

## 8.2 Writer's Toolbox – Cumulative Assignment

### Instructions:

The following excerpt is designed to incorporate many of the elements discussed in the Writer's Toolbox Mini-lessons found throughout the course.

There are seven (7) mini-lessons, so essentially you are tackling this assignment in seven steps and/or stages. After completing the first stage, re-read with a focus on the next stage, and so on.

**The Writing Process** – At this stage of the course, approach this assignment from the revising process. What revisions can be made in sentence structures, wording, and style in order to make the piece more effective?

**Keys to Writing Effectively** – Examine at the clarity of the text: is the message clear?

**Punctuation; Fragments, Run-ons, and Comma splices** – These errors are important to look for, but are not the only area to be addressed in this assignment!

**Improving Your Writing Style** – Examine the sentences more closely – are there repeated structures? Is there a voice and tone appropriate to the piece? How can these be clearer?

**Grammar** – Proofread for consistent verb tense and point of view as well as homonyms.

**Sentence Structure** – Are the sentences of a similar length? Do they begin in a similar way? Look at how you can switch up the sentence beginnings and combining sentences to make them more complex. These ties back to writing effectively and writing style!

**Problematic Words** – Last check for those homonyms!

Complete each stage within the document below. Submit your suggested edits for marking.

**(Note: The “track changes” feature is turned on, so your edits will automatically appear)**

### **A Rose For a New Beginning**

I could remember every detail of Mary. She was the kind of girl that when she entered a room, everyone would stop instantly just to capture a glimpse of her. She had silky brown hair, so long that it almost grazed the small of her back. Her eyes were chocolate brown, and people often said when you looked right into them you could almost see right into her. Those were the good memories. The memories that didn't haunt me everyday. Not many people are unfortunate enough to watch there most loved one die in there cold shaky arms. I remember watching her gasp for her last breath of air while holding the back of her head trying to stop the bleeding. I knew the roads were icy that night but I insisted on catching the late show so that we could be away from our parents and finally be alone.

After that night, I had lost faith in almost everything. I stopped attending church, and rarely made an appearance at school. Most days I would walk bear foot across town and all the way across the sparsely grassed fields and sit by the railroad tracks where Mary and I used to go to have picnics and talk. I could feel the bottom of my rough feet get cut in by the jagged rocks which scattered the

fields, but I didn't care. It made me feel closer to the earth which made me feel closer to Mary. I'd just sit there waiting for a train to come by. I knew I wouldn't graduate if I continued skipping school like this, but not graduating seemed simple compared to facing my class mates whom frowned upon me everyday. A week after Mary's death I decided that it was important to return back to school, I could feel all the eyes starring at me, and blame [shot](#) through every vein in my body. From that point on I decided that I would avoid school as much as possible.

Sometimes as I watch the train I wished I could just jump on it and get out of this town which had shown nothing but hatred towards me. I wondered if anyone would even notice, or if people would be relieved to see me go. Other times I contemplated jumping in front of the train and ending this misery right away. But I knew Mary wouldn't want that.

I was tired of school, tired of my home, I was tired of my life. All I could pay attention too was my parents starring at me with sympathy. It had been two years since Mary's death and they still looked at me with the same painful look. One time my mother had said to me, "Awe hunny, at some point your going to have to move on." Move on! Move on! How could I possible move on? I watched her struggle for her last words, I felt her shake from the cold, I was the reason for her death!

There was a full moon one night, but I could barely see it because dark heavy clouds covered the sky. Rain trickled down my window, and I imagined the rain to be Mary's tears as she looked down on me. In the reflection of the window I could see a tear drip down from the corner of my left eye and slowly creep towards the crease of my nose. I slowly crept open the window careful not to make a sound and began to make my way to the train tracks.

I could feel my clothes getting soaked by the pouring rain and my clothes becoming heavier by the second. I began to run faster and faster, as if I was trying to run away from my life. I finally stopped by the railroad crossing, there was no train in sight, and chances are a train wouldn't be passing anytime soon. I lay down in the sticky mud, my arms and legs spread out as if I was a star, and I could feel the rain pelt down on my face and body. "I love you Mary! I'm so sorry!" I screamed as loud as I possibly could. Hoping maybe she would hear. Tears and rain drops ran down my skinny face. Maybe she would forgive me and make me feel certain again. I heard no reply. I was just about to get up when I glanced over by my right shoulder. A small pink rose was emerging from it's bud. Mary forgave me, she knew I loved her, and she knew I didn't want this tragic event to happen.

"A new beginning" I whispered gently, as I began to make my way back home.

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