Editing Exercise: Find and correct errors in spelling, capitalization, punctuation, fragments, run-ons, verb forms and tense consistency.

The line seemed to stretch endlessly down the tree-lined campus on that hot August day. Standing in the relentless, beating sun, both nervous and impatient, our freshman class at St. John’s university all wondered how long the registration process would take. Keep in mind, we were entering College at a time when computers where found only in science fiction novels, registering for classes was all done in a huge gymnasium set up with many desks and boxes of class entry cards. And supervised by intimidating professors in coats and ties. Most of us do not no what to expect. When suddenly white cardboard-like cards floated down the sea of insecure first time students. “take one fill out the information on you’re card,” a nameless voice announced ” and then we will separate you by majors. This looked like progress. Except what WAS my major. All I new was I wanted to be a teacher no one telled me I had to know of what. It is a huge relief when nameless voice, once again, speaks instructing “all of us who are undecided to take hour cards and move to the left.” However, my relief was short lived as I seen, what seemed to be, half the class move their. “This was going to take forever,” I though to myself. Perspiration was pouring down my back, I had no one to ask for advise, I was hot, tired and wanted to go home to. Than the solution hit. Hadn’t I won the principle’s english award in highschool? Surely, that would be a better choice then history (witch had the second longest line). Right they’re, I checked the box that read, “Secondary education/English” a career was launched.