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Editing Challenge: Fiction

1. How many mistakes can you spot in this piece of fiction?

The Courier

Her silhouette appeared over Maple Mount. She stood still atop it, then slid down Thornton lane like the bead of sweat trickling down Old Graysons temple.

The street lamp shed a spotlight on us as if we were on stage. As if, from the darkness, an audience watched us.

I imagined putting the heater on in the jeep but it was a mile away, in the car park of our drinking whole.

I couldn't say no when Old Greyson came over to me in The Tavern. 'You need to be there,' he said. 'Okay,' I said. But—

'No but's. Get me another bitter. I've a few things to tell you'.

She now walked along Blain Road. A skirt clung to her legs and flapped behind her.

Old Grayson squinted. 'Is it her.'

'Its her,' he said.

He wiped his face with the sleeve of his sheepskin.

I blew on my hands. 'What you going to do if she's not got it?'

'Don't know,' he said. I just don't know.

'If she has,' I said, 'I'll-'

'Lets see first, eh?'

'But ...' I said. He glared at me. His thin lips narrowed. My wifes bad enough when I've had a couple of extra pints, but this. Keep your distance, she always said about Grayson, which I would. If I could.

Moonlight highlighted her porcelain face. She had her hand in her duffle coat pocket. Old grayson looked at me. Grabbed the hammock-like flesh under his chin.

She stopped. Waved us from the lamp. We walked to her.

'You got it?' Grayson said.

She stared at Grayson. Then glanced at me.

2. Send us a list of the mistakes you've spotted and we'll tell you how many more you need to get (if any).

Remember, fiction writing is not always grammatically correct and complete so you must spot actual mistakes only.



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