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ENG3U
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Rat Blood

Even to this day, I am still questioned about "The Incident." It's as if people will never forget such an occurrence. It has been four years since "The Incident" and I am still patronized by all who knew. I mean, yes it was bad, but I was only 16. Shouldn't my mistake be excusable? Shouldn't I be given the peace of mind that I can show my face in my old town without the constant insults? Even my friends, those who were with me through the entire "Incident," mock me after they let me take the fall. Wish I could erase it from everyone's memories, even though I

can't. *Excellent. I established the character's tone in my head almost immediately.*

I guess I should back up a little bit. My name is Joseph Borcani, but everyone calls me Joey. At the time of "The Incident," I was 16 years old and the smartest teen anybody knew; or so I thought. I had the brightest blonde hair out of anyone I knew, and I was fairly tall and fit. I lived in the town of Selkirk Manitoba; a quaint town full of fresh-faced and happy people. At the time of high school, I had three friends who had truly earned the title "Best." First there was Amelio, the "Talker". Of Mexican descent, he was the most persuasive of all my lads. He could talk his way out of any situation. Next was Bryan, "The muscle." He was massive and overly strong for his age. Anyone who tried to mess with us would get a taste of Bryan's Knuckle sandwich. ⁱⁿ Finally was Ed, the "Leader" and my best friend since forever. He practically led our little group all by himself, and he always knew what to go in any situation.

Great description

Great description too!

I was the "Brains" of our group, and I guess I should have been the voice of reason from the start. I still remember that faithful day when Ed trotted over to me after gym class with that sly grin on his face. I wiped the sweat off my forehead and slung my gym bag over my shoulder, prepared to go for one of Ed's "Walks." As we started walking, he began.



"Joey, you are not going to believe the idea I've come up with!" He exclaimed, excitement flooding through his voice.

"This better not be like your idea to get pizza at our Cafeteria," I stated sternly. "Remember how that turned out?"

"Dawg! You gotta trust me on this one, it's gonna be a real money maker." As soon as I heard "Money Maker," he had my attention.

"Ok so," he started, "This is going to be difficult to do, but with the other lads and us it shouldn't be a problem. Recently I've done some research into the," He clears his throat, "Fried chicken industry. Do you know how much raw chickens cost in Winnipeg? They are dirt cheap man, and if we can buy in bulk we can make a crap ton of money selling chicken here. Just think, is there any chicken place near the school? No, so if we set up nearby we can have the dough rolling in." He lets out a chuckle, "Get it? Dough? Rolling? Oh I am so clever."

"Yup you are full of yourself," I said with sarcasm, "But how do you expect to acquire said chickens?"

"Well, your Gramps is out of town tonight right? What if you could Borrow his car for the night and drive us there?"

I stopped walking and dropped my gym bag. "YOU are crazy!" I started to yell, "Im not jacking my grandpa's car just to get your stupid chickens!"

"Come on Joey," A voice from behind me said, "You know you want money to fix up your dad's old truck. This is the way." I turned to see Amelio and Bryan eagerly standing there, waiting for my verdict. When I thought for a second, he was 100% right.

"Ok Fine," I said with a sigh of doubt in my voice, "If you boys are right about this... then sure im in."

Excellent dialogue structure very well written

Best Award For Most Random Idea in a 1000 Word Story

Ahh!

You keep unnecessarily capitalizing words in quotations!



I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I snuck out that night and ran over to Gramps' house. He always kept a house key under his mat, so I unlocked the door and grabbed the keys to his old Dodge Charger. I wasn't "legally" allowed to drive without an adult yet, but I was still better than any of my classmates on the road. I picked the lads up at Ed's house and our drive started. The entire trip Ed was telling us about his dreams of a "Chicken Empire." Amelio was fast asleep in the back seat, and Bryan sat beside him quietly. He rarely said much.

Now, it was the middle of the night. We were driving down the highway to Winnipeg. None of us had too much experience on this highway and it was busier than ever. Yes, this was a recipe for disaster. However, for some reason I never clued in, I never thought for a second the risks.

Foreshadow?

It was inevitable. I was incredibly tired and started to fall asleep at the wheel. The other three were already dozed off. Then, a second before it was too late, I saw the truck coming at us. I veered the car right, waking up the lads. We flew off the highway and thankfully landed safely. I sighed with relief, but then I smelt the smoke. I stormed out of the vehicle and saw the car in ruins. The side of the car had hit a tree and the tires were blown. "Crap," I thought, "Gramps is going to kill me."

What you mean "smelled"?



Even though it was late at night, Amelio's brother from Winnipeg was thankfully awake; he drove to pick us up and brought us all back home. Since Ed and I live only a bloke from each other, we got out at the same time. As we walked he started to talk.

"This was a horrible idea man," he started, panic throughout his voice, "We gotta agree not to speak of this EVER!" He put emphasis on "Ever." I agreed to his terms and we went our separate ways.

So... did Gramps not notice/react to the fact that his car was gone? Plot hole!



Life went on normally for a while, until I couldn't take it anymore. I was riddled with guilt, and Gramps deserved to know the truth. I wasn't a bad kid; I had to tell Gramps, I'm sure he would understand. So One day after class I went over to his house. He was sitting on the porch puffing on his tobacco pipe. When he saw me a smile grew on his face, until I broke the news. ✓

Noo!

I sat beside him on the porch and told him the whole story, from the chicken idea to the crash, and by the end he seemed more relieved than mad. He put his hand on my shoulder and opened his mouth. I expected a lecture but I was quite surprised. ✓

"Joseph," He started. Gramps was the only person who called me Joseph. "Mistake like this happens to teens. Don't feel bad, you were peer pressured into this." I tried to argue but he hushed me up. "I am going to call their parents, but don't worry I won't say it was you who told me. I also won't call your parents, but I am glad you came forward and told me." He hugged me and I started to cry. I never expected Gramps to be this forgiving; I didn't deserve it at all. ✓

If life were like that...

Good.

I honestly had never felt better than when I left Gramps' house that day. I went home and did my normal routine before heading to sleep, waiting for the morning at school. I woke up, got ready, and ran over immediately. When I saw the lads sitting at a picnic table I ran over to them. When Ed saw me, he gave me a glare that I will never forget.

"Well, well, well, look who had the nerve to show his rat face at school today," Ed started. "We know what you did, Borcani, we know you told."

"Man, I didn't do anything." Gramps said he wouldn't tell; now I was freaking out.

"Yes you did. But don't worry, we are going to repay the favor." They each pulled out a water gun filled with a strange red liquid. I started to back away but they were too fast. They sprayed and red sticky goo shot all over me. Some got in my mouth and from the metallic taste I

Eww...

knew it was blood. Ed yelled, "Hey everyone! Borcani, the rat, is covered in rat blood! Yeah that's right, he stole his Grandpa's car and made us take the fall for it. But now here he is, repented for what he did to us! From now on, he shall be known as Rat Blood!"

The crowd started to cheer for Ed, and then they began to chant. "Rat Blood! Rat Blood!" The name echoes through my ears. I turned and ran home. When I told my parents the story, they made the decision to send me away to boarding school. Even they didn't believe me. Evermore, I would be known as "Rat Blood." (ee)

Well there you have it, "The Incident." The news spread around like wildfire until almost everyone in Selkirk knew the story about Rat Blood. My life was in shambles, I had been betrayed by those closest to me. Even today I still think back to the moment when I climbed into Gramps' car. I should have known better, I should have used my brain. But I guess Rat Blood doesn't have a brain to use.

This was great, excellent plot development and structure (except the missing part about the car having gone missing) that flows nicely from start to finish. I really like your main character/supporting characters and their associated description. The idea of "Rat Blood" is as creative as the random chicken plan.

Some grammar errors (text-speak) that should be caught through editing but nothing major.

Overall, very well done and entertaining to read.

46/50