

Note: This is an example beta reader report produced by Angela Traficante of Lambda Editing. This report was based on an unpublished novel and is not an actual client's work.

Hematite and Glass – Sample Line Edit
Angela Traficante, Lambda Editing

Prologue

When my ~~fifty-nine year old~~fifty-nine-year-old human husband died from an infection in his leg, I did not mourn. I was forty-eight, after all, young for my people and not very attached to that man who had death written on his face from the moment I glanced upon it when while walking down the aisle ~~I glanced upon it~~.

When I think back now and remember that crumbling castle, the stink of burning metal and oil heavy in the air, the roughness of that man's hands, I find it hard to believe I was ever really there. The changes in my life since those days are so drastic and extraordinary it is as though I am not me, but some other being who deserves these easy days as reward for suffering so many horrifying ones.

How can I convey the misery I felt in the human lands of Brewk, ~~squandered~~ sequestered away from my family and what few friends I had? How can I convey the fear? For I was my husband's property, subject to his complete mental and physical will, and subject to death should I defy it. How can I describe the trap I found myself in, the little box that held me and my honor, that I could never betray?

-Betrayal.

-I find myself constantly facing that word. Betrayed by my husband each night he sought to force me to his bed and ~~bound~~bind me to his will. Betrayed twice by parents whose love I craved but never truly felt. Betrayed, betrayed, betrayed, -and still I stand.

Do not seek vengeance, do not feel rage on my behalf, I tell him each time I ~~feel~~sense the ache of those emotions in his mind. I am finally allowed my freedom, and I will not darken and shame that reward with thoughts of retribution. I will move on. I am immortal, and time will dull ~~—~~and possibly heal ~~—~~all my wounds.

Chapter 1

A curious feeling, believing you are dead.

-There ~~is~~ ~~was~~ a certain lack of requirement, a lack of clarity, ~~a feeling of~~ a lack of time. It didn't much matter to me that I was dead— a blessing, really, to be released from my torture— but it surprised me that I could still think and feel. Shouldn't there be nothing, as ~~is~~ ~~was~~ written in the great texts of Shurios Delmand? ~~Isn't~~ ~~Wasn't~~ death the Great Void?

So maybe ~~I'm not~~ ~~I wasn't~~ dead. It was that surprise that sparked it, that thought that all of my reading and studying may have been incorrect. Awareness came as a succession of recognitions. ~~A sensation of a~~ dull throb in my right arm. A ~~sensation of~~ soreness permeating my body. I could flutter my eyelids and see bright lights ~~and~~ hazy white objects around me. The most peculiar of all; a powerful magical presence, very close by.

I took a deep breath, and my whole body shook with it. My chest heaved as though I had never drawn breathe before, and each successive ~~one~~ ~~inhalation~~ brought more clarity. Memories floated back, and as they clicked together, bile rose in my throat. For a moment, I was unable to take another breath, so horrified was I at what I remembered. So ~~the~~ nightmares had been real, had been my memories. I shuddered and sat up quickly, afraid I would vomit. My head spun, and nothing would come into focus.

It took another four shaky breaths before I could think clearly again. My eyes began to see. Panic ~~felt as though it~~ rose in my chest so rapidly that my head spun further with the effort of staying upright. My right arm, which still throbbed, was home to an intravenous line, feeding into my body a clear, unidentifiable liquid. I studied it, ~~wondering if I s~~. Should I attempt to remove it myself?—I lifted a hand, just to touch the snaking tube, but my fingers were shaking too badly to achieve any sort of precision. I dropped my hand back down to the bed.

Each breath ~~e~~ brought more information, a coming together of my senses to create ~~a~~ whole picture. The room I was in was an ordinary bedroom, if a little more ornate than most I had seen before. The bed ~~I was in~~ was a four-post wooden monstrosity, opposing ~~the~~ ~~a~~ large fireplace on the far wall. There was a desk, a chair, crowded bookshelves. A certain untidiness led me to believe this was a personal bedroom. ~~P~~—papers fluttered in the breeze from an open window, a used glass sat on the bedside table, a robe was thrown carelessly over a comfortable-looking chair in the corner. An expensive-looking MID— a magical infrastructure device, capable of connecting to the realm's communication and news feeds— sat in the corner of the desk. Light ~~streamed~~ through the tall windows, ~~and I~~ ~~thought it must be~~, ~~indicating~~ morning.

It took a long and painful moment for me to understand what was so *strange* about the room. My sight was adjusting, and I saw that the light was unnatural— hazy and red. I leaned in, inch by inch, ~~feeling~~ panic rising in ~~the~~ ~~my~~ throat. The realization hit me so hard that I lost my breath yet again.

-The light was red and hazy from filtering through a magical barrier.

I froze in fright, studying it. It was all around me, ~~e~~ ~~forming itself in~~ a circle around the bed from floor to ceiling, ~~—~~ cutting me off from the windows and the door, leaving me no room to run or ~~to~~ hide.

-I opened my mouth to issue a scream, but no sound came out— just a painful gasp.