

[Olivia's story](#)

1905 14 June

I AM PERMITTED TO KEEP A JOURNAL ~~FORBUT~~ I AM NOT AT LIBERTY TO
[RESPOND TO THE VOICES OUTLOUD](#) ... ~~MY DARK SECRET~~...

My name is Olivia Swanson and I am seven years old. I was born in New York City in the year 1898. I have three sisters: Molly is five years old; ~~and~~ Maggie is two years old; ~~My and my~~ baby sister Rosie is three months old. We all have ~~very~~ fair coloring. We take after our mama with ~~the very~~ light blonde hair with soft, silky ringlets and green eyes. We have ~~very~~ delicate features and have been told that we have inherited mama's great beauty and vivaciousness! Papa has brownish colored hair and blue eyes. He is ~~very~~ extremely handsome and has many women swooning over him, which entertains mama with amusement. We are of Swedish decent and live in the Scandinavian section of the city. All-in-all, we are of a typical family with the exception of my secret.

I am a very ~~inquisitive~~ ~~curious~~ little girl. I voice what is on my mind, and at times I get myself into distress with ~~our nurse~~ Martha, ~~our baby nurse~~, because of my inquisitive nature. The only difference between ~~myself~~ ~~me~~ and other girls of my age, is my ability to see colors surrounding people when I look at them. I am able to diagnose certain illnesses just by looking at the person's color that ~~percebrates~~ ~~permeates~~ around them. Papa thinks that a move to the suburbs will do our family good and ~~help me to~~ get rid ~~off~~ of what I see. We all think this is a good idea, but little do we know how drastically our lives are about to change...

[p. 1](#)

Commented [smr1]: I reformatted the text to Times Roman 12 point double spaced, which is standard for manuscripts, but can you change it when your manuscript is typeset.

Formatted: Font color: Accent 4

Commented [smr2]: Edit ok for clarity? Why all caps?

Commented [smr3]: Try not to use "very" as an adjective so often; either omit or replace if you can

Commented [smr4]: Edit ok? same word used later sentence

Commented [smr5]: Better word "trouble"? Best to keep writing simple

Commented [smr6]: Deleted so it doesn't sound like the nurse is a baby

Commented [smr7]: As meant?

Commented [smr8]: Avoid unnecessary ellipsis

[Olivia's story](#)

It is now ten o'clock in the morning. Our **portmanteau** are packed and lined up near the door-- waiting-- for the **footman** to bring them down to the **deer horn** ~~each~~ ~~that~~ is waiting outside to receive us. -Mama and papa give us big, tight, hugs ... as though they are afraid to let us go. ~~Each of us grabs~~ ~~We grab~~ our small, leather, travel bags, ~~each of which~~ ~~houses~~ a book, our favorite toy, and some fruit to hold us over until we reach our new destination. I turn my head ~~to~~ ~~and~~ look over my shoulder to get a ~~quick-last~~ glimpse of ~~the-our~~ penthouse. I want to memorize everything until we ~~take-visit of~~ the city once again. Mama tells me to hither to, I exit, and the door closes with a soft click.---

~~It~~ ~~Today~~ is ~~the~~ ~~our~~ last day of ~~our~~ living in the city. ~~My parents will be staying in the pent house~~ ~~and my~~ ~~My~~ sisters and I shall be ~~moving to in~~ our new home in the suburbs with Martha, who has ~~always~~ been our primary caretaker since I was ~~first~~ ~~a~~ ~~new~~ born. ~~Our parents will be staying in the penthouse and~~ ~~Our parents~~ will join us on the weekends and on holidays. I will miss ~~my~~ ~~parents~~ ~~them~~ for we ~~hardly ever~~ ~~rarely~~ get to spend time ~~with them~~ ~~together~~, and now ~~there~~ ~~the~~ ~~separation~~ will be ~~an~~ ~~even~~ ~~bigger~~ ~~separation~~, ~~but~~, ~~on~~ ~~greater~~. ~~On~~ the bright side, ~~-~~ my sisters and I ~~will~~ get to sleep over when we ~~come into~~ ~~visit~~ the city for clothes shopping. The city ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~smells~~ nasty ~~as far as~~ ~~smells~~ and ~~is~~ littered, but during the night ~~one could~~ ~~we~~ easily forget about the refuse, ~~and~~ just ~~to~~ take in how beautiful the city looks. ~~The Christmas window displays are absolutely breathtaking!~~ Mama and papa have told me about ~~with~~ the invention of electricity and the light bulb by ~~the inventor,~~ ~~a man named~~ Thomas Edison! ~~They said that all of the big~~ ~~Major~~ cities now have electricity, and New York City is no exception. ~~The Christmas window displays are absolutely breathtaking!!!!~~

Commented [smr9]: Ok to boldface vocabulary words?

Commented [smr10]: Deletion ok? In vocabulary list you define deer horn as a coach. Or maybe expand definition?

Commented [smr11]: Better word "contains"?

Commented [smr12]: I realize you're trying to use time period language but am not sure this will be obvious to the reader in some instances.

Commented [smr13]: Fact checked

Commented [smr14]: Don't forget that a 7 year old is narrating

Commented [smr15]:

Olivia's story

We reach the train station. Papa helps the men to load our portmanteau in to one of the box cars. Martha boards the train first. Mama kisses Rosie's soft, pink, chubby cheeks and then hands her to Martha. Papa ~~is back~~returns from helping the men load our cargo, and he leans in to kiss Rosie. Next it is our turn: ~~so as~~ mama and papa lean into the steps to give us ~~our~~ hugs and kisses. ~~Our eyes are tear up as well as theirs~~ we all become teary eyed, ~~so we~~ My sisters and I ~~then~~ make haste ~~and get to~~ settled into ~~a~~ window bench seat on the ~~side of the~~ train platform side so we will be able to wave good-bye to papa and mama. I always see pretty colors surrounding ~~people~~them.

My parents have a beautiful spectrum of colors that dance and swirl ~~amongst~~around them. ~~but...~~ But then ~~there are~~ I see the people ~~I see whom are~~ whose colors are lackluster. ~~in their colors. They have a look w~~ When they first spot me taking notice of them. ~~T~~ Their look is always **enigmatical**. I quickly avert my eyes because I start to feel **disquieted**. ~~whereupon~~ I dread looking at the **unwonted** coloring ~~which that~~ surrounds them! -The coloring is somewhat **hoary**, and ~~vapourly~~ vapory, ~~just~~ as if an eerie fog has quietly crept in next to them; ~~and it~~ slowly starts to swirl; and slither around them—creeping up slowly, slowly, and just hovering about; ~~and then, a~~ After I witness this ~~color~~ type of aura, I become very cold. ~~My, and my~~ heart beats faster, so fast, in fact; that the fog momentarily takes my breath away and leaves me with a ~~peeked~~ peaked look in its wake. As I continue to look at ~~the~~ a person who has ~~the~~ this gray ~~fog~~ mist about them, their ~~skin~~ coloring starts to ~~fad~~ fade; and ~~their flesh~~ loses its luster!!

Commented [smr16]: Spelling change ok?

Commented [smr17]: Edit ok?

[Olivia's story](#)

The whistle blows and I feel the train start to move. I wave frantically to papa and mama. They are returning our waves. I suddenly start to cry. I look across to see Molly and she is also crying ... I can tell mama and papa are crying ~~too, also,~~ because they are wiping their eyes on their sleeves.

I try to take in as much as I can in those few brief moments. I see papa and mama's back's as they turn away. I see buildings, ~~so many people, vendors, vendors, and~~ merchants, ~~homeless raggedy orphans,~~ horses and carriage's; ~~and I see people, so many people:-~~ [homeless raggedy orphans](#). ~~There is~~ a man spitting out his ~~dipping's,~~ a shabby man of **dissipation**, a group of **plebeians**, a **peeress**. ~~a~~ And then we begin to move so fast that there is nothing else to see except for a blur,...

I ~~somehow~~ feel soothed by the ~~clacked, clack noise~~ [clacking](#) of the ~~metal train runs~~ [railroad tracks](#) as ~~it~~ [the train](#) pounds down ~~against~~ the wooden rails. No one feels like talking. I suppose Martha ~~and Molly are~~ is lost in ~~her~~ [their](#) own thoughts, just as ~~Molly and I are lost in our own.~~ [I am lost in mine](#). Maggie and Rosie are quiet,; maybe [they are](#) a little tired. I close my eyes. Earlier I ~~had~~ wanted to jump off the train when I saw my parents walking away from ~~the train it.~~ ~~—~~ I have never been away from ~~mama and papa~~ [them](#) before ~~—~~. ~~and~~ I think the only thing that kept me from doing ~~such a thing~~ [so](#) would have been ~~the~~ [their](#) disapproval. ~~from my parents.~~

I will miss [Woolworth's](#) because the store was so close to our apartment building [that](#) we frequented it often. Martha would do most of her shopping there. She especially liked to purchase her sewing supplies, cleaning supplies, and big bolts of fabric, which would later be delivered to our dressmaker's shop.

Commented [smr18]: Edit ok? Are the tracks metal or wooden?

Commented [smr19]:

Commented [smr20]: Fact checked

Olivia's story

On our way back home, we would stop near the vendor²'s booths. Martha would seat ~~us~~ Molly and me on ~~the warm, a~~ weathered, lightly splintered park bench, ~~and she would~~ hand Rosie to me, ~~while trying~~ and then try to seat a ~~very~~-defiant little Maggie between ~~Molly and myself~~. Usually at the mention of treats, Maggie ~~was all of a sudden a very~~ suddenly became a well-behaved little girl. Martha would purchase small treats for us such as popcorn, ~~cracker~~ ~~jacks~~ Cracker Jack®, and ~~tootsie rolls~~ Tootsie Rolls®, and ~~coke a cola~~ also buy us cold drinks like Coca-Cola! In the cooler months we swapped out our cold drinks for hot cocoa and coffee. My favorite part of our outings ~~is~~ was when we ~~get~~ got to feed the leftovers to the pigeons and seagulls!

I am getting sleepy, so I grab my valises, that is, my new black leather travel bag. The smell of the leather ~~somehow~~ comforts me because ~~the smell~~ it reminds me of papa's ~~leather~~ chair in ~~the~~ his home office. ~~I proceed to~~ I bunch up the soft, supple ~~leather~~ bag and use it as a pillow. I must have dozed off for a while, but ~~then~~ a loud clanging noise ~~startled~~ startles me awake. I open my eyes and look across from me and I see that the noise ~~didn't seem to~~ does not disturb Martha or my sisters. I close my eyes and try to go back to sleep. Again, I am startled from a good sleep with all the **tumult**. What in the world ~~----~~ . . .

~~There, is~~ the outline, of a huge, flowered, buttocks ~~starring~~ stares me right smack in the face! What a horrible sight to ~~wake up~~ awaken to. A young porter is assisting ~~the~~ a large, buxom woman back onto her bench across the aisle from us. Apparently, she has ~~spilt~~ spilled the contents of her purse and ~~she had~~ has bent over ~~to try~~ to retrieve its contents.

The ~~young~~ porter ~~caught~~ catches me looking at him. He ~~was~~ is maybe eight or nine years old. He ~~had~~ has black hair, and huge, sparkly blue eyes. My heart ~~did~~ does a quick little flip-flop. ~~I didn't~~ quite understand why this young person had such an effect on me! He ~~gave~~ gives me a wink and

Commented [smr21]: Don't change tense. You started with present tense so best to keep this tense throughout manuscript.

Olivia's story

then he ~~smiled~~smiles at me. I returned ~~the~~ his smile and ~~felt~~feel my cheeks ~~turn a very red color~~become warm. I do not quite understand why this young person has such an effect on me!
I decided ~~that~~ the smartest thing for me to do ~~would be~~is to turn my head away.

Commented [smr22]: She can't see her cheeks

After a few ~~seconds~~minutes, the ~~young~~porter ~~had~~has made the heavy set, woman comfortable, ~~whom, in return~~ Perhaps in an attempt to cover up her embarrassment, ~~was behaving~~she behaves with ~~superciliousness~~. ~~In an attempt, I tried~~I try to stifle my giggle but ~~failed~~fail miserably.

Commented [smr23]: She acts with pride? How does she do this?

The ~~young~~porter ~~was, well, trying to sustain~~tries to refrain from laughter ~~as well~~. He look~~ed~~ over at me as though he ~~knew~~knows what I ~~was~~am thinking. He ~~held~~holds my ~~eyes~~gaze for a few seconds and, again, I ~~felt~~feel my heart fluttering. I ~~don't~~do not understand the strange effect this young fellow ~~had~~has on me. Perhaps it is just the heat I am feeling. It is, after all, a very hot day. ~~for only being~~Although it is the fourteenth of June, it ~~felt~~feels more ~~so-like~~ we should be in the month of July. ~~With h~~Having completed his task, the young porter wink~~ed~~ again at me ~~again~~ and then turn~~ed~~ and ~~left~~leaves.

-I watch~~ed~~ him ~~from the back~~as he walks away and then ~~finally noticed~~the notice a little boy following behind him. ~~There~~I imagine the boys ~~were probably~~are related to the conductor. ~~---~~
The little boy ~~lacked~~lacks the beautiful colors that ~~swirled~~swirl around the bigger boy. The little boy ~~turned~~turns to look at me. He ~~had~~has a pensive look on his face as he ~~smiled~~smiles at me. Again, the hoary, foggy colors ~~circling~~circle around. ~~Suddenly~~I ~~felt~~suddenly feel very cold, and very sad at the same time! I ~~didn't quite~~do not quite understand my feelings, but ~~verily~~ I ~~wanted~~want to cry!

Olivia's story

I can feel the train slowing down whistling loudly, making everyone aware of our arrival to the depot. I am so excited I can hardly contain myself! We are about to embark on a new life, a new adventure!

We exit the train and ~~then~~ an older man greets us. He introduces himself to us as Willie. ~~He appears to be a very jolly man.~~ We in turn make our introductions and instantly my heart is warmed to this man. He has twinkling, kind, blue eyes, which give him the appearance of a jolly man. ~~He sports a small gray beard, He has very-thinning gray hair, and twinkly, kind blue eyes, he sports a short, gray beard, and he has~~ lots, and lots of wrinkles! I think this man must be very, very, old. ~~I think he even has some gray hair poking out of his ears!~~

~~Once the bags are loaded,~~ Willie tips the **baggage smasher** who has helped him to load ~~the our~~ travel bags into the **Jenny Lind**, and we ~~get~~ settled comfortably into this horse-drawn carriage. Willie tugs on the horse's reins, and we are on our way to a new beginning.

~~Something told~~ But instinct has me ~~to~~ turn around toward the train station, ~~and~~ my eyes searched through the crowd. There he ~~was~~ is, the handsome ~~boy porter~~, standing ~~near~~ next to the conductor ~~with~~ and the little boy, ~~standing next to them.~~ Both boys ~~were~~ are dressed in light gray oxford shirts, matching and gray and white, pinned-stripped knickers, with ~~Both are wearing~~ matching caps. ~~Both wore matching light gray oxford shirts with white sock, the older boy had baggy, worn out elastic socks and both had on as well as worn, black leather boots.~~ They looked very much alike in features, ~~with the exception that~~ but the little boy has what appears to be coal dirt on one of his cheeks and ~~his hands also held~~ traces of coal dust on his hands. The older boy suddenly ~~took~~ takes off his cap and waves ~~ed~~ it in the air to gain my attention. The little boy ~~saw~~ sees what his brother ~~was~~ is doing ~~so he then~~ and copies ~~ed~~ him. I

Commented [smr24]: Fact checked. Add Jenny Lind to your vocabulary list? Also I'm not sure if many people (and their luggage) can fit into a Jenny Lind.

[Olivia's story](#)

waved back to them with the biggest, prettiest smile I ~~could~~[can](#) muster up, and then I turned back around, ~~so that I was facing my family.~~

[<<stopped here>>](#)