in the world(.)"

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"That doesn't explain how you know all this. Who taught you about these things?" Mary cautiously asked, not expecting an answer.

"I lost everything to them. My life, my family..." He said, his tone verifying his words. Mary had rarely seen David give way to emotion, but this was the first time she'd ever seen him capable of sadness. His eyes began to water. Mary opened her mouth, surprised. She tried to think of something to say. She hadn't expected an answer, much less one denoting so much pain.

Just as quickly as it had come, his emotions subsided. David straightened, rigid. He looked straight ahead.

"Just know I am here to protect humans from them."

Mary looked at him, puzzled. David had always been an enigma, but he never ceased to amaze her.

"Humans. You sound weird and creepy again. I never asked you this but: are you American? You don't talk like us."

David sighed and looked up at the desert sky in his aversion to answering questions about himself(,) but this question left him visually dismayed.

"No."

The odd moment of bonding was cut short by what David had apparently been waiting for. He smirked at Mary. She frowned, knowing that he rarely smiled at lighthearted humor. She'd only seen him smile in the face of danger.

A police officer entered the park. He walked drunkenly, nightstick in hand. The girls on skateboards adjusted their Hijabs nervously as they watched him approach. The officer talked to the three girls out of *Mary and David's* earshot ~~from Mary and David.~~ *(Try to avoid prepositional phrases. They sound awkward.)* Mary saw the girls back *away* nervously ~~away~~

YA EXCERPT: *(NO TITLE)*

from the officer. She glanced at David for a moment, and he immediately motioned for her to continue watching. The officer grabbed the arm of one of the Iranian girls while the other two ran away in ~~escape~~. Mary recognized her as the girl David had ordered her to follow.

David rested his cheek in his hand, as if watching a rerun on television. Mary stood up, alarmed, her posture and attitude in stark contrast to David's.

"I can feel it, David! It's one of them! We have to do something!"

David patiently examined the officer before speaking in his usual, drowsy monotone.

"Mary, if you want to survive this quest, then I suggest you learn quickly." He didn't move.

Mary clenched her fists. She watched as the girl struggled and fell to the ground, her Hijab falling back, long dark hair spilling out. The young girl crawled backwards away from the officer, terrified of whatever she saw. The officer drunkenly stumbled towards her, moving slowly enough to give her time to stand up and run away. He sped up his pursuit, close on her trail. His movements were so clumsy, it reminded Mary of a toddler still learning to run. The girl jumped over a tall chain-linked fence surrounding the skate park, and ran into the city streets. The officer stopped at the fence and laughed, his voice deep and menacing.

David tapped Mary on the shoulder. She jumped, startled. He motioned towards the officer, whose hysterics were gradually sounding less and less human.

"This is what happens if you abuse your gift." He sighed in despair. "It is a red type, take care of it and remember what I told you". He folded his arms and leaned back on the bleacher behind him, as if about to take a nap.

Mary took two worn daggers from sheaths hidden in her lower back. She ran a finger over the Old English text, as a quick reminder.

YA EXCERPT: *(NO TITLE)*

“1492 Lord Baltimore”

“Yo, cop, get your ass over here!” *(Identify the speaker. There can be no confusion here.)*

David rolled eyes and put his hands in his pockets. “So unprofessional.” *(David said? To whom?)* He leaned back further and looked up at the purple sky, appearing to only notice the sunset.

The officer ran drunkenly towards Mary. She stared at the creature full of hatred, waiting for it to come to her. She remained still, unfaltering. It wore a standard police uniform, with fresh singe marks, as if it had been immersed in a freshly-douse blazed. Its eyes melted, running down its face in a horrifying *mess*. *(You can think of a more descriptive word here. It sets an image for the reader.)*

It was enough for Mary to temporarily freeze with horror. She remembered David’s training, but the sight of this beast was beyond anything his usual expressionless description could have prepared her for. *(The story is interesting so far, but the visual descriptions need to get pumped up.)*

Summary: Mary, a high school girl, was kidnapped by a demon and made into his slave. Imbued with his unholy powers, she serves him by destroying other demons that roam the earth.

Mary knelt down, running her hand through the desert sand. It sifted through her fingers, trickling back down, appearing unaltered. ~~Strange how the city started right at the edge of it, civilization, and then - nothing. It was hot and dry, an extreme contrast to the humid east coast of America. Her skin burned red in the air, as if in an oven. The city itself was no different than any American city, however.~~ Stone and glass buildings with shops stood as far as the eye could see. ~~Really, the same as any American city, except for the surrounding~~ wasteland.

Comment [s1]: To me, "hot and dry" is a given once you mention the desert.

Comment [s2]: I want to read more right away, but I think the intro paragraph can be tightened a bit to make it even better. Describe how the city is in the desert, or on the edge of the desert.

~~The stone shop displayed...~~ Straightening, she ~~She leaned against a stone shop and~~ pretended to watch a television playing inside.

Comment [s3]: Inside where? Show us exactly where she is, and then continue.

~~Mary stood up.~~ Cautiously, she watched a girl from this land cross the street. She followed the teenage girl from a distance, entranced by the cobalt headdress that she wore. David had told her it was called a Hijab.

Comment [s4]: How was she being cautious?

~~She~~ thought of David for a moment, smiling dreamily. ~~She~~ had to keep her head in the mission, at least for now. ~~She~~ continued her silent pursuit.

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The young Muslim girl was still young, like Mary. Attached to the hand of the young woman was a small girl, whom Mary assumed was her younger sister.

Comment [s5]: awkward

The teenage girl and her younger sister crossed another busy street. Mary stopped in an alleyway, opened her phone, and typed.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"I found her. She's walking her sister to school...what is so important about her, and where the Hell are we?"

Comment [s6]: use a different typeface, rather than quotes. Quotation marks indicate someone is actually speaking.

Mary looked around, trying to remain undetected. She readjusted her headscarf nervously while she waited.

Comment [s7]: For some reason, I didn't think she was nervous until now.

Her phone vibrated.

"She is the most skilled of the girls I am collecting, and once again, it's called Tehran"

period on the inside of the quotes

The girl stopped at a small building made of yellow stone. She was greeted by an old lady. Her younger sister ran inside, met by other children. Mary watched from the alleyway, and when she was sure she wouldn't be seen, she crept closer to the building and sat on a bench.

A man arrived and sat next to Mary. Mary looked at him without speaking for a moment, enchanted by his unnatural beauty - ~~that~~ only achievable by a shape shifter ~~could achieve~~. The scent of his smell and feeling of his aura charmed her inner soul and only made it more impossible for her to resist his still undiscovered mission. She shook her head, coming out of her trance.

Comment [s8]: ? meaning, he hasn't revealed the motive behind her actions?

Mary clenched her hands in a fist. "I don't know what ~~I am~~ I'm supposed to be doing, David!"

David ignored her and continued to watch the girl.

~~Mary stared at her confused~~ "What is so special about her?" Mary persisted,

Comment [s9]: It gets confusing when you use "her" a lot. I'm not sure if you're referring to Mary or the girl she's watching.

David cleared his throat in frustration, once again ignoring Mary. He'd already answered her more than once and didn't feel like talking again. ^{intelling} They cautiously followed her to a skate park where she met two other teenage girls holding skateboards. David and Mary took a seat in the bleachers, watching on. The girls skated and performed advanced tricks to the amazement of Mary. "I thought the ~~women-women~~ here were uncultured and uneducated. Check them out!"

Comment [s10]: I'm not sure I'd take that as a sign of frustration. Check out "The Emotion Thesaurus" - link on the Writer's Infusion website: <http://www.writersinfusion.com/writing-tools/>

Comment [s11]: POV (point of view) shift If you add the word "Apparently" to the beginning of the sentence, that will fix it.

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

~~They're Here they are skating and~~ having a good time ~~and they look like they know what they're~~ doing."

The girls looked towards them, and seemed to notice two out-of-place white teenagers, and wanted to impress them.

Comment [s12]: Reword sentence-break it up. Awkward as is.

Mary crossed her arms and smiled. "I will admit that I am impressed." Her exhilaration quickly waned, however, due to the scorching desert sun which pulsed through exotic red clouds as it lowered on the horizon. "It's so fucking hot here." Mary hesitated for only a moment before taking off the hijab she'd worn to blend in. She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Fix your head dressing." David snapped, his features rigid. "The people around here will give you trouble if it's not right. They will confiscate your passport, or worse."

blow their cover

Comment [s13]: He should make a remark about her knowing better than to blow their cover.

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She was addicted to his aura; it enveloped her inside and out. It was only ~~through because of~~ her headstrong nature that she didn't fully succumb. She suspected that was one of the things he liked about her, though he rarely made light enough conversation to allow for compliments.

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↳ not sure where this comes from

YA EXCERPT: (NO TITLE)

"I lost everything to them. My life, my family..." He said, his tone verifying his words.

Mary had rarely seen David give way to emotion. ~~But~~ this was the first time she'd ever seen him capable of sadness. His eyes began to water. Mary opened her mouth, surprised. She tried to think of something to say. She hadn't expected an answer, much less one denoting so much pain.

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Comment [s14]: Used this word on previous page

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"1492 Lord Baltimore"

"Yo, cop, get your ass over here!" - didn't know

YA EXCERPT: *(NO TITLE)*

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