

ENG3U

Mr. Wilson

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Indent Paragraphs

Guilty Conscience Short Story

It all started back in October 1974. The weather was chilly, the wind blow intensely. The sound of dried wrinkled leaves flooded the allies. It was sure one mysterious night in North Dakota. As I wondered through the quiet streets, I questioned myself, what was I doing out at this ungodly hour? It was a question that I couldn't answer myself.

Good description, but several grammar errors that should be caught by editing/spell-check

As I walked down Memorial Avenue I happened to walk by a nearby church, but there was something quite suspicious. Usually I would casually walk by but for some reason I decided to have a peek to see what was going on. As I walked up the cold stone stairs, a strange weird chill ran through my spine as if I was unwelcome. The door blew open wider with the loud screech of rusted door hinges. Great!

As I wandered inside I saw nothing but darkness. I moved silently in the calm still air, I found a door on my right that was unlocked. I took my first step and fell awkwardly onto the stairs. Thankfully the stairs didn't lead to the basement. The stairs were steep and placed in a blue velvet carpet. At the top of the stairs was a large room, and the lights were still off. I stepped forward, I hit nothing, and I slowly cautiously crossed the room and made it to the other side.

Suddenly I heard a faint but mellow cry, maybe for help, I couldn't figure it out. "Possibly a woman is distress, maybe she could use my help" I thought, but where was it coming from? I couldn't figure out

You could put thoughts in italics to make it clear that it's not speech. This is a good style technique.

where the voice came from. As I got closer to the north side of the room I came to a large rough wooden door, at the top was different colours of stain glass.

Before I opened the door I thought "If I open this door I may never go back, for I don't know what lies behind the door, and what demonic things may be waiting." I argued with myself weather or not I should go through the doors or turn around as if nothing had happened. But I've already come so far and my curiosity ^{was} driving me insane, I want to know what through these doors. I made up my mind I am going to see what's going on beyond the doors.

In your last sentence verbs are past-tense so the have to be here, too

As I walked through the door I heard a man shout angrily "shut up, and stay down you dumb bimbo!"

Two steps later I noticed that I was on a balcony at the Church, I was able to see all the way down the aisle, all the way to the alter. There, that's where I saw it, two men violently beating and violating her. It

was unbearable; I don't know how I managed to watch it all. By the looks of it they were doing a satanic ritual.

Wow - that's pretty insane. Definitely a dark addition to your story but I'm interested in reading on

These men, they had no feelings what so ever, they'd say things, random words, possibly Latin, why, I don't know. "Maybe it's the language of the devil?" I questioned myself.

The men looked like they were Satan worshipers chanting clearly "In Nomine Dei Nostri Satanas, Luciferi Excelsi. In the Name of Satan, Ruler of the Earth, True God, Almighty and Ineffable, who hast created man to reflect in Thine own image and likeness, I invite the Forces of Darkness to bestow their infernal power upon me. Open the Gates of Hell to come forth to greet me as your Brother/ friend."

this is the stuff you find only

There was a short pause, then they continued "Deliver me O Mighty Satan from all past error and delusion, fill me with truth, wisdom and understanding, keep me strong in my faith and service, that I may abide always in Thee with Praise, Honor and Glory be given Thee forever and ever." as they drank from the chalice.

Then they did some really exotic stuff, they cut themselves, burnt paper and threw it in a silver bowl.

Then they recited their lines again and again. Then out of nowhere the candles that were stuck in her

various orifices lit up. As they lit one of the men struck her behind her left ear with an icepick. Then they brutally stabbed and assaulted her with the alter candles. *Ok... this is getting to the point where it's crossing the "tasteful and appropriate for school" line...*

I believe I was the only one who witnessed this; I wanted to tell someone but whom? Just witnessing it made me feel like one of those criminals *so* I was in shock. I couldn't believe that it was possible to treat a human being that way.

As I was on my way out one man went through the front door and the other I don't know where he had gone. I think the one man *saw* seen or heard me. He came up to me outside, what was I supposed to do. So I acted like nothing had happened. He shouted at me from several steps behind "Hey, you come here."

I do not know why I listened I think it was the fear, I turned slowly and realized I was caught, my heart raced sweat started to run off my forehead, my voice was silent *and* when I tried to talk back, I couldn't find my voice. But I walked to him anyways, he interrogated me asking me questions like "what did you see"

I responded with a vague eerie "nothing" *Did you edit? So many simple punctuation errors!*

He asked me again but I could hear the anger fueling him just in his voice. That's when I confessed I said "I saw it, I saw it all, how you violated and murdered her"

What was I supposed to do, he knew I was there, he know I was the only one how could stop him. He knew something that I didn't know. He seemed clam when he said "Go home, you saw nothing, if I hear anything about tonight, I will know who to look for. My leader knows where you live and knows who you are."

I did as he said; my life will never be the same. I've haven't told my story till today, more than thirty years later and yet only you will know what has happened on that mysterious night. Day after day I see

Comma/
Sentence
errors

here face, I could've stopped it but I didn't. Every day for the pasted thirty nine years it's been eating me alive. I can't handle the guiltiness of knowing but having to be silent; it's like a curse without a cure.

Maybe I should just end this life and hopefully meet up with this girl in the afterlife and apologize, for this is my story.

Wow... the guilt at the end is something - and I like how you've ended with an unknown... it makes the reader think. Also, while the subject matter is mature, you generally handle it well, (for a grade 11 class) with maybe an exception (the "orifice" line was a bit much).

The main issue is grammar/punctuation. In many/most paragraphs there are issues that disrupt/disturb the reading process, making the story hard to follow. In many cases, these errors should have been caught by spell-check/editing and it is clear that this step was not followed. Please focus on this in future.

Good description and use of resources (the ritual).

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Mark is reflective of
edit/grammar issues

SW