

Copyedited Paragraph 1

This has extraordinary implications, ~~which are extraordinary ones,~~ for regenerative and ~~also for~~ reconstructive medicine ~~fields~~. For centuries, surgeons have tried to replace ~~your~~ lost or damaged physical features, by attaching prosthetics, ~~donated~~ transplanting organs donated by others, and grafting pieces of tissue taken from other areas of patients' own bodies ~~that is in a different area of the body~~. But the most painstaking reconstructive surgery can still only create (relatively) crude facsimiles of a limb, digit, or organ that nature seems to produce so effortlessly. If you're missing an ear, a surgeon can fashion a new one from ~~cartilage~~ cartilage found elsewhere in your body, typically the ribs. But ear cartilage has unique properties, giving it a perfect balance of strength and flexibility, ideal for an ear's functions, which rib cartilage just can't match.

Copyedited Paragraph 2

The man bore an uncanny resemblance to August~~o~~ Pinochet. His dining partner looked like David Cameroon. I was half expecting Margaret Thatcher and Sebastián Piñera Echenique to show up around the corner. Meanwhile, my coffee was getting cold. Good, in a way. I could call the waiter ~~to come over~~ and ask for a top up. Or better yet, a fresh cup. It would make my third hour of lingering alone ~~for the third hour, irritably~~—feigning it irritation to cover up my embarrassment—~~and~~ looking at my watch every five minutes, ~~—~~ seem a little less desperate. Or at least that's what I chose to believe. Somewhere inside, I knew ~~k~~Kirk ~~was~~ would not ~~about to~~ be showing up. The resolve I had, of being composed, dignified, yet sincere, was starting to come undone. ~~The~~ In its place, the hard nut of resentment was starting to grow inside my stomach ~~in its place~~. If he did show up, I would be in the wrong mood. Everything would fall apart... yet again.