

Susan

Texas

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

Summary: Thea is capable of creating another world with the stroke of her paint brush. Having only just discovered this hidden talent, she is pulled into the world to help save their queen. At the same time, she is dealing with her parent's divorce and her first year of college life.

Note: Pages are extracted from the middle of the story.

Thea sat down on the couch as Deacon pulled the door closed behind him, leaving her all alone. She let her eyes wander around the room, ~~noting from~~ the gilded wainscoting ~~and to~~ the intricately sculpted frames, ~~which held holding~~ the most brilliant paintings she had ever set eyes on. The exhaustion ~~filling that had filled~~ her body ~~suddenly dimmed in the light of the room she was expected to sleep in.~~ How could she sleep while surrounded with all of this beauty? The glorious artwork decorating the walls ~~around her~~ made her own seem like the scrawling of a first grader.

Comment [s1]: A given

~~She heard r~~Raised voices ~~began~~ speaking in a strange language outside her room. ~~Thea turned toward the sound her attention finally taken off of the magnificence of the room.~~ Padding quietly across the plush carpeting, ~~she~~Thea crept as close to the wall as possible ~~and put her ear against the door.~~ ~~The words she heard were unrecognizable to her. Just as she was about to give up on figuring out what they were saying~~It did her no good; she couldn't understand what they were saying. ~~Then~~ a third voice joined the conversation, in English. The deep baritone of an ~~elder-older~~-sounding man growled at the first two voices.

Comment [s2]: Near the door?

"She can likely hear you, you know. If you must discuss this, do so elsewhere."

The first voice, a feminine tone, responded in English, "I don't care if she hears. ~~She shouldn't be here.~~ Queen Melanie is foolish letting her stay at all, ~~especially never mind here.~~"

Formatted: Highlight

Formatted: Highlight

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

~~“And if she has to. If she must be here,”~~ the second voice seethed, “she should be detained in more secure quarters.” ~~the second voice seethed. Thea heard Their~~ footsteps fading ~~receded away, and the voices ceased taking the conversation with them.~~

Comment [s3]: Watch usage

Formatted: Highlight

Thea ~~She~~ backed away from the wall, frowning. Running ~~a her~~ hand through her hair, she ~~lowered herself sat~~ onto the ~~thick,~~ down mattress of the four poster ~~bed~~ and stared at the floor. It was all ~~just~~ too much.

A loud knock on the door brought her eyes up. Before she could utter a word, the door inched open and a man with salt and pepper hair and beard ~~to match~~ stuck his head through the crack.

Comment [s4]: awkward

“May I come in?” he asked.

Thea stood again and smoothed out her shirt. “Of course,” she said. Shifting her weight between her feet, she watched him carefully.

“I ~~just~~ wanted to introduce myself ~~before your meeting with Queen Melanie tomorrow. I will be with you tomorrow when you meet again with Queen Melanie.~~” He walked into the room, leaving the door open ~~making her feel somewhat safer.~~ She nodded, not sure what to say.

Comment [s5]: “Just” is one of those words that’s easy to overuse. Watch out for it when you edit.

Comment [s6]: sauntered? Inched? Shuffled?

Comment [s7]: reword

“I am Ruben. I am a greeter,” he said. ~~He held out his hand. Raising his hand as he~~ approached her he waited for her to extend her own which she did promptly. Her hand ~~Hers,~~ of average size, felt minuscule in his ~~large grasp.~~ He ~~turned it and~~ raised ~~it her hand~~ toward his face, ~~as if.~~ ~~She thought~~ he was going to kiss it like an ~~old-old-~~fashioned gentleman. ~~Instead, until~~ he turned it palm up and ~~looked at~~ studied her wrist. A band of small red circles connected by stars ~~was clearly visible on~~ circled her wrist. She jerked her hand back and ~~looked~~ peered at it closely.

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

“What the hell?” she breathed. “That’s never been there before.”

“Like I said, I am a greeter.” He offered a grin that hid more secrets than it revealed. “An old one at that.”

“What does that have to do with these markings on my wrist?”

Comment [s8]: Then have him answer before moving on to the next line.

“What is a greeter, exactly?” Thea asked, pointedly.

“I meet all new Egrists when they first arrive. I ensure that they are legitimate.”

“Get a lot of illegitimate folks stumbling into paintings?” Thea asked.

Comment [s9]: good

“Not very often.” Ruben laughed, a booming noise that echoed around the room.

The sound put her at ease as she ran a finger over the new markings on her wrist. They wouldn’t be difficult to cover with a little concealer. She wondered how many people back home were hiding the same types of markings.

Comment [s10]: Why? Does his laugh remind her of someone else’s? Does it make him seem less threatening?

Comment [s11]: Why does she want to hide the markings? Maybe that’s something we would know if we had read earlier parts of the book?

“Not a lot,” Ruben said, as if reading her thoughts.

Comment [s12]: He already answered “not very often” above.

“It runs in the family, right? Being able to enter a painting?”

Comment [s13]: Is this what you mean? I’m not sure what runs in the family.

“Yes, but there are a few families now who carry the same bloodline. Not many, but a few.” He explained.

Comment [s14]: Families always carry the same bloodline-this doesn’t make sense to me.

“Will I meet the others?” she asked.

“Well, you have you’ve already met one, of course. Even I don’t meet all. I am I’m only one of a handful of greeters, and, like I said, I’m getting quite old so these days, I only meet those who are of some importance.”

Comment [s15]: If he’s using contractions here you might want to consider changing some of his other words to contractions, as I did in this paragraph. Makes him sound less stilted—depends on what you want him to sound like.

“So, what does this marking mean, exactly?” She asked as she ran her finger over it once more.

“Believe it or not, that is your direct line’s markings, proving that you are a direct descendant —and you are the real deal,” he told her.

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

Thea sat down on the edge of the bed again; ~~she couldn't stop staring at her eyes not leaving~~ her wrist. ~~She looked up to watch~~ Ruben crossed ~~ed~~ the room to the massive fireplace and ~~stirred~~ up the smoldering coals within until they caught and became a roaring fire. She absentmindedly stroked the markings on her wrist ~~as she watched him~~. She felt so far from home; ~~and~~ she wondered how she would ever get back. Her lips parted to let a yawn escape.

"It should stay warm in here throughout the night now. I will let you rest. There is a lot more to be discovered in the morning." Ruben let himself out and closed the door with a click.

Thea stripped out of her clothing. She longed for a bath ~~—as~~ the trip to Chromia had not been kind to her body ~~—~~ but she didn't see a tub. ~~Walking around~~ ~~Exploring~~ the room, she ~~opened~~ ~~discovered~~ a door on the wall next to the fire place. Inside was a large ~~walk-walk-in~~ closet; ~~not quite as large as her own back home, however~~. Closing it, she continued around the room to a door on the other side of the bed. It was a bathroom, decorated just as elaborately as the bedroom, ~~w-~~A claw foot tub ~~sat straight ahead of her in~~ ~~the center~~. She crossed the marble floor ~~to it~~ and turned the golden knobs until a warm stream flowed into the tub.

Thea ~~stepped out of the rest of her clothing and~~ noticed a ~~white~~ nightgown draped across the back of a chair in front of a brightly lit vanity. She wondered if it would fit her; if, somehow, they had been one step ahead of her the entire night. The tub filled as she picked up ~~the a~~ brush from the vanity and brushed out her long hair. At last, ~~with the~~ tub full, she lowered herself into the bath and let the warmth of the water wash over her worn limbs. ~~A few minutes later she picked at a piece of dirt that had dried onto her arm. Splashing water over it the dirt dissolved and slid down into the water. Thea finished washing~~ ~~washed her body~~ and climbed out, wrapping a plush plum towel around her. She picked up the long ~~white~~ gown and ~~tried sliding~~ ~~slid~~ it over her head. It ~~slid onto her body, was~~ a perfect fit. ~~Her Wet hair lay in clumps against the material,~~

Comment [s16]: I would think she'd find the tub before she stripped down naked in a strange place where someone could walk in at any moment.

Comment [s17]: What was in the closet? Was empty?

Comment [s18]: She already stripped down.

Comment [s19]: Awkward-reword-perhaps sp into two sentence (back...front)

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

~~soaking it~~ strands soaked the material. She picked up the comb from the vanity and ran it through her hair before walking back out to the bed and sliding between the warm, welcoming sheets.

Comment [s20]: I'm not sure this much detail required; I'd recommend summarizing.

Comment [s21]: Not a great image

~~In~~ The morning ~~greeted her like a fist to the side of her head.~~ Brilliant, white light shone in through a large window ~~she had not noticed the night before. Had the~~ Why hadn't she noticed it the night before? Covered by curtains, it could've blended in with the rest of the room, but she would've noticed an unadorned window. Had someone entered the room while she slept? ~~curtains always been open? She shivered and looked around. She sat up and rubbed at her eyes, a yawn transforming into a full body stretch. Her stomach clenched as she looked back toward the open window. There was a~~ rainbow of colors ~~dancing danced~~ in the light as if the window were a prism, ~~drawing her out of bed.~~

Thea pushed herself to her feet and crossed to stand in front of the window. She peered outside ~~over what appeared to be a~~ modern city of skyscrapers and ~~walk-walk-ups~~ melded ~~blended~~ with an ancient city of shacks and Gothic castles. ~~None of it made sense. It was a~~ hodgepodge of time and space. ~~Nothing made sense. She watched a~~ Transfixed, Thea remained ~~until a~~ bank of clouds ~~roll-rolled up in, and~~ encompassing the castle below her.

Comment [s22]: Can you compare this to Rome? I don't know because I haven't read the beginning.

A thunderous knock pulled her ~~quickly~~ from her thoughts.

"Yeah?" she called toward the door. "Yeah, I'm coming!"

Thea hurried across ~~to the door~~ the room and ~~opened the door~~ pulled it open. Ruben pushed inside the room, surveying every detail in silence.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"The queen received a message this morning," he said, turning toward her. ~~did-Did~~ you have anything to do with it?"

"What message?" Thea asked, confused.

“Doesn’t matter,” he ~~brushed off the questions~~ said. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“How could I have had any involvement with a message that I don’t even know about?”

she asked, beginning to feel somewhat offended at his tone. ~~“Not to mention, I’m locked in here.”~~

Comment [s23]: Is she locked in there?

~~He frowned.~~ “If you had nothing to do with it, then you could be in danger, too.” ~~He told her.~~ He grabbed her elbow and directed her toward the door. “Come on. We need to get you to the ~~queen~~ Queen, quickly.”

A panic began to spread through Thea, ~~clouding and cloud~~ her mind. She almost let him guide her out, ~~in just the thin nightgown~~ but as she reached the threshold of the room, she glanced down and pulled back.

~~I like the premise of the story. It’s always a little tough to come into the middle of it. Overall, I think you need to tighten up your sentences to move it along quicker; hopefully my edits/suggestions will help.~~

Summary: Thea is capable of creating another world with the stroke of her paint brush. Having only just discovered this hidden talent she is pulled into the world to help save their queen. At the same time she is dealing her parent's divorce and her first year of college life.

Note: Pages are extracted from the middle of the story.

Thea sat down on the couch as Deacon pulled the door closed behind him, leaving her all alone. She let her eyes wander around the room from the gilded wainscoting to the intricately sculpted frames holding the most brilliant paintings she had ever set eyes on. The exhaustion filling her body suddenly dimmed in the light of the room she was expected to sleep in. The glorious artwork decorating the walls around her made her own seem like the scrawling of a first grader.

She heard raised voices speaking in a strange language outside her room. Thea turned toward the sound ^{shifted her attention from the nearby room} her attention finally taken off of the magnificence of the room. Padding quietly across the plush carpeting she crept as close to the wall as possible. The words she heard were unrecognizable to her. Just as she was about to give up on figuring out what they were saying a third voice joined the conversation, in English. The deep baritone of an older sounding man growled at the first two voices.

“She can likely hear you, you know. If you must discuss this, do so elsewhere.”

The first voice, a feminine tone, responded in English, “I don’t care if she hears. She shouldn’t be here. Queen Melanie is foolish letting her stay, especially here.”

“If she must be here she should be detained in more secure quarters,” the second voice seethed. Thea heard footsteps fading away and the voices ceased. She backed away from the wall

WOLFE

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

frowning. Running a hand through her hair she lowered herself onto the thick, down mattress of the four poster and stared at the floor. It was all just too much. A loud knock on the door brought her eyes up. Before she could utter a word the door inched open and a man with salt and pepper hair and beard to match stuck his head through the crack.

“May I come in?” he asked.

ADJ - fabric

When is this?
Wouldn't it be proper for him to knock, ask, then peer in.

Thea stood again and smoothed out her shirt. “Of course,” she said. Shifting her weight between her feet she watched him carefully.

Does he earlier writing

“I just wanted to introduce myself. I will be with you tomorrow when you meet again with Queen Melanie.” He walked into the room leaving the door open making her feel somewhat safer. She nodded, not sure what to say. “I am Ruben. I am a greeter,” he said. Raising his hand as he approached her he waited for her to extend her own which she did promptly. Her hand, of average size, felt minuscule in his large grasp. He turned it and raised it toward his face. She thought he was going to kiss it like an old-fashioned gentleman until he turned it palm up and looked at her wrist. A band of small red circles connected by stars suddenly appeared was clearly visible on her wrist. She jerked her hand back and looked at it closely.

Would she speak like this in home?

“What the hell?” she breathed. “That’s never been there before.”

“Like I said, I am a greeter.” He offered a grin that hid more secrets than it revealed. “An old one at that.”

“What is a greeter, exactly?” Thea asked, pointedly.

def?

“I meet all new Egrists when they first arrive. I ensure that they are legitimate.”

“Get a lot of illegitimate folks stumbling into paintings?” Thea asked.

“Not very often.” Ruben laughed, a booming noise that echoed around the room.

WALTE

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

The sound put her at ease as she ran a finger over the new markings on her wrist. They wouldn't be difficult to cover with a little concealer. She wondered how many people back home were hiding the same type of markings.

"Not a lot," Ruben said, as if reading her thoughts.

"It runs in the family, right?"

"Yes, but there are a few families now who carry the same bloodline. Not many, but a *redundant*
few," He explained.

"Will I meet the others?" she asked.

"Well, you have already met one, of course. Even I don't meet all. I am only one of a handful of greeters and, like I said, I'm getting quite old so these days I only meet those who are of some importance."

"So, what does this mark mean, exactly?" She asked as she ran her finger over it once more.

"Believe it or not that is your direct line's markings proving that you are a direct descendant and you are the real deal," he told her. *redundant*

authentic paper
Thea sat down on the edge of the bed again her eyes not leaving her wrist. She looked up to watch Ruben cross the room to the massive fireplace and stir up the smoldering coals within until they caught and became a roaring fire. She absentmindedly stroked the markings on her wrist as she watched him. She felt so far from home and she wondered how she would ever get back. Her lips parted to let a yawn escape. *redly 2*

long Break up
"It should stay warm in here throughout the night now. I will let you rest. There is a lot more to be discovered in the morning." Ruben let himself out and closed the door with a click. Thea stripped out of her clothing. She longed for a bath as the trip to Chromia had not been kind *not obsessively*

W B R I E

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

Back UP

to her body but she didn't see a tub. Walking around the room she opened a door on the wall next to the fire place. Inside was a large walk in closet, not quite as large as her own back home, however. Closing it she continued around the room to a door on the other side of the bed. It was a bathroom, decorated just as elaborately as the bedroom. A claw foot tub sat straight ahead of her. She crossed the marble floor to it and turned the golden knobs until a warm stream flowed into the tub. Thea stepped out of the rest of her clothing and noticed a nightgown draped across the back of a chair in front of a brightly lit vanity. She wondered if it would fit her; if, somehow, they had been one step ahead of her the entire night. The tub filled as she picked up the brush from the vanity and brushed out her long hair. At last, tub full, she lowered herself into the bath and let the warmth of the water wash over her worn limbs. A few minutes later she picked at a piece of dirt that had dried onto her arm. Splashing water over it the dirt dissolved and slid down into the water. Thea finished washing and climbed out, wrapping a plush plum towel around her. She picked up the long, white gown and tried sliding it over her head. It slid onto her body, a perfect fit. Her hair lay in clumps against the material, soaking it. She picked up the comb from the vanity and ran it through her hair before walking back out to the bed and sliding between the warm, welcoming sheets.

Close

The morning greeted her like a fist to the side of her head. Brilliant, white light shone in through a large window she had not noticed the night before. Had the curtains always been open? She sat up and rubbed at her eyes, a yawn transforming into a full body stretch. Her stomach clenched as she looked back toward the open window. There was a rainbow of colors dancing in the light as if the window were a prism. Thea pushed herself to her feet and crossed to stand in front of the window. She peered outside over what appeared to be a modern city of skyscrapers and walk-ups melded with an ancient city of shacks and Gothic castles. None of it made sense. It

Really? seems incongruous

JULIE

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

was a hodgepodge of time and space. Nothing made sense. She watched a bank of clouds roll up and encompass the castle below her. A thunderous knock pulled her quickly from her thoughts.

“Yeah?” she called toward the door, “Yeah, I’m coming!”

Thea hurried across to the door and pulled it open. Ruben pushed inside the room surveying every detail in silence.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“The queen received a message this morning,” he said turning toward her. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“What message?” Thea asked, confused.

“Doesn’t matter,” he brushed off the question. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“How could I have had any involvement with a message that I don’t even know about?” she asked, beginning to feel somewhat offended at his tone.

“If you had nothing to do with it then you could be in danger, too.” He told her. He grabbed her elbow and directed her toward the door. “Come on. We need to get you to the queen, quickly.”

A panic began to spread through Thea and cloud her mind. She almost let him guide her out in just the thin nightgown but as she reached the threshold of the room she glanced down and pulled back.

I LIKE THE PREMISE.
I'M INTRIGUED BY HER ABILITIES.
DESCRIBE HER GIFT. I'D LIKE TO SEE HER TOUCH PAINTBRUSH TO CANVAS. DOES SHE ELSEWHERE IN STORY?
DESCRIBE HER WORK IN CONTRAST TO THAT MENTIONED IN #1.
WHERE AND WHEN ARE WE?
WHO SUMMONED HER?
WHY DOES THE QUEEN NEED HER?
NICE ACCOMODATIONS!
WHY WOULDN'T THEY ORDER HER TO BATHE? TEND TO HER?
HAS SHE TRAVELED INTO PAINTINGS BEFORE?

Jenn's Comments

Summary: *Thea is capable of creating another world with the stroke of her paint brush. Having only just discovered this hidden talent she is pulled into the world to help save their queen. At the same time she is dealing her parent's divorce and her first year of college life.*

Note: Pages are extracted from the middle of the story.

Thea sat ~~down~~ on the couch as Deacon pulled the door closed behind him, leaving her ~~all~~ alone. She ~~let~~ her eyes wander ^{ed} around the room from the gilded wainscoting to the intricately sculpted frames holding the most brilliant paintings she had ever ~~set eyes on~~ ^{seen}. The exhaustion filling her body suddenly dimmed in the light of the room she was expected to sleep in. The glorious artwork decorating the walls around her made her own seem like the scrawling of a first grader.

She heard ~~raised~~ ^{spoke} voices ~~speaking~~ in a strange language outside her room. Thea turned toward the sound ~~her attention finally taken off of the magnificence of the room.~~ Padding quietly across the plush carpeting she crept as close to the wall as possible. The words she ~~heard~~ were unrecognizable to her. Just as she was about to give up on ~~figuring out~~ what they were saying a third voice joined the conversation, in English. The deep baritone of an older sounding man growled at the first two voices.

“She can likely hear you, you know. If you must discuss this do so elsewhere.”

The first voice, a feminine tone, responded in English, “I don’t care if she ~~hears~~. She shouldn’t be ~~here~~. Queen Melanie is foolish letting her stay, especially ~~here~~.”

“If she must be ~~here~~ she should be detained in more secure quarters,” the second voice seethed. ~~Then~~ ^{she} heard ~~footsteps fading~~ away and the voices ceased. She backed away from the wall

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

frowning. Running a hand through her hair she lowered herself onto the thick, down mattress of the four poster and stared at the floor. It was all just too much. A loud knock on the door brought her eyes up. Before she could utter a word, the door inched open, and a man, with salt-and-pepper hair and beard to match, stuck his head through the crack. *hyper*

“May I come in?” he asked.

Thea stood again and smoothed out her shirt. “Of course,” she said. Shifting her weight between her feet she watched him carefully.

“I ~~did~~ wanted to introduce myself. I will be with you tomorrow when you meet again with Queen Melanie.” He walked into the room leaving the door open making her feel somewhat safer. She nodded, not sure what to say. “I am Ruben. I am a greeter,” he said. Raising his hand as he approached her, he waited for her to extend her own which she did promptly. Her hand, of average size, felt minuscule in his large grasp. He turned it and raised it toward his face. She thought he was going to kiss it like an old-fashioned gentleman, *hyper* until he turned it palm up and looked at her wrist. A band of small red circles connected by stars was clearly visible on her wrist. She jerked her hand back and looked at it closely.

“What the hell?” she breathed. “That’s never been there before.”

“Like I said, I am a greeter.” He offered a grin that hid more secrets than it revealed. “An old one at that.”

~~Rubens to match on her wrist.~~
“What is a greeter, exactly?” Thea asked, pointedly.

“I meet all new Egrists when they first arrive. I ensure ~~that~~ they are legitimate.”

“Get a lot of illegitimate folks stumbling into paintings?” Thea asked. *(hmm. intriguing) ☺*

“Not very often.” Ruben laughed, a booming noise that echoed around the room.

The sound put her at ease as she ran a finger over the new markings on her wrist. They wouldn't be difficult to cover with a little concealer. She wondered how many people back home were hiding the same type of markings.

"Not a lot," Ruben said, as if reading her thoughts.

"It runs in the family, right?"

"Yes, ~~but~~ there are a few families now who carry the same bloodline. Not many, but a few," ^{he} He explained.

"Will I meet the others?" she asked.

"Well, you have already met one, of course. Even I don't meet all. I am only one of a handful of greeters and, like I said, I'm getting quite old so these days I only meet those who are of some importance."

"So, what does this mark mean, exactly?" ^{s.i.c.} She asked as she ran her finger over it once more.

"Believe it or not that is your direct line's markings, proving ~~that~~ you are a direct descendant ~~and you are the real deal,~~" he told her. ^{"You are the real deal."}

^{descendant of who?}
Thea sat down on the edge of the bed again, ^{crossed} her eyes not leaving her wrist. She ^{didn't have} looked up ^{stirred} to watch Ruben cross the room to the massive fireplace and stir up the smoldering coals ~~within~~ until they caught and became a roaring fire. She absentmindedly stroked the markings on her wrist as she watched him. She felt so far from home ^{it would} and she wondered how she would ever get back? Her lips parted to let a yawn escape.

"It should stay warm in here throughout the night now. I will let you rest. There is a lot more to be discovered in the morning." Ruben let himself out and closed the door with a click.

[♀] Thea stripped out of her clothing. She longed for a bath as the trip to Chromia had not been kind

to her body but she didn't see a tub. Walking around the room she opened a door on the wall next to the fire place. Inside was a large walk-in closet, not quite as large as her own back home, however. Closing it she continued around the room to a door on the other side of the bed. It was a bathroom, decorated just as elaborately as the bedroom. A claw-foot tub sat straight ahead of her. She crossed the marble floor and turned the golden knobs until a warm stream flowed into the tub. Thea stepped out of the rest of her clothing and noticed a nightgown draped across the back of a chair in front of a brightly lit vanity. She wondered if it would fit her; if, somehow, they had been one step ahead of her the entire night. The tub filled as she picked up the brush from the vanity and brushed out her long hair. At last, tub full, she lowered herself into the bath and let the warmth of the water wash over her worn limbs. A few minutes later she picked at a piece of dirt that had dried onto her arm. Splashing water over it the dirt dissolved and slid down into the water. Thea finished washing and climbed out, wrapping a plush plum towel around her. She picked up the long, white gown and tried sliding it over her head. It slid onto her body, a perfect fit. Her hair lay in clumps against the material, soaking it. She picked up the comb from the vanity and ran it through her hair before walking back out to the bed and sliding between the warm, welcoming sheets.

The morning greeted her like a fist to the side of her head. Brilliant, white light shone through a large window she had not noticed the night before. Had the curtains always been open? She sat up and rubbed her eyes, a yawn transforming into a full body stretch. Her stomach clenched as she looked back toward the open window. There was a rainbow of colors dancing in the light as if the window were a prism. Thea pushed herself to her feet and crossed to stand in front of the window. She peered outside over what appeared to be a modern city of skyscrapers and walk-ups melded with an ancient city of shacks and Gothic castles. None of it made sense. It

hyphen

this goes on too long - shorten.

4

one word

hyphen

hyphen

4

was

4

at the vanity

is this important if not delete

same question

she walked

stood

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

was a hodgepodge of time and space. ^{-repetitive} Nothing made sense. She watched ^A a bank of clouds roll up ~~and~~ ^{ed} encompass the castle below her. A thunderous knock pulled her quickly from her thoughts.

“Yeah?” she called toward the door, “Yeah, I’m coming!”

Thea hurried across to the door and pulled it open. Ruben pushed inside the room surveying every detail in silence.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“The queen received a message this morning,” he said turning toward her, “did you have anything to do with it?”

“What message?” Thea asked, confused.

“Doesn’t matter,” he brushed off the question. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“How could I have ^{anything to do} had any involvement with a message ~~that~~ I don’t even know about?” she asked, ~~beginning to feel~~ ^{scared} somewhat offended at his tone.

“If you had nothing to do with it then you could be in danger, too,” ^h He told her. He grabbed her elbow and directed her toward the door. “Come on. We need to get you to the queen, quickly.”

^{ed} A panic began to spread through Thea and cloud her mind. She almost let him guide her out in just the thin nightgown, but as she reached the threshold of the room she glanced down and pulled back.

DAVE

This extract was a pleasure to read. The characters were clear and believable. Thea's displacement was, perhaps, without danger or threat. Every story needs conflict. That's the drama that heightens the need to read on. This might come in later, but our reading showed someone on a kind of vacation with fine accommodations.

At the end of this section, there was a hint of something brewing. It was done well, told without embellishment. The threat is real and imminent.

This is well written and has great potential.

Nice work.

Summary: Thea is capable of creating another world with the stroke of her paint brush. Having only just discovered this hidden talent she is pulled into the world to help save their queen. At the same time she is dealing her parent's divorce and her first year of college life.

Note: Pages are extracted from the middle of the story.

Thea sat down on the couch as Deacon pulled the door closed behind him, leaving her all alone. She let her eyes wander around the room from the gilded wainscoting to the intricately sculpted frames holding the most brilliant paintings she had ever set eyes on. The exhaustion filling her body suddenly dimmed in the light of the room she was expected to sleep in. The glorious artwork decorating the walls around her made her own seem like the scrawling of a first grader.

She heard raised voices speaking in a strange language outside her room. Thea turned toward the sound her attention finally taken off of the magnificence of the room. Padding quietly across the plush carpeting she crept as close to the wall as possible. The words she heard were unrecognizable to her. Just as she was about to give up on figuring out what they were saying a third voice joined the conversation, in English. The deep baritone of an older sounding man growled at the first two voices.

“She can likely hear you, you know. If you must discuss this do so elsewhere.”

The first voice, a feminine tone, responded in English, “I don’t care if she hears. She shouldn’t be here. Queen Melanie is foolish letting her stay, especially here.”

“If she must be here she should be detained in more secure quarters,” the second voice seethed. Thea heard footsteps fading away and the voices ceased. She backed away from the wall frowning. Running a hand through her hair she lowered herself onto the thick, down mattress of the four poster and stared at the floor. It was all just too much. A loud knock on the door brought her eyes up. Before she could utter a word the door inched open and a man with salt and pepper hair and beard to match stuck his head through the crack.

“May I come in?” he asked.

Thea stood again and smoothed out her shirt. “Of course,” she said. Shifting her weight between her feet she watched him carefully.

“I just wanted to introduce myself. I will be with you tomorrow when you meet again with Queen Melanie.” He walked into the room leaving the door open making her feel somewhat safer. She nodded, not sure what to say. “I am Ruben. I am a greeter,” he said. Raising his hand as he approached her he waited for her to extend her own which she did promptly. Her hand, of average size, felt minuscule in his large grasp. He turned it and raised it toward his face. She thought he was going to kiss it like an old fashioned gentleman until he turned it palm up and looked at her wrist. A band of small red circles connected by stars was clearly visible on her wrist. She jerked her hand back and looked at it closely.

“What the hell?” she breathed. “That’s never been there before.”

“Like I said, I am a greeter.” He offered a grin that hid more secrets than it revealed. “An old one at that.”

“What is a greeter, exactly?” Thea asked, pointedly.

“I meet all new Egrists when they first arrive. I ensure that they are legitimate.”

“Get a lot of illegitimate folks stumbling into paintings?” Thea asked.

“Not very often.” Ruben laughed, a booming noise that echoed around the room.

The sound put her at ease as she ran a finger over the new markings on her wrist. They wouldn't be difficult to cover with a little concealer. She wondered how many people back home were hiding the same type of markings.

“Not a lot,” Ruben said, as if reading her thoughts.

“It runs in the family, right?”

“Yes, but there are a few families now who carry the same bloodline. Not many, but a few(.),” *He he* explained.

“Will I meet the others?” she asked.

“Well, you have already met one, of course. Even I don't meet all. I am only one of a handful of greeters and, like I said, I'm getting quite old so these days I only meet those who are of some importance.”

“So, what does this mark mean, exactly?” *She she* asked as she ran her finger over it once more.

“Believe it or not that is your direct line's markings proving that you are a direct descendant and you are the real deal,” he told her.

Thea sat down on the edge of the bed again her eyes not leaving her wrist. She looked up to watch Ruben cross the room to the massive fireplace and stir up the smoldering coals within until they caught and became a roaring fire. She absentmindedly stroked the markings on her

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

wrist as she watched him. She felt so far from home and she wondered how she would ever get back. Her lips parted to let a yawn escape.

“It should stay warm in here throughout the night now. I will let you rest. There is a lot more to be discovered in the morning.” *(Not fair to throw this discovering out and not let us in, even if Thea wonders what the discoveries might be.)* Ruben let himself out and closed the door with a click. Thea stripped out of her clothing. *(New paragraph)* She longed for a bath as the trip to Chromia had not been kind to her body but she didn't see a tub. Walking around the room she opened a door on the wall next to the fire place. Inside was a large walk in closet, not quite as large as her own back home, however. Closing it she continued around the room to a door on the other side of the bed. It was a bathroom, decorated just as elaborately as the bedroom. A claw foot tub sat straight ahead of her. She crossed the marble floor to it and turned the golden knobs until a warm stream flowed into the tub. Thea stepped out of the rest of her clothing and noticed a nightgown draped across the back of a chair in front of a brightly lit vanity. She wondered if it would fit her; if, somehow, they had been one step ahead of her the entire night. The tub filled as she picked up the brush from the vanity and brushed out her long hair. At last, tub full, she lowered herself into the bath and let the warmth of the water wash over her worn *(Why worn? Has she exerted herself for some reason?)* limbs. A few minutes later she picked at a piece of dirt that had dried onto her arm. Splashing water over it the dirt dissolved and slid down into the water. Thea finished washing and climbed out, wrapping a plush plum towel around her. She picked up the long, white gown and tried sliding it over her head. It slid onto her body, a perfect fit. Her hair lay in clumps against the material, soaking it. She picked up the comb from the vanity and ran it through her hair before walking back out to the bed and sliding between the warm, welcoming sheets. *(Are you avoiding a sense of threat or danger on purpose. If so,*

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

something has to happen here. It seems as though she's on vacation and not in some confusing situation.)

The morning greeted her like a fist to the side of her head. Brilliant, white light shone in through a large window she had not noticed the night before. Had the curtains always been open? She sat up and rubbed at her eyes, a yawn transforming into a full body stretch. Her stomach clenched as she looked back toward the open window. There was a rainbow of colors dancing in the light as if the window were a prism. Thea pushed herself to her feet and crossed to stand in front of the window. She peered outside over what appeared to be a modern city of skyscrapers and walk ups melded with an ancient city of shacks and Gothic castles. ~~None of it made sense.~~ It was a hodgepodge of time and space. Nothing made sense. She watched a bank of clouds roll up and encompass the castle below her. A thunderous knock pulled her quickly from her thoughts.

(Alice in Wonderland?)

“Yeah?” she called toward the door, “Yeah, I’m coming!”

Thea hurried across to the door and pulled it open. Ruben pushed inside the room surveying every detail in silence.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“The queen received a message this morning,” he said turning toward her, “did you have anything to do with it?”

“What message?” Thea asked, confused.

“Doesn’t matter,” he brushed off the question. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“How could I have had any involvement with a message that I don’t even know about?” she asked, beginning to feel somewhat offended at his tone.

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

“If you had nothing to do with it then you could be in danger, too(.),” *He he* told her. He grabbed her elbow and directed her toward the door. “Come on. We need to get you to the queen, quickly.”

A panic began to spread through Thea and cloud her mind. She almost let him guide her out in just the thin nightgown but as she reached the threshold of the room she glanced down and pulled back. *(Good turn of events)*

Summary: *Thea is capable of creating another world with the stroke of her paint brush. Having only just discovered this hidden talent she is pulled into the world to help save their queen. At the same time she is dealing her parent's divorce and her first year of college life.*

Note: Pages are extracted from the middle of the story.

Ed

Thea sat down on the couch as Deacon pulled the door closed behind him, leaving her all alone. She let her eyes wander around the room from the gilded wainscoting to the intricately sculpted frames holding the most brilliant paintings she had ever set eyes on. The exhaustion filling her body suddenly dimmed in the light of the room she was expected to sleep in. The glorious artwork decorating the walls around her made her own seem like the scrawling of a first grader.

She heard raised voices speaking in a strange language outside her room. Thea turned toward the sound her attention finally taken off of the magnificence of the room. Padding quietly across the plush carpeting she crept as close to the wall as possible. The words she heard were unrecognizable to her. Just as she was about to give up on figuring out what they were saying a third voice joined the conversation, in English. The deep baritone of an older sounding man growled at the first two voices.

"She can likely hear you, you know. If you must discuss this do so elsewhere."

~~The first voice, a feminine tone,~~ responded in English, "I don't care if she hears. She shouldn't be here. Queen Melanie is foolish letting her stay, especially here."

"If she must be here she should be detained in more secure quarters," the second voice seethed. Thea heard footsteps fading away and the voices ceased. She backed away from the wall

- well described. I get a sense of place.
- it's all a little too perfect. ~menacing?
- is she from our own world? does she compare this place with places she's read about? Oz? wonderland?
- please don't let it be a dream.

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

frowning. Running a hand through her hair she lowered herself onto the thick, down mattress of the four poster and stared at the floor. It was all just too much. A loud knock on the door brought her eyes up. Before she could utter a word the door inched open and a man with salt and pepper hair and beard to match stuck his head through the crack.

“May I come in?” he asked.

Thea stood again and smoothed out her shirt. “Of course,” she said. Shifting her weight between her feet she watched him carefully.

“I just wanted to introduce myself. I will be with you tomorrow when you meet again with Queen Melanie.” He walked into the room leaving the door open making her feel somewhat safer. She nodded, not sure what to say. “I am Ruben. I am a greeter,” he said. Raising his hand as he approached her he waited for her to extend her own which she did promptly. Her hand, of average size, felt minuscule in his large grasp. He turned it and raised it toward his face. She thought he was going to kiss it like an old-fashioned gentleman until he turned it palm up and looked at her wrist. A band of small red circles connected by stars ~~was clearly visible~~ on her wrist. She jerked her hand back and looked at it closely.

“What the hell?” she breathed. “That’s never been there before.”

“Like I said, I am a greeter.” He offered a grin that hid more secrets than it revealed. “An old one at that.”

“What is a greeter, exactly?” Thea asked, pointedly.

“I meet all new Egrists when they first arrive. I ensure that they are legitimate.”

“Get a lot of illegitimate folks stumbling into paintings?” Thea asked.

“Not very often,” Ruben laughed, a booming noise that echoed around the room.

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

The sound put her at ease as she ran a finger over the new markings on her wrist. They wouldn't be difficult to cover with a little concealer. She wondered how many people back home were hiding the same type of markings.

“Not a ^{many} lot,” Ruben said, as if reading her thoughts.

“It runs in the family, right?”

“Yes, but there are a few families now who carry the same bloodline. Not many, but a few,” He explained.

“Will I meet the others?” she asked.

“Well, you have already met one, of course. Even I don't meet ^{them} all. I am only one of a handful of greeters and, like I said, I'm getting quite old ^{as} so these days I only meet those who are of some importance.”

“So, what does this mark mean, exactly?” She asked as she ran her finger over it once more.

“Believe it or not ^{that} that is your direct line's markings proving that you are a direct descendant and you are the real deal,” he told her.

Thea sat down on the edge of the bed ^{again} her eyes not leaving her wrist. She looked up to watch Ruben cross the room to the massive fireplace and stir up the smoldering coals within until they caught and became a roaring fire. She absentmindedly stroked the markings on her wrist as she watched him. She felt so far from home and she wondered how she would ever get back. Her lips parted to let a yawn escape. ^{she was so worried/s he yawned?}

“It should stay warm in here throughout the night ^{now}. I will let you rest. There is a lot more to be discovered in the morning.” Ruben let himself out and closed the door with a click.

Thea stripped out of her clothing. She longed for a bath as the trip to Chromia had not been kind

maybe wait until she finds the tub

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

to her body but she didn't see a tub. Walking around the room she opened a door on the wall next to the fire place. Inside was a large walk-in closet, not quite as large as her own back home, however. Closing it she continued around the room to a door on the other side of the bed. It was a bathroom, decorated just as elaborately as the bedroom. A claw foot tub sat straight ahead of her. She crossed the marble floor to it and turned the golden knobs until a warm stream flowed into the tub. Thea stepped out of the rest of her clothing and noticed a nightgown draped across the back of a chair in front of a brightly lit vanity. She wondered if it would fit her; if, somehow, they had been one step ahead of her the entire night. The tub filled as she picked up the brush from the vanity and brushed out her long hair. At last, tub full, she lowered herself into the bath and let the warmth of the water wash over her worn limbs. A few minutes later she picked at a piece of dirt that had dried onto her arm. Splashing water over it the dirt dissolved and slid down into the water. Thea finished washing and climbed out, wrapping a plush plum towel around her. She picked up the long, white gown and tried sliding it over her head. It slid onto her body, a perfect fit. Her hair lay in clumps against the material, soaking it. She picked up the comb from the vanity and ran it through her hair before walking back out to the bed and sliding between the warm, welcoming sheets.

↳ records → The morning greeted her like a fist to the side of her head. Brilliant, white light shone in through a large window she had not noticed the night before. Had the curtains always been open?

¶ She sat up and rubbed at her eyes, a yawn transforming into a full body stretch. Her stomach clenched as she looked back toward the open window. There was a rainbow of colors dancing in the light as if the window were a prism. Thea pushed herself to her feet and crossed to stand in front of the window. She peered outside over what appeared to be a modern city of skyscrapers and walk-ups melded with an ancient city of shacks and Gothic castles. None of it made sense. It

Episode 37 – Fantasy Novel

was a hodgepodge of time and space. ~~Nothing made sense.~~ She watched a bank of clouds roll up and encompass the castle below her. A thunderous knock pulled her quickly from her thoughts.

“Yeah?” she called toward the door. “Yeah, I’m coming!”

Thea hurried across to the door and pulled it open. Ruben pushed inside the room surveying every detail in silence.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“The queen received a message this morning,” he said turning toward her. “~~did~~ you have anything to do with it?”

“What message?” Thea asked, confused.

“Doesn’t matter,” he brushed off the question. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“How could I have had any involvement with a message that I don’t even know about?” she asked, beginning to feel somewhat offended at his tone.

“If you had nothing to do with it then you could be in danger, too.” He told her. He grabbed her elbow and directed her toward the door. “Come on. We need to get you to the queen, quickly.”

A panic began to spread through Thea and cloud her mind. She almost let him guide her out in just the thin nightgown but as she reached the threshold of the room she glanced down and pulled back.