

Summary page

The client wanted:

- The story to be made longer - from 40 pages to 80.
- The story to be cleaned up/fleshed out so that it was more cohesive, flowed better, and made for a more exciting/interesting read.
- Intensive editing (including basic proofreading, line editing, copy editing, developmental editing, and structural editing) to rid the story of grammatical errors, inconsistencies, redundancies, and to improve the readability for the audience.
- A story that stayed true to her tone, voice, and stylistic choices even as I rewrote and added to it.
- The fastest possible delivery.

The process:

- I read through the client's story in full before getting started to familiarize myself with it and take note of the main things that needed to be done and the main areas that needed to be improved on.
- I read through the story again to gather questions in order to interview the client and get more context/details to insert into the story.
- I read through the story again to proofread and fix grammatical errors.
- I read through the story again to fix plot holes/inconsistencies/redundancies, and to restructure a few things.
- I read through the story again and began inserting the details/answers from the client's interview to liven the story up and tie up loose ends. I also began writing additional scenes to help lengthen the story. I focused mostly on writing during this period.
- I read through the story again to proofread what I had written, make sure that the client's voice was still prevalent over my own, make sure that there were no new holes or inconsistencies, etc.

- After providing a few more interview questions to fact-check and get more details to wrap up a few loose ends, I read over the story two more times to make sure that it was free of all mistakes and ready for publishing.
- The whole process took eight business days and was finished before the client's deadline.

Chapter 1 - Written by client - unedited

I grew up in Compton, California, the city of "Hope" with a single mother along with my five sisters. Yes, my mom had all girls. Growing up on Willow St was a real-life nightmare from witnessing people getting killed to people, dead bodies lying on the street and selling drugs. It never felt safe to just play outside for me, my cousins and sisters, It was like dodging a bullet every day. I can remember the helicopter always being in the air flashing lights down our street. It was a very dangerous street. If you made it out alive you were considered lucky.

I felt like the street I grew up on was cursed because people were dying every day. I remember my mom playing this "Hard Knock Life by Jay-Z" in her car driving to the grocery

store. I didn't know what he meant at that time but hearing the kids' voices I could hear the struggle and I could relate. Music was everything growing up, it was my escape from reality. Growing up there made me strong, work hard and appreciate life. The only thing I could do as a kid was always daydream where I wanted to go, what I wanted to be when I grew up and I knew for sure it was here.

Sharing a one-bedroom apartment was not easy, but my mom made the best of it. I can remember being embarrassed when family would visit because we had roaches and sometimes mice in our apartment. My mom did her best to keep it clean, but the landlord wasn't taking care of the property. So, it was only so much my mom could do. I could remember having the best Christmas no matter how our living situation was, I felt complete with my dolls and barbies. My cousins loved to stay the night even though they had a big house, and we didn't. I believe it was because my sisters and I had kitchenettes, dolls and more. We would have slumber parties and play all night. These fun nights were short lived. I can say those were the best memories I can remember.

My 7th birthday party was coming up, one of my sister's named Nicole's birthday was two days after mine. We shared our birthday parties together way before I could remember . That day felt so alive. I could remember our cake with our favorite characters, the cake was filled with fresh strawberries and covered in almond slices on the sides. Our families came together from both sides, my moms and my dads. We celebrated at the park near our home. My dad's

family always showed me and my sisters love no matter what. They didn't visit often. I always felt maybe because my dad was deceased.

I was raised with my mom's family. My grandpa was very strict. He was mean if you pushed him there. He meant business, but kind to me growing up. My grandma was the sweetest person I ever met. She was a giver and loved me unconditionally. During the summer session to escape Compton as a little I would take trips with my grandparents to visit their native home in Mexico. I could remember the long fights and the drive to make it to our destination. It was so worth it.

Visiting there was fun, it felt like a piece of paradise. My grandma always stood up for me if anyone ever made me feel uncomfortable. In those days biracial wasn't accepted by some

distant family that lived in the Casita Rancho where their home was in Mexico. I could hear the conversation through the thin walls being called names about my mixed race. I didn't let it bother me because I knew God created me differently and I was okay with that.

Growing up biracial wasn't easy either, it made me feel like I didn't belong or at least that's the way some people made me feel. I remember grocery shopping with my grandparents and people would walk up asking my grandmother what nationality I was. " She is of mixed race" my grandma would say proudly.

This lady in line asked if she could touch my curly hair. Those situations made me feel like I was in a freak show. I spoke fluent Spanish because my grandparents didn't speak English. People would stop and stare when I would speak Spanish which made me feel shy and intimidated sometimes, I was just a young girl already feeling confused about my identity. That was just the start to my life of conflicts and drama.

Chapter One - Written/Edited by Tia Trammell - Edit 1 (Not the finalized version)

I grew up in Compton, California, the city of “Hope”, with a single mother, Rose, along with my five sisters. (Yes, my mom had all girls.) There was Carmen, who was three years older than me, and Nicole, who was one year younger than me. Then there was me. Gianna. I didn’t have much of a relationship with my other three sisters.

Growing up on Willow St. was a real-life nightmare, from witnessing people getting killed to seeing dead bodies lying on the street and people selling drugs. It never felt safe to just play outside for me, my cousins, and my sisters. It was like trying to dodge a bullet every day. I can remember the helicopters that were always in the air flashing lights down our street. Needless to say, it was a very dangerous place to live. If you made it out alive you were considered to be one of the lucky ones.

I felt like the street I grew up on was cursed because people were dying every day. I remember my mom playing this song called, ‘*Hard Knock Life*’ by Jay-Z in her car while driving to the grocery store one day. I didn’t know what he meant at that time but hearing the kids’ voices, I could hear the struggle and I could relate.

(Music was everything to me while I was growing up. It was my escape from reality. I spent my days listening to artists of various genres: from Jay Z to NSYNC. From Britney Spears to Destiny’s Child. From TLC to Monica—and to this day, I can’t listen to ‘*Just One of Those Days*’ by Monica without being catapulted right back to that time in my life.)

But despite all the violence and the not-so-safe environment, I’m still glad that my life began in Compton. Growing up there, in the chaotic city of Hope, made me strong. It made me work hard and learn to appreciate life. Without my rough upbringing, I’m not sure whether I’d still be the successful woman that I am today. As I got older, my trauma and pain transformed into fiery ambition and an insurmountable amount of determination to better my life. Despite my circumstances, I managed to rise above those who tried to bring me down, and I conquered the challenges that life threw my way in order to create the future that I had always dreamed of having. But I’m getting a little ahead of myself...

The only thing I could do as a kid was daydream about where I wanted to go and what I wanted to be when I grew up. At the age of five, I’d decided that I wanted to be an actress on TV. I spent all my free time watching Nickelodeon, so I thought it’d be fun. I could see it clearly; Me being the star of a popular kid’s show, becoming a household name and—with due time—an icon. One of those child stars that you’d grow up with and think about every now and then when you were feeling particularly nostalgic.

But in the case that my acting career didn't work out, I figured it'd also be nice to be a fashion designer. I had the skillset for it, didn't I? I loved putting together outfits for my dolls, and when my mother would take my sisters and me out thrift shopping, I always loved recreating pieces. I was the most stylish fashionista there was and would ever be, in my thrift store couture.

By the age of ten, my dreams for the future weren't quite as glamorous. I was no longer concerned with becoming a television superstar, and I was still interested in fashion—I always had a passion for it throughout my whole life—but I'd put a halt on my dreams of becoming a rich and famous fashion designer. Instead, I wanted to have a career that would allow me to help people. Particularly, kids like me. Kids who were going through the same thing as I was. I wanted to be a therapist.

At fifteen, I was already sick of working. I'd gotten myself a job at a deli shop and I was working full time instead of living my life. All I wanted was to attend school full time and enjoy my teenage years like everyone else around my age was. I was too exhausted to do much daydreaming, but I guess the thought of pursuing fashion design still lingered in the back of my head.

Regardless of what scenario I dreamed up for myself, there was always one common factor. There was always one thing that I knew for sure. Wherever I ended up, I didn't want it to be here with my mother and sisters in Compton.

Sharing a one-bedroom apartment was not easy, but my mom made the best of it. She did her best to keep it clean, but the landlord wasn't taking care of the property. I can remember being so embarrassed when our extended family would visit because we had roaches and sometimes even mice running around, but there was only so much that my mom could do.

My mother was an immigrant from Costa Rica. She'd moved here to the states at just five years old—the baby of the family--along with her mother and her three siblings. Her father was already waiting for them when they got here, having already gotten his green card and found a home for them to live in.

But despite this, and despite my mother marrying my father, whom she'd met here in the very same neighborhood that I grew up in, she never pursued obtaining her documentation in the United States, so finding employment was always difficult for her. She relied heavily on government assistance and could only ever find work doing odd jobs that paid under the table here and there. She never had a stable income, so our one-bedroom apartment in the slums was the best that she could do for us for a long time.

But despite how tight money was for us, I can still remember having the best Christmas no matter what our living situation was like. Christmas was always my favorite holiday—always a time for the family to come together and forget about all of our problems for a short period of time while we got into the Christmas spirit and spread a little Yuletide joy--and I always felt complete with my new dolls and barbies.

My cousins loved to stay the night even though they had a big house and we didn't. I believe it was because my sisters and I had kitchenettes, dolls, and many more of the popular toys for little girls at the time. We would have slumber parties and exhaust ourselves with playing all night long! I can say that those were some of my best and fondest memories, but those fun nights were very short-lived.

It was 1995 and my 7th birthday party was coming up. My younger sister, Nicole's birthday was two days after mine. We had always shared a birthday party since way before I can even remember. Since we were so close in age and our birthdays were so close together, we always took the time to hold a special, joint celebration.

That day was so lively that I can remember it vividly. I can remember our cake. It had our favorite characters from Sesame Street on it, and it was filled with fresh strawberries and covered with almond slices on the sides. Our families came together from both sides--my mom's and my dad's—and we celebrated at the park near our home with a small family picnic.

My dad's family always showed my sisters and me love no matter what, but they didn't visit often. I always felt that maybe it was because my dad was deceased.

My father was born and raised by his mother and father, here in Compton, and he remained here throughout his whole life. When he was fourteen, his father passed away, and four years later, he met my mother.

My mom had already had my eldest sister, Carmen, three years prior when she was fourteen, but my dad didn't mind that. He and my mother dated for two years, and although my father took my eldest sister in and raised her as his own, the two of them didn't decide to get married until my mom got pregnant with me.

He was murdered in '92. I don't have any memories of or with him. Just pictures and videos.

So, even though they were kind to me and my sisters whenever we saw them, I didn't really get to spend much time with my dad's side of the family while I was growing up.

Instead, I was raised with my mom's family. There was my grandpa, Robert, who was very strict. He was mean if you pushed him there, but he had a kind heart. He was our protector, and he would never let anyone harm me or anyone else. He meant business, and he had a tough exterior, but he was so loving in private, and he was kind to me while I was growing up.

Then there was my grandma, Mary, who was the sweetest person I ever met. She was loved by everyone, and she was a natural-born healer. She always had the best remedies to make you feel better when you were sick—so much so that people would fly in from different states just to get her help. She was a giver and she truly loved me—and my sisters--unconditionally. She always tried her best to be there for us.

From the time when I was a little girl until the time they passed away, I loved my grandparents dearly, and to this day, I'm still connected with them, in spirit.

Some of my best memories with them come from our exciting trips back to their homeland. To escape Compton for a little while as a little girl, during the summer season, I would take trips with my grandparents to visit their native home in Mexico. I can remember the long flights and the lengthy drive that it took to make it to our destination. It was so worth it. Visiting there was fun, and it always felt like a piece of paradise.

They had a humongous ranch that me and my cousins loved running around and playing on. It was so big that there could have been twenty houses built on it and there still would have been extra space!

I always loved waking up to the smell of homemade bread or tortillas and then going to the farm and milking the cows or riding the horses. But my time back in Mexico wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. People were very ignorant back then, which led to a lot of incidents that are still ingrained in my mind to this day.

My grandma always stood up for me if anyone ever made me feel uncomfortable while we were there.

Growing up biracial wasn't easy. In those days, being biracial wasn't accepted by some of my distant family that lived in the Casita Rancho, where their home was in Mexico.

I can remember hearing a conversation through the thin walls where I was being called all kinds of callous names about my mixed race. But I didn't let it bother me because I knew God created me differently and I was okay with that.

Still, being of mixed race made me feel as if I didn't belong, or at least, that's the way some *people* made me feel. I remember grocery shopping with my grandparents and

people would walk up asking my grandmother what nationality I was. “She is of mixed race,” my grandma would say proudly. Then, this lady in line asked if she could touch my curly hair.

I spoke fluent Spanish because my grandparents didn’t speak English, and people would stop and stare when I would speak Spanish which made me feel shy and intimidated sometimes too.

Those kinds of situations always made me feel as if I was in a freak show.

I was just a young girl, and I was already feeling confused about my identity.

But that was just the start of the long road ahead of me, littered with all sorts of conflicts and drama.

Present Day

A Note From The Author - Written by client - Unedited

I married my best friend, and we have a beautiful family. I wanted this book to encourage girls and women that no matter what, never give up. Stand up for yourself and remember who you are. We are queens and never should forget that. I want girls to understand that I am you. I have been there. I overcame the struggles. I overcame the lack of support, jealousy and being bullied. The lack of relationships with my family. If I overcome that then so can you. Nothing in this world is off-limits. There is nothing in this world you can not reach. It may seem like your dreams are far away and you don't know where to turn, but remember every time it rains, the sun comes out after. Remember insecurities are louder than confidence. The best revenge is none. Heal, love yourself,

work in silence and master your purpose in this lifetime. I was abused mentally, physically, and emotionally. I was told I wouldn't amount to anything, and I was simply a baby mama. I was called everything in the book, but I still rose above that. There's no reason why you can't either. Always stay grateful.

Rise Queen and when you find your true self, never forget who she is.

Present Day

A Note From The Author - Written/Edited by Tia Trammell - Edit 1 (Not the finalized version)

I married my best friend in life. It was a destination wedding with just me, Jay, and our kids, and it was perfect. Jay and I have a beautiful family—Ra is now sixteen years old; Skai is fourteen, and twelve years after having Skai, I gave birth to my third baby, Luna, who is now two years old. My third pregnancy was incredibly exciting for me! It was the first time that I was able to fully enjoy my pregnancy because, by that point, I felt mentally, spiritually, and professionally connected in my life.

Christmas is still one of my favorite holidays to this day, and I love getting to celebrate it with my husband and children every year. I also love getting to take trips back to Mexico—which is something that I still do as often as I can, except now, I get to take my children along with me. While we don't get to visit the ranch that I so often visited when I was a little girl, I still thoroughly enjoy our trips because they remind me of a time when my grandparents were still here.

I miss them. Outside of my husband and kids, they were practically the only family that I had.

I did manage to smooth things over with Nicole over the years and we still communicate every once in a while, but aside from her, I don't have any relationship with my other family. I tried to reconnect with my mother and my other sisters, but I was never able to because they never changed. Every time I came around, they treated me as if I was some sort of threat to them.

My mother was never there for me and nothing that I did ever seemed to make her happy. No matter what I managed to accomplish, she never recognized me and my efforts for it. It's not that I did things just to make her happy—every goal that I set out to achieve was something that I wanted to do to make *me* happy and proud of myself for my success—but I can remember being a young girl and wishing that she would be proud of me too. I was craving that motherly love and support from her, but I never got it. In fact, it was always given to my eldest sister, Carmen, instead, and even my other siblings. I was always overlooked.

It's odd because—not to sound full of myself, but the truth is nothing but the truth—I believe I actually stood out the most. No matter what challenges I may have faced, I always tried to go above and beyond to better myself because I wanted to be great. For God, for myself, for my husband, and for my kids. I was always incredibly ambitious, which is something that my mother and siblings can't really say about themselves.

I think that was the problem. They didn't like the fact that I wasn't interested in remaining on their level. I wanted to improve my life no matter the circumstances. I wanted better for myself. Sometimes, I think that ambition is the reason we never got along. I think it bothered my family, and maybe even other people too. They always had something nasty to say about me and their negativity constantly made me and my spirit feel drained, so ultimately, I decided to just go on living my life without them in it for the sake of my own sanity.

Last I heard of them, my mother was still working her job as a cashier. Carmen is married with three kids of her own and moved to Colorado, but that's all I know about her because I haven't spoken to her in ten years. Nicole is single and has one child, and she's currently working as a CNA. I never was able to form any type of connection with my other sisters, so I'm not sure what they've got going on. One thing I know is that for the most part, they're all still negative. They haven't changed much from how they were back in the day.

But at least I still have Mrs. April. Currently, she lives right next to me and Jay! Her daughter, The Witch, never comes around anymore, thank God. I couldn't stand her back then and I still can't now, although I'm trying my best not to hold grudges as I move on with my life.

I have been successful in my career which I'm incredibly proud of. I never reopened my fashion boutique, which is one of my biggest regrets in life, but I'm hoping to open a new one in the future. I did, however, start my own business and become a life coach, which is what I currently do for a living. I help women understand their purpose and work toward their goals, which is why I wanted to write this book about my life.

Aside from my husband, no one knows my life story. I was always afraid of sharing anything with anyone because I was afraid of being judged and I didn't have the confidence to speak my truth before. But now, I'm at a point in my life where I just want to let it all go. I have been writing and keeping notes of the important events in my life for the past ten years now, and I think it's finally time for me to share my story with the world. Maybe there are other women, or little girls, who are going through the same thing that I did or feeling alone in the world just as I did when I was younger. It is my hope that my story can inspire them in some way and reassure them that they are not alone.

I want this book to encourage girls and women to never give up, no matter what. Stand up for yourself and remember who you are. We are queens and we should *never* forget that.

I want girls to understand that I am you. I have been there. I overcame the struggles. I overcame the lack of support, jealousy, and being bullied. The lack of relationships with my family as well. If I overcome that then so can you.

Nothing in this world is off-limits. There is nothing in this world that you cannot reach. It may seem like your dreams are far away and you don't know where to turn, but remember every time it rains, the sun comes out after. Remember that insecurities are louder than confidence.

The best revenge is none. Heal, love yourself, work in silence and master your purpose in this lifetime. I was abused mentally, physically, sexually, and emotionally. I was told I wouldn't amount to anything, and that I was simply a baby mama. I was called everything in the book, but I still rose above that. There's no reason why you can't either.

Always stay grateful.

Rise, Queen, and when you find your true self, never forget who she is.