

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 This report was based on an unpublished novel and is not an actual client's work.

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Gems – Sample Line Edit  
Angela Traficante, Lambda Editing

## Chapter 1

Summer. Boston. Outside Park ~~S~~street ~~S~~station. Trees overhang ~~all over~~ the entire park, and their leaves cause the ground to be dappled with sunlight. It's cooler than a normal summer day.

"Hi, Jason?" I hear when I finally toss aside my notebook and answer my ringing cell phone.

"Hi, yeah?" I say. I don't recognize the voice.

"It's Emily," the voice says.

I pause. Do I know an Emily? And then I realize I do. Derek's girlfriend. *Crap.*

"Oh, Emily," I ~~say~~ id, "Hi. I'm really ~~...~~ I mean, we're really not supposed to be on our phones while at... camp."

"Derek said you get some alone time in your rooms in the afternoons, but he's not picking up," I can almost hear the pout in her voice. "Do you know where he is?"

"Uh..." I begin.

How do I explain where Derek is? How can I possibly say, *Emily, we're not at camp, we're at Haven, a special place designed for teenagers with psychic abilities. Derek got himself in a shitload of trouble last night and is quite possibly being kicked out of the program by the Swami as we speak?*

The long and short ~~?~~ I can't. Not only would she not get it, but I would probably be kicked out of Haven myself for breaking the only really important rule: not telling people about us.

"I don't know," I ~~finish~~ continued, "bBut I can tell him you called. He's supposed to meet me soon."

*Supposed to have met me 15-fifteen minutes ago*, I think, annoyed.

"Thanks, I appreciate it," she says.

"Okay. Bye, Emily."

"Bye."

The start of an annoying day, I can already tell. I pick up the notebook and glower at it. I can't do the automatic writing that Lira, the Swami's assistant, has been trying to teach me for a week. Looking into a mirror, or a pool of water, and seeing an image is one thing. Trying to pick up the verbal communications of the ~~deceased~~ deceased or never-living is practically impossible. Hell, Lira can't even do it herself, yet she expects ~~sed~~ me to figure it out.