



## Copy Editing

### Assignment 7: Fiction excerpt

**Directions: Copy-edit this fiction excerpt. Please use Chicago style.**

Aunt Rita came out the door in one of her signature, flowing, rainbow, caftan numbers. She seemed to have decided to take the Italian housedress concept one-step further, straight into Mama Cass territory (although truth be told, she looked like she had lost some weight). I was driving my stepfather's 12-year-old Ford, and we were heading to the Chapel Square Mall to get my bridesmaid's dress fitted. She had barely made it into the passenger seat before she started talking.

"What are you doin' after the dress? I need you to take me somewhere for a few hours. Can you do it?"

"Sure. Where?"

"Don't worry about that now. Hi, sweetie. How you doin', honey?" She planted a red lipstick kiss on my cheek, then rubbed my cheekit hard with her thumb to try to get its off. She licked her finger and I stopped her.

"I'll get it, Aunt Rita. I don't even let Mom do that anymore."

"Sorry, sweetie. I ain't doin'g that no more. I promise," she said.

Aunt Rita, my mother's sister, was my favorite cousinaunt. My mother had two older sisters, my Aunts Carmela and Julia, and Aunt Rita was the baby. The fact that they were all spawned from the same womb seemed impossible if you meet them. My mother was a religious, conservative teacher; Carmela was a nun; Julia was a tough, potty-mouthed barkeep; and Rita was what once upon a time might have been called a free-spirited hippie. The only talent all four shared was the ability to hold a grudge so long that they could forget what it was about. If you asked them why, they all didn't talk to each-one another with any sort of politeness or regularity, they'd wave a hand, as if swatting you away, but you could see the wheels turning back there somewhere, trying to figure out just what it was that had made them so mad.

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