

Feed-back.com Autobiography Editing Project:

Sample Excerpts

Feed-back.com's Edited First Page

On a summer day in 1985, I didn't know what I was getting myself into at that little bar on the outskirts of Tracy, California. My plan was to reconcile with Mom. We often met at local pubs that were halfway points on her way home from work. She was a regular at most of them long before I was born. Our mutual habits were well-established, but my list of vices soared past hers while I was still in high school.

As usual, she was in her favorite cubbyhole at the bar, away from the main stream of traffic. My mother and her co-workers sat there daily, rehashing work experiences. I greeted her with a kiss and hug, settling onto the adjacent barstool but wary of ordering a drink. I'd successfully quit alcohol use and wanted desperately to escape the nightmares associated with my mom's lifestyle. Regretfully, one beer with her in familiar surroundings got me started again.

Drinking wasn't my only problem. Looking back at my recent history, I realized that romantic involvements kept me from moving forward. "True love" bungled a beautifully planned trip to Europe with a millionaire's son as a native tour guide. I also rejected a career opportunity at a world-renowned research laboratory and postponed training to become a real estate agent. Countless hours of depression and sobbing after break-ups led me to see a more promising future if I applied myself with dedication and resolve.

Author's Unedited First Page

I hadn't realized what I was getting myself into the day I decided to walk into the little bar at the outskirts of town, my hometown, Tracy, California. Yes, Mom and I used to hang out down at this little hole in the wall, the halfway point on her way home from work. It was just about the only place I could catch her, there, or one of the other local pubs. She had made these little dark alleys her home away from home long before I was ever born. Lord knows I tried to reform her, but I ended up doing myself in in the process. My list of past vices soared past hers before I had gotten out of high school. My track record of broken romances and mischief had brought me to a point of reconciliation and I was bound and determined to exercise my newly found independence once and for all.

Mom, as usual, sat near the right hand corner of the bar, in her favorite cubbyhole away from the main stream of traffic. She and the gals from work sat there daily rehashing work and other experiences that popped up in their daily routines. I greeted her in the normal way, a kiss and hug, and snuggled down onto the barstool next to her. She had gotten into the habit of asking me what I'd like, there had been many times where I had quit alcohol just to keep from falling into the heavy clutches that surrounded her life and the nightmares that were associated with her lifestyle. It was beer this time that had gotten me started.

At this point in my life I had realized that romantic involvements had crippled me from being able to excel into the highlights in my life. True love had bungled up a beautiful laid out trip to Europe with a millionaire's son as a native tour guide. Caused me to give up a perfectly good career opportunity at a world-renowned research laboratory. Killed my motivation to get into real estate. Put the skids on an expensive paid trip to Maryland and a shot at roulette. Good grief, not to mention the countless hours of sobbing and depression that tossed me to and fro through one dark hole after another. Yes, I was finally seeing my way clear to fulfilling a deep yearning inside to make something of myself, and everything was full speed ahead, looking real promising.