

THIS SAMPLE HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE AUTHOR TO BE PUBLISHED PUBLICLY

## FREE MANUSCRIPT EDITING & PROOFREADING SAMPLE from [www.Professional-Editing-Services.com](http://www.Professional-Editing-Services.com)

### Editor's Notes:

Hello Jacqueline!

Thank you for the opportunity to provide this professional editing sample on your behalf. It was my pleasure to review your writing.

Attached is your free editing sample. All comments are included within and I hope you find them useful. You can also view all the layers of editing in the Track Changes mode of MS Word using the review toolbar. I have altered grammar, spelling, and structural elements in order to assist you in presenting a clear and effective piece. I also worked on consistency and appropriateness of verb tenses, transitional phrasing, continuity/flow of thoughts, and support of statements.

### PRIMARY EDITOR: Dr Natasha

Should you have ANY questions regarding this editing or your order, please do not hesitate to **contact our office:**

### Your comments/instructions which were included with the sample document:

I am keen to see a sample of your editing as my book has been accepted by a Literary Agency in New York, but though I found writing it easy the grammar and layout are more of a struggle for me. Please also include a quote for entire book. Kind Regards Jacqueline Benton

**Kommentar [N1]:** I have made adjustments to grammar, spelling, sentence structure, presentation and flow, as well as minor formatting, all with the aim ensure clarity in your work. I wish you all the best in your submission. – Dr Natasha

### First sample of our EDITED version: page 2/3

Sighing as he **did up** his pea green laces, the tiny Irish blowfly pulled ~~himself~~<sup>up</sup> to his full height ~~of nearly two~~ ~~centimetres~~<sup>centimeters</sup> and admired ~~himself~~<sup>his reflection</sup> in the shiny chrome tap. Straightening his tie, Superfly felt the full burden of responsibility weighing heavily on his narrow shoulders. Being a head blowfly of the house, he had always looked down on the common houseflies, who, in their own way, had always looked up to him. ~~But~~<sup>However</sup> being born to greatness didn't come without

**Kommentar [N2]:** My name is Dr Natasha and I will be serving as your editor for this free sample. My task is to ensure that your work is presented as clearly as possible. Thank you for entrusting me with your work.

**Kommentar [N3]:** Tied? Otherwise the sentence is a bit confusing

**Kommentar [N4]:** Presumably, as the book is to be published in the US, American English is preferred. This will be assumed in the sample. However, please specify the preferred English version when placing your order.

**Kommentar [N5]:** 'but' as an opening of a sentence should be avoided

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problems. These, of course, were far outweighed by the [plus points/positives](#). The best part was the adoration the blowsy bluebottles bestowed upon him; [he](#), of course, couldn't blame them, how were they supposed to resist his cheeky Irish charm and muscular physique.

**Kommentar [N6]:** Or benefits

Popping the fresh shamrock into the lapel of his lime green jacket, which had been neatly pressed by his housekeeper just that morning, Superfly was delighted with the reflection staring back at him. Before he had lost his parents in the great spring clean of 2006, his mother had never failed to mention in her cut-glass Irish accent that he had been born to greatness and must never let his standards slip. Satisfied [that](#) he couldn't improve on perfection, he took to his wings, flying into the lounge and straight up the chimney, where he always kept his shiny tin whistle. He knew [that](#) he couldn't possibly start the day without a little Irish tune; [thus](#), so taking great care not to get soot on his clean suit, he grasped the shiny instrument and made his way onto the mantelpiece to begin his rendition of "When Irish eyes are smiling". This was a ritual he ~~carried out~~ [followed](#) every morning, as it enabled him to admire himself in the large

**Kommentar [N7]:** It is advisable to keep the punctuation within the quotation marks; however, so publishers choose not to do so. Nonetheless, the book will be typeset by them and such details will be decided upon based on their standard formatting.

mirror, [thus](#) reaffirming his gorgeousness. [Moreover](#), ~~lifting his feet and doing an~~ Irish jig in time to the music took care of his exercise for the day. The Flanigan flies had always prided themselves on their muscular physique and bulging biceps.

**Kommentar [N8]:** Useful link to the previous sentence, thus improving the flow

Confident that he looked his best, he sat a while with his legs dangling over the mantelpiece and looked around ~~him~~. Things had changed dramatically since the old lady moved out, and certainly not for the better. The new owners seemed obsessed with cleanliness and didn't put up a fair fight. Using all

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manner of sprays, they seemed to have forgotten the fun of swatting. After all, if he and his fellow flies couldn't without have the fun of buzzing round the humans, what was the point of life? Time There was a time when, the spiders, whom he normally had no sympathy for, could snooze in corners to their hearts' content; yet, they, but were now being evicted daily due to the fluffy dusters that could reach into awkward spaces.

Feeling a chill run through him, causing his tiny wings to flutter, Superfly noticed a movement on one of the fluffy cushions placed on the large flowery couch. About time, he thought to himself, the common houseflies had been asleep for months with total disregard for the danger surrounding them.

Luckily, they had chosen to hibernate in the only piece of furniture unchanged in the house that remained unchanged. Suddenly noticing a pair of large frightened blue eyes staring at him, Superfly quickly sought to reassure the pretty little housefly by giving her one of his most discerning smiles, while saying in his Irish lilt, "It's OK little one, you are safe with me."

**Kommentar [N9]:** This is implied and the sentence in the new version is more concise

**Kommentar [N10]:** As conversation is usually indicated by quotation marks, thoughts are usually distinguished by the italics.

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## Second Sample of our EDITED version:

page 71

After listening to what the young housefly had to say, and Prucilla agreed to try to distract the bullies with her wings.

Helping Sybil with her arthritic hip to break free from her web and follow them, Flora flew onto the buffet table, where she found Digger

and Pierre still struggling with the bowl of strawberries, trying to get the bowl move it as close to the edge as they could. As good as her

word, Prucilla Peacock swooped down right into big bad Boris's face, causing him to jump backwards, knowing that and where

ever. Wherever Boris went, the Jasper twins were sure to follow. Before long, Digger had them just where he wanted them and, with the

help of Pierre, aimed the first juicy ripe strawberry directly at the top of Big Boris's head. By now, the crowd had turned really nasty and,

for the first time in his whole entire life, Boris felt fear run through his little body, and He decided that he didn't like the feeling

**Kommentar [N11]:** As the sample is out of context, it is hard to interpret this sentence. Moreover, the structure is wrong, but can only be corrected as a part of full edit.

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**Kommentar [N12]:** The sentence was too long

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one little bit. ~~However,~~ ~~but~~ what happened next caught him completely by surprise. Feeling a sharp pain ~~to spread from~~ the top of his head, he was suddenly covered in the sweet smelling fruit, which exploded over him and the Jasper twins. Superfly, who still had his eyes closed and his hands over his head, ready to fend off the expected blows, felt the juice hit his face and was instantly outraged. Eyes flying open wide, his face turned from a very pale white to the same colour as the strawberries that were now dropping freely from the tabletop onto his favorite green suit. Jumping up and down and calling for justice, the little Irish fly was threatening with all sorts of punishment, now that he knew that Digger had the bullies' banged to rights. If he had his way, they would be hung drawn and quartered, but that wasn't what this was all about. ~~and Given Digger's with his high principles and his sense of justice, he would probably let them off, knowing him and his sense of justice~~ he thought angrily. Deciding to take charge, Superfly began shouting and egging the crowd on to attack the bullies and teach them a lesson they would never forget. By the time Digger ordered a cease-fire, the crowd had been whipped up to frenzy and the terrible trio were covered in the sticky sweet mixture, making it impossible for them to get away. Flying down from the table, Digger landed very close to the Jasper twins and, in a low voice, asked

them if they had had enough. The twins didn't hesitate in answering, almost pleading for their freedom, ~~but~~ However, Boris still needed more convincing, ~~so~~ and the Aussie signaled for Pierre to keep the strawberries coming.

Knowing that there was no way that he was going to win, Big Bad Boris felt hot tears stinging his eyes, something he had never experienced before. In the past, it was always him doing the nasty things to make others cry, and, for the first time in his young life, he felt ashamed of his behaviour.

**Kommentar [N13]:** Given that flying is used in the standard context, it seems odd here

**Kommentar [N14]:** US spelling

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**Kommentar [N15]:** Presumably plural was intended, the original was a possessive of singular bully

**Kommentar [N16]:** The sentence was too long

**Kommentar [N17]:** More logical order

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**Formaterat:** Engelska (USA)

**Kommentar [N18]:** US spelling

**Formaterat:** Engelska (USA)

### First portion of your unedited version:

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common houseflies, who, in their own way had always looked up to him. But being born to greatness didn't come without its problems. These of course were far outweighed by the plus points. The best part was the adoration he got from the blowsy bluebottles, of course couldn't blame them, how were they supposed to resist his cheeky Irish charm and muscular physique.

Popping the fresh shamrock into the lapel of his lime green jacket, which had been neatly pressed by his house keeper just that morning, Superfly was delighted with the reflection staring back at him. Before he had lost his parents in the great spring clean of 2006, his mother had never failed to mention in her cut glass Irish accent that he had been born to greatness and must never let his standards slip. Satisfied he couldn't improve on perfection, he took to his wings flying into the lounge and straight up the chimney, where he always kept his shiny tin whistle. He knew he couldn't possibly start the day without a little Irish tune, so taking great care not to get soot on his clean suit, he grasped the shiny instrument and made his way onto the mantelpiece to begin his rendition of "When Irish eyes are smiling". This was a ritual he carried out every morning as it enabled him to admire himself in the large

**Superfly**

**2**

**Jacqueline Benton**

mirror reaffirming his gorgeousness once again. Lifting his feet and doing an Irish jig in time to the music took care of his exercise for the day. The Flanigan flies had always prided themselves on their muscular physic and bulging biceps.

Pleased that he looked his best, he sat a while with his legs dangling over the mantel piece and looked around him. Things had changed dramatically since the old lady had moved out, and certainly not for the better. The new owners seemed obsessed with cleanliness and didn't put up a fair fight. Using all manner of sprays they seemed to have forgotten the fun of swatting. After all if he and his fellow flies couldn't have

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fun buzzing round the humans, what was the point of life. Time was, the spiders, whom he normally had no sympathy for could snooze in corners till their hearts content, but were now being evicted daily due to the fluffy dusters that could reach into awkward spaces.

Feeling a chill run through him causing his tiny wings to flutter, Superfly noticed a movement on one of the fluffy cushions, on the large flowery couch. About time he thought to himself, the common houseflies had been asleep for months with total disregard for the danger surrounding them. Luckily they had chosen to hibernate in the only piece of furniture unchanged in the house. Suddenly noticing a pair of large frightened blue eyes staring at him, Superfly quickly sought to reassure the pretty little housefly by giving her one of his most discerning smiles, saying in his Irish lilt, “Its OK little one, you are safe with me”.

#### **Second portion of your unedited version:**

What the young housefly had to say and Prucilla agreed to try to distract the bully’s with her wings. Helping Sybil with her arthritic hip to break free from her web and follow them, Flora flew onto the buffet table where she found Digger and Pierre still struggling with the bowl of strawberries, trying to get the bowl as close to the edge as they could. As good as her word Prucilla Peacock swooped down right into big bad Boris’s face causing him to jump backwards and where ever Boris went the Jasper twins were sure to follow. Before long Digger had them just where he wanted and with the help of Pierre aimed the first juicy ripe strawberry directly at the top of Big Boris’s head. By now the crowd had turned really nasty and for the first time in his whole life Boris felt fear run through his little body and he didn’t like the feeling one little bit, but what happened next caught him by complete surprise, feeling a sharp pain to the top of his head he was suddenly covered in the sweet smelling fruit which

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exploded over him and the Jasper twins. Superfly who still had his eyes closed and his hands over his head ready to fend off the expected blows felt the juice hit his face and was instantly outraged. Eyes flying open, his face turned from a very pale white to the same colour as the strawberries that were now dropping freely from the tabletop onto his favorite green suit. Jumping up and down and calling for justice the little Irish fly was threatening all sorts of punishment now he knew Digger had the bully's banged to rights. If he had his way they would be hung drawn and quartered, but that wasn't what this was all about and Digger with his high principles would probably let them off knowing him and his sense of justice he thought angrily to himself. Deciding to take charge Superfly began shouting and egging the crowd on to attack the bully's and teach them a lesson they would never forget. By the time Digger ordered a cease-fire the crowd had been whipped up to frenzy and the terrible trio were covered in the sticky sweet mixture, making it impossible for them to get away. Flying down from the table Digger landed very close to the Jasper twins and in a low voice asked Them if they had had enough. The twins didn't hesitate in answering; almost pleading for their freedom, but Boris still needed more convincing, so the Aussie signaled for Pierre to keep the strawberries coming.

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