

Mr. Wilson

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ENG3U

The Guilt I Could not Understand

Great description. Sounds like a typical Georgian house!

I shivered with fear, the guilt and regret rushed through my veins instantly as I walked towards my treacherous home. Vines grew up and along the window panes, the white paint peeled from the wooden structure, the front windows were boarded up due to damage and the wooden pillars holding up the second floor were beginning to crack causing the entire roof to slapt. I walked up to the door and turned the rusted handle and watched the door creak open.

The floor was wooden and dusty. Lining the walls were old antiques placed in glass cupboards and old picture frames hung on the walls, so old the paint faded away along with the importance of this house. ← Great line!

So good!

I walked up the stairs looking at my feet as every step allowed me to see a little cloud of dust appear from under my feet. The storm had only gotten worse since I left, now the rain pounded against my window, the lightning flashed as bright as the sun and the thunder shook my house as if an earthquake was about to occur. Glass plates started to fall from the cupboards, shattering on the floor. One by one they fell towards me as I stood there watching them, the fear built up more and more inside of me, "what's happening?" I kept asking myself the same question over and over again. Stricken with fear I stood still looking at my feet when

suddenly there was an extremely loud blast of thunder and the house began to shake. I looked up and took off running towards the front door.

The floor boards are caving way under my feet, I'm losing grip as the entire floor starts to vanish away from me and I start to fall into a deep dark black hole. I looked above me as I fall into the pit and saw nothing but a tiny bit of light shining from where I had taken my last steps. The fall felt as if it was never going to end, then bam I hit something but I could not feel any pain. My bones were not broken and I was not injured, I just couldn't understand what was happening, until I looked over to see a body. It was a man; he was dressed in a stunning black tuxedo with a white dress shirt and black tie, but a puddle of blood had formed underneath him. I moved a little closer and hovered over him for a better view, he had a dagger in his heart and I started to remember. Flashbacks started to run through my mind the man, his family, his face, his job as a lawyer and then I realized I was the one who did this to him, I was the one who stabbed that dagger into his heart. The guilt it started to eat at me from the inside out, my body was trembling, I felt sick. I closed my eyes for a few seconds and when I opened them I was back on the front porch of my house. Hand on the handle in the pouring rain.

Weird!

That was an awesome little flash! Great job!

The images would not leave my mind. I layed in bed for hours staring at the ceiling fan, feeling sick to my stomach and the pain was almost unbearable. I could not believe that I killed someone and I did not understand why I could not remember a single thing that happened. My life was full of happiness until now. It was tormenting me, I was trying everything to forget and it seemed impossible. There was no cure for guilt and what options were there really, I couldn't fess up, people might think I am crazy or worse they'd put me into prison. I needed to make a

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decision and a fast one. I climbed out of bed went into the closet and grabbed my old 308 Remington rifle along with one bullet. I went out into my back yard into the pouring rain, loaded a bullet into the chamber and pressed the trigger. *Ouch!*

I really liked the description in your story. The parts at the start with and in the house were very well-written and exciting to read. I appreciated the description and how you built up the plot.

An issue that I have is with the middle of the story - so many unanswered questions! Who was the man? What happened? I feel like the middle was under-developed and then BANG! the story ends.

You clearly have the ability to write well, but I think the plot needs some enhancements. Overall, though, good work.

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