

Mr. Wilson

ENG 3U

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Guilty Conscience Narrative

Not Again, I thought to myself as I opened a brown package I had just received in the mail. Letters poured of the enveloped like the water at a burst dam. I hastily snatched up the bundle of letters that had fallen and threw them on my dining table. I pondered to myself, *Wow, being the lead singer in a band is starting to get annoying*. I slouched down on my leather lazy boy chair and wondered if I should continue this life anymore. Sure I had enough money to live very *healthily* for the rest of my life and maybe even my children's but this was starting to bother me, all of the meetings I must attend each week. *I just want some time to myself*. I forcefully grabbed the pile of letters on my desk and ripped them to shreds in an instance and whipped them into my garbage. After this I immediately made the call to my agent and screamed, "I quit" and instantly hung up the phone. I was so glad I didn't have to deal with this for the rest of my life and I could finally spend more time doing the things I truly love.

Average student about description!

After this I waited, for hours actually on my couch just gazing into space, I listened to my phone ring over and over, I actually managed to lose count thankfully my voice messages were already maxed out so I didn't have to listen to anyone whine. I began to feel an immense amount of relief flood my body, I sank further into my chair and slept...

Comma Errors

I woke up several hours later sprawled out on my deep leather chair. I thought over my actions last night and began to wonder if I had acted responsibly. *Why does it even matter? It's*

not like any of them were completely broke and I am sure they had similar thoughts to mine of the entire ordeal. I flicked on my TV and went to the news, not because I was self-concerned with my own actions to see if they went viral, but to see if there was any information on the war in Syria. I finished watching the President's speech and immediately after I saw my face casted on the news. After I watched the entire *skit* dedicated to ridiculing me, this led to an uncontrollable for take over my body

Great writing

These parts I cannot explain I uncontrollably walked down my basement stairs and unlocked my gun cabinet with ease. I grabbed my dusty carbine and sprayed it with compressed air; I guess I would go out with style. I walked off my icy front porch and stepped carefully into the dark alleyway behind my house. Luckily for me this alleyway was only lit by one light at the far end that I was walking away from. I managed to stealthily creep down the alley way, even further I must have walked miles for what it had seemed. Further along my walk I noticed a man crept up in a ball, he was whimpering but not in pain. I approached him with great caution even with the carbine beside me I was nervous. He arose and yelped "Whose there?"

Lots of little sentence fragments

I kept silent not from choice but instinct alone was the cause of my next actions. I stood still my legs froze into concrete and I had not moved in what seemed like hours. I cautiously inched my way forward until I was nearly a foot behind him the sound of him snoring would drain out the sounds of my next actions. I lifted my carbine in the air; I was not going to shoot him because I would not risk attention. I lifted up the carbine until it was well above my head fully extended into the air I smashed the butt end of the rifle into the back of his skull. I repeated this action until the sound of his heart beating profusely stopped.

Who's → who is

Ouch!

After I had completed my deed I rolled him over and when I merely glanced at his face I was nearly scared to death. I picked up my rifle and ran back to my house with extraordinary caution. As I took my first step into the warmth of my house the deep cold of the alleyway left my body but certain memories did not. Although the anger had crept over me and surely no one would notice the body I had constant flashbacks of the event over and over. Simple actions such as taking off my shoes became impossible. My body froze and all I could see was the event of me killing the innocent man, over and over again. Even though I thought I was innocent of the crime because of my anger and I had not been in control over my body, but the guilt was still present.

I paced around my house, for hours, hours and hours until the sun rose I still could not stop seeing flashbacks. My phone rang over and over still; nothing could break me from this spell that had overtaken me. I rushed downstairs; the world was now fading from me my heart began to race, harder and harder until it seemed as one continuous beat. My vision was fading and sweat poured from my body. The end of my life was near, the guilt had begun to consume me. I felt the blood stop flowing to my legs, arms until I only felt warmth in my chest. My field of view was now nearly the size of a pinhole my heart still continuously beat faster and harder. I reached over to my side and grabbed the carbine that I had thrown into my basement; I popped open the chamber the one bullet was still left inside. That very bullet that had not been used, and wasn't meant to be used until now. *New... quite the dramatic ending! I like it*

Your story is great in terms of plot structure and description. The detail is very skilled and your character's background/mental instability is great, too. Issues include sentence editing - lots of fragments, comma errors, etc. This would be easier to read if those were edited. Did you edit?

Overall, very entertaining. Great job
~~*I don't give a damn*~~

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