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J. N. Andrews Honors Program
Andrews University

HONS 497
Honors Thesis

A Study in Red:
The Codification and Practical Application
of a Copyediting Procedure

Nathan Berglund

March 29, 2015

Advisor: Dr. Beverly Matiko

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Abstract

Editing is an integral part of publishing professional-level writing, but editing—specifically copyediting—can be very subjective, relying on the copyeditor's best judgment. For novice editors such as myself, this responsibility can be intimidating. For this research project, I formulated and tested a step-by-step copyediting procedure aimed at alleviating these jitters. After reading copyediting guides and interviewing four active copyeditors, I developed a procedure. I then tested that procedure on Timothy Huck's 115-page manuscript, *The Lights of the Arno: A Novel*. I conclude that even with a standardized editing methodology, editors will always need to rely on their subjective judgment.

Nathan Berglund

Dr. Beverly Matiko

HONS 497

29 March 2015

A Study in Red:

The Codification and Practical Application of a Copyediting Procedure

I was suckled at the breast of bookworms. In their dank underground caverns, I learned to read and learned to love to read. In libraries, I transitioned into the lighted world of humanity. I knew that I wanted to work with books in some capacity; at first I wanted to be a librarian, then a bookstore owner, then finally an editor. Naturally, I wanted to study English while in college, but at Andrews University there aren't very many classes on editing and how the publishing world works. I got a job at the Andrews University Press, but being surrounded by people who were much more confident in their editorial skills than I was only exacerbated my angst that I wasn't ready. This project had a twofold purpose: I acquainted myself with the theory of editing, and I practiced editing on a large-scale manuscript. In the end, I produced a procedure which other novice editors could follow as they start out editing.

There are more people involved in the creation of a book than just the author. Many times, an author will send his or her manuscript to readers for initial feedback. The author will then submit the manuscript to a publishing house. Every publishing house has different names for different types of editors, and sometimes the different roles are merged together. There is an editor, sometimes called an acquisitions editor, who first sees the manuscript and decides whether the piece is worth publishing. Once a publishing house has seen potential in a manuscript, it will be sent out to two or three reviewers, who act like the readers and author

might send a piece to; reviewers don't work for the publishing house and they are generally the author's peers, working in the same field if possible. Based on the feedback from the reviewers, the publishing house will do one of three things: 1) Accept the manuscript, probably asking for minor, inconsequential changes; 2) Reject the manuscript in its current form, requiring major changes before publication is reconsidered; or 3) Reject the manuscript completely.

Once a manuscript is accepted for publication, it goes to an editor, sometimes called a line editor or content editor, who focuses on big picture issues such as overall thought and structure. Line editors might suggest moving or removing entire chapters or sections of the manuscript. After the line editor sees the manuscript, it will be sent to an editor, generally called a copyeditor, who focuses on smaller picture issues such as individual sentences and style. This distinction between big picture issues and smaller picture issues isn't always exact and, in the end, an editor does whatever the publishing house expects from him or her. A copyeditor can look at the big picture and a line editor can look at the smaller picture. At each stage of the editing process, the manuscript is saved on the computer so that the publishing house can track when a change was made—and all changes are always made openly, using a “Track Changes” function. Once it has been edited and any major alterations have been approved by the author, the manuscript is typeset using a program such as InDesign. The typeset manuscript is then given to a proofreader for a final check. The proofreader primarily tries to catch any typographical errors. It is not desirable for the proofreader to look for issues outside of the grammar and syntax because if there are too many changes to make to a typeset manuscript, the manuscript will have to be re-typeset. At this point, the manuscript has gone through all of its editing stages and is ready to be printed, though up until the day it is printed there will probably be a few corrections made here and there.

For my project, I chose to learn how to copyedit. Copyeditors are the most versatile editors—they can give suggestions about large-scale issues like line editors, and they can give suggestions about grammatical errors and misspelled words like proofreaders. They also have the freedom to suggest stylistic changes, to reword or delete sentences and alter the language to make it sound “better.” Learning how to be an effective copyeditor would also give me an introduction to how to be an editor at any of the other stages. Once I knew what type of editing I was going to research, I started looking for a manuscript I could have ready to edit once I had a procedure. Luckily, being in an English department, I know many students who are actively writing and producing manuscripts. I procured permission from Andrews University alumnus Timothy Hucks to edit the first 115 pages of a novel he is still in the process of writing, called *The Lights of the Arno*. I then began to research what professional editors were saying about copyediting. I read through four copyediting guidebooks and three articles about editing and I interviewed four active editors on the Andrews University campus.

In her guidebook written for copyeditors, *The Fine Art of Copyediting*, Elsie Myers Stainton emphasizes the role of copyeditors and how they must remember their place. First and foremost, editors need to remember that the author is the boss; even though editors have a passion for correcting grammar, spelling, and style, they must defer to the intentions of the author. Stainton writes,

Editing a manuscript involves more than dealing with words on paper; it concerns working with a human being who is revealing an important part of himself or herself to the public. The author may have spent years on the manuscript Whether an author is composed or nervous, the best approach for the editor is to be kind, to look for the good in the manuscript. (26)

There are a lot of areas which a copyeditor would normally need to focus on—illustrations, graphs, and tables; notes and bibliographies; and front matter and back matter—but which weren't very relevant to me since I was working on a manuscript for a novel that was still in progress. A copyeditor is also supposed to look out for any ambiguities or inconsistencies in the text and to improve the style of the writing if at all possible. Stainton gave many examples for how to improve style, including changing sentences in passive voice to active voice and deleting unnecessary words such as “very” or “things.” Above all, especially when dealing with style, editors need to remember to retain the author’s voice. Stainton writes, “Copyeditors of books are relatively free to use their own judgment and to consider the author's wishes on matters of style” (18). There are not *wrong* styles. The editor should stay in the mindset that all changes are attempts to improve, but are subjective not objective. Stainton writes, “Style, when viewed as the outward manifestation of a person's life or even just the cut of one's clothes, has infinite variations. It can rarely be judged as right or wrong, but rather as appropriate or inappropriate, interesting or dull, ordinary or extraordinary, perhaps even as noble or ignoble. So also with style in the use of language” (55).

Copyeditors need to use a style sheet. They need to keep an eye out for figures of speech, transliterations, and negative sentences. They should keep an eye out for mixed tenses, abbreviations, cross-references, punctuation, the use of “that” versus “which,” and many other common areas where writers tend to make mistakes. They should keep in mind that word usage changes and they should not be overly conservative in their attitude. On top of all this, Stainton writes,

The copyeditor of fiction, in addition to a knowledge of basics, needs to appreciate the author's aims; in this kind of editing there is room for intuition and

for a sense of what the writer is trying to say. The novelist is happy to comply with a suggestion that a touch more is needed at the end or that a character not mentioned for fifty pages needs to be reintroduced In fiction, anachronisms need to be eliminated, and the sequence of time and events needs to be checked. (19-20)

In *Copy Editing: A Practical Guide*, Karen Judd summarizes the role of the copyeditor very well: "Copyediting is facilitating clarity and understanding—in the author's own style" (2). The copyeditor should never replace the author's style for his or her own style. Judd writes, "The copyeditor should merely *suggest*; the editor [the managing editor at the publishing house] or the author is the final arbiter of whether a change should be made" (13). Editors, especially novice editors, must keep in mind that it isn't right just because it's in print. If they feel like something is wrong in some way, they should look it up. What they look up, they should write down in their style sheets. The style sheet allows for consistency throughout a manuscript, while also allowing for the author's style to prevail. Copyeditors need to know the correct uses and, more importantly, the incorrect uses of punctuation marks and grammar. Judd writes,

Before you get carried away, remember that the author is boss; be sensitive to the author's own style. Don't impose your style on the author's work, but do feel free to make suggestions that will enhance the work, correct the errors, and make the material consistent and readable. Fiction authors are especially likely to resist changes to their style; to them style is as important as story. (125)

Depending on the needs of the publishing house, the copyeditor may do light, regular, or heavy editing. Light editing involves just checking for faulty grammar, spelling and punctuation

and changing the style only if the author uses offensive language, such as sexist or racist

phrasings. Concerning regular editing, on the other hand, Judd writes:

[The copyeditor must] edit for correct and consistent style in spelling, punctuation, hyphenation, capitalization, and grammar; check for consistency of numerals, abbreviations, alphabetical or numerical lists, and the use of italics; revise or query material that's sexist, prejudiced, obscene, dated, or slanderous; improve word choice, transitions, and overall fluency; ensure consistency of in-text citations and end-of-chapter references; make art and text correspond; check numbering and completeness of references, footnotes, and bibliographies; add credit lines as stipulated; ensure agreement of table of contents with headings in text; mark callouts for all tables, figures, footnotes, and cross-references; ensure that headings within each chapter are parallel in construction, number and frequency; keep a thorough style sheet. (16-17)

And with heavy editing, the copyeditor must do all that as well as going even further in depth in improving the author's style as much as possible.

In the third guidebook I read, *The Subversive Copy Editor*, Carol Fisher Saller talks about her experiences working for *Chicago Manual of Style* and how people would write in expecting that the creators of that style guide knew everything about editing proper English. She talks about how there are multiple ways to use style correctly. More important than finding the "correct" style rule, editors must have reasons for why they are treating a problem a certain way and then they must apply their rules consistently throughout the manuscript. The manuscript is the author's manuscript. Editors should write a simple query to the author soon after beginning to edit to let the author know that editing is happening as well as to make sure that the author is fine

with a ruling that may need to be applied throughout the manuscript. There are six habits all editors should have: 1) Ask first, and ask nicely; 2) Don't sneak (much); 3) Eliminate surprises; 4) Check in; 5) Keep it professional; 6) Say "Yes." Saller writes, "A trove of knowledge, don't forget, exists in your author. She may be clueless about the style you are following, but she has two kinds of expertise that you may not: she knows her subject, and she knows the knowledge level of the reader she's writing for" (24). An editor should suggest changes, and if the author does not want to change, he or she should find out the author's reasoning. If the editor cannot persuade the author to change after that, the editor should say "Yes" to the author's wishes, because, in the end, it is the author's name on the manuscript. Saller writes about how to interact with both the author and one's fellow editors, offering many very useful observations.

In *The Copyeditor's Handbook*, Amy Einsohn has collected one of the largest compendiums on copyediting procedures around. In her first paragraph, she writes, "you can conceive of a copyeditor's chief concerns as comprising the '4 Cs'—clarity, coherency, consistency, and correctness—in service of the 'Cardinal C': communication," and she spends the rest of the book expanding on that idea (3). Editors must focus on abbreviations, bibliographies, capitalization, punctuation, and all the other areas which the other guidebooks have mentioned primarily because those areas are where inconsistencies are most likely to crop up. Einsohn writes, "when reading a manuscript, the copyeditor must ask, 'Is this sentence acceptable as the author has written it?' The issue is *not* 'If I were the writer, would I have written it some other way?'" (9). Einsohn emphasizes the difference between copyeditors and proofreaders, saying "Copyeditors work on an author's manuscript and are concerned with imposing mechanical consistency; correcting infelicities of grammar, usage, and diction; and querying internal inconsistencies of fact or tone" (11). Einsohn emphasizes that each copyeditor needs to find a

procedure he or she can follow. This should involve querying and some way of checking the 4 Cs, preferably involving a style sheet. Einsohn writes about the style sheet:

As you copyedit, you must stop every time you make a choice or decision about a mechanical issue (spelling, capitalization, use of numbers, abbreviations, hyphenation) and enter that decision into your style sheet. As you continue to work your way through the manuscript, these entries will remind you of the choices you have made and will thus help you enforce mechanical consistency.

(52)

In addition to the more detailed guidebooks which listed common mistakes authors make in various areas and detailed stylistic rules of which copyeditors should be aware, I read through three short articles dealing with editing. The first article, "Author's Version vs. Publisher's Version: An Analysis of the Copy-editing Function," relayed research done concerning the subject matter of the queries copyeditors wrote to the authors, the comments and questions in addition to any changes within the text itself. The authors of the article write,

The majority of queries ($n=47$; 42.7%) related to references—either as a result of inconsistency between text and bibliography or else missing/incomplete references. The second major category ($n=38$; 34.5%) included requests by the copy-editor to the author to check that the copy-editing was acceptable. This covered relatively trivial points of grammar, correction of spelling errors, etc.

(126).

Even though it does not help me much in the creation of a copyediting procedure, it was interesting seeing what other copyeditors generally query about. Additionally, this article gave a useful piece of information concerning the history of copyediting:

It is worth remembering that copy-editing was originally a printers' invention (printing and publishing being almost indistinguishable activities in the early days of the trade) but was gradually taken over by the publishers from about the middle of the 20th century onwards. The primary aims of the copy-editor are to "remove any obstacles between the reader and what the author wishes to convey, and also to save time and money by finding and solving any problems before the book [or journal] is typeset, so that production can go ahead without interruption." (126)

There was another study in the article "Expressive Richness: A Comparison of Speech and Text as Media for Revision," which compared the queries editors wrote when they wrote them using dictation or written word. The study noticed that when editors dictated, they equivocated more often and showed signs of doubt in the absoluteness of their suggestions. The reasoning is that when one speaks out loud, one is reminded that the author is a fellow human being instead of just words on paper. The authors of the article write, "This awareness of a partner may cause people to review their speech from the partner's standpoint, thus leading to more frequent self-edits when it fails to match an intention [22]. Similarly, the greater use of pronouns, equivocal phrasing, and of explanation may result from greater attention to a communication partner" (25). This is a good reminder to me as an editor that it can be all too easy to only correct the words on the paper without stopping to think about what is being written from the author's perspective, and since an editor is supposed to be helping authors express themselves as well as possible, not thinking about the author is very detrimental.

In a letter responding to an article M. Thomas Inge had written, Daniel P. Deneau shares an example of how Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* went through a publishing house and the editors

added an extreme amount of punctuation, commas specifically. They added them in an inconsistent manner as well. Deneau writes,

The composers took various liberties, such as changing the length of sentences—that is, sometimes combining several short sentences into one period and sometimes splitting long sentences into several shorter ones . . . Admittedly, a few of the composers' changes clarify the text, but the vast majority—thousands and thousands—are totally arbitrary. (129)

Brontë's manuscript was harmed by the influence of her editors, but she did not argue with them and in fact applauded their changes because she had trouble getting her manuscript accepted by any publishers; she was willing to accept almost any changes to her manuscript if it meant getting published. Sometimes the editing process does not help, and in fact harms a manuscript.

This was actually one of the main points which Bonnie Proctor mentioned in my interview with her. She edits Andrews University dissertations. She said that editors should not worry about the fact that they won't catch every mistake, because they won't, but they should just keep in mind the rule: Do No Harm. She also talked about several specifics that she focuses on and that all editors should focus on. Editors must check the table of content to the chapter titles. They must cross-check each reference to the bibliography and make sure that every work in the bibliography is cited somewhere in the text. They must check grammar and spelling. Editors don't need to care whether something is "correct or not, but they must strive to make the document consistent. If a name or term is unfamiliar to an editor, he or she might not catch if it is being used incorrectly (this is an error which is almost impossible to avoid). A rule for changing style is: If you stumble over a sentence while reading it, it requires alteration. If an author coins a word, mark it in the stylesheet. General editors (or line editors) have to be familiar with the

subject matter, and ideally copyeditors would be familiar as well. If you are ever tired or daydreaming, stop editing for the day.

Bill Chobotar also said that editors should never work while tired or upset. If you edit while tired, you won't notice mistakes you would notice otherwise and your editing will have been in vain because you will not do as good of a job as you could have. Dr. Chobotar is one of two editors for a journal on parasitology. He gave several anecdotes—horror stories—about how authors plagiarize. There have been some people who take another person's article and change a few words here and there and the title and try to resubmit the research as their own. Editors must pay attention to what is being written in the field in which they are working.

I also interviewed Deborah Everhart. She is the Head Editor at the Andrews University Press. She is my boss. She talked about how the copyeditor's responsibilities are whatever the author thinks the copyeditor's responsibilities are, no more and no less. An editor should be the mediator between the author and the reader. The line editor works to help the author get across what he or she wants, the proofreader works to make sure the readers don't stumble in their understanding of the work, and the copyeditor looks out for both what the author wants and what the reader wants. She reads through a manuscript once, but some editors read through twice to make sure there is extra consistency (as in decisions they made toward the end of the book are applied in the beginning as well). The editor must make sure that all questions to the author are understandable and respectful (this can actually be difficult if you are annoyed with a simplistic and repeated error).

The last person I interviewed was Kevin Wiley. He edits a journal for the School of Education. He reassured me that even professional editors must continue to learn. He is still reading guidebooks about how to copyedit to remind himself about various rules and to learn

new ones. An editor can't be expected to know everything, but they need to have the willingness to learn.

The impression I got from most of these guidebooks and interviews is that copyediting is never an exact science. There are not even specific parts of the manuscript which the copyeditor must change; there are parts which the editor should pay attention to and which are common areas for mistakes, but they are mainly just suggestions for how to think in the right way and not methods for finding every error. Copyeditors should ask questions. They should question whether the headings are used the same throughout instead of assuming that they are. They should question whether a word they have seen hundreds of times is spelled correctly or being used correctly. Ideally, they should question every word and punctuation mark, but in practice copyeditors don't have time to do that. So the guidebooks are meant to train copyeditors to focus on the right areas, to recognize a common mistake. It's not that a copyeditor should memorize the list of grammatical and stylistic mistakes, it's that having read the list of mistakes when they come across the mistake in the text, the editor might question it. Copyeditors don't need to have all the answers on the tip of their tongues, but they should know when to question something, when it doesn't sound quite right.

Editors are not arbiters of correctness. Language is fluid and ever-changing. Even with areas such as grammar and spelling, the rules change over time. It wasn't that long ago that split infinitive were condemned by all editors, but now they are accepted by many if it sounds better with the split infinitive. It wasn't that long ago that starting a sentence with "However" was condemned, but now it is more accepted. Language is not controlled by the editors and grammarians of the world; language changes because the people who use the language change the way in which it is used. Editors must not have the attitude that the changes they are

suggesting are the “correct” way to say something. All edits are suggestions which the author can then reject. This is why the highest rule for a copyeditor is not correctness, but consistency. If an author wants to misspell a word, then at least he or she should misspell it the same way through the manuscript. Though at the same time, the editor is there to tell the author that the reader expects words to be spelled in the standard way and for sentences to follow the standard syntax. This is why editors are so important. They are the voice for the readers to the author. They are the voice for the author to the readers. They are the translator; they are the ones who make sure that communication is happening.

There is no procedure which can promise a perfect end result and in fact, the procedure which copyeditors follow is very easy, but it involves the assumption that the copyeditor will be mindful of the myriad of mistakes which he or she should be noticing during each of the steps of the process. What follows is a basic five-step procedure which I created based on my reading and interviews:

Step 1: Quickly scan the manuscript, noting the overall layout and organization (chapters, sections).

Step 2: Read through the manuscript while creating a paragraph-by-paragraph outline in the style sheet. Note any obvious mistakes, but mainly focus on first impressions as a reader, noting any confusing or unexplained plot developments.

Step 3: Analyze the outline, noting any plot holes and suggestions for “better” presentation.

Step 4: Read through the manuscript for a second time, focusing on the sentence level. Prevent grammatical, stylistic, and typographical inconsistencies by keeping a detailed style sheet. Look up anything (spelling, grammatical expectations, historical facts) that you are not

completely certain about, and put the answer in the style sheet for future reference. Write comments to the author.

Step 5: Revise and restructure comments so as not to cover similar queries multiple times and so as to phrase the queries in a polite manner. Write a page with overall impressions and suggestions for the author. Send this page along with the manuscript and the style sheet to the author.

All of the suggestions were taken from somewhere, an interview or a guidebook, except for the creation of an outline in the style sheet. This is supported in the guidebooks because it is meant to prevent plot holes and make sure that characters and locations are being used consistently throughout the manuscript. With a work of fiction, with flashbacks and a less straightforward development, the creation of an outline is a good idea. However, while editing I discovered that my initial idea of marking each paragraph with a number for easy cross-referencing later was a bad idea. It took up too much time and it took up too much memory space in the document, causing the document to load slower. The only clarification I would add to this procedure then is that one should not mark in the text the paragraph number, though I stand by the idea of keeping an outline.

This project has allowed me the opportunity to learn how to copyedit and actually put my knowledge into practice. This will be invaluable to me in the future as I want to be a freelance copyeditor. It has also matured my impressions of what it means to be an editor. I used to see an editor as someone who knew every grammatical rule by heart and could catch and correct a faulty sentence in a heartbeat. I thought that editors were expected to catch every mistake in a manuscript and if they missed any, this was a mark against them. I have since learned that editors never catch every mistake and that many "corrections" are perhaps better referred to as

subjective improvements. Editors do not need to know the answers, they just need to have a love of the language. Like poets, they should get excited about individual words and style; they should enjoy asking questions about the appropriateness of certain phrases. And this is something I can do.

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Appendix A:

Chapter Two of *The Lights of the Arno*

Since half of my project was the act of editing, I am including a sample chapter with my edits included.

Chapter 2

“Don’t you think it’s kind of ridiculous that we have to all wear white for graduation weekend?”

Maysom shook his head to bring himself to the present. Before then, he had been out of a daydreaming about some a sumptuous meal he had had at The Trackston, a new restaurant down the street from his house which —A new venue, it was gaining a reputation notoriety for its featured having live musicians and original drinks mixes. He only had to look at Briana for her to know that he hadn’t heard a word.

“Ugh, you are absolutely impossible, May,” she sighed. She knew that he hated the nickname, but she also knew she was the only one allowed to use it, and she took advantage of that fact.

“So what were you saying?” he asked.

“I’m saying that I think it’s ridiculous that we all have to wear white on graduation weekend, the ceremony for the juniors to the seniors, you know? It’s like they want to trap us in some kind of Renaissance imagery, where we’re all supposed to be virgins.”

“Mmmm,” Maysom half-heartedly prodded her on.

“Just wait until you’re a senior next year: they insist on you wearing black,” Maysom grinned.

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"But next year, they'll insist on us wearing black... so well, then I guess we can
seunderstand what the education system is saying about our markers of development," Briana
continued, grinning answered wryly.

Briana was, by far, the smartest girl that Maysom knew, and he wasn't sure if that made
him appreciate her more or less. Most of the time, her Bri's ruminations ~~unintending~~
implications of black ~~versus~~ white would've intrigued him, but today, it just seemed to him an
attempt to look smart by bucking the system.

"I don't think it's that big of a deal, Bri," he said. "I kind of like the suit I'm wearing."

Bri looked him back dead in the eyes. "Conformist" was her only retort, before returning
to the tedium of their in-class Spanish vocabulary inventory. He knew some of the answers. He
quickly checked off *pollo*, *perro*, and *cielo*. In between filling in the answers, he and Bri shot
plans between them, made plans for the empty summer days ahead on their calendars. During the
summer, the days hung limp like clothes on a hangline/clothes line, drifting lazily in the arid

breeze, vernal breaths. Each day seemed was unto itself, unlike those preceding and
ending nothing being the requisite to enjoy it, and it ended almost as soon as it had begun, so
that the whole summer seemed to be nothing but a bizarre collage of lukewarm and golden
daydreams.

"We could go to the Promenade; there are a lot of things I want to see," Maysom
suggested.

"Yeah... that was George's spot."

Maysom sighed. George, Briana's best friend and the third member of their triumvirate,
had announced that he would be moving to New Hampshire before the start of the new school
year. The news had devastated Briana since she had very few friends and left her without many

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Commented [10]: Seems a little out of place considering he set up her wry remark. I changed it from a back-and-forth to Briana pushing her own thoughts onward.

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Commented [12]: 2.1.10

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Commented [13]: "vernal" refers to spring, which by definition doesn't refer to summer.

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Commented [14]: What does this mean? This whole sentence could be made more straightforward/concrete and less abstract/poetic.

Commented [NB15R14]:

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Commented [17]: 2.1.12

Commented [18]: 2.1.13

Commented [19]: I highly suggest changing this to "trio," or explain how this group decided that it would be a good idea to refer to their friendship as being similar to Ancient Roman rulers.

Commented [NB20R19]:

Commented [21]: Has he already moved? Will he move during the summer? Fiscal or school year?

friends other than Maysom. Whether it was due to her towering intellect or her devotion to the art of fangirling, people remained ambivalent about her, just as likely to stay away from her as to approach her. Maysom took the conversation on a different path.

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“So are you going to go back to camp this summer? You said that you were going to be promoted.”

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Briana huffed. “Yeah, and it doesn’t come with any visible benefits. Just more work for the same amount of money.”

Commented [23]: 2.1.15

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Maysom came to the conclusion that Briana was not destined to be cheerful today, felt like complaining that day. Suddenly, Mrs. Hernandez started to speak to the class, telling the class what would be on the next test; and other updates things that Maysom gaily ignored. Mrs.

Commented [24]: 2.1.16

Commented [25]: I personally don't believe in destiny. You were probably just using it idiomatically, but if there are other ways of saying the same thing, I would suggest doing so.

Hernandez wasn’t born speaking Spanish; she only learned it as a cause of being married into the language someone who did. As a result, she had to deal with snickers from the back row about

Commented [26]: Is this the right word?

her accent or blatant defiance from the Mexican students who felt their time would be better spent elsewhere. After updating the class, Mrs. Hernandez handed was now handing back the

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results of the last test. The closer that she walked toward Maysom, the darker the room became behind her. Even though it was midday close to noon, she Mrs. Hernandez kept getting darker and

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darker, bringing a the shroud of disclarity behind her with substantial force. Maysom looked left and right, but and could not longer see Briana anymore, could no longer see himself. Then he

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woke up.

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The sandpapery grind of Huey’s tongue woke Maysom up. He looked around at the disorder of his roomhouse and found in himself no desire to clean it. As his eyes adjusted

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focused to the dim morning light of the house, ~~he~~ they began to make out a figure sitting in the corner of the room. Even though it ~~it~~ was shrouded in darkness, but Maysom got the feeling that it was watching him. The insidious figure groaned like a zombie as it moved toward Maysom. Maysom waited until ~~it~~ the figure came close and then poked it so hard in the gut that it cried out with a very human voice.

Commented [29]: This word does not match your intended meaning

"Jesus!" the shadow ~~it~~ exclaimed. "I thought you had developed a sense of humor by now."

Commented [30]: 2.2.2

"You know I'm prone to disorientation in the morning," said Maysom. "You can't say you didn't deserve that one. Good morning, Simon."

Commented [31]: 2.2.3

As he moved into the ~~the~~ musty light, it bounced off a shock of Simon's platinum blond hair. Simon's smile pushed most of last night's dreams out of Maysom's mind. He always had a kind a way ~~and~~ manner that easily affected people and the kind that made ~~the~~ you forget what you they wanted to say. His smile pushed most of last night's dreams out of Maysom's mind, and Maysom he wondered what Simon had planned for the day.

Commented [32]: Did Maysom know it was Simon when he poked him? The narration implies that he didn't.

Commented [33]: "musty" refers to smell. How does light have a smell?

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"I think that we should go for a stroll along the *Ponte Vecchio* today," said Simon.

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"I was just there last night, but I do have to go pick up food for Huey," said Maysom. In truth, he still felt awful at the thought of Huey ~~spending~~ having to spend another hour without food. He decided that when he went to pick up the food, he would pick up some cat treats as well as ~~as~~ penance to compliment his idea of penance.

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"Do I look like the kind of guy that has nothing better to do on a Sunday than to accompany you to buy cat food?" asked Simon.

Commented [36]: 2.2.7

"You're still in the apartment at 10 am on a Sunday."

Commented [37]: 2.2.8

Commented [38]: 2.2.9

"Touché."

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Simon's eyes eventually roved over the floorboards and came to rest before resting on the guitar case lying limp in the corner of the living room. He looked from Maysom to the bag and back and raised his eyebrows.

"I made sixty dollars \$60," Maysom said.

Simon didn't respond. His gaze returned to roving around He only continued to look at the floor.

"Get your coat on," Simon abruptly ordered.

Walking the narrow streets of Florence had an immediate clearing effect on Maysom. As they walked through the narrow streets of Florence, Maysom He could feel the morning's cloudiness shedding off of him, as the hustle and bustle of the city matched the beating of his heart. He could remember that W when he first arrived in Florence, he didn't know that it was called Firenze. He wandered the streets in awe at first, seeing the magnificent edifices and the sprawling culture, but this feeling soon gave way to him despairing - despair that he would never find a place in this arena.

He envied the ease with which Simon navigated the streets. He said things like *ciao* and *buongiorno*, like a true Italian person, though but obvious indicator things like the American flag on Simon's keychain would never allow him to be fully mistaken for a native. Although he wouldn't admit it, Simon couldn't truly be weaved ever really be allowed into the Italian fabric of being. Nevertheless, he blended in a lot better than Maysom did. They had ended up walking to the *Duomo*. Like always, Maysom was always entranced by the elaborately sculpted relief sculptures on the face of the church, including the saints, with their heads bowed held down in humility, spoke to a certain attentiveness, an awareness by He was sure this attention to

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Commented [44]: "shedding" usually is a active verb, requiring both something being shed and something doing the shedding. I suggest using the word "sloughing off" instead.

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Commented [45]: Are you saying that the culture is very all-inclusive or are you saying that the city was spread out over a large area?

Commented [46]: I'm not sure what this word is meant to accomplish. Perhaps it would be better if you expanded the thought into a sentence instead of into a word.

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Commented [47]: 2.3.2

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~~detail was a sign that the sculptors were aware that their works would be admired here long~~

~~after they were gone. Simon suggested that they go in. When Maysom hesitated, he was only met with "Yeah yeah, we'll get your stupid cat food afterwards." Maysom kept an eye on the saints on the outside of the cathedral for as long as he could as they entered into the foyer of the domed church passed underneath them to enter. They stood in the foyer of the domed church.~~

~~"There's no better place than good old Firenze," Simon whispered. He pranced around the foyer as he talked, affecting grand air. "Here anyone can fancy himself an artist, a musician, or a poet. Look at all this. How can your soul remain still and quiet in the presence of true art?"~~

~~Maysom only stood mute in the wake of Simon's soliloquy. He didn't feel like telling him how many dreamless nights he'd had had recently, or that his soul truly did stand still when he stood was standing here in the center of the cathedral. Simon had always expressed yearnings for artistic greatness artistic leanings, but Maysom was satisfied just to earn a few Euros by singing with the few good songs that he sang on the street. It was enough for him. He drifted away from Simon a little, knowing that Simon he would be quite all right on his own. For Maysom, the most magical part of the cathedral was not the ornate buttresses and spires, or the impossibly large doors, but the simple wooden benches that people went to for prayer. He found it interesting that so many went there, not as tourists, but as guests to the divine. It seemed that people were naturally drawn to the benches, wanting to come in contact with the ether, the spirit of living things.~~

~~He sat on the bench with more force than he intended. Looking around, he saw could see that many of the people on the benches were elderly Italians, and he couldn't help but wondered about what would draw them here. They had lived in the heart of Florence much longer than he~~

Commented [48]: How does the fact that they are held down in humility suggest awareness on the sculptor's part? These two thoughts are unrelated and should be presented in two sentences.

Commented [49]: 2.3.3

Commented [50]: Since he is said to be "affecting airs," I get the impression he is being sarcastic or ironic in some way, but he seems serious about what he is saying. You should get rid of this discrepancy.

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Commented [52]: If you want to redefine "ether," that's fine, but this is not the standard definition. The ether is seen as a region above the clouds. Ether (without "the") is a liquid in chemistry and a theoretical substance in physics which was thought to be a medium for light and other waves to pass through, but had nothing to do with "the spirit of living things."

I took out this sentence, because if the ether idea is replaced with the idea of souls or the divine, then this sentence is a repetition of the previous sentence.

Commented [53]: 2.3.5

had, and had ~~basked continually~~ in the greatness of the shadow of the imposing and ancient edifices. It seemed to him that there could be no splendor left in the silence of the cathedral, but still they came. He thought about who they must be lifting up in prayer—perhaps their children, if they had any. He figured ~~there must be~~ that there must have been something about the church that promised ~~them~~ security, for them.

“Hey.”

Maysom turned to see a girl with smooth mocha skin and long black hair. She had a sizable ring with wings on her forefinger, and her eyes rather than her voice seemed to radiate through and disturb the silence. Maysom hesitated for a moment, regarding the girl as one might regard a sculpture, but ~~and~~ then realized that he was being rude.

“H-hey,” he said. He couldn’t think of anything else to say. He looked around to spot Simon, but couldn’t. Luckily, the girl supplied more conversation.

“You know, this church was completed in 1436, and a lot of people wonder about why every part of the it is so ornate, even the parts that people can’t see,” she said. “I’ve heard that it was because the people that were working on the churches thought that they were making something not just for them, but for the eyes of God.”

Maysom chewed on this and replied, “I think they were just trying to earn a meal for the day, but hey, it’s the thought that counts.”

The girl actually looked put out by this. She ~~and~~ ran her hands through her hair a few times before proceeding.

“Are you always like this?”

“My friends tell me I can be abrasive sometimes.”

“You don’t even remember me, do you?”

Commented [54]: It's a little weird to refer to basking in the shadow of something. Even if basking is not meant in the original sense of being exposed to sunlight, it still refers to being exposed to metaphorical light of some sort.

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Commented [55]: “perhaps”?

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Commented [62]: Both hands? Would this be better as “fingers”?

Commented [63]: 2.3.12

Commented [64]: 2.3.13

Commented [65]: 2.3.14

"Not if we met more than five minutes ago, no."

Commented [66]: 2.3.15

"I'm Retta," she said, offering her hand to Maysom. "We met at *La Campanella* last weekend." *La Campanella* was a dive near *Palazzo Vecchio* that Simon took Maysom to almost every weekend. Maysom never ~~actually~~ wanted to go, but he ~~trundled~~ along anyway; ~~and~~ ~~tried~~ trying to fit in with Simon's friends, all of whom were five years older than him and ~~perpetually~~ inebriated, whether they were in or out of the tavern. Maysom could never remember meeting anyone at *La Campanella*, but then again, he was usually having such a bad time that he didn't remember much.

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"Retta...?" he asked as he shook her hand.

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"The bartender." She looked ~~directly~~ right back at him, as if she was trying to figure him out. Lots of people ~~tried to figure him out~~ ~~did that~~, but they ~~never~~ didn't walk away with much.

Commented [69]: 2.3.18

"Well, I'm sure the reason I didn't remember your name was because I tend to block out women I don't have a shot with."

Commented [70]: 2.3.19

He was trying to be charming, and he hated himself for it. Even though he envied those guys ~~who~~ that could get women into bed with a few simple words, he didn't think very highly of them, and he hated to think of himself as one.

Commented [71]: 2.3.20

She laughed. It was a low and warm laugh, the kind that invites others to join in.

Commented [72]: 2.3.21

"Cute" was all she said. They sat for a few more moments admiring the penitent elderly ~~ly~~ and the dome for which the church had been named. The girl ~~slid~~ moved closer to Maysom until they were almost shoulder to shoulder. She was a few years older than him, that much he could tell, but she ~~carried an aura of youthfulness within her. embodied a certain youth about her. in her. and carried it with her.~~ He decided to say something.

Commented [73]: 2.3.22

"So do you know Simon then ~~have you known Simon for long?~~"

Commented [74]: 2.3.23

"You could say that. But I've known you for longer."

Commented [75]: 2.3.24

"I haven't been here that long."

Commented [76]: 2.3.25

"You don't know a lot of Italian, do you? Haven't you ever heard of *anima gemella*?"

Commented [77]: 2.3.26

"No..."

Commented [78]: 2.3.27

"Loosely translated in English, it correlates to the word 'soulmate'. But literally, it means 'soul twin'. I like to think that it means that there's someone out there with half of your soul, just like hands are nothing but twins of each other."

Commented [79]: 2.3.28

Commented [80]: I don't believe in soulmates, so this impression that you are putting out pro-soulmates isn't fun for me to read.

"And you think I'm that person?"

Commented [81]: 2.3.29

She stopped and once again looked Maysom squarely in the eye. He just then only now realized that he could smell something sweet coming from Retta, like something from a perfume shop. She was wearing a cool gray blazer which opened to show a pink tank top, and the top of her breasts rested slightly above the pink lace of her tank top. Maysom was finding it harder and harder to breathe.

Commented [82]: 2.3.30

"I think that you've always been that person. I knew it when I first saw you," Retta said.

Commented [83]: 2.3.31

Maysom looked back at Retta with a mixture of confusion and desire. He longed to caress her smooth skin and full lips, but couldn't understand what she wanted with him, or how he made such an impression with someone he couldn't even remember. As Maysom was thinking, Simon finally materialized and stood behind their pew.

"You ready to go, then? Oh hey, Retta!"

Commented [84]: 2.3.32

Maysom shook his head; he realized that he had been staring at Retta for longer than was normally really acceptable. She directed a coy smile to the floor, and they drifted apart almost imperceptibly. Simon looked from one to the other.

Commented [85]: 2.3.33

Commented [86]: Is Retta shy? Because she seemed very upfront earlier.

Commented [87]: By saying "almost," you are implying that Simon did perceive their movement apart. Did he?

"So I guess you two are getting along, huh?" he said.

Commented [88]: 2.3.34

Retta spoke first. "I guess so." Maysom nodded mutely.

Commented [89]: 2.3.35

"C'mon, bud. We still gotta buy your damned cat food," said Simon teased.

Commented [90]: 2.3.36

"Don't worry about it," he said.

Commented [91]: I can't tell if Simon is actually upset about buying the cat food (which is a weird thing to be upset about) or if he's just joking. Either way, I suggest making it more clear (and perhaps explaining why he's upset if he is).

"Not the sort of thing I typically worry about," she replied coolly. She flashed him a smile.

raised her eyebrows, and Maysom spoke quickly. Retta

"Well. Bbye, I guess." Maysom said to Retta.

Commented [92]: 2.3.39

"Bye," she said and flashed him a smile.

Commented [93]: 2.3.40

He crossed the floor in Simon's expansive wake, which was expansiveso because he had

Commented [94]: 2.3.41

the tendency of walking with his arms outstretched in exclamatory body language. As they exited the church doors, Maysom ehaneed a looked back at the bench, and found that Retta was still there. She was standing completely still and seemed to beas if she was a part of the *Duomo's* architecture. The only movement that he saw before leaving was her massaging the winged ring on her forefinger.

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Commented [97]: What does a future look like?

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Maysom stepped off of the train in awe. To the rest of the people standing there, it

probably looked like nothing but a train station, but to him, it looked like a future. He picked up

his suitcase and his guitar and headed to the *piazza* to catch a taxi. He had heard before that it

rained a lot in Italy, but on this day there wasn't a cloud in sight. He looked around and breathed

in all of the people standing near him - at the middle-aged man with a cigarette between his

fingers pushing while he pushed a stroller; an old lady, shrouded in clothing despite the apparent

heat; a young lady who looked as lost as he did. He cursed himself for how hopelessly American

he looked, but he knew he would get the gist of things soon.

Once ~~w~~hen he was little, he had heard his uncle explained that if ~~he~~you were ever in a foreign country without any money, he should find the nearest church. If ~~you~~he found a church, ~~he~~you would find people that cared, a good meal, and a place to sleep. Maysom began asking the people around ~~him~~, where the nearest church was.

"*Ch-ch-chiesa piú vicino?*" he asked a couple, ~~but they kept walking by~~; he. He decided to try someone else.

"*Chiesa piú vicino?*" he asked. This time, it was directed at a group of what he assumed were students, but they ignored him as well.

He stood on the outskirts of the station, wondering what to do, when he experienced his first moment of charity in Italy. An elderly old woman came up to him.

"*La chiesa piú vicina ha lo stesso nome di questa stazione.*"

The woman pointed at the floor. Maysom at least knew that "*stazione*" meant "station", but he didn't understand. He gave her a confused look. The woman sighed and gave up trying to explain verbally and motioned for him to follow her. She waited while he grabbed his luggage and tottered to the crowd waiting for the next bus. She pointed up at the large metal letters on the front of the station: *La Stazione di Santa Maria Novella*. She looked at Maysom until it he understood. At first he didn't, but slowly it dawned on him. The closest church must have been called that as well. The light of recognition showed in his eyes, and before he could ask where the church was, the woman pointed south. Now he knew where to go and what he was looking for. He covered the woman in a hail of "*grazie*'s" before walking off in the direction she had indicated.

Maysom entered the lobby of the church, but he didn't see anyone around. ~~When he~~ arrived at the church, it didn't seem as if anyone was there. Even though ~~there was a small~~

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cherry wood desk and a coat rack nearby, but there was no guarantee that he was at the front of the church, seeing as he couldn't read any of the signs. Suddenly, a man popped out of what seemed like thin air, and smiled at Maysom. He was wearing a brown three-piece suit, with a white shirt and cream-colored tie. They didn't match as well as the man thought.

"Hello, young man. What do you need?"

His English was much better than Maysom could have expected.

"I need help. Someone told me that if I came to a church, they could help me."

"Yes, yes, we can help. What do you need?" he repeated.

"I need a safe place to stay. Do you know any church members that would give me a place to stay?"

The man peered at Maysom. "Maybe. I might know someone." He began to titter around the desk, rifling through the papers and apparent disorder.

"I can pay rent and I will find a job as soon as I can," Maysom said defensively while the man kept working. He made no sign that he had heard Maysom.

"There is a member of the church," he said. "He sometimes boards with exchange students, is that what you are?"

Maysom hesitated. "I'm from New York," he said, as if that answered the question.

The man's face lit up and his suspicions about Maysom seemed to dissipate. "Oh! Really? New York! I always want to go there! Is it amazing what people say about it?"

"Oh, I'm actually from upstate New York. It's about 500 miles from the city, but I've been there a couple of times."

The man deflated visibly, but kept regained his composure. He continued to rifle through the papers.

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Once they were out in the fresh sunlight and navigating the narrow alleyways and vic
Maysom felt less entrapped by Retta's aura. He still couldn't remember meeting her, but that was
further down on his list of concerns: Simon was asking questions again. Every once in a while,
Simon would take to badgering Maysom with a barrage of sparse and seemingly offhand
interrogations, but they almost always centered around the same thing. *Where exactly in New
York are you from? Do you have any siblings? What does your family think of you being all they
way over here?* Maysom looked up as he noticed that there was a silence. He couldn't remember
what question Simon had asked last. That made it more difficult to avoid an honest answer. He
looked at Simon's only to find his face was twisted in supplication. Maysom wondered how long
Simon had been waiting for a response this time.

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Commented [121]: What does this mean? Is there a English equivalent?

Commented [122]: What's the antecedent?

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Commented [123]: Is there whole series of questions in a row? Are the questions interspersed in conversation? Or does Simon ask one question every few hours?

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"I'm sorry, what?"

Commented [124]: 2.5.2

"I said, Mystery Kid, how come you never talk about your family?"

Commented [125]: 2.5.3

"We're not exactly tight."

Commented [126]: 2.5.4

"Well, everyone hates their family."

Commented [127]: 2.5.5

"No, I mean us. You and me."

Commented [128]: 2.5.6

Simon tried to feigned a crestfallen expression.

Commented [129]: 2.5.7

"Look, can we just talk about something else?" Maysom asked.

Commented [130]: Is Simon actually upset? Is his feigned disappointment a cover for his real disappointment?

"Anything you want, Mystery Kid."

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He was so deep in thought that he barely noticed the soft clicking against the pavement
that wasn't slowing down.

Commented [131]: 2.5.8

"Hey!"

Commented [132]: 2.5.9

He looked around for the person that had shouted, but only found himself alone, standing with his arm between the child and the burgeoning traffic. He was panting, and he looked around for the child's parents, who were quickly coming from behind. He waved to them.

"*Mi dispiace! Mi dispiace.*" he said. "I'm sorry. *E' corso*... he ran into the street." He feebly pointed at the road behind him, and the couple seemed to understand. The woman began waving her hands at the child.

"*Cosa stavi pensando, tesoro? Passano le macchine!*" she said, simultaneously berating and embracing her child.

Maysom concluded that he was no longer needed there, and crossed the now empty street to get to the grocery store. Simon was waiting for him near the entrance, smoking a cigarette. He threw his head in the direction of the door and walked in. Maysom followed. Boythigh, and Maysom smiled at the sight of him. He turned back to the passing cars and thought about Simon's onslaught of inquiries. It wasn't that he didn't trust Simon; he just knew that the answers he was looking for would only lead to more questions. The best way was to just forever remain Mystery mid-ahead of his parents. His head didn't reach any higher than Maysom's running. Maysom assumed they had just come from Mass. They could hear the click of the child's dress shoes against the sidewalk as he recklessly, and that was dressed up was a family, there for the traffic to abate. Behind them and waited. They waited patiently at the corner

The next night, Maysom went found himself back on the *Ponte Vecchio*. His hand sported a nice scratch from Huey, as he had been attacked when he tried to feed him. He supposed that he deserved it. The people on the bridge flowed by less frequently. It was a slow night. A decrepit old woman pushed past on her equally decrepit bicycle. A young couple walked by

Commented [133]: SECTION BEGIN

Commented [134]: 2.6.1

Commented [135]: He "found himself" makes it seem like he's not the actor of his own body, which is the impression given in these first sections. Things happen to him, but Maysom is not shown to be a force himself.

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Commented [136]: Either use "decrepit old" for both or just "decrepit" for both. Decrepit already has the meaning of elderly and rundown, so the "old" is just for emphasizing the meaning.

with the man had. A little girl seated on her father's shoulders, and the lights shone in the Arno, that beautiful river. The crowd was smaller tonight than he was used to. Maysom He tried to focus on the music as he played, but he was distracted. It felt like he wasn't singing the words, but that he could still hear them from afar. He felt like tonight was a Kings of Leon type of night; one of Simon's favorite bands.

Told me you love me, that I'd never die alone

Hand over your heart, let's go home

Everyone noticed, everyone has seen the signs

I've always been known to cross lines-

On the other side of the *Ponte Vecchio*, there was he could see a young woman standing with her back turned, looking out over the steadily flowing river. She wore a red plaid pea coat with a black scarf and stood very still, like she was a guru in meditation. Maysom He couldn't see much of her, but he could see her short red hair peeking out from underneath her cap. He glanced down at her black leggings and simple black flats. He was sure she was the girl he had seen so many nights before. Maysom sang out louder than before.

I never ever cried when I was feeling down

I've always been scared of the sound

Jesus don't love me, no one ever carried my load

I'm too young to feel this old

He kept playing, but he scarcely took his eyes off of her. He wasn't sure, maybe because it was a slow night and the people simply passed him by instead of clumping to watch him perform, but Maysom couldn't help the feeling that there this was something different, that he

Commented [137]: My first impression is of a young child.

Commented [138]: This is a very stereotypical portrayal of gurus and could offend someone. It also seems unnecessary.

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Appendix B:

The Style Sheet

The style sheet is the guide an editor uses to make sure the manuscript stays consistent.

Additionally, it is given to the publishing house or the author so that if any changes need to be made at a later time, they can be easily checked against the rules of the style sheet.

Style Sheet

Outline:

BOOK ONE?

Chapter 1: IMPRESSION: Maysom is an unemployed guitarist, who plays on the sidewalk for money. He lives in a rundown apartment with a cat, Huey. He has amnesia of some sort. Briana, a dark-eyed woman, is his soulmate and he will struggle through his amnesia to be together with her. The story will be a romance, ending with Maysom's success. Along the way, there will be an explanation of why Briana and Maysom are soulmates and why Maysom has amnesia. Maysom may overcome his amnesia or learn to deal with it, but either way he will get together with Briana.

Section 1

Paragraph 1: Maysom finds himself playing a song on his guitar, Sophia, while students go *al centro*.

Paragraph 2: A child onlooker is pulled away from his mimicking.

Paragraph 3: Flashback to hearing Morrison song in a Renault. But when?

Paragraph 4: Reminiscent girl with black eyes.

Paragraph 5: The crowd disperses to various night activities (around love) in Firenze.

Paragraph 6: Maysom walks home alone; crossing the old bridge.

Paragraph 7: Walk continued; store fronts closing up.

Paragraph 8: Crossing a street; the city defined towards or away from the center.

Paragraph 9: The red Fiat dies, then restarts and drives away into the night.

Paragraph 10: Maysom writes a journal entry; rereads previous entry which is him confessing his love to Briana.

Paragraph 11: Connects Briana with dark-eyed girl; pictures her, but picture flutters.

Paragraph 12: Maysom's apartment—fifth floor, above a *gelateria*; above him, someone playing a grand piano, crumbling the ceiling.

Paragraph 13: Maysom's cat, Huey, asking for food.

Paragraph 14: Maysom feels guilty for not getting Huey food.

Paragraph 15: Maysom apologizes; Huey seems to accept apology.

Paragraph 16: Sits in worn-down couch; looks at moon (second time this night), enjoys the way the moon shines over the Tuscan landscape.

Paragraph 17: About to fall asleep on couch; sees a picture of Briana and recognizes her as the woman on the *Ponte Vecchio*, but seems to have forgotten her name.
Chapter 2: Maysom has Simon, Briana, and Retta in his life. He lives a lonely life since none of them are close friends.

Section 1—A dream memory.

Paragraph 1: Dialogue asking about graduation weekend.
Paragraph 2: Maysom's daydream is broken by Briana's dialogue.
Paragraph 3: Briana exasperated with May.
Paragraph 4-7: Dialogue
Paragraph 8: Bri is smartest girl Maysom knows; questioning culture; but seems like an attempt to look smart.
Paragraph 9: Maysom disagrees with Bri.
Paragraph 10: While doing Spanish homework, they make plans for the summer.
Paragraph 11: Suggestion to go to Promenade during summer.
Paragraph 12: Bri's response.
Paragraph 13: Briana is bummed about George leaving; people are ambivalent to her.
Paragraph 14: Maysom asks about camp and Briana's promotion.
Paragraph 15: Briana is upset that there are no benefits to the promotion.
Paragraph 16: Mrs. Hernandez's Spanish class, handing back a test; the scene starts going black and Maysom realizes it was a dream.

Section 2: Simon is a friend/authority figure of Maysom's.

Paragraph 1: Maysom wakes up and sees a shadowy figure in his apartment; pokes it.
Paragraph 2: Figure lightheartedly responds, showing an ongoing relationship.
Paragraph 3: Maysom's rebuttal.
Paragraph 4: Simon's friendly demeanor alleviated discomfort; what is Simon's plan?
Paragraph 5: Simon suggests going to the *Ponte Vecchio*.
Paragraph 6: Maysom agrees and plans to buy cat food and treats for Huey.
Paragraph 7-9: Dialogue
Paragraph 10: Simon notices the guitar case.
Paragraph 11: Maysom says he made \$60.
Paragraph 12: Simon looks at floor, unresponsive.
Paragraph 13: Simon orders Maysom to get his coat on.

Section 3: Is Retta or Briana Maysom's soulmate?

Paragraph 1: Maysom is woken up by Florence, but upset he won't live there.
Paragraph 2: Simon and Maysom enter the domed church, the Duomo.
Paragraph 3: Simon builds up *Firenze*.
Paragraph 4: Maysom appreciates simple things, like prayer benches.
Paragraph 5: Maysom sits on a bench and notices the elderly and wonders what they pray about and how they still find wonder.
Paragraph 6: "Hey."
Paragraph 7: Maysom turns, sees, and admires a girl with mocha skin and piercing eyes.

Paragraph 8: Maysom responds awkwardly.
Paragraph 9: The girl gives a brief history of the church.
Paragraph 10: Maysom responds cynically.
Paragraph 11-12: The girl is put out by his argumentative nature.
Paragraph 13-15: Dialogue; Maysom does not remember the girl.
Paragraph 16: Retta met Maysom at La Campanella, a dive.
Paragraph 17: Maysom shakes her hand.
Paragraph 18: Retta is the bartender.
Paragraph 19-20: Maysom tries to be charming, but hates himself for it.
Paragraph 21: Retta laughs, low and warm.
Paragraph 22: Retta responds; they sit in silence admiring the elderly and the

dome.

Paragraph 23-29: Dialogue; Retta mentions *anima gemella* or "soul twin."
Paragraph 30: Retta looks at Maysom and he notices her perfumy scent and her

bosom.

Paragraph 31: Retta says she believes Maysom is her *anima gemella* which is

confusing.

Paragraph 32: Simon interrupts.
Paragraph 33: Maysom awakens from his daze; Retta shyly smiles.
Paragraph 34: Simon notices they're getting along.
Paragraph 35: They answer affirmatively.
Paragraph 36: Simon says they need to buy the cat food.
Paragraph 37: Retta raises eyebrow; Maysom says not to worry about it.
Paragraph 38: She says she won't, coolly.
Paragraph 39-40: "Bye."
Paragraph 41: Maysom follows Simon out; looks back, sees Retta massaging the

ring.

Section 4: Italicized originally; a flashback to when Maysom first arrived in Italy; not an exchange student; seems homeless, wandering without much of a plan. Expect to hear why Maysom left New York and his friend Briana.

Paragraph 1: Maysom arrives in Italy and looks around the train station.
Paragraph 2: Based on his uncle's advice, Maysom begins looking for a church.
Paragraph 3: He unsuccessfully asks where a church is; a couple.
Paragraph 4: Again; with a group of students.
Paragraph 5-6: An old woman comes up to him and tells him.
Paragraph 7: She leads him to the station sign which is named after a church,

south.

Paragraph 8: Maysom arrives at the church and meets a man in a mismatched suit.
Paragraph 9: The man asks what Maysom needs. The man spoke in good English.
Paragraph 10: Maysom asks for help.
Paragraph 11: The man asks for specifics.
Paragraph 12: Maysom needs a place to stay.
Paragraph 13: The man says he might know someone who can help.
Paragraph 14: Maysom tries to provide assurance that he is low-risk.
Paragraph 15: The man usually rooms with exchange students.

Paragraph 16: Maysom vaguely hints he is an exchange student.

Paragraph 17: The man's fears seem to be alleviated; asks about New York City.

Paragraph 18: Maysom clarifies that he is from upstate New York.

Paragraph 19: The man is disappointed.

Section 5: Maysom seems to lose awareness of his own actions; he lives outside of himself.

Paragraph 1: Simon interrogates Maysom.

Paragraph 2-9: Dialogue

Paragraph 10: Maysom lost in thought while a child in dress shoes runs across the street.

Paragraph 11: Someone yells "Hey!"

Paragraph 12: Maysom finds himself saving the child from traffic.

Paragraph 13: Maysom explains the situation to the parents in broken Italian.

Paragraph 14: The parents lecture the child in Italian.

Paragraph 15: Maysom nonchalantly moves on and enters the grocery store with Simon.

Section 6: Maysom's music keeps Briana from committing suicide; Briana does not seem to be the same Briana as from the flashback; which gives the impression that either she also has lost her memory or he imagined a back story with her which was not true; which means that the flashbacks don't have ties to truth.

Paragraph 1: Maysom sings on the *Ponte Vecchio* again, but is distracted; he sees a redheaded girl.

Paragraph 2: The girl has impossibly dark eyes.

Paragraph 3: Maysom says he's seen her there before; she doesn't answer for a long time.

Paragraph 4: His songs keep her from jumping.

Paragraph 5: Maysom didn't know how to respond.

Paragraph 6-9: Dialogue; comfort in how others are lost as well.

Paragraph 10: Maysom says nothing.

Paragraph 11: She talks about how this is better than where he came from; doesn't seem to know him previously.

Paragraph 12: Maysom fingers his guitar case and contemplates the number of times he's saved her life; she starts to walk away.

Paragraph 13: He calls her back.

Paragraph 14-21: Dialogue.

Paragraph 22: She paused and was crying without anguish.

Paragraph 23: "I'll improvise. Good night."

Paragraph 24: He watches her walk away; then talks the long way home.

Chapter 3

Section 1: Maysom arrives home where Simon is holding a party.

Paragraph 1: List of Simon's friends who visit often.

Paragraph 2: Maysom guiltily felt invaded by the visitors.

Paragraph 3: Maysom felt stressed by holding another person's life in his hands.

Paragraph 4: Maysom arrives below his apartment and hears sounds of a party in the room; he writes nonsense in a notebook to relieve stress before going in.

Section 2: Maysom at home; revealing he doesn't know who he is.

Paragraph 1: Maysom walks in to Franz discussing literary theory.

Paragraph 2: Franz's diatribe. Most marginalized (Subaltern), by definition, have no voice, so documentaries on them make them no longer the most marginalized.

Paragraph 3: Simon's response. Is that a reason not to help other countries?

Paragraph 4: Franz. God complex of Americans.

Paragraph 5: Simon. Accuses Franz of being unfeeling and gives horrendous examples.

Paragraph 6: Maysom counts those present in room, only Maria (trying to read a book on chrysanthemums for class). Margherita was not there. Goes to Maria.

Paragraph 7: Maysom asks Maria about the argument.

Paragraph 8: Maria responds that it started from watching *Pocahontas*.

Paragraph 9: Maysom laughs.

Paragraph 10-12: Dialogue. Maria makes a bad pun, asking if Maysom's okay. He lies.

Paragraph 13: Maysom goes to his room and strips to his tank top and jeans.

Paragraph 14: Sees lost quality the girl had spoken of in his reflection in the mirror. Goes back to the living room and looks in the refrigerator.

Paragraph 15: Franz and Simon were tiring out; asking if other wants more wine.

Paragraph 16-21: Dialogue, asking where Maysom was. Says he was at the Arno.

Paragraph 22: Franz gives the same look Simon gives when Maysom gives an unexpected answer.

Paragraph 23: Simon says clerk at the church has been receiving calls for Maysom.

Paragraph 24: Maysom read the note. Horror on his face.

Paragraph 25: Simon demands an explanation. Calls Maysom "Mr. Wilson."

Paragraph 26: Maysom starts to head out, but is blocked by Simon.

Paragraph 27-32: Dialogue. Simon demanding to know who Maysom is.

Paragraph 33: Franz and Maria stand up. Maysom gives up on leaving.

Paragraph 34: "I don't know."

Paragraph 35: no response.

Paragraph 36: Four dots together in the expansive non-existence.

Paragraph 37: Maysom leaves without resistance and weeps in the courtyard below.

Chapter 4: Maysom and Maria get closer; he confides details of his past with her. IMPRESSION: I no longer am sure if Maysom has amnesia or has just suppressed his memories. I also am getting the impression that Maysom is not his real name. I no longer have any clear trajectory for where this story might be going.

Section 1: Maria doesn't care about Maysom's past; Maysom decides to tell Maria about his past.

Paragraph 1: Maysom wakes up to the click of heels.

Paragraph 2: It's Maria.

Paragraph 3: He realized he had fallen asleep in the doorstep.

Paragraph 4-16: Dialogue. Maria doesn't care who he is in the past. Maysom decides to tell her a story on a walk to her apartment.

Paragraph 17: The street shimmers after a recent rain.

Section 2: *Italics*. Bad news about his family in New York.

Paragraph 1: He was born in Orlando, Florida.

Paragraph 2: Adventist parents. Mother more cynical than father; usually does personal devotions rather than church.

Paragraph 3: Mrs. Cane was a friend of the family.

Paragraph 4: An example of Mrs. Cane's reprimands.

Paragraph 5: Mrs. Cane cared because she couldn't have kids of her own.

Paragraph 6: Memory of their house in fall. Deer falling to gunshots. The green paint was always planned to be re-painted, but always put off.

Paragraph 7: Family symmetry; sister-father; self-mother. Loved, but at arm's length.

Paragraph 8: Mother collects snow-globes. Allie, Maysom's sister, broke one.

Paragraph 9: Family trips; walking on trails and storytelling.

Paragraph 10: Christmas was a time to ask for ridiculous things and get the answer "Maybe someday"

Paragraph 11: December 6 of his senior year. They are sitting, writing a list of things for Christmas, while Uncle Max housesit.

Paragraph 12: There was a phone call. Uncle Max's voice became somber.

Paragraph 13-15: Dialogue. "Get your sister, I'm going out."

Paragraph 16: Goes to the closet to put on brown winter coat and black bowler.

Paragraph 17: Maysom asks what's going on.

Paragraph 18: He grabs Maysom, still sleepy.

Paragraph 19: Max repeats himself. And tells Maysom to focus.

Paragraph 20: Max walks out the door. Into the snow.

Paragraph 21: Maysom confused about what to do.

Paragraph 22: Max turns around.

Paragraph 23: He says to pray and then drives away. Maysom is left staring into the silence.

Section 3: *Italics*. The news that their parents are dead. Still unknown from what.

Paragraph 1: The siblings wait up for news of the tragedy they know happened.

Paragraph 2: A police officer drove uncle Max home because Max was unfit to drive due to the crying.

Paragraph 3: Max says they're gone.

Paragraph 4: "I know."

Paragraph 5: Uncle Max took care of them the next few months; he took care of uncle Max that night. He was the stable one.

Section 4: *Italics*. The funeral.

Paragraph 1: Funeral and wake in one memorial service. They lived with Uncle Max and Aunt Virginia, who showed them love by cooking for them.

Paragraph 2: Memorial on Christmas day. Parents died in a car crash. Cremated. Packed.

Paragraph 3: Beginning of pastor's eulogy.

Paragraph 4: Description of Pastor Gundersen's oversized glasses.

Paragraph 5: Pastor calls Maysom Adam. Pastors don't have all the answers.

Paragraph 6: People telling stories about their parents. Mr. Wyatt was helped by Maysom's dad in splitting wood.

Paragraph 7: Mr. Wyatt's reflection about dedication.

Paragraph 8: Mrs. Samana, the new kindergarten teacher, and her husband go up to speak.

Paragraph 9-10: Mrs. Samana's speech. She had been given a snowglobe as a reminder of London.

Paragraph 11: It seemed like everyone had gone until Mrs. Cain (Cane) walked through the crowd.

Paragraph 12: She spoke of a cancer relapse. Then the rest of the speakers came up. The rest of the next three years he sees through tear-streaked eyes.

Section 5: Maria invites Maysom into her apartment for the night and he accepts. There seemed to be some sexual tension, which made me wonder whether or not they were going to get together.

Paragraph 1: The windows of the apartment had various national flags hanging out of them.

Paragraph 2: Maria looks at Maysom.

Paragraph 3-13: Dialogue. Maysom realizes he has left why he's in Italy unanswered. He couldn't stand to be around people who already have all of him. Maria notices that this makes it so no one ever has to know everything about him.

Paragraph 14: Maria's perceptiveness makes Maysom speechless.

Paragraph 15-21: Dialogue. Maria invites Maysom to spend the night. Franz and Marco had been calming Simon down. Maysom is worried if Franz would be okay with him spending the night.

Paragraph 22: Maysom stares deeply into her eyes and notices her freckles; concluding that Maria is both woman and girl wrapped in one person.

Paragraph 23: Maysom accepts.

Paragraph 24: Maysom closes the door. Span out to details about empty nightlife in the city.

Chapter 5: Temptation with Maria and then following Maysom through a day of his life.

Section 1: Temptation. Maria is flirting with Maysom, she likes the sexual attention, but she does not want him to have sex with her.

Paragraph 1: Maysom wakes up with tank top and boxers in Maria's bed; she's gone.

Paragraph 2: They had not slept together. When they arrived last night, they took off their shoes (Jordans and Toms) and Maria slid across the hardwood floor. Maysom tried as well but slipped. He pulled her down with him. Foreshadowing of romance?

Paragraph 3: Maysom reminds Maria about school.

Paragraph 4: Maria starts undressing and goes through the French doors to her room. She comes back wear only a silky pink bra and panties. Her freckles go down the rest of her body. Maysom looks away.

Paragraph 5-11: Dialogue inviting Maysom to sleep in her bed with her.

Paragraph 12: Maysom examines his tattered clothes and becomes self-conscious.

Paragraph 13: "You can change out here"

Paragraph 14: Maysom looked at Maria's buttocks as she walked away and got an erection. After he undressed, he walked around for a while to let his erection die down before going in.

Paragraph 15: "I thought you'd never come" Maria says with only her face showing. Maysom is attracted by this mystery.

Paragraph 16: She invites him in.

Paragraph 17: He stays away from her, but she slides over to rest in his chest. He curses himself when he gets an erection.

Paragraph 18: She comments on the erection. Amused not offended.

Paragraph 19: Her hair smelled like lilacs. He figured she must feel as lonely as he does as he runs his hands around her belly.

Section 2: Maysom leaves the apartment and makes plans for the day.

Paragraph 1: Maysom noticed transparent liquor in Maria's cabinet and wondered if it was just for decoration cause she doesn't drink much or if she had friends who drank who Maysom didn't know about.

Paragraph 2: Description of Maria's kitchen.

Paragraph 3: Maysom decides not to come home until night, after Simon comes home after nine and falls asleep immediately.

Paragraph 4: Maysom thought of going to the Ponte Vecchio to see the mystery girl, but she wouldn't be there during the day. He knew nothing about her, because knowledge was ownership.

Paragraph 5: He knew he had to leave before Franz got home. Franz brought friends over and watched soccer, possibly as a break from his pseudo-intellectualism.

Paragraph 6: There is a note near the apartment entrance for Maysom inviting him to eat a breakfast Panini in the fridge and to put the spare key out front for Franz. Sign off on different line.

Paragraph 7: Maysom grabbed the Panini, put the note in his coat pocket, and left.

Section 3: While passing the Palazzo Vecchio, Maysom remembers Margherita inviting him to an art exhibit and how he had started writing in his journal and while writing had started remembering an outing with George. Then back to the present, he goes to Freddy's kebab shop where he finds him unconscious.

Paragraph 1: Maysom daydreams about last night. Florence as a living entity.

Paragraph 2: Maysom sees a group of militants, protesting something vague. One of the members smiles at Maysom.

Paragraph 3: Gets to Palazzo Vecchio. Art students would sit around here, basking in the shade of history before them.

Paragraph 4: Margherita had invited Maysom to an art event there.

Paragraph 5: Margherita mentioned Alfredo, who talked very little, and who Maysom thought would not last as a friend.

Paragraph 6: Margherita switches to English because it's Maysom.

Paragraph 7: Maysom declined, because he didn't want to spend a night with near-silent Alfredo and Margherita awkwardly speaking English.

Paragraph 8: She asked what he would do. She was always curious about what Maysom did all day.

Paragraph 9: Maysom didn't spend much time with Margherita.

Paragraph 10: She wanted to know what his purpose was in the big picture.

Paragraph 11: Margherita left, more engaged with her present than his past. After she left, he rummaged through his room.

Paragraph 12: He took out his notebook. He wrote down pieces of himself in there, but not everything. And he didn't want anybody to know that he wrote.

Paragraph 13: He freewrote about whatever was on his mind, important or not.

Paragraph 14: Sometimes he wrote about George. Memory of George and him in a canoe.

Paragraph 15-16: Maysom says he's not just one things. George says "I know."

Paragraph 17: George said "I know" often, and Maysom felt like he truly understood.

Paragraph 18-22: Dialogue. Maysom complains that others don't understand that he's more than one thing. He says he has to think about what others think because they insult him and don't recognize his existence.

Paragraph 23: Maysom expected George to respond and comfort him, but instead he leaned in close and remained silent. Their lips touched.

Paragraph 24: Maysom cut off the memory there.

Paragraph 25: All he wrote in the journal was the name George

Paragraph 26: Exit flashback. Walking past the Davids again. Goes to his favorite kebab shop, where the owner usually gave him discounts.

Paragraph 27: It's 10:48. The kebab shop is near closing.

Paragraph 28: Maysom listened for sounds.

Paragraph 29-30: Maysom shouted. No response.

Paragraph 31: Maysom looked into the back room and saw the palm of a hand pointing towards the ceiling.

Paragraph 32: Maysom shouts and rushes over to Freddy.

Paragraph 33: "Freddy?"

Paragraph 34: Freddy recovers slightly.

Paragraph 35-48: Dialogue. Maysom seeks help. Freddy says he'll be fine. He had a heart attack a while ago, so sometimes now he blacks out or even loses consciousness.

Paragraph 49: Maysom looks at Freddy, who looked younger than he was, and knew he would work until the shop closed down.

Paragraph 50: Maysom says he'll check on Freddy more often.

Paragraph 51: Freddy laughed with a smoker's laugh.

Paragraph 52: Freddy offers to show his new wares.

Paragraph 53: Freddy led the way and Maysom followed.

Chapter 6

Section 1: The confrontation with Simon and Maysom decides to leave his apartment rather than reveal who he is. EXPECTATION: I'm expecting him to die on the streets of Italy.

Paragraph 1: Maysom dreaded what was going to happen next. He felt the past catching up to him.

Paragraph 2: Maysom thinks about his journal as a tether to the past.

Paragraph 3: Maysom slowed as he neared the apartment. Fewer and fewer people were around as night approached.

Paragraph 4: Maysom entered the empty apartment. He petted Huey.

Paragraph 5: Lights from the other apartments. Description of the city.

Paragraph 6: Simon entered the apartment. Maysom felt like an outsider. Simon was calmer now.

Paragraph 7-11: Simon says he can't trust Maysom because he doesn't know him. He says to tell him who he is or get out. Maysom says he'll leave by morning.

Paragraph 12: Simon seemed surprised. Maysom began packing his things.

Section 2: Italics. Maysom and Briana break up.

Paragraph 1: Song

Paragraph 2: Maysom was in his favorite hiding spot.

Paragraph 3: Stan, the custodian, let Maysom hide behind the rock climbing wall in the school.

Paragraph 4: Maysom loved music and wondered how anyone could live without it. He had headphones listening to The Killers.

Paragraph 5: Maysom and his high school girlfriend, supposedly Bianca, had failed; he was too clingy, she was too free. He talks to Mr. Pitti about the issues.

Paragraph 6-9: Dialogue about relationships. Maysom seeking advice.

Paragraph 10: Mr. Pitti devotes all his attention to thinking about the best response.

Paragraph 11: He suggests dumping her if it's not fun or easy, because things won't get better.

Paragraph 12: Maysom realized that cliches have truth and matured a little bit. So when Briana said they needed to talk a few months later, he was expecting it to be the last time.

Paragraph 13: Briana and Maysom argued about anything and everything.

Paragraph 14-15: Maysom asks if she wants to be with him; No.

Paragraph 16: They kept talking, but shouldn't have.

Paragraph 17: After her admission, Maysom yelled at her for the first time.

Paragraph 18: He kept yelling and even when he stopped, he yelled in his mind and knew it wouldn't end until what was broken was put back together.

Paragraph 19: Maysom considers the consequences and how they would face each other.

Paragraph 20: He's not behind the rock-climbing equipment; he's in the rock-climbing room. He indulged his emotions for one period, religion, skipping the one period he has with Briana.

Paragraph 21: Maysom leaves the room and realizes that Stan had been waiting to clean that room until Maysom was done.

Paragraph 22: Stan says "It never gets any easier, does it?"

Paragraph 23: Maysom leaves without replying.

Section 3: Simon shares his hidden past, but Maysom won't reciprocate. Maysom walks out of the apartment.

Paragraph 1: Maysom would miss a lot about the apartment, but some things were more important.

Paragraph 2: Maysom would have to leave his books. What would Simon do with them? Maysom realized he knew very little about Simon as well. People are more than the sum of their story.

Paragraph 3: He decides to take *The Great Gatsby*. As he does, he sees a picture of someone he doesn't recognize. Before he can examine it, Simon appears.

Paragraph 4: Maysom tried to think of something to ask Simon to understand why he is so fixated on the past.

Paragraph 5: Simon tells Maysom about his father going through his parents' divorce at a young age. Going through the trial drained him of his power.

Paragraph 6: To gain it back, he would beat Simon's mother. Simon felt guilty for not standing between his dad and mom.

Paragraph 7: Some said he was an alcoholic, but alcohol doesn't do that to people. Something inside you does that.

Paragraph 8: Never mentioned this until older. Pretended everything was okay.

Paragraph 9: Simon moved to Italy sophomore year of college. His father died three years ago. His brother visits him on the anniversary of his death and they share nice memories.

Paragraph 10: Simon says that he cares about history because he saw how his father's history influenced him and he fears how he's been influenced. He gives Maysom one last chance.

Paragraph 11: They stood there while the sun rose. Maysom couldn't say what Simon wanted.

Paragraph 12: Maysom says goodbye.

Paragraph 13: Maysom picked up his stuff and walked out of the apartment into the streets without pausing.

BOOK TWO

Chapter 7: Retta's chapter. Now this book is starting to seem like a romance novel in some ways. Also, the theme of identity and knowledge are strong. As well as never truly knowing someone else and thus not actually being their friends, of being alone in the world. EXPECTATION: I still see this as being an overall tragedy since the overall themes seem to indicate that you cannot know another person, which leads to loneliness. Will Maysom commit suicide? Will he learn to love the unknown, paralleling with having faith in God? I could also see that. Retta's opinions on the death of the unknown hint that the rebirth of the unknown may be the conclusion of the book, that one does not need to know another person to love them. In order to be soulmates.

Section 1: Meeting Retta in the bar. Will Maysom go to live with Retta?

Paragraph 1: Description of *La Campanella*.

Paragraph 2: American song playing. Italians like American music more than Americans.

Paragraph 3: Song lyrics

Paragraph 4: Maysom laid eyes on her, the reason why he was at the bar. She was pouring out drinks fast.

Paragraph 5: When she noticed him, she briefly stopped.

Paragraph 6-9: Banter about what he wants to drink, peace. The girl's Retta.

Paragraph 10: Retta flips glasses around like an interpretive dance. Do others come to the bar to watch Retta or to forget?

Paragraph 11: She asks if he's okay and uses Simon's nickname for him.

Paragraph 12: He was offended briefly, then realized Retta was out of the loop.

Paragraph 13-14: Dialogue. He's not okay. Tell me after closing.

Paragraph 15: Her eyes are appealing. He had the same desire as in the church when he remembered her.

Paragraph 16: He said he'd be back in three hours. He knew her schedule because he knew everything about the bar from his last few times of visiting.

Section 2: Bar closing up. I expect Retta to have read Maysom's journal.

Paragraph 1: Maysom came back with gelato, hoping she'd like it.

Paragraph 2-6: Dialogue. About which vanilla one she wants.

Paragraph 7: Retta says she can finish up her shift.

Paragraph 8: Maysom tunes into the details as the shop closes up.

Paragraph 9-14: Dialogue. Retta wants to know about George if he stays at her place. How does she know about George?

Section 3: Getting to know Retta and the philosophy of wanting to know another being.

Paragraph 1: Entering Retta's apartment, Maysom notices that it is more luxurious than a bartender's salary could provide.

Paragraph 2-8: Dialogue. Retta's parents are rich. Maysom assumes she ran away from home. "You're just like him."

Paragraph 9: A flurry of activity as Retta cooks dinner.

Paragraph 10: The large meal only took an hour, but it was 1:07 when it was done.

Paragraph 11: He snuck in to steal some broccoli. Retta smacked the back of his hand with the spoon.

Paragraph 12-17: Dialogue. Set-up for conversation about George; telling story in exchange for staying there.

Paragraph 18: Maysom remembers his mom teaching him about not raising noodles that high. Before he knew she was human, she terrified him.

Paragraph 19: As they ate, they talked about anything as long as it didn't matter too much.

Paragraph 20-24: Dialogue. Maysom's favorite place is Ponte Vecchio. That was Retta and Simon's first date location.

Paragraph 25: Maysom is surprised that they dated.

Paragraph 26-28: Explaining that they seemed like too different of people. And fundamentally, they were.

Paragraph 29: She quickly changed from happy to dark.

Paragraph 30-36: Discussion of how they were dating ideas of each other, how all human interactions are interactions with who we think people are instead of who they actually are. "Does it terrify you?"

Paragraph 37: She doesn't answer, but stretches and leaves. He sees her belly button with a string of jewelry hanging from it. She brings back Chianti.

Paragraph 38-40: Dialogue pretending to be snobby wine critics.

Paragraph 41: They argued about clothing.

Paragraph 42-47: Decide to play Truth (or Dare) and Retta asks "Who is George?"

Paragraph 48: Maysom panics at the question he'd been trying to avoid, but just happened to force himself into a situation where he was obligated to answer with the Truth.

Paragraph 49-63: Weedled out of him that George was his boyfriend in high school. Retta starts to tell the story of how she knows about George.

Paragraph 64: She paused and cried and continued telling the story.

Paragraph 65: They made sex like bunnies, anywhere and everywhere in the apartment.

Paragraph 66: She got up in the middle of the night and passed Maysom's empty room.

Paragraph 67: She looks him in the eye and he can't look away.

Paragraph 68: She flipped through his journal and saw the entry with George.

Paragraph 69: She's crying in earnest now and moves closer to Maysom.

Paragraph 70-84: This is why we're soul mates. Simon couldn't understand I was more than the sum of my parts. She tries to convince him that he's more too. "How'd we end up on the floor?"

Paragraph 85: Her laugh and her ring.

Paragraph 86-88: The unknown as good, as God.

Paragraph 89: Maysom shifted his weight. He felt light.

Paragraph 90: Retta says that Simon always wanted to know more.

Paragraph 91: Retta played with Maysom's hand.

Paragraph 92-96: She asks if love was/is involved. He says yes.

Paragraph 97: Description of them kissing and uncovering their clothes, paralleling the uncovering of wanting to uncover the unknown. They have sex.

Chapter 8: Life with Retta and meeting the suicidal girl. Freddy also gets into a heart attack.

There is now interesting forward momentum to the story; it was stalling for a while, but it's back on track.

Section 1: Waking up and making plans with Retta.

Paragraph 1: Maysom wakes up groggy and looks around. Picture of redheaded teen; Retta in bed next to him.

Paragraph 2: Maysom sensually touches Retta while she sleeps.

Paragraph 3: Retta rolls over to greet Maysom.

Paragraph 4-9: Dialogue. Joking about it being a one-night stand. It wasn't.

Paragraph 10: Maysom saw their tryst as being nothing from the city's perspective, but everything to him.

Paragraph 11: Dialogue. Making plans for what to do this morning; banter; Retta's favorite place in Florence is Piazzale Michelangelo.

Section 2: Maysom and Retta spend the day looking at the city. [At this point, I've started to lose investment in the characters. Maysom has no ambitions, there is no driving force pushing the plot forward. The plot seems to be a stagnation while we slowly uncover Maysom's past. He has no future.]

Paragraph 1: They took their time getting ready to leave.

Paragraph 2: They sat on the bus; description of outside; other passengers enter and exit.

Paragraph 3: Off the bus, they walk up a hill hand-in-hand and look out over the city.

Paragraph 4-9: Dialogue. Retta gives opinion about picture-taking not living in the moment and Maysom rebuts it; surprise that he rebuts: "I must be rubbing off on you."

Paragraph 10: Retta starts writing in her notebook; Maysom contemplates others around him, including an old man who seems freer than him walking up the hill with a cannula.

Paragraph 11: Every once in a while, Retta would point out a small spectacle. There were several cases of children losing their balloons.

Paragraph 12: Retta did not use music while she wrote. [This is a strange observation, as if the majority of writers do use music while they write]

Paragraph 13: Retta asks why Maysom was kicked out of Simon's place.

Paragraph 14: Maysom thinks about how to answer.

Paragraph 15-16: Maysom says Simon wanted more from him; Retta understands.

Paragraph 17: Maysom nodded and said no more; sometimes words confused the issue more than silence.

Paragraph 18-20: Maysom invites Retta to eat kebabs.

Section 3: At Kebab shop, realize that Freddy is in hospital. EXPECTATION: Since this story is emphasizing loss of identity and the city living on without someone, the best ending to this story would be Maysom dying and then the story continuing, possibly from someone else's perspective. SUGGESTION: Include short italics paragraphs whenever there is a section break from the perspective of a random bystander in the city who notices Maysom in passing (this would emphasize the life of the city).

Paragraph 1: They walked towards Freddy's Doner Kebab. Another busker was singing. Maysom remembers the suicidal girl. Retta walks confidently.

Paragraph 2: Retta was about to say something but then stopped, perhaps waiting for the right moment.

Paragraph 3-9: Dialogue about them being wrong for wanting to hide their pasts.

Paragraph 10: Maysom doesn't answer, but realizes that Retta has insight into his soul.

Paragraph 11: It's 7:50. They arrive at the restaurant.

Paragraph 12: Maysom looks for Freddy. Sees his nephew.

Paragraph 13-18: Dialogue. Freddy is in the hospital for unexplained reasons. Maysom mutters that he knows why.

Paragraph 19: They leave the shop, with Maysom ponderous.

Paragraph 20-21: "What is it?" "It's all about balloons, isn't it?"

Paragraph 22: Retta agrees and they go to the bus to head home.

Section 4: Peaceful life with Retta. EXPECTATION: They will both get into an accident. OR Retta will get into an accident and die and Maysom will commit suicide. Either way, the rest of the book will cover their last day of life and perhaps how Simon and Company will react to their deaths.

Paragraph 1: The next few days spent in cozy bliss, torrential outside. Foreshadows the relationship becoming stale eventually.

Paragraph 2-3: Dialogue about record players.

Paragraph 4: Description of the old record player.

Paragraph 5-10: Dialogue about music; they are going to listen to The Scientist by Coldplay.

Paragraph 11: The record starts; Retta curls into Maysom's arms.

Paragraph 12: Retta says that these are her favorite lyrics.

Paragraph 13: Blockquote. Music lyrics

Paragraph 14: Retta has insight that the longer we know someone, the less questions we ask; "we think a human being is an emptiable box of secrets rather than infinite"

Paragraph 15: Maysom contemplates Retta's philosophical grounding.

Paragraph 16-17: Dialogue. Retta says the stars made her, which makes no sense. And why would Maysom ask "What made you?" What kind of question is that?

Paragraph 18: They sit and do nothing. Foreshadowing that they will both die before the next day.

Section 5: Maysom feels compelled to leave the apartment where he prevents the suicidal girl from committing suicide. He invites her to coffee. Very mystical stuff.

Paragraph 1: But they didn't die the next day. Covers Retta's variable presence when Maysom wakes up: sometimes there, sometimes not, sometimes just leaving.

Paragraph 2: One day Maysom wakes up at 10:30 PM and decides to leave the apartment and stroll around Florence. Includes a blockquote of a note he wrote for Retta when she got home.

Paragraph 3: He walked over the remnants of a painting from the previous day. It was of a flower on the moon. It was slightly chilly out.

Paragraph 4: He arrived at the Ponte Vecchio, where he had subconsciously headed, and started to play.

Paragraph 5: Song lyrics

Paragraph 6-11: Dialogue with suicidal girl. Maysom says he know her. Seems to reiterate the earlier encounter he had with her.

Paragraph 12: "According to Retta, not knowing someone didn't make them a stranger."

Paragraph 13: Maysom asks her to coffee.

Paragraph 14: She sizes him up.

Paragraph 15: "Lead on"

Paragraph 16: Music lyrics.

Section 6: In Coffee Shop with suicide girl. EXPECTATION: Maysom will show suicide girl that life is worth living and along the way he will also learn that life is worth living, cause he's been depressed all along.

Paragraph 1: Most of the coffee shops were closed. The girl was slightly nervous.

Paragraph 2: The only place open was McDonalds, which Maysom felt bad about because it was pathetic compared to Italian cuisine. Only good for nostalgia.

Paragraph 3: Description of the girl and how she didn't do things like other people.

Paragraph 4: Awkward silence.

Paragraph 5-8: Awkward burst of non-dialogue dialogue.

Paragraph 9: Awkward silence.

Paragraph 10-13: Dialogue. No one ever knew what to say. I was raised in a normal, loving household.

Paragraph 14: The coffee arrives and interrupts them. Description of holding coffee.

Paragraph 15: "Do you read your Bible?" she asked

Paragraph 16: Maysom is taken aback, the Bible is mentioned often.

Paragraph 17-28: A misinterpretation of the Bible is what led to her suicidal tendencies.

Paragraph 29: She cries and he mildly comforts her.

Paragraph 30: She's been promised restoration.

Paragraph 31: She cupped Maysom's hands in her own.

Paragraph 32-39: She said she'd rather leave sooner than later than starts to leave; Maysom panics, incorrectly thinking that she's going to kill her self immediately.

Paragraph 40: Her voice had sensitivity like she'd considered everything in the world.

Paragraph 41-45: Dialogue. Maysom convinces her to let him try to show her that there is a better way. That life can be worth living.

Chapter 9

Section 1: Decision to lie to Retta. EXPECTATION: There will be misunderstandings caused by this lie. She will think he's cheating on her. Her response could vary though.

Paragraph 1: Maysom rolls over in Retta's bed. His thoughts were occupied with the girl from the bridge, whose name he didn't even know. Red plaid peacoat, stockings, impossibly dark eyes

Paragraph 2: Maysom thought about how it would go when he eventually told Retta. He had come to know her intimately just like she had known him when she read his journal.

Paragraph 3: He decided not to tell Retta. "She would never understand all of him, so he had to keep pieces to himself." As he was walking home, he couldn't shake the way she had said "I know."

Paragraph 4: The words were very convincing. What did they mean?

Paragraph 5: He ran a hand through Retta's hair. She began to stir.

Paragraph 6-7: "Hey."

Paragraph 8: He thought about what to say and how the drudgeries of life have been replaced by lightness since he was with Retta.

Paragraph 9-18: Dialogue. He calls her *anima gemella*. When she asks where he was, he says that he took a walk on the trail by Simon's apartment that leads to Villa Peccati. He lies to her, but reassures her that he goes on walks but always comes back. She jokes that she could find another him. She asks what he's going to do today. He's been inspired to work on and finish some of his songs, which he will show to Retta once finished.

Section 2: Maysom's life is getting better.

Paragraph 1: Retta was Maysom's muse; he had written down more song ideas since he had been with her than before.

Paragraph 2: Retta had changed everything. Life seemed to have a youthful purpose again.

Paragraph 3: Since being with her he had visited the Ponte Vecchio during the day and played for pleasure more than anything else.

Paragraph 4: There was a sinister thing that hung over Maysom (a memory?) which he felt was starting to dissolve, but hadn't quite left.

Section 3: Italics. Flashback to night when Maysom and Allie spent the night in their old house, two weeks after their parents' death.

Paragraph 1: Maysom sat dazed at the piano. When he heard noise in the next room, he would play a little bit to reassure Allie that it was okay. It had been two weeks.

Paragraph 2: He hadn't written anything since the accident; he hadn't been inspired. He hadn't left the house since. The ground was covered with snow.

Paragraph 3: It had been hard to convince his Uncle Max. He felt that Maysom should be consumed by how to push through.

Paragraph 4: Maysom had tried explaining in a roundabout fashion a few times, but there was no way to draw up his passion without having a bleeding soul afterward.

Paragraph 5-11: Dialogue between Uncle Max and Maysom's dad, Mark, about how Maysom is different. Mark sticks up for Maysom, but it's not out of pride.

Paragraph 12: Uncle Mark leaned closer and said with great passion and emotion:

Paragraph 13: "You have to teach him how to be a man."

Paragraph 14: It had been difficult for Maysom to explain why he needed to visit his parents' house again, so Allie had done most of the explaining.

Paragraph 15-20: Remembered dialogue. Allie had said she would come along because Maysom always felt scared about being alone in the house.

Paragraph 21: Maysom mouthed the last words to himself, no longer remembered dialogue.

Paragraph 22: He still hadn't been able to enter his parents' room, even though he could imagine what it would look like from memory.

Paragraph 23: When they had gotten to the house, Maysom had just waited outside, not for anything in particular, but he wasn't in a hurry. People used to ask what he was waiting for, but he didn't have a good answer.

Paragraph 24: That night he made scrambled eggs and him and Allie did not talk to each other. It was best to pretend that this was unimportant and that the past hadn't happened.

Paragraph 25-32: Dialogue and TV voice. Allie asks if he wants to watch TV, No, she starts watching by herself. It's Jeopardy. Allie answers a question, Maysom corrects her. Trebek asks another question.

Paragraph 33: The contestants don't know the answer.

Paragraph 34: Maysom comes over to sit next to Allie.

Paragraph 35: Trebek gives the answer.

Paragraph 36: The questions continue and Maysom and Allie kept their own score on their fingers.

Paragraph 37-40: Dialogue. Allie says that Maysom always used to act like he didn't want to play and then join in, especially if Dad was on a hot streak.

Paragraph 41: Maysom got up and stumbled around like a punch-drunk boxer.

Paragraph 42: Allie asks, "Totsie?"

Paragraph 43: Maysom stayed where he was, raised his hand to his temple. He waved his other hand in Allie's direction.

Paragraph 44: He says he's fine, but will go to bed.

Paragraph 45: Description of Maysom disoriented going to his bed. He calls someone and asks them to come over.

Section 4: Italics. Briana's stay over.

Paragraph 1: He invited Briana over. Allie never mentioned her coming over. It wasn't planned, it was a response to the intense isolation he felt.

Paragraph 2: Uncle Max wouldn't've approved, but Uncle Max didn't need to know. He was blind to the precariousness of their situation.

Paragraph 3: Briana didn't spend the whole night. She came to the back door. Maysom passed Allie and saw her straining to stay awake, probably for the same reason as him: to avoid dreaming.

Paragraph 4: He invited Briana in. She was wearing a floral skirt and light blue sweater.

Paragraph 5-6: Extent of their greeting and subsequent conversation.

Paragraph 7: Briana did a marvelous thing, she said nothing. They held hands on the bed and looked at the ceiling together.

Paragraph 8: He proposed not to cry in front of Briana, because he didn't want pity. Brief ramble about emotional debt and love without extenuating circumstances.

Paragraph 9: He only remembered saying one thing to her the entire time.

Paragraph 10: He said he didn't know if his parents had been happy together or not.

Paragraph 11: Briana kissed Maysom's cheek in response. Eventually she left. Maysom went downstairs, saw his sister asleep. He went back upstairs quietly and cried himself to sleep.

Section 5: Italics.

Paragraph 1: He gave up on making new music because it wouldn't fit in with the present. So sang a song that already existed.

Paragraph 2: Song lyrics

Paragraph 3: His piano skills were not very skilled; his fingers were rigid. Memory of complaining during piano lessons.

Paragraph 4: Suddenly, he saw someone pass by the window. He wasn't expecting anyone. The doorbell rang and Allie answered the door before he could get there. Person was wearing a denim jacket and a red scarf.

Paragraph 5: He got closer until he could hear bits of conversation.

Paragraph 6-8: Dialogue. Man seems to be asking for help with his car, maybe a jump start. Allie is about to turn around to yell for Maysom when she sees him there. "Hey, creeper," she says.

Characters:

Alfredo—Margherita's friend

Allie—Maysom's sister

Briana—Maysom's beloved; impossibly dark eyes; bewitching smile; nicknamed "Bri" by Maysom; first introduced Maysom to The Killers

Franz—Simon's pseudo-intellectual friend from Connecticut; knows about critical literary theory

Freddy—owner of the Kebab shop.

George—Briana and Maysom's friend; gay, taught Maysom about running away, being free, being trapped.

Huey—Maysom's cat

Justin—Who Maysom's girlfriend spends all her time with.

Marco—Simon's friend; who managed the interactions in the group; studied in London

Margherita—underachiever; Simon's friend

Maria—Franz's girlfriend; studies Botany at the university on *Via Giovan Filippo Mariti*

Mark—Maysom's dad

Maysom (Wilson? Ackerman?)—outside himself; nicknamed “May” by Briana (hates the nickname); called “Mystery Kid” by Simon; not a big drinker; born in Orlando, Florida; lived in upstate New York; Adventist upbringing; real name “Adam”?

Mr. Pitti—Maysom's favorite teacher

Mr. Wyatt—a member of the congregation; spoke at the eulogy.

Mrs. Cane/Cain—an old and fierce woman who took a liking to Maysom's family in New York; Adventist.

Mrs. Hernandez—Maysom's Spanish teacher; Spanish not a first language, learned from being married to a Spanish-speaker

Mrs. Samana—spoke at the eulogy; new kindergarten teacher

Pastor Gundersen—speaker at Maysom's parents eulogy.

Retta—mocha skin, piercing, hazel eyes; ringed wing on forefinger; bartender at *La Campanella*; red-headed

Simon—Maysom's friend; smokes cigarettes

Sophia—Maysom's guitar

Stan—the ideal custodian from Maysom's youth.

Virginia—Uncle Max's wife; married for five years.

Maysom's uncle (Max?)—gave advice

Maysom's mother—collects snow globes; doesn't much care for music.

Maysom's parents are Mark and Emily

Places:

al centro

Duomo

Firenze

Florence (*Firenze*)

gelateria

Gli Uffizi

kebab shop

La Campanella—a dive near *Palazzo Vecchio* where Simon took Maysom every weekend

Maysom's apartment—fifth floor above a *gelateria*

New Hampshire—where George would be moving

New York—where Maysom lived (upstate, about 500 miles from the city)

Orlando, Florida—where Maysom was born.

Palazzo Vecchio

piazza

Piazza Dalmazia

Piazzale Michelangelo

Ponte Vecchio

ragazzo

touché

Trackston—a restaurant down the street from Maysom's house

Tuscany
University on *Via Giovan Filippo Mariti*

Typesetting:

Songs italicized
Italian words italicized
Thoughts in quotation marks

Italics usage: songs being sung
Thoughts not italicized (1.1.8)
List of Questions (2.5.1)

Dictionary:

abate
affect, affecting
ajar
am / pm
ambivalence, ambivalent
apparent
applaud, applauded (verb)
applause (noun, non-countable)
arena
arid
bask, basked
beacon, beacons
blond
boulevard(s)
buttress(es)
callus, calluses
catch (of a throat)
catch (of an engine)
C chord
change (noun, coins)
cielo (Spanish)
clothes line
cloudiness
continual, continually
countenance, countenances
coy
cream-colored
crestfallen
daydream
D chord
decrepit
dependability

disclarity
dot, dotted
dressed-up
edifice(s)
elsewhere
Em chord
entrapped
euro coin
eyebrow(s)
fangirling
feign, feigned
Fiat
figure (verb), figuring
floorboard(s)
Florence in Tuscany, Italy
fretboard
front (store's), fronts
gaily
gist
good-natured
graffiti
grind
here and there
huff, huffed
impenetrable, impenetrably
imperceptibly
in-class
in the wake of
keychain
make out (discern)
marvel, marveled
Mass
midday

middle-aged
 midstride
 mime, mimed
 musty
 nearby
 notoriety
 one
 pass, passed
 pea coat
 peddle, peddling
 periphery, peripheries
 perpetual, perpetually
perro (Spanish)
pollo (Spanish)
 preamble
 predetermined
 Promenade, the
 putter, puttered
 quaint
 rasp, rasped
 receptacle
 reconcile
 Renaissance
 Renault (car type)
 riotous
 rove, roved
 ruminate, ruminating, rumination(s)
 sandpaper, sandpapery
 scarcely
 shed, shedding
 shock (of hair)
 shrouded
 shy, shyly
 sixty (spelled out)
 slight (about build)
 snicker(s) (noun)
 soliloquy

Permissions:

James Morrison song
 Kings of Leon song
 The Killers song
 What'll I Do by Linda Ronstadt
 Coldplay song

sound hole
 sport, sported
 sputter, sputtered
 statue
 stoplight
 straggle, straggler
 strum, strummed
 sturdiness
 sumptuous
 sun ray, sun rays
 take stock, took stock
 tank top
 throughout
 titter (laugh)
 touché
 toward
 Trackston, The
 trudge, trudged
 trundle, trundled
 weeping Madonna
 woo
 wryly

Italian:

al centro
anziano
buongiorno
ciao
Duomo
Firenze
gelato
La Campanella
Palazzo Vecchio
piazza
Piazza Dalmazia
Ponte Vecchio