



Triskele Editorial

Sample Copy/Light Edit

This piece was originally written several years ago in a stream-of-consciousness style that was never edited for content, style, grammar, or punctuation. It was published as a blog post in the Spring of 2017 and is intentionally casual and conversational.

This sample edit is a demonstration of what a copy/light edit might look like. If you are comparing this to the deep edit sample, notice that the author accepted all changes and made adjustments to the narrative. This is common and a key reason to always have your manuscript copyedited after a line/deep edit. It will catch errors in the new text as well as grammar and punctuation issues that weren't the focus the first time around.

This was edited using *Chicago Manual of Style, 17th Edition* and *Merriam Webster Online Dictionary* as references.

For questions or to request a sample edit of your own piece, please email kwilliams@triskelevt.com

Sometimes Letting Go of Your Stories Means You Miss a Few Key Details

Several years back when I was going through my yoga teacher training, I grasped on to the idea of letting go of old stories that no longer serve ~~you~~^{us}. We all have these stories: histories that we tell ourselves must be true because this happened, or someone said so, or it happened once and thus must always happen the exact same way.

The thing is, most of the old stories we tell ourselves become invalid after a certain point. But we ~~have~~ become so mired in our habits that we don't realize the situation has changed. What was once unthinkable is now attainable. What once was true, no longer is.

While letting go of stories that don't serve a purpose lets ~~us~~^{you} move forward in life, it's also good to realize that some of ~~your~~ stories—~~your~~ history—can't be discarded, because they are still ~~very much~~ influencing ~~your~~ present.

I'm not one for living in the past. Things happened; things stopped happening. People were there; now they're not. Life moves on. The interactions I had with people back then influence the way I relate to people now. I don't dwell too much on the people or those interactions ~~themselves~~^{as}; I'm more concerned with breaking my own bad habits that developed as a result. I can't change the past; I can't change what people did or said all those years ago. I can only work with myself, now.

All that being said, sometimes there is no getting around the fact that other people's behaviors in the past have a lasting effect on how I live my life ~~now~~.

Commented [KW1]: Throughout the text, you seem to switch from a first-person narrative (me, I us, we) to a second-person narrative (you, your). As this is predominately a story about your life, I am changing instances of "you and your" to "us and we" throughout the rest of the text for consistency. Okay?



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~~For example:~~ I have been sick for ~~going on~~almost two weeks now. It snuck up on me and it did what all my colds do—~~it~~ went into my lungs. I have suffered from acute bronchitis all my life. Every year ~~growing up,~~ I came down with it. I suffered from monumental coughing fits that would last from five to twenty minutes. And there was nothing I could do about it. Because it was viral, ~~antibiotics didn't touch it.~~ My only option was to let it run its course. Nothing has changed in the ensuing decades.

The cough lingers for up to a month, making it difficult to get back to ~~your~~my life. After a certain point, people stop having sympathy for ~~you~~me. ~~You~~I complain that ~~you~~I don't feel well, but ~~for the most part,~~ ~~you~~I look just fine. Mistaking ~~your~~my "good day" for wellness, people insist ~~you~~I come out and have fun. When ~~you~~I finally try to join them—mainly to shut them up—~~you~~I have a ten-minute coughing fit, complete with tears and snot rolling down ~~your~~my face. ~~Your~~My friends look at ~~you~~me in horror, and tell ~~you~~me to get that checked out, even though ~~you~~I keep insisting there's nothing to be done.

All this is to say, bronchitis fucking sucks. But after nearly forty-four years, ~~th~~this is what my body does when I get sick. I hate it and it's frustrating as hell, but there's nothing I can do about it.

The thing is, there is a reason why I get bronchitis every year. But because this illness is such a part of who I am, it never occurs to me to assign blame for this unfortunate turn of events.

My father smoked. He smoked a lot.

I'm not sure where he picked up the habit, but I think it was when he enlisted in the army shortly after graduating high school. When he started, smoking wasn't considered bad for you and secondhand smoke wasn't a thing you worried about. He smoked cigarettes throughout my childhood before shifting over to a pipe sometimes in my teens. After I left for college, he finally quit. But for me, the damage had already been done. I'd already had twenty years' worth of exposure to secondhand smoke. My poor lungs had been under attack since the day I was born. They were, to put it lightly, shot.

I get bronchitis every fucking year because my wonderful, loving father—who was about the kindest man I've ever known—picked up a nasty habit when he was just out of high school.

It doesn't feel good to say any of this. My dad died in 2001 of a heart attack. I miss him so much. The grief still brings me to my knees. He loved us all so much, and would feel horrible if he knew that his innocent actions caused me pain. Was I, in not admitting this truth to myself, protecting him in some way? Possibly. Was I protecting *myself* from the pain of blaming a loved one—who is no longer with me—for something unintentional? Possibly.

Sometimes the stories we don't like to tell are the ones that are the most telling. They also serve as a vivid reminder that the things we say and do to one another can have lasting effects. We never know how

Commented [KW2]: Consider using "as a child" here instead.

Commented [KW3]: Fact-checked for accuracy and confirmed. Although technically, acute bronchitis *can* be caused by bacterial infection, and in those cases doctors will prescribe antibiotics: <https://www.lung.org/lung-health-and-diseases/lung-disease-lookup/acute-bronchitis/diagnosing-and-treating-acute-bronchitis.html>



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we'll affect another person's life. Sometimes, even the most well-meaning actions can have consequences we'll never know about.

All of this to say, there is a difference between "baggage" and the personal history that becomes an integral part of who we are as a person. Baggage is transitory; history is ~~yours~~ for keeps. Honor ~~you~~ the history, let go of ~~your~~ the baggage. We should ~~Do~~ your best to treat people the way ~~you~~ we would want to be treated. After all, our actions have consequences.

Then we must move on, proud in who ~~you~~ we are as ~~a person~~ individuals. . . . snotty, crazy coughs and all.

Commented [KW4]: Changes made here to keep the POV consistent with the rest of the post. Okay?