



SCRIBBLERWORKS
official website of **SARAH BEACH**

*This editing sample is from a novel by Michael Mordenga titled **A Boy and His Curse**. Used by permission.*

Prince Fragile cut in, "Then it is your impatience that makes you want to speak out like this. It is not my commanding that causes you to grumble, but the sin of your flesh. What have I done, General Ashen, that you would bring your doubt to my door?"

Ashen felt the heat of his commander's ~~peripheral~~ stare. He retreated to his position.

Comment [SB36]: "Peripheral" = at the edge or side. Not seeing how this works here. I'd just drop any adjective.

Another General, Kashun, ventured to the back to investigate the commotion. He ~~became~~~~had become~~ a General of Combat Artistry after intensive training in the Bangor Kingdom's Guild of Dark Arts. Though no troll could ever see a resemblance between him and the Prince, he was the younger brother. Compared to his beastly brother, he had a scrawny build but held a fierce power in the military with his ability to conjure flames and wind. He ~~donned~~~~wore~~ a midnight blue robe emblazoned with moon cycles, each representing a blood sacrifice for their god, Averro. He was proud to wear the reward of his enslaved years while his brother feasted like a fat oaf at social soirees. He felt more accomplished in perfecting his craft than ~~in~~ wearing his family emblems.

Comment [SB37]: Using "donned" means he IS PUTTING IT ON NOW in the narration, which I don't think is the case. "Wore" is sufficient here.

Kashun smacked his lips and crossed his arms. "Brother, do you not hear your trolls' unrest? They want to know why you have halted your duties and forsaken plans to burn this forest. It is a disgraceful sight for us all!"

The soldiers fretted at the sight of another altercation between the two biggest egos in the war effort.

"Leave from me, you fly," -Prince Fragile swatted. "It is not your place to point out my flaws."

"I point them out for the same reason a Phoenix loves to count. We both love high numbers!"

Ashen and his trolls grew anxious. These arguments usually ended in profane screaming. During one camp-out in Elfin territory, Fragile ~~had thrown~~~~threw~~ his brother through a tent and into a well. The trolls had to spend hours trying to dig him out. They groaned in remembrance, ~~as~~ no one ~~washad been~~ allowed to eat or rest until he was ~~retrieved~~~~ained~~.

"You make light of this war, brother!" Fragile bared his teeth. "Lest ~~not~~~~you~~ forget, ~~that~~ it is I who is obliged to lead this army. You abandoned your royal status with a written oath to father!"

Comment [SB38]: What do you really want here, because "Lest not forget" isn't an actual phrase. Do you want "Let's not forget" (meaning "Let us not forget") or "Lest you forget, it is I..." meaning "In case you've forgotten..." (I'll go with this second intention.)

"Neither you, nor father, could ever persuade me to sit ~~ign~~ on a throne 'til I die from nodding my head for bureaucrats!" Kashun retorted, storming towards Fragile, "I am much ~~more~~~~better~~ equipped as a dark artist. As for father, are you sure he is incapable of looking at me because I am not a piece of food? He is more ~~akin~~~~likely~~ to call a roast beast his beloved child, that corpulent monster!"

Fragile turned red and his face hardened. He took a deep breath and spun around to face the soldiers waiting.