

**Summary: Bullying is bad, and Parker's Cove teens are ready to do something about it. Their Anti-Bullying Club is popular – so popular, if you're not a member you're an outcast. Five teens - the believer, the rebel, the disillusioned, the faker, and the follower - discover their own power to stand up.**

**\*Pages extracted from middle of story.\***

FRAN

The hallway of students dressed in blue and tan is just freaky. Fran tugs at her own shirt.

She showed up late to the market last weekend and was faced with the choice between extra-large and boat-sail-large. It's practically a prairie dress. She's been wearing t-shirts underneath all week so when she bends over setting up her camera she doesn't give the entire male population of Parker's Cove a free show. Not that she has that much to show off. Plus, there's too much material to tuck in and she's already been written up for tying the tails into a knot to keep them from swinging around her hips. She sighs.

The whole week has been surreal. Monday morning rolled around and, while all the elementary grades dutifully wore their new uniforms, only about half of the upper grade students did. They must have thought it was a practical joke, that it wasn't going to be enforced. They were pulled aside as they walked up to the school and forced to stand outside <sup>despite</sup> ~~even though~~ the fog had rolled back in and it was raw <sup>weather</sup> feeling. Anyone in the uniform that tried to stop and talk to a non-uniformed student was sent inside right away. It was strange seeing Señorita Soprano as an enforcer. Fran had her Spanish class last year and remembers her as a total pushover who cares more about the students liking her than learning the language.

What shade?

How did she feel putting on the uniform this morning? Does she wish she was wearing something else?

market? when? where? Ran out of sizes?

Why a camera studio?

What is Fran's job?

students

run-on

JULIE

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

First bell rang and the students who were pulled aside were still standing, all lined up, outside the building. Traveling from class to class everyone looked out the windows to see what was happening. ~~Nothing was happening, they were just standing there.~~ All morning. Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first the students in the school were told to stop staring out the window and focus on their classes, but eventually even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and joined everyone watching the non-uniformed students standing outside. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it doesn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. Some wore backpacks but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them in their arms the entire time.

They were marched inside at lunch and seated at two tables pulled into a back corner away from the rest. Then it was right back outside again until last bell when Principal Woods appeared for the first time that day and handed them all blue shirts. They were released.

The rest of the week everybody wore <sup>his</sup> uniforms. Several don't fit well, like Fran's, and almost everyone has to wash it each night since they only <sup>he</sup> have the one set. It's strange enough to have to adjust to that, but it isn't even the only change at the school. Students aren't allowed to talk between classes, a time traditionally reserved for socializing, gossiping, and getting out some energy before sitting still for another fifty-minute period. Instead, they were supposed to walk, not run, to their lockers, collect the necessary books, and <sup>proceed</sup> walk to their next classes - silently. The first day the silence wasn't enforced either because the teachers were distracted playing jailer outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, or because

happening  
w/2

Did anyone  
drive by  
school  
and  
notice?  
all day?

Could they eat?  
Take bathroom  
or water  
breaks?

Were they held accountable for schoolwork missed?

In this age?  
cell phones?  
would it  
someone  
film or  
photograph  
it and send  
to parent?  
police find  
home  
newspaper  
TV station

Were there  
repercussions  
from irate  
parents?

Julie

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

they wanted the students to talk about what was happening to the non-uniformed students. Either way, that first day they were allowed to behave normally, although nobody really did.

But now silence is enforced. No more shouts, slamming lockers, thumping feet. No more jostling shoulders. No more greeting friends. Fran walks through the hallway in a sea of blue, and all she hears are the soft shuffle of shoes on the tile flooring. When she passes Mac she smiles and waves, he nods back at her.

Wouldn't it be logical to segue into Mac here?

sea of blue  
x 2  
Nice  
Choose one

COREY

Corey watches the hallway fill with students, a sea of shifting blue, swirling together and apart before eddying in a new location downstream, a tide relentless in its pull back into the classrooms. He likes the uniformity, the sameness they all have. He tugs on the sleeve of his own blue shirt which his mother pressed clear of wrinkles for him just this morning. He starts his unconscious routine. Tug the sleeves. Straighten the collar. Check the tuck. Center the belt buckle. Smooth the pant. Confirm the shoe laces are tied.

He finishes with a quick pat to his hair. He thinks his new cut is more in keeping with the uniform. Instead of wearing it nearly chin length, ignored most of the time despite it hanging limply in his face, he cropped it. He walked into the barber shop, which was really just a converted garage off the side of Dan Higgins' house, and announced he wanted it shaved. Dan's jaw dropped. Corey knew the old man had been wanting to cut his mop for years. Dan practically bounced to the chair, swung a cape over Corey's chest with a flourish worthy of a bull fighter

Are there mandated haircuts to match the uniforms?

JULIE

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

and went to work. A quarter-inch around the sides and back, Dan called it a number two. Then he took the scissors to the top and front, leaving it slightly longer but still well above Corey's eyebrows. Corey feels a lot lighter now, breezier. Present. He runs his hand up the back of his head where the tiny bristles scratch his palm.

The halls are clearing out, just a few stragglers left delaying the inevitable. They move smoothly, quietly. Corey is one of the newly-assigned official hall monitors. He has a lot of experience watching the halls. He knows the patterns, who will try to ditch, who will cause a stir. Mr. Baker steps out into the hall and sees Corey standing at the end. Corey nods and Mr. Baker frowns but doesn't tell Corey to get to class before reentering his classroom and shutting the door behind him. Corey can't help smiling. It's okay, no one is around now to see.

Does Mr. B know that Corey is a hall monitor?

WHO INSISTED ON THE UNIFORMS? SCHOOL? ADMINISTRATION?  
CERTAIN STUDENTS? ANTI-BULLYING CLUB? WHY?  
WHEN IN THE SCHOOLYEAR ARE WE?  
WHAT DO THE COLORS BLUE AND TAN SIGNIFY?  
ARE THERE DIFFERENT COLORS FOR DIFFERENT GRADES?  
TEACHERS IN UNIFORM, TOO?  
ARE THERE UNIFORM SHOES?  
WHO PAYS FOR CLOTHING?  
I'D LIKE TO MEET THE REST OF THE ANTI-BULLYING  
CLUB MEMBERS  
- AND FIND OUT WHY AND WHEN THEY FORMED THEIR  
CLUB  
IS THIS MODERN OR FUTURISTIC?

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

*The first problem I have here is the framework of the story itself. Militant adherence to formal dress and conduct in public schools is not only distasteful, it's illegal. Private schools have more latitude as to these rules, but it can't fly in today's society. All literature doesn't necessarily have to be totally accurate, but it should be believable with a normal suspension of disbelief necessary in fiction. In this story, one form of bullyism was substituted for another and no one challenged it, neither school officials nor parents. I find this limp reaction to a stern change hard to swallow. I understand the author's wish to show certain kinds of behaviors given these guidelines – a kind of tabletop experiment. I just have a hard time with a lack of normal challenges, rebellion, to this harsh situation. The people in this story follow orders like sheep.*

*If you wish, you might want to read The Wave by Todd Strasser. It shows the militant reaction to power and control. It's also a TV movie.*

*The second problem is the titles to each chapter. It names the character, but there is little to justify naming the chapter after the character. Most of the narration is about the goings on in the school. It is an impersonal section. We need to get closer to the character. The author needs to get inside the heads of these characters and find out what motivates them.*

*The author does have a smooth delivery and has a good sense of storytelling.  
Good luck with this project.*

*Summary: Bullying is bad, and Parker's Cove teens are ready to do something about it. Their Anti-Bullying Club is popular – so popular, if you're not a member you're an outcast. Five teens - the believer, the rebel, the disillusioned, the faker, and the follower - discover their own power to stand up.*

**\*Pages extracted from middle of story.\***

*the characters  
act as cameras  
little emotional  
reaction or*

FRAN

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YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

The whole week has been surreal. Monday morning rolled around and, while all the elementary grades dutifully wore their new uniforms, only about half of the upper grade students did. They must have thought it was a practical joke, that it wasn't going to be enforced. They were pulled aside (*by whom?*) as they walked up to the school and forced to stand outside even though the fog had rolled back in and it was raw feeling. Anyone in the uniform that tried to stop and talk to a non-uniformed student was sent inside right away (*again, by whom? Are the teachers and faculty on board with this?*)

. It was strange seeing Señorita Soprano as an enforcer, Fran had her Spanish class last year and remembers her as a total pushover who cares more about the students liking her than learning the language(*but, here she was ... finish the thought.*)

First bell rang and the students who were pulled aside were still standing, all lined up, outside the building. Traveling from class to class everyone looked out the windows to see what was happening. ~~Nothing was happening~~, they were just standing there. (*a waste of time to explain that that nothing was happening.*) All morning. Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first the students in the school were told to stop staring out the window and focus on their classes, but eventually even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and joined everyone watching the non-uniformed students standing outside. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it doesn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. Some wore backpacks but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them in their arms the entire time. (*How did Fran feel about her classmates being treated that way?*)



YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

They were marched inside at lunch and seated at two tables pulled into a back corner away from the rest. Then it was right back outside again until last bell when Principal Woods appeared for the first time that day and handed them all blue shirts. They were released. *(Are the parents in on this too?) (How does Fran feel about the segregation?)*

Censorship /  
Punish ment  
1 Tag!

The rest of the week everybody wore ~~their~~ *(his or her)* uniforms. Several don't fit well, like Fran's, and almost everyone has to wash it each night since they only have the one set. It's strange enough to have to adjust to that, but it isn't even the only change at the school. Students aren't allowed to talk between classes, a time traditionally reserved for socializing, gossiping, and getting out some energy before sitting still for another fifty-minute period. Instead, they were supposed to walk, not run, to their lockers, collect the necessary books, and walk to their next classes - silently. The first day the silence wasn't enforced either because the teachers were distracted playing jailer outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, or because they wanted the students to talk about what was happening to the non-uniformed students. Either way, that first day they were allowed to behave normally, although nobody really did.

But now silence is enforced. No more shouts, slamming lockers, thumping feet. No more jostling shoulders. No more greeting friends. Fran walks through the hallway in a sea of blue, and all she hears are the soft shuffle of shoes on the tile flooring. When she passes Mac she smiles and waves, he nods back at her. *(This is what happened. Literature is about people and their reaction to situations. How do Fran and her friends feel about the silence and adherence to these new strict rules? You need to expand from the 'what' of the story to the emotion surrounding the 'what' of the story.)*

## YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

*This section is titled FRAN. Not much about Fran in the section. Mostly, this was description of the rather harsh discipline inflicted on the students. No one is rebelling. Fear is in the minds of the students. Where are the parents? Where are the guidance counselors. All this goes against all normal life in school. Very Nazi-like.*

### COREY

Corey watches the hallway fill with students, a sea of shifting blue, swirling together and apart before eddying in a new location downstream, a tide relentless in its pull back into the classrooms. *(Similar opening to the Fran section.)* He likes the uniformity, the sameness they all have. *(This sentence shows some emotional reaction to the situation. Good)* He tugs on the sleeve of his own blue shirt which his mother pressed clear of wrinkles for him just this morning. He starts his unconscious routine. Tug the sleeves. Straighten the collar. Check the tuck. Center the belt buckle. Smooth the pant. Confirm the shoe laces are tied.

He finishes with a quick pat to his hair. He thinks his new cut is more in keeping with the uniform. Instead of wearing it nearly chin length, ignored most of the time despite it hanging limply in his face, he cropped it. He walked into the barber shop, which was really just a converted garage off the side of Dan Higgins' house, and announced he wanted it shaved. Dan's jaw dropped. Corey knew the old man had been wanting to cut his mop for years. Dan practically bounced to the chair, swung a cape over Corey's chest with a flourish worthy of a bull fighter and went to work. A quarter-inch around the sides and back, Dan called it a number two. Then he took the scissors to the top and front, leaving it slightly longer but still well above Corey's



YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

eyebrows. Corey feels a lot lighter now, breezier. Present. He runs his hand up the back of his head where the tiny bristles scratch his palm.

*(Cory likes the new rules. He shows some emotion. Good)*

The halls are clearing out, just a few stragglers left delaying the inevitable. They move smoothly, quietly. Corey is one of the newly-assigned official hall monitors. He has a lot of experience watching the halls. He knows the patterns, who will try to ditch, who will cause a stir. Mr. Baker steps out into the hall and sees Corey standing at the end. Corey nods and Mr. Baker frowns but doesn't tell Corey to get to class before reentering his classroom and shutting the door behind him. Corey can't help smiling. It's okay, no one is around now to see.

*(Interesting end to the section.)*

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Ed

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present

uniform

store

is that a r m

that

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Felt

for

about them

present

- clear writing  
- be careful of tenses

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

First bell rang and the students who <sup>had been</sup> were pulled aside were still standing, all lined up outside the building. Traveling from class to class everyone looked out the windows to see what was happening. Nothing was happening, they were just standing there. All morning. Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first the students in the school were told to stop staring out the window and focus on their classes, but eventually even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and joined everyone watching the non-uniformed students standing outside. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it doesn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. Some wore backpacks but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them in their arms the entire time.

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The rest of the week everybody wore their uniforms. Several don't fit well, like Fran's, and almost everyone has to wash it each night since they only have the one set. It's strange enough to have to adjust to that, but it isn't even the only change at the school. Students aren't allowed to talk between classes, a time traditionally reserved for socializing, gossiping, and getting out some energy before sitting still for another fifty-minute period. Instead, they were supposed to walk, not run, to their lockers, collect the necessary books, and walk to their next classes - silently. The first day the silence wasn't enforced either because the teachers were distracted playing jailer outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, or because

- what a strange situation.

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

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↑  
bounded

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

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# Jenni's Comments

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

Great Premise

*Summary: Bullying is bad, and Parker's Cove teens are ready to do something about it. Their Anti-Bullying Club is popular – so popular in fact, that if you're not a member you're an outcast. Five teens - the believer, the rebel, the disillusioned, the faker, and the follower - discover their own power to stand up.*

- love the labels for the kids.

\*Pages extracted from middle of story.\*

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Comment [PHS 151]: Awkward wording. Re-phrase.



YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

First bell rang, and the students who were pulled aside were still standing, all lined up, outside the building. Traveling from class to class, everyone looked out the windows to see what was happening. Nothing was happening, they were just standing there. All morning. Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first the students in the school were told to stop staring out the window and focus on their classes, but eventually even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and joined everyone watching the non-uniformed students standing outside. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it doesn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. Some wore backpacks but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them ~~in their arms~~ the entire time.

Comment [PHS 152]: Why are you switching to past tense. First paragraph was in present tense.

They were marched inside at lunch and seated at two tables pulled into a back corner away from the rest. Then it was right back outside ~~again~~ until last bell when Principal Woods appeared for the first time that day and handed them all blue shirts. They were released.

The rest of the week everybody wore their uniforms. Several <sup>didn't</sup> don't fit well, like Fran's, and almost everyone has to wash it each night since they only have the one set. It's strange enough to have to adjust to that, but ~~this~~ isn't ~~even~~ the only change at the school. Students aren't allowed to talk between classes, a time traditionally reserved for socializing, gossiping, and getting out some energy before sitting still for another fifty-minute period. Instead, they were supposed to walk, not run, to their lockers, collect the necessary books, and walk to their next classes - silently. The first day the silence wasn't enforced either because the teachers were distracted playing jailer outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, ~~or because~~

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

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Comment [PHS 1S3]: Back to present tense?

COREY

Corey ~~watches~~ <sup>is filled</sup> the hallway ~~fill~~ with students, a sea of shifting blue, swirling together and ~~apart~~ before eddying in a new location downstream, a tide relentless in its pull back into the classrooms. He likes the uniformity, the sameness they all have. He tugs on the sleeve of his own blue shirt which his mother pressed clear of wrinkles for him just this morning. He starts his unconscious routine. Tug the sleeves. Straighten the collar. Check the tuck. Center the belt buckle. Smooth the pant. Confirm the shoe laces are tied.

Comment [PHS 1S4]: You use "sea of blue" in the previous paragraph.

Comment [PHS 1S5]: I like this wording. Great visual.

He finishes with a quick pat to his hair. He thinks his new cut is more in keeping with the uniform. Instead of wearing it nearly chin length, ignored most of the time despite it hanging limply in his face, he cropped it. He walked into the barber shop, which was really just a converted garage off the side of Dan Higgins' house, and announced he wanted it shaved. Dan's jaw dropped. ~~Corey knew~~ the old man had ~~been wanting~~ wanted to cut his mop for years. Dan practically bounced to the chair, swung a cape over Corey's chest with a flourish worthy of a bull



YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT: JOYCE DOYLE

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Comment [PHS 156]: Another great visual

The halls are clearing out, just a few stragglers left delaying the inevitable. They move smoothly, quietly. Corey is one of the newly-assigned official hall monitors. He has a lot of experience watching the halls. He knows the patterns, who will try to ditch, who will cause a stir. Mr. Baker steps out into the hall and sees Corey standing at the end. Corey nods, and Mr. Baker frowns but doesn't tell Corey to get to class before reentering his classroom and shutting the door behind him. Corey can't help smiling. It's okay, no one is around now to see.

Comment [PHS 157]: No hyphen with adverbs.

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

I don't know anything about YA but this seems clever to me - a club formed for a positive reason turns negative.

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**\*Pages extracted from middle of story.\***

Ann

FRAN

The hallway of students <sup>all</sup> dressed in blue and tan is just freaky. Fran tugs at her own shirt. She showed up late to the market last weekend <sup>so</sup> and was faced with the choice between extra-large and boat-sail-large. It's practically a prairie dress. She's been wearing t-shirts underneath all week so when she bends over setting up her camera she doesn't give the entire male population of Parker's Cove a free show. Not that she has that much to show off. Plus, there's too much material to tuck in and she's already been written up for tying the tails into a knot to keep them from swinging around her hips. She sighs.

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enforcer,' Fran had her Spanish class last year and remembers<sup>d</sup> her as a total pushover who cares<sup>d</sup> more about the students liking her than learning the language.

First bell rang and the students who were pulled aside were still ~~standing, or~~ lined up<sup>standing, or</sup> outside the building. Traveling from class to class everyone looked out the windows to see what was happening. Nothing was happening, they were just standing there. <sup>awkward</sup> All morning. Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first the students in the school were told to stop staring out the window and focus on their classes, but eventually even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and joined everyone watching the non-uniformed students standing outside. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it doesn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. Some wore backpacks but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, <sup>so</sup> ~~and they~~ had to hold them in their arms the entire time.

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Find a better word

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

all in silence.  
classes ~~silently~~. The first day the silence wasn't enforced either because the teachers were distracted playing jailer outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, or because they wanted the students to talk about what was happening to the non-uniformed students. Either way, that first day they were allowed to behave normally, although nobody really did.

But now silence is enforced. No more shouts, slamming lockers, thumping feet. No more jostling shoulders. No more greeting friends. Fran walks through the hallway in a sea of blue, and all she hears are the soft shuffle of shoes on the tile flooring. When she passes Mac she smiles and waves <sup>and</sup> he nods back at her.

But neither of them dares speak.  
(or something like that)

COREY

Corey watches the hallway fill with students, a sea of shifting blue, swirling together and apart before eddying in a new location downstream, a tide relentless in its pull back into the classrooms. He likes the uniformity, the sameness they all have. He tugs on the sleeve of his own blue shirt which his mother pressed clear of wrinkles for him just this morning. He starts his unconscious routine. Tug the sleeves. Straighten the collar. Check the tuck. Center the belt buckle. Smooth the pant. Confirm the shoe laces are tied.

He finishes with a quick pat to his hair. He thinks his new cut is more in keeping with the uniform. Instead of wearing it nearly chin length, ignored most of the time despite it hanging limply in his face, he cropped it. He walked into the barber shop, which was really just a converted garage off the side of Dan Higgins' house, and announced he wanted it shaved. Dan's



YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

jaw dropped. Corey knew the old man had been wanting to cut his mop for years. Dan practically bounced to the chair, swung a cape over Corey's chest with a flourish worthy of a bull fighter and went to work. A quarter-inch around the sides and back, Dan called it a number two. Then he took the scissors to the top and front, leaving it slightly longer but still well above Corey's eyebrows. Corey feels a lot lighter now, breezier. Present. He runs his hand up the back of his head where the tiny bristles scratch his palm.

The halls are clearing out, just a few stragglers left delaying the inevitable. They move smoothly, quietly. Corey is one of the newly-assigned official hall monitors. He has a lot of experience watching the halls. He knows the patterns, who will try to ditch, who will cause a stir. Mr. Baker steps out into the hall and sees Corey standing at the end. Corey nods and Mr. Baker frowns but doesn't tell Corey to get to class before reentering his classroom and shutting the door behind him. Corey can't help smiling. It's okay, no one's around now to see.

TERRIFIC! EXCELLENT PROSE + VOICE.  
Is this book finished?  
Very intriguing...

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

*Summary: Bullying is bad, and Parker's Cove teens are ready to do something about it. Their Anti-Bullying Club is popular – so popular, if you're not a member you're an outcast. Five teens - the believer, the rebel, the disillusioned, the faker, and the follower - discover their own power to stand up.*

**\*Pages extracted from middle of story.\***

FRAN

The hallway of students dressed in blue and tan is just freaky. Fran tugs at her own shirt. She showed up late to the market last weekend and was faced with the choice between extra-large and boat-sail-large. It's practically a prairie dress. She's been wearing t-shirts underneath all week so when she bends over setting up her camera, she doesn't give the entire male population of Parker's Cove a free show. Not that she has that much to show off. Plus, there's too much material to tuck in and she's already been written up for tying the tails into a knot to keep them from swinging around her hips. She sighs.

The whole week has been surreal. Monday morning had rolled around, and, while all the elementary grades dutifully wore their new uniforms, only about half of the upper grade students did. They must have thought it was a practical joke, that it wasn't going to be enforced. They were pulled aside as they walked up to the school and forced to stand outside even though the fog had rolled back in and it was raw-raw-feeling. Anyone in-the-wearing a uniform that-who tried to stop and talk to a non-uniformed student was sent inside right away. It was strange seeing Señorita Soprano as an enforcer. Fran had been in her Spanish class last year and remembers

Comment [s1]: Reword-awkward

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

~~remembered~~ her as a total pushover who ~~eares~~ cared more about the students liking her than learning the language.

Comment [s2]: Watch tense

First bell rang, ~~and the students who were pulled aside were still standing, all lined up, outside the building. Traveling from class to class,~~ everyone rushed out of homeroom and glanced outside on their way to first period, ~~looked out the windows~~ to see what was happening.

Comment [s3]: When I picture any school I've ever been in, the classrooms have windows, but not the hallways. So I can't picture how the uniformed kids can be watching the kids outside while moving from class to class unless they're in the classrooms themselves. Maybe you describe the school in an earlier scene, and then this would make sense. Technical detail-no big deal but wanted to make you aware of it.

Nothing was happening, ~~;~~ they ~~the~~ (think of a way to label the non-uniformed kids) were just standing there. All morning.

Teachers took shifts monitoring them. At first, the students in the school were told to stop staring out the windows, and to focus on their classes, but eventually, even the teachers gave up on the idea of holding a real class and ~~joined everyone~~ mended over to the windows to gaze outside, ~~watching the non-uniformed students standing outside.~~ Some wore backpacks, but others were unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them in their arms the entire time. Fran even filmed a little bit on her phone, but it ~~doesn't~~ didn't make exciting footage to see students lined up standing still. ~~Some wore backpacks but others were~~ unfortunate enough to have carried their books loose, and they had to hold them in their arms the entire time.

Comment [s4]: Watch usage of "watching"-find a different verb

Comment [s5]: Did she feel badly for them? Was she glad she'd worn her uniform? Did part of her wish that she were outside with them?

~~They~~ The rule-breakers were marched inside at lunch and seated at two tables pulled into a back corner away from the rest. Then it was right back outside again until last bell, when Principal Woods appeared for the first time that day and handed them all blue shirts. They were released.

Comment [s6]: Maybe have Fran think of a nickname for the kids who didn't wear their uniforms and then use it throughout this scene.

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

The rest of the week, everybody wore their uniforms. Several **don't** fit well, like Fran's, and almost everyone **has** to wash it each night since they only have the one set. It's strange enough to have to adjust to that, but it isn't **even** the only change at the school. Students **weren't** **aren't** allowed to talk between classes, a time traditionally reserved for socializing, gossiping, and getting out some energy before sitting still for another fifty-minute period. Instead, **they-we** were supposed to walk, not run, to **their-our** lockers, collect the necessary books, and walk to **their-our** next classes **—** silently. The first day, the silence wasn't enforced, either because the teachers were distracted playing jai-lar outside and didn't have the manpower to monitor the halls, or because they wanted the students to talk about what was happening to the non-uniformed students. Either way, that first day **they-we** were allowed to behave normally, although nobody really did.

Formatted: Highlight

Comment [s7]: Not sure about tense usage here. Has vs had (will bring up during discussion)

Comment [s8]: To the uniforms? To washing them at night?

Formatted: Highlight

Comment [s9]: Em dash, not en dash (look up the difference on Google; Chicago Manual of Style has a good explanation).

Comment [s10]: What does Fran think the teachers think this will accomplish?

Comment [s11]: Changing the "they" to "we" changes the narrator to Fran herself.

Comment [s12]: What are Fran's thoughts about all of this? How does it make her feel? Pissed? Shocked? It's weird?

But now silence is enforced. No more shouts, slamming lockers, thumping feet. No more jostling shoulders. No more greeting friends. Fran **walks-wove** through the hallway in a sea of blue, and all she hears are the soft shuffle of shoes on the tile flooring. When she passes Mac, she smiles and waves. **He** nods back at her.

COREY

Corey watches the hallway fill with students, a sea of shifting blue, swirling together and apart before eddying in a new location downstream, a tide relentless in its pull back into the classrooms. He likes the uniformity, the sameness they all have. He tugs on the sleeve of his own blue shirt which his mother pressed clear of wrinkles for him just **this-that** morning. **He-starts**

YOUNG ADULT EXCERPT- *TABOO* BY JOYCE DOYLE

His unconscious routine kicks in. Tug the sleeves. Straighten the collar. Check the tuck. Center the belt buckle. Smooth the pant. Confirm the shoe laces are tied.

He finishes with a quick pat to his hair. He thinks his new cut is more in keeping with the uniform. Instead of wearing it nearly chin length, ignored most of the time despite it hanging limply in his face, he cropped it. He walked into the barber shop, which was really just a converted garage off the side of Dan Higgins' house, and announced he wanted it shaved. Dan's jaw had dropped. Corey knew the old man had been wanting to cut his mop for years. Dan had practically bounced to the chair, swung a cape over Corey's chest with a flourish worthy of a bull fighter, and went to work. A quarter-inch around the sides and back, Dan called it a number two. Then he took the scissors to the top and front, leaving it slightly longer but still well above Corey's eyebrows. Corey feels a lot lighter now, breezier. Present. He runs-ran his hand up the back of his head; where the tiny bristles scratched his palm.

Comment [s13]: By who? The school?

confusing phrase

The halls are clearing out, just a few stragglers left, delaying the inevitable. They move smoothly, quietly. Corey is one of the newly-assigned official hall monitors. He has a lot of experience watching the halls. He knows the patterns —, who will try to ditch, who will cause a stir. Mr. Baker steps out into the hall and sees Corey standing at the end. Corey nods and Mr. Baker frowns but he doesn't tell Corey to get to class. Instead, the teacher before reentering reentered his classroom and shutting the door behind him. Corey can't help smiling. It's okay, no one is around now to see.

Comment [s14]: tense

Comment [s15]: Without rewording this, I was confused about who was doing what.