

Will readers understand what
'it' is? Perhaps cut this
first sentence.

Editing Example (2): Lia King

There it was. Tucked in the corner of the dusty television is a printed picture of the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Ironic considering the language currently spewing off of the couch. On the screen is some type of sports video game, I think soccer. My two Mexican roommates are sitting on the couch with controllers, so I assume they are operating the mindless pixels darting across the television. They move in such irrational ways, turning nearly 180° at the switch of button. Is this how god feels? Is he asking what we are doing running amuck and aimless? Probably.

Some publishers prefer to have this capitalized.
worth looking in to.

The more pressing question on my mind, however, is where the ungodly smell of this apartment is coming from. I think the men themselves have decent hygiene. At least I decide to give them the benefit of the doubt. So my eyes wander beyond the living room and into the kitchen. They land on an open carton of orange juice lying horizontally on the kitchen table. a puddle swaddling the now empty carcass. Next to the puddle are a plethora of crumbs from every fast food chain imaginable. Neither of these things are immediately repulsive so the smell must come from somewhere else. elsewhere, which is a whole different breed of concerning. The video game on the T.V. becomes blurry—not that I was paying that much attention. I hope God is more attentive than I. And I pray that he has no sense of smell.

see above note

My phone buzzes—she's here. I blink the pungent aroma out of my eyes and step outside. Copper wisps fly amuck below me, like an artist dipped into a vermillion watercolor and threw the brush recklessly across a canvas. There she is. I smile. I run down the three flights of stairs, the metal steps echoing my excitement.

This paragraph has very complicated and
very simple sentences. Perhaps change the format so
the readers can follow.

Is the girl
with red
hair Eliza?
perhaps
specify.

Eliza attempts to push her hair out of her face and embraces me.

"Ready for date night?" she exclaims.

I smirk. "With you? Always!"

She places her hand in the fold of my arm and whispers, "I missed you, pretty boy."

The couple walked to the bus stop holding hands. They boarded and began their adventurous day.