

## First-Round Edits

### Pre-Game Warm up

With a name like Bella-Sophia, it didn't come as a surprise that the woman who bore it was both beautiful and wise. Though one couldn't "see" the three graduate degrees that were conferred upon her they couldn't miss her beauty. Bella-Sophia had a face that was the perfect canvas for the beauty she wore nonchalantly. She had piercing eyes, full lips, hair people wanted to touch, and a body that was a complex arrangement of muscle and softness, strength and vulnerability.

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Other than her beauty and wisdom, Bella-Sophia was an interesting individual. Those who traveled in academic circles described her as eclectic; those who worked with her described her as driven; and those who set themselves up as her opponents described her as a fucking bitch who should burn in hell. The last was the description Bella-Sophia preferred. Yep, Bella-Sophia was a certified weirdo; but first and foremost, Bella-Sophia Forrester was a paradox.

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Bella-Sophia had a tempting mouth; but instead of purring out her desires, she yelled out demands in between dropping million-dollar smiles that could start an epidemic of laughter. She had a woman's body; but most people only got to see the hard parts, such as her heavily muscled legs and well-defined arms. She had beautiful hair, ironically thanks to her lack of patience. She kept her locks in Senegalese twists because she really couldn't be bothered with doing more than pushing it back and twisting it up and out of her face.

Comment [SF1]: Adverbs aren't hyphenated for compound adjectives.

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Bella-Sophia was a beautiful woman, yet she concealed it from the world, and herself. With her dancer's legs, she should be wearing short, airy dresses and stilettos on her come-hither body. She should be wearing delicate jewelry on her throat and wrists.

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She should be wearing those kick-ass twists down and gloss on those let's-get-into-trouble-together lips. That was what a woman like Bella-Sophia should be wearing, but Bella-Sophia was nothing if not contrary. This was why her customary outfit consisted of

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cargo jeans, Polo shirts, and cleats; and why she wore a stopwatch on her wrist and a whistle around her neck. It was also why her hair was relegated to an elastic rubber band and her lips were dressed in nothing but unscented lip balm. Even the visor of her baseball cap concealed her eyes.

**Comment [SF2]:** Capitalize because this is used as a brand name.

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It was a look insulted to her beauty, but alas, she was appropriately dressed for the gridiron's sidelines. One didn't wear her hair down, rock a dress, or don lip gloss unless one was a cheerleader; and while Bella-Sophia was many things, a cheerleader was not one of them. Bella-Sophia Forrester was one of the few women who coached collegiate football in America.

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**Comment [SF3]:** I do know why you wanted to delay this specific revelation, but it's not enough that she coaches football, because she could coach Pee Wee football. It's the fact she coaches at this level that makes her unique, and the reader should know this.

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Back when she was fresh out of graduate school, she was known as Bella-Sophia. And while she worked in the corporate world, she was known as Counselor Forrester. When she got her first coaching job she was simply known as "Coach Belle", since Bella-Sophia was a mouthful. But when she started winning, the full Bella-Sophia was dropped and replaced by one name: "Blitz." She was known as "Blitz" because, well, she never met a quarterback that could get rid of the ball fast enough to scare her from attempting it. But more than that, she had a defense that disguised the blitz well and could cover the parts of the field left open.

Though she was proud of the name her parents had given her, she not only answered to the name “Blitz”, she introduced herself as such. She’d earned the moniker. She’d earned it through blood, sweat, and tears. She’d earned it in the classroom. She’d earned it on the field, and not just any field in America, but the high-school fields in Texas. The southern part of the U.S. might be football crazy, but nobody did high school football like the state of Texas, and few coached football (on any level) like Blitz Forrester.

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## Third-Round Edits

### Pre-Game Warm up

With a name like Bella-Sophia, it didn't come as a surprise that the woman who bore it was both beautiful and wise. Though one couldn't "see" the three graduate degrees that were conferred upon her, one couldn't miss her beauty. Bella-Sophia's face was the perfect canvas for the beauty she wore nonchalantly. She had piercing eyes, full lips, hair people wanted to touch, and a body that was a complex arrangement of muscle and softness, strength and vulnerability.

Other than her beauty and wisdom, Bella-Sophia was an interesting individual. Those who traveled in academic circles described her as eclectic; those who worked with her described her as driven; and those who set themselves up as her opponents described her as a fucking bitch who should burn in hell. The last was the description Bella-Sophia preferred. Yep, Bella-Sophia was a certified weirdo; but first and foremost, Bella-Sophia Forrester was a paradox.

Bella-Sophia had a tempting mouth; but instead of purring out her desires, she yelled out demands in between dropping million-dollar smiles that could start an epidemic of laughter. She had a woman's body; but most people only got to see the hard parts, such as her heavily muscled legs and well-defined arms. She had beautiful hair, ironically, thanks to her lack of patience. She kept her locks in Senegalese twists because she really couldn't be bothered with doing more than pushing it back and twisting it up and out of her face.

Bella-Sophia was a beautiful woman, yet she concealed it from the world...and herself. With her dancer's legs, she should be wearing short, airy dresses and stilettos on her come-hither body. She should be wearing delicate jewelry on her throat and wrists. She should be wearing those kick-ass twists down and gloss on those let's-get-into-trouble-together lips. That was what a woman like Bella-Sophia should be wearing, but Bella-Sophia was nothing if not contrary. This was why her customary outfit consisted of cargo jeans, polo shirts, and cleats; and why she wore a stopwatch on her wrist and a whistle around her neck. This was also why her hair was relegated to an elastic rubber band and her lips were dressed in nothing but unscented lip balm. Even the visor of her baseball cap concealed her eyes.

It was a look that insulted her beauty; but alas, she was appropriately dressed for the gridiron's sidelines. One didn't wear her hair down, rock a dress, or don lip gloss unless one was a cheerleader; and while Bella-Sophia was many things, a cheerleader was not one of them. Bella-Sophia Forrester was one of the few women who coached collegiate football in America.

Back when she was fresh out of graduate school, she was known as Bella-Sophia. And while she worked in the corporate world, she was known as Counselor Forrester. When she got her first coaching job, she was simply known as "Coach Belle", since Bella-Sophia was a mouthful. But when she started winning, the full Bella-Sophia was dropped and replaced with one name: "Blitz." She was known as "Blitz" because, well, she never met a quarterback who could get rid of the ball fast enough to scare her from attempting it. But more than that, she had a defense that disguised the blitz well and could cover the parts of the field left open.

Though she was proud of the name her parents had given her, she not only answered to the name “Blitz”, she introduced herself as such. She’d earned the moniker. She’d earned it through blood, sweat, and tears. She’d earned it in the classroom. She’d earned it on the field...and not just any field in America, but the high-school fields in Texas. The southern part of the U.S. might be football crazy, but nobody did high school football like the state of Texas; and few coached football (on any level) like Blitz Forrester.

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