

ENG3U
Mr. Wilson
Nov 11, 2013

Revenge of the Voice

It's sitting there mocking me, calling my name, making fun of my weak will power. No! I must not give in to the temptations. I slam the door and turn my back, but I still hear it. I walk away to the next room, and yet it's still screaming. I sit down and turn on the TV, and I can still hear it. I turn the volume up and the dog runs downstairs for the noise is too loud for his delicate ears. Can't he hear it yelling my name in agony? Am I the only one who cares about it? *Good!*

I get up again, and storm back to the room. I glare at the smooth door, and it is silent for once. I turn my back thankful for the silence and return to the TV. The silence is broken by its blood curdling scream. I race back to the room and fling open the door. It's sitting there smiling at me. I can't take it anymore and I reach in and grab it. Oh! Making it shut up for the last time felt just right. It now can no longer make a noise, or mock me. It got what it deserved, what it wanted. I return to the other room and sit down to enjoy the rest of my night. *Good intensity!*

"AH!" I scream out in surprise. My hands are filthy, covered in its smooth sticky, irresistible blood. I race to the sink to wash away the evidence. It comes off easily, and I turn to grab the tea towel. Staring at me is what I used to contain the taunting thing. Oh they will not be happy to get home and see what I have done. I grab the evidence and run frantically out into the snow to the dumpster. I chuck it into the deep black depths where it will never be seen again.

On my way back to the house my prints haunt me. I must get rid of the prints or they will know where I hid the evidence. I cover them frantically and enter the house. I'm safe now, no one will know. I go back upstairs to relax and wait for them to come home to nothing. I sit back in my chair, and leap up in shock! My hands are

ENGLISH
Mr. Wilson
Nov 11, 2013

covered in the sticky residue yet again! Didn't I wash it down the drain? I return to the sink and scrub until my hands are red and raw. It's not coming off. I scrub harder, and harder. I give up throwing my hands in the air.

This is a Lady Macbeth moment. You'll understand when we study the play! 😊

"Why won't it come off?" I mutter as I stare at the light, trying to calm my nerves. I look back at my hands and it is now gone! I'm free!

I go to watch the rest of my show, and five minutes later I notice the chairs aren't the way they were before I did the deed. I go to fix them, I know that they will notice if they were moved just an inch. I look up and notice that the jars on the counter aren't perfect. I must fix them or they will be suspicious. The spice jars aren't in order either; these things will get me caught. I glance at my hands, and they are yet again covered a goeey mess. I go to the bathroom sink this time, and scrub again. In the bathroom I notice that the towels aren't aligned on the rack. What had I done? Everything will give me away! I race around the house fixing everything so they won't notice when they get home.

Great development of the character's paranoia!

OCD!

It is now midnight and I hear the sound of gravel crunching outside. A truck pulls up and two women jump out. They are home. They unload the suitcases, and the youngest one runs ahead to hold open the door for the eldest one. My wife comes into the house, calling a hello. The dog runs and greets them, going to lick his favourite teenager. They come upstairs, and my heart thunders. They walk into the kitchen where I did the deed, and dig around looking for something to drink. They keep up a continuous babble about the ride home, but I don't hear a word they are saying. I am waiting for them to comment on something not being right, something missing for them to know the evil deed I have committed. They go to open the door, and my heart stops and my stomach twists and does backflips. I hold my breath

ENGL 30
Mr. Wilson
Nov 11, 2013

waiting for them to notice its missing as beads of sweat appear on my bald head.

The door opens with a creak, and my hands start shaking. They grab something and close the door quickly. They continue discussing their time away and I let out my breath. I pretend to listen and peek at my hands. They are covered again in the dark sticky curse, and the coffee maker isn't in line with the flour jar. The closet door is open down the hall, and the soap isn't on the perfect angle in the sink. I must fix these or I am caught, but they will notice. I start to panic sitting in my seat. I need to wash my hands and tidy up.

Good!

Again, I like the flow/development of the conflict! Will the character get caught? (dramatic muse!)

The youngest looks at me and makes a comment at how stressed I look. I look into her eyes, and see confusion and concern. I look down at my hands, and then back up at her. I open my mouth and out comes my confession.

"I must confess! I did a terrible deed! See the evidence on my hands and all over the house! You opened that door, and didn't notice what was missing, but I must tell you before you find out on your own. I ate the chocolate bar you had in the fridge, the one you had been nibbling on all summer. The one you got for your birthday, all the way from New Brunswick! It was mocking me, and there wasn't any other food in the house, I tried to save it but my willpower failed. I am dreadfully sorry!"

hahaha! Deliciously devilish!

She looks at me and turns her head up and laughs. She doesn't care about the last piece of chocolate I had eaten. I look back at my hands and they are clean again! I look around the house and I don't notice anything out of place. I look back at her and she reaches into the depths of her purse and pulls out another chocolate bar, and hands it to me. Nice!

I love your balance of seemingly grotesque description with relatively innocent results. Great writing, organization, plot and detail. Very fun to read and a clear (but good) mixture of a Poe story. Well done!

47/50

→ few errors to catch in edit process.