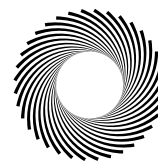


GRAMMARLUST PORTFOLIO



Novel : samples

Juche

Sample

7/21/21

Cranes sang songs of joy from the mountain-tops.

Double rainbows appeared in the sky.

The aggressors from the *west were defeated. The invaders from the *east were expunged. The traitors from the *south were put at bay.

The people of Choson were finally free to create their own destiny, and so a hermit kingdom of people's rule rose from the ashes, and the doors to the enemies of the outside world were closed, never to be opened again.

The world around them moved on. Years passed. Decades passed. Peace and prosperity spread throughout the world, and nothing was heard from the secluded hermit paradise.

Then one day, people started emerging from its closed borders.

The stories they brought with them were, however, not of a paradise on earth. Instead, what they depicted were horrors so vile and cruel that they almost exceeded human comprehension.

Little had the people of the kingdom known that when they closed theirits doors to the outside world, that the vilest beast of all was still lurking among their midst, and as soon as the curtains had been drawn, the beast unleashed its reign of terror upon the people, not stopping until it had crushed and enslaved every soul within its reach.

The beast now rules the kingdom from a throne of human misery and agony.

No one alive has ever encountered this beast, but everybody knows its name.

Comments

DD Dianne Dion
One word per MWD

DD Dianne Dion
*If you're referring to areas of the country or state, the West, the East, the South should be capitalized. They would not be if they are merely directions per CMOS 8.47
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD Dianne Dion
Since the preceding sentence references "s...

DD Dianne Dion
Hyphenated word per MWD

DD Dianne Dion
Em dashes are used in place of colons or sem...

DD Dianne Dion
I would use another ellipses to indicate the...

“Hamhung”

“Hamhung”

“Hamhung”

My father’s words echo in my head.

“Hamhung”

“Hamhung”

I’m standing **o**in a long wide street. There are tall houses on both sides of me.

Where am I?

I don’t recognize anything, but still, everything looks familiar.

Then I notice there is something on the ground around me. I try to focus, but my vision is blurry. There is something there.

Some kind of **object**s.

Or...

Now the focus is getting clearer. They are bodies! They are everywhere. I jump in panic. I want to run away, but my feet are stuck to the ground.

I’m standing in a sea of sun-scorched, **dried-up** **corpses**—as far as the eye can reach. Then I feel it. The stench of their decay stings my nose. I feel nauseous. I look down at the corpse closest to me. A man. He looks so strange. Like all his muscles and fat

Comments



Dianne Dion

One word per MWD



Dianne Dion

*If you’re referring to areas of the country or...



Dianne Dion

Since the preceding sentence references “something” being singular form, “object” would apply (before they were aware that it was “corpses”). As an alternative, You could use “kinds of objects” but it doesn’t read as well.

July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM



Dianne Dion

Hyphenated word per MWD

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All of a sudden, there is **a**-movement in the corner of my eye. I turn my head.

Paralyzed with fear, I watch one of the corpses rising until he

Comments

DD

Dianne Dion

One word per MWD

DD

Dianne Dion

*If you’re referring to areas of the country or...

DD

Dianne Dion

Since the preceding sentence references “s...

DD

Dianne Dion

Hyphenated word per MWD

DD

Dianne Dion

Em dashes are used in place of colons or semi-colons per CMOS (I know “en” dashes are the rule in the UK)
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD

Dianne Dion

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All of a sudden, there is **a** movement in the corner of my eye. I turn my head.

Paralyzed with fear, I watch one of the corpses rising until he stands before me, a bit further down the street of death. He doesn’t move, just looks at me with his dead silvery eyes. My blood is freezing to ice inside my veins. I look closer, squinting against the distant sun. The features of the man look strangely familiar. Then I suddenly see it. I gasp, and a flash of ice rushes down my spine.

“D-dad?” I utter below my breath. “Dad... what’s going on... where **a**re...?”

A loud screech in the sky interrupts me. I look up. A large black crow is circling high above us. Then another crow joins in. The screeching intensifies. Another one joins in, and then another. Before I know it, the whole sky has turned black with a swirling mass of crows, flying in a tornado-like circle right above us. I feel

Comments

DD Dianne Dion
One word per MWD

DD Dianne Dion
*If you’re referring to areas of the country or...

DD Dianne Dion
Since the preceding sentence references “s...

DD Dianne Dion
Hyphenated word per MWD

DD Dianne Dion
Em dashes are used in place of colons or sem...

DD Dianne Dion
I would use another ellipses to indicate the interruptio to indicate the interruption– the em dash looks out of place.
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD Dianne Dion
“Toward” is preferred in the US- “towards” is m...

DD Dianne Dion
past tense of lie (down- as a person) is lay

Before I know it, the whole sky has turned black with a swirling mass of crows, flying in a tornado-like circle right above us. I feel their beady eyes looking down at me.

The mass of crows now forms a funnel, spiraling downward toward us. I scream and put my hands up in defense. But the crows don't target me. The black moving mass instead completely consumes the living corpse of my dad.

"NOOO!" I scream, as I helplessly witness the crows dismembering him piece by piece right before my eyes. They pull his eyeballs out from their sockets. They tear the skin from his arms and legs. I cry and scream. I want to run to him, to help him... but I still can't move.

Then it's all over, and the crows disperse and ascend back into the sky, bringing their ear-piercing screech and the pieces of my father's body with them. What was left of him is now again lying lifelessly on the ground. His face is still turned to me, but he had no more dead eyes to look at me with.

Another screech makes me look up to the sky again. The crows are circling ominously. Faster and faster. The screeching intensifies, cutting painfully into my ears, as they once again swirl down towards me like a tornado. I put my hands up in defense and scream as the first crow brushes against my hair. Another one grabs my arm with its claws. I try to break free, but my feet are still glued to the ground.

I now have crows all over my body, and as the one on my arm penetrates my skin with its beak, I...

Comments

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One word per MWD

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DD Dianne Dion
I would use another ellipses to indicate the...

DD Dianne Dion
"Toward" is preferred in the US- "towards" is more common in the UK
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD Dianne Dion
past tense of lie (down-as a person) is lay

Chapter 1

I woke up with a scream and the distinct feeling that I had just had a nightmare, but I couldn't remember anything—only the word *Hamhung* lingered at the back of my head.

Weird—I have never been to Hamhung... hardly even know where it is.

I lifted my head from my moist pillow and looked around me. Our bedroom was empty. I heard clattering and voices from the kitchen down the hall, but no one was coming to see how I was or why I had screamed. Maybe they hadn't heard it. Or maybe they didn't care. Either way, I was relieved.

I let my head fall back on my pillow, and then I remembered which day it was. A smile spread across my face. I **layied** there a few moments more with my eyes closed, relishing the calm before the storm, and listening to the cheerful chirping of the spring birds outside my window. The morning sun felt good on my face. All bad feelings from whatever nightly misfortunes I had encountered in the dream realm were gone. Today was the day it was all going to change. Today was the day I was going to become free.

But first I have to get out of the apartment!

I sat up on my bed and looked at Nari's empty bed across the room. Usually, I'm more of an early bird than my younger sister, but remembering the many long hours of rolling around in my bed last night, I wasn't surprised to wake up later than her.

I knew it was a bit strange to call Nari my *younger* sister since

Comments



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One word per MWD

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DD Dianne Dion
past tense of lie (down-as a person) is lay
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

... knew she had survived a lot.
But so have I!

It was time to go. I rubbed my tired eyes with the palms of my hands and stretched my body back to life. I got dressed quickly and grabbed the bag I had prepared the night before. I could hear my sister and mother arguing in the kitchen--this was happening more and more lately.

I considered sneaking out without eating, but too much was at stake today, so not going to the kitchen was not an option. And

Sun Hee would probably chase me all the way to school and make a scene if I did.

I can do this! Just in and out... don't engage!

I took a moment to compose myself. I grabbed my Great General pin from the dresser and rubbed it gently between my fingers--which I always did when I needed comfort or encouragement. Holding the smooth and warm metal firmly between my fingertips, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath... held it for a moment... then slowly exhaled. I repeated this two more times before reopening my eyes. I looked down at the radiating smile of my Father--"the Great General" on the pin in my hand and smiled back at him before attaching it over my heart on my school uniform.

I'm ready!

With my head down, I crossed the threshold into the kitchen and sank into my chair at the table.

The kitchen went quiet and tense, just like expected.

Don't engage!

I made a quick scan of the room just to see if Young Il had suddenly reappeared from wherever he was, but just like every other morning for the last month, his chair was empty.

My big, strong, fearless father! Working hard to save everybody--except his own family.

It was not unusual that he was away for long periods, but... *why didn't he tell us that he was going?*

Sun Hee was fiddling by the stove, apron tied around her back, her hair in an uneven knot at the back of her head. I wondered if this was how she pictured her life back in her glory days as a renowned theater actress. She didn't talk much about that anymore, but I sometimes caught her absentmindedly staring at her old posters that decorated our living room walls. Her face was

Comments

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"Toward" is preferred in the US- "towards" is m...

DD Dianne Dion
past tense of lie (down-as a person) is lay

DD Dianne Dion
when an epithet is used with a name, (my Father) quotation marks are used
July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD Dianne Dion
This sentence needs to be rewritten. As is, it i...

DD Dianne Dion
Or "you can't go around in a bubble"

DD Dianne Dion
Per MWD

DD Dianne Dion
"Which" instead of

"You need to set your priorities straight, Nari-ah," she said as she clanked away with the dishes.

Always using the endearing 'ah' with her favorite daughter, I rolled my eyes. But for me - it's just plain 'Areum'.

"I love your passion for learning," Sun Hee continued. "It's just that English is the language of our enemies... if you show too much interest in it... it might be dangerous.

"But they teach it in school, Mother," Nari said hesitantly.

I smiled to myself. Until not too long ago, Nari would never have contradicted our mother.

I guess even my mama's girl of a little sister is finally turning into a real teenager...

"I know they do, Nari-ah... but please understand what I'm saying to you—what's important in our society is to learn the teachings of the Great General. *That's* what you need to focus on. *That's* what you need to show interest in. What will people think if

10

they see you hiding English texts inside the Great General's Memoir... his most sacred writing?"

[Sun Hee turned away from the dishes to face Nari, kitchen towel on her shoulder, and both hands firmly on her waist - her go-to posture when reprimanding us or giving lectures.]

I rolled my eyes again. I could never understand what was so fascinating about learning the language of our enemies. But Nari had always been weird that way... *and who cares what she does or why she does it anyway. Soon she will be out of my life!*

"I'm sorry, Mother," Nari said in a low voice. "But..."

She hesitated for a while, but then drew courage to complete the sentence.

"But... I have already learned by heart all the passages by the Great General that the teacher has assigned to us. I have memorized the dates of his feats... all of his speeches... I get the highest marks on all the tests."

I observed with amusement how this poor little girl tried to defend herself against the towering beast of our mother. At least I was glad that Sun Hee's focus for once was not on me. I felt no pity for Nari.

What was she thinking? And also... why should I be the only one who gets reprimanded in this house?

"I'm just looking out for you, Nari-ah," Sun Hee continued. "I won't let the same thing happen to you as it did to... to *Mina*."

I felt like a bucket of icy water had been poured over my head and back.

Why does that girl keep haunting me? I can't escape her in my dreams, and I'm constantly reminded of her when I'm awake as well. If I could only go back in time and—

Comments

DD Dianne Dion

I would use another ellipses to indicate the...

DD Dianne Dion

"Toward" is preferred in the US- "towards" is m...

DD Dianne Dion

past tense of lie (down-as a person) is lay

DD Dianne Dion

when an epithet is used with a name, (my Fathe...

DD Dianne Dion

This sentence needs to be rewritten. As is, it implies that Nari has the kitchen towel on her shoulder...

Possibly break it up into two sentences: Sun Hee turned away from the dishes, kitchen towel on her shoulder, and both hands firmly on her waist, to face Nari. This was her go-to posture when reprimanding us...

July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

DD Dianne Dion

won't let the same thing happen to you as it did to... to *Mina*." I felt like a bucket of icy water had been poured over my head and back. *Why does that girl keep haunting me? I can't escape her in my dreams, and I'm constantly reminded of her when I'm awake as well. If I could only go back in time and—* "Nobody knows what happened to Mina, and her... family," Nari's voice was breaking up.

||

"I'm sorry to bring her up all the time, Nari-ah... I know she was your best friend... I just want you to be careful... you know that people in our society who are not careful... sometimes... things happen to them." "She didn't do anything!" Nari protested. "And she *wasn't* my best friend... she *is* my best friend!" It was amusing to see Nari frown like that—~~—~~it made her look like a little girl throwing a tantrum. Sun Hee went over and squatted in front of her, putting her hands gently on Nari's arm. "Oh, honey... it doesn't matter what she did or didn't do... what matters is what people *think* she did. What matters is what people *say* she did. That's why you can't go around like *you're* in a bubble, hiding controversial texts in the sacred writings of our Father—~~—~~the Great General". Do you understand? Two tears rolled down Nari's cheeks. "I understand, Mother," she said. "I'm sorry. I won't do it again." "I know you won't," Sun Hee said, "because you're a smart girl." She gave Nari one of her radiating actress smiles and wiped the tears off her cheeks. "Always remember... there is nothing more dangerous than *appearing* disloyal." "Yes, Mother." *Appearing disloyal*, I scoffed to myself. Maybe *that* is the problem in our society. Maybe if people would just stop worrying about how they *appear*, and just be consumed by unconditional love for our immortal Father—~~—~~the Great General" like they're supposed to, our enemies wouldn't be able to pose a threat to us any longer. After all, ~~—~~ only a weak and impure mind can be poisoned by the lies of our enemies. Everybody knows that. My eyes went to the picture of the Great General hanging on the wall

||

Comments



I would use another ellipses to indicate the...



Dianne Dion

"Toward" is preferred in the US- "towards" is m...



Dianne Dion

past tense of lie (down-as a person) is lay



Dianne Dion

when an epithet is used with a name, (my Fathe...



Dianne Dion

This sentence needs to be rewritten. As is, it i...



Dianne Dion

Or "you can't go around in a bubble"

July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM



Dianne Dion

Per MWD



Dianne Dion

"Which" instead of "that" for non-restricti...



Dianne Dion

... and something else

himself. That day, *something* had awoken inside of me. And today, that *something* will set me free.

That hot summer day all those years ago, I had not awakened from birds chirping, but from a deafening noise from the streets outside my window. It was as if like the whole apartment, the whole building, the whole city was vibrating, shaking, pulsating. It was the first day of the 13th World Festival of Youth and Students, and the thousands of people who had flown in from every country in the world during the last couple of days were already out partying in the streets. There was music and shouting and singing and dancing. The usually ~~so~~-reserved and quiet city had virtually exploded with uninhibitedness and passion.

That day, I learned what the purpose of my life was.

I had prepared, together with all the other performers, for the past nine months ~~—~~, sometimes as much as twelve hours per day ~~—~~, through the ruthless cold of winter, through the constant rain of spring, and through the suffocating heat of summer. I had never been so exhausted in my life, but I didn't mind, because I had also never been so full of purpose and excitement. The spirit and the camaraderie of all the performers and instructors, together with the knowledge that we would soon perform before the Great General himself, was invigorating. And we knew we would help ~~to~~ show the whole world the superiority of our country, which ~~that~~ our eternal Father ~~—~~ ~~—~~ the Great General had built for us. This was more than enough to keep us going month after month without a single word of complaint.

It had been the greatest day of my life ~~—~~ ~~—~~ until today.

"Good morning, star gymnast!" Su Mi's cheerful greeting pulled me mercilessly back from the pulsating streets of that

summer day into the present. "Wow, you seemed like you were miles away... thinking about *tonight*, I presume," Su Mi laughed.

"What have I told you about sneaking up on me like that," I snapped at her, but her cheerful smile softened me like always. Smelling her breath, however, I knew there was ~~also~~ something else contributing to her cheerful mood

Comments

I would use another ellipses to indicate the...



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Dianne Dion

past tense of lie (down- as a person) is lay



Dianne Dion

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Or "you can't go around in a bubble"



Dianne Dion

Per MWD



Dianne Dion

"Which" instead of "that" for non-restrictive clauses

July 21, 2021, 5:29 PM

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That’s early... even for her!

But she hadn’t overslept on my big day, and that made me happy.

“Ready for tonight?” Su Mi asked.

“I’m going to crush them,” I smirked.

“Yeah, you are,” Su Mi laughed. “Especially that painfully untalented Kyung Sook... I can’t believe they’re even letting her try out.”

We then headed off to school, Su Mi telling me one exaggerated fantasy after the other about what amazing things will come my way after my mind-blowing success tonight. One of the reasons I liked to have Su Mi as my best friend was because she was also my biggest fan.

For myself, of course, I knew that Kyung Sook was far from being untalented... she might even turn out to be my toughest adversary tonight.

Comments

I would use another ellipses to indicate the...



Dianne Dion

“Toward” is preferred in the US- “towards” is m...



Dianne Dion

past tense of lie (down- as a person) is lay



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Dianne Dion

Or “you can’t go around in a bubble”



Dianne Dion

Per MWD



Dianne Dion

“Which” instead of “that” for non-restricti...



Dianne Dion

also and something else is redundant

Untitled

This author lives in the UK.

**The following sample was
proofread according to the rules
of Oxford Guide to Style and
Oxford Dictionary.**

Prologue – Bob

One year earlier...

She arrived at the dump, which called itself an institute for the mentally ill, in the morning. Her mission, still fresh in her mind. She'd been sent to watch, **monitor**, and report on some poor soul who had come to the attention of *Mrs Finch*. Even in her mind, she couldn't say her name without spitting. That fucking woman.

Walking through the entrance to the **building**, felt like she was leaving any and all of her liberty and freedom behind.

The person at reception ushered her through and indicated for another employee to show her the way to her new room.

She'd been told during her assignment briefing that her presence in this place had been cleared and agreed **upon** already. ~~Also, she~~ **She also** wouldn't be expected to take medication ~~nor~~ visit the **dDoctors** for therapy. It looked like her employers had, so far, come through. **Hopefully**, this mission would be quick and easy, so she could get out of this place swiftly. The facility's lack of personality and soul gave her serious heebie-jeebies. It was all bland neutral colours and pervasive sterility. The walls, the floor, even the people were various shades of beige.

The patients she'd encountered on the brief walk to her room all seemed to be personality voids too. What were they doing to these poor people to make them like this? They were supposed to be helping them.

A trickle of unease slithered down her spine as she walked through the corridors. The dull, dejected gaze of all the patients made it crystal clear; there was no emotion in any of them whatsoever.

Comments



DD

Dianne Dion

The oxford comma is recommended per the Oxford Guide of Style
July 20, 2021, 9:54 AM

DD

Dianne Dion

Or you could leave the comma in and add "it" ...

DD

Dianne Dion

Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD

Dianne Dion

Comma after an introductory word or p...

DD

Dianne Dion

One word per OD

DD

Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...

DD

Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD

Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"

DD

Dianne Dion

*Don't Oxford style with

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DD Dianne Dion
Or you could leave the comma in and add "it" felt like...
July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD Dianne Dion
Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD Dianne Dion
Comma after an introductory word or p...

DD Dianne Dion
One word per OD

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Walking through the entrance to the **building**, felt like she was leaving any and all of her liberty and freedom behind.

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She'd been told during her assignment briefing that her presence in this place had been cleared and agreed upon already. ~~Also, she~~ ~~She also~~ wouldn't be expected to take medication ~~nor~~ visit the **dDoctors** for therapy. It looked like her employers had, so far, come through. **Hopefully**, this mission would be quick and easy, so she could get out of this place swiftly. The facility's lack of personality and soul gave her serious heebie-jeebies. It was all bland neutral colours and pervasive sterility. The walls, the floor, even the people were various shades of beige.

The patients she'd encountered on the brief walk to her room all seemed to be personality voids too. What were they doing to these poor people to make them like this? They were supposed to be helping them.

A trickle of unease slithered down her spine as she walked through the corridors. The dull, dejected gaze of all the patients made it crystal clear; there was no emotion in any of them whatsoever.

Comments



Dianne Dion

The oxford comma is recommended per the...



Dianne Dion

Or you could leave the comma in and add "it" ...



Dianne Dion

Unless there is a specific doctor's name, it shouldn't be capitalized.

July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM



Dianne Dion

Comma after an introductory word or p...



Dianne Dion

One word per OD



Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...



Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...



Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"



Dianne Dion

Prologue – Bob

One year earlier...

She arrived at the dump, which called itself an institute for the mentally ill, in the morning. Her mission, still fresh in her mind. She'd been sent to watch, **monitor**, and report on some poor soul who had come to the attention of *Mrs Finch*. Even in her mind, she couldn't say her name without spitting. That fucking woman.

Walking through the entrance to the **building**, felt like she was leaving any and all of her liberty and freedom behind.

The person at reception ushered her through and indicated for another employee to show her the way to her new room.

She'd been told during her assignment briefing that her presence in this place had been cleared and agreed **upon** already. ~~Also, she~~ **She also** wouldn't be expected to take medication nor visit the **dDoctors** for therapy. It looked like her employers had, so far, come through. **Hopefully**, this mission would be quick and easy, so she could get out of this place swiftly. The facility's lack of personality and soul gave her serious heebie-jeebies. It was all bland neutral colours and pervasive sterility. The walls, the floor, even the people were various shades of beige.

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DD Dianne Dion
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DD Dianne Dion
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DD Dianne Dion
Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD Dianne Dion
Comma after an introductory word or phrase
July 20, 2021, 9:55 AM

DD Dianne Dion
One word per OD

DD Dianne Dion
This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...

DD Dianne Dion
I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD Dianne Dion
Restrictive clause "that"

DD Dianne Dion
*Don't forget to use...

dejected gaze of all the patients made it crystal clear; there was no emotion in any of them whatsoever.

The employee took her to a random door, down from a random corridor, stopped in front of it and moved her into the – no surprise – bland and uninspiring room. It only had a bed and a desk, with a clock on the wall. Bob assumed all of the bedrooms would be similarly kitted out. Goddess forbid anyone have a personality here!

She shuddered in concern for the patients who resided here.

Deciding there wasn't much else to do but continue with her task, she changed out of her clothes, including her beloved Dr. Martens boots, and changed into the facility's uniform. As expected, it was a pitiful pair of bland neutral cotton trousers and a matching top. Hospital scrubs, with all colour and hope scratched from their existence.

Bob burst out a long sigh full of dread for what was to come. She *knew* this assignment was going to be dull and yet, also extremely heart-breaking. Leaving her room with a wince, she trudged to the common area. The subject she'd been sent to monitor was, according to the report, supposed to be found there at this time of day.

She spotted the girl instantly upon her arrival. The girl, Junie, (No last name given in the report) was perched at a table, staring blankly at the television. Watching it, despite it not even being turned on. Bob's heart jolted at the sad sight, feeling an instant sympathy for this girl.

The girl wore the same scrubs as everyone else. Her dull brown hair hung lankly down to her shoulders. Her skin, though it held an olive tone, was grey and dull. Her shoulders were slumped over and her arms clutched across her chest. Her pose shouting at the world to leave her alone. What little question her defeated and defensive pose left open to interpretation, the greasy hair, which hid most of her face, answered succinctly. She wanted to be left alone.

"Well tough shit. girl. I've gotta be your new

Comments

DD Dianne Dion

The oxford comma is recommended per the...

DD Dianne Dion

Or you could leave the comma in and add "it" ...

DD Dianne Dion

Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD Dianne Dion

Comma after an introductory word or p...

DD Dianne Dion

One word per OD
July 20, 2021, 9:57 AM

DD Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective.
I was just breaking up...

DD Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"

DD Dianne Dion

*Per Oxford style guide,

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"Well tough shit. airly. I've gotta be your new

Comments



DD

Dianne Dion

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DD

Dianne Dion

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Dianne Dion

Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD

Dianne Dion

Comma after an introductory word or p...

DD

Dianne Dion

One word per OD

DD

Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up all the "to's" for a better flow.

July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD

Dianne Dion

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Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"

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Dianne Dion

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"Well tough shit. airtv. I've gotta be your new

Comments

DD Dianne Dion

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DD Dianne Dion

One word per OD

DD Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...

DD Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this instance.

July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"

DD Dianne Dion

*D... O... f... t... t... with...

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"Well tough shit, girly. I've gotta be your new shadow, so I can get the fuck out of here." Bob hissed through her teeth. Determined to follow through with her mission, despite her heartstrings being plucked with a prodigious skill.

She gritted her teeth against the onslaught of guilt that which washed over her, and stalked over to sit next to the girl at the table. Eyebrows inching up higher as she waited to be acknowledged. After ten10 minutes of complete silence and zero interaction, Bob decided she needed to make the first move--the girl's gaze hadn't once shifted from the blank television screen.

"Hi. My name's Roberta. I detest that name though, so please call me Bob." She waited for the girl to turn and say hello back, to follow the usual social etiquette for introductions. But again, nothing.

"I'm new here. I don't know anyone. You look friendly, do you wanna be my guide around this place?" She asked, trying once more to get a response.

Still nothing.

An endless wave of pure rage, at whatever they had done to this girl, pulsed throughout her whole being. The heartstrings, which had been plucked, tore into a million pieces. as her turn took hold.

Comments

DD Dianne Dion

The oxford comma is recommended per the...

DD Dianne Dion

Or you could leave the comma in and add "it" ...

DD Dianne Dion

Unless there is a specific doctor's name...

DD Dianne Dion

Comma after an introductory word or p...

DD Dianne Dion

One word per OD

DD Dianne Dion

This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...

DD Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"
July 19, 2021, 7:00 PM

DD Dianne Dion

*Per Oxford style guide,

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Comments

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DD Dianne Dion
I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD Dianne Dion
Restrictive clause "that"

DD Dianne Dion
*Per Oxford style guide, numbers below 100 or at the beginning of a sentence should be spelled out.
July 20, 2021, 10:16 AM

DD Dianne Dion
No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...

DD Dianne Dion
Per MW and Oxford dictionary

DD Dianne Dion
"there" is better suited than "here", since the s...

DD Dianne Dion
Don't need how and however

towards the sofa. Bob smiled large and went to join her.

Junie perched on the end of the sofa. Her hair still hid her face, but at least they were sitting together comfortably.

Step one to getting Junie to wake up – completed!

Bob was renowned in her field of work for completing her missions successfully. She never failed. And yet, with this girl she knew she was about to willingly break her winning streak. It shook Bob to her core that she didn't care in the slightest.

She wouldn't, no, she *couldn't* let her employers use her.

She would protect this girl from them all.

Chapter 1--Junie

I lay in the grass under my tree. The sun peeked through the branches and soaked into my skin, donating me **it's** warmth, all the way to my bones. It was a warmth which was absent in my world otherwise.

I sucked in a deep **lung-full** of contentment. As I exhaled, I dimly watched as the little specks of dust billowed and danced around me.

My eyes fluttered shut, the sun bleeding through my eyelids and turning my vision a pinky red. I placed my hands under my head and stretched my whole body like a cat.

"Bliss..." I sighed to the dust which kept me company.

A thundering clunking of feet rudely interrupted my personal nirvana. I barely had enough energy to turn my head and peer blearily at whoever had interrupted my moment of quiet contentment.

"Time to take your medication" they intoned.

Within a blink of an eye, the tree, the sun, and the grass evaporated.

My dream, cruelly taken by my jailer.

I squinted up at them, sliding to sit up in my bed, in my assigned room. I carefully placed my hands

Comments



This is purely subjective. I was just breaking up...

DD Dianne Dion

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD Dianne Dion

Restrictive clause "that"

DD Dianne Dion

*Per Oxford style guide, numbers below 100 or...

DD Dianne Dion

No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is an inanimate object
July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD Dianne Dion

Per MW and Oxford dictionary

DD Dianne Dion

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DD Dianne Dion

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Another "day" is

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Comments

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DD Dianne Dion
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Restrictive clause "that"

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DD Dianne Dion
No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...

DD Dianne Dion
Per MW and Oxford dictionary
July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

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It was an easy look for me to perfect, as it was what I was inside--empty.

The jailer passed me my medication in a little white cup, watching as I swallowed them all without a squeak of defiance. I didn't question, not even for a millisecond, whether I should take them. To even₁ perhaps₁ pretend to take them.

Satisfied with my compliance, the jailer swiftly left. As soon as they had gone, I slumped back onto my bed.

I was alone with my dreams again.

This was my real life. Day in and day out.

I existed in a facility which provided care to people with mental health issues. I had no memory of ever not being **there**. I ***had** been ***t**here as long as my memory stretched. **How**ever long that stretched for **however**, truthfully, might not be long at all.

The endless days melted from **one-day** to the next. The routine never changed; sleep, eat, medication, dream, eat, medication, sleep.

The jailers were the sentinels to the repetition. They revelled in it. Ensuring nothing changed for the delicate minds of the people who resided in this place. We each had our own intricate and complicated set of issues.

Ensuring obedience in all things.

The words 'severely mentally ill' and 'suffering from delusions, manifested in dreams' were heard often₇ to explain my whole self. I was nothing but my diagnosis to those people. The medication turned me into an empty₁ emotionless zombie. Yet even detached from my emotions, the drugs only dulled the edges of my dreams.

They declared me to be **a** part of a small minority of patients resistant to all drug options.

Comments



This is purely subjective.
I was just breaking up...

DD **Dianne Dion**

I think "even" is unnecessary in this ins...

DD **Dianne Dion**

Restrictive clause "that"

DD **Dianne Dion**

*Per Oxford style guide, numbers below 100 or...

DD **Dianne Dion**

No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...

DD **Dianne Dion**

Per MW and Oxford dictionary

DD **Dianne Dion**

"there" is better suited than "here", since the sentence is phrased in past tense. *As an alternative, "I exist"... and "I have no memory" of not being here.

July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD **Dianne Dion**

Don't need how and however

Within a blink of an eye, the tree, the sun, and the grass evaporated.

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Comments



Dianne Dion

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Dianne Dion

No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...



Dianne Dion

Per MW and Oxford dictionary



Dianne Dion

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Dianne Dion

Don't need how and however

July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM



Dianne Dion

Another "day" is redundant



Dianne Dion

A dash after a question mark is acceptable per...



Dianne Dion

Essential clause uses "that" Nonessential cla...

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No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...

DD Dianne Dion
Per MW and Oxford dictionary

DD Dianne Dion
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DD Dianne Dion
Don't need how and however

DD Dianne Dion
Another "day" is redundant
July 19, 2021, 5:18 PM

DD Dianne Dion
A dash after a question mark is acceptable per...

DD Dianne Dion
Essential clause uses "that" Nonessential cla...

bow.

Endlessly the hours passed me by, until eventually another jailer appeared. Interrupting my peaceful world again. This particular interruption was for the enforced interaction with the other inhabitants of the facility. I was escorted to the common room, an area which was stuffed to the brim with approved activities; a TV, some board games, and as many colouring-in books as you could ever wish for.

Apparently because you were marked as **CRAZY**, you must only enjoy activities a 7 year-old child might like to do.

Keeping careful control of my blank gaze, I gave myself an inward roll of my eyes at the ridiculousness of it all. I floated over to meet my only friend, Bob, who had also been dumped in this place. She was already on our favourite sofa, tucked into the corner of the room.

The spot was perfect to conduct the crucial people watching Bob enjoyed so much. She also took it as an opportunity to plot whatever trouble she could stir up next. My self-appointed role to merely watch her cause the chaos, and then hide away when the shit inevitably hit the fan. It had been crafted to perfection after many, many repeated performances.

Bob was my sworn BFF. She had a fierceness about her, which could cause even the toughest person's lip to wobble. Her attitude was utterly one of a kind, and I cherished her endless loyalty to me--_even with my tendency to retreat into my mind, at any given moment.

She had her own sense of style. She wore the same bland scrubs everyone else wore, but she pulled it all off with grace and a 'fuck you' attitude. She had short cropped, blonde hair, and pale skin. Her blue, almost grey eyes appeared cold at times, but they could also burn with the intensity of a supernova. She was tall for a female-- although it was best advised to not mention her height, or even worse, make a jokey comment about it. Your balls would be ripped off before you could cup your hand over them protectively.

Comments

DD Dianne Dion

*Per Oxford style guide, numbers below 100 or...

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No apostrophe in possessive "its" if it is...

DD Dianne Dion

Per MW and Oxford dictionary

DD Dianne Dion

"there" is better suited than "here", since the s...

DD Dianne Dion

Don't need how and however

DD Dianne Dion

Another "day" is redundant

DD Dianne Dion

A dash after a question mark is acceptable per Oxford Guide of Style
July 20, 2021, 10:10 AM

DD Dianne Dion

Essential clause uses "that" Nonessential cla...

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She had her own sense of style. She wore the same bland scrubs everyone else wore, but she pulled it all off with grace and a 'fuck you' attitude. She had short cropped, blonde hair, and pale skin. Her blue, almost grey eyes appeared cold at times, but they could also burn with the intensity of a supernova. She was tall for a female--_although it was best advised to not mention her height, or even worse, make a jokey comment about it. Your balls would be ripped off before you could cup your hand over them protectively.

She would enjoy doing it too.

Currently she had a look fixed on her face **thatwhich** could kill with one sharp blink. It was pointed towards the jailer who loitered behind me. Despite this look, when she turned to me, it was with a smile tugging at her mouth. "Hey Miss Junie Bug, how's it going? Had any juicy dreams recently?" Bob said quietly, in an effort to try and avoid the jailer's attention.

"H-Hey Bob girl." I spoke softly. "Urm...Only the usual tree and beach. It was sunset. It felt so real I could almost feel the sand between my toes." My voice rasped from lack of use.

Bob pursed her lips. I sucked in an unsteady breath, unsure what she might say next. Thankfully she broke into a smile; "Are you sure the sand was only between your toes, Miss Bug?" Bob said with a cheeky eyebrow waggle, wink, and a laugh.

I released my held-in breath with sheer relief. A smile twitched at the corners of my mouth and I nervously attempted a joke, "I-I can imagine that sand anywhere but between your toes is the worst! No. iust no!" I held my shaking hands to my

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"Very true. Maybe one day we can get the fuck out of here and experience an actual beach again." Bob muttered petulantly, then shook her melancholy off and pointed her finger in the air. "One can hope anyway." Using a fake posh accent which made me grin momentarily.

I had to hide the stiffness in my body at the mere possibility of leaving. Although I would never admit this, the idea of actually leaving churned in my stomach and burned bile up my throat. "...yeah one day..." I replied, attempting to fake wistfulness.

As usual, we sat in our special corner of the common room, for as long as we were allowed. Chatting and making plans for when we might leave the facility. Well, Bob mainly did the chatting and planning, but I was there in body, and occasionally in mind too. We both knew the chances of leaving were extremely minimal. Whilst I was thankful for this fact, Bob was desperate to be free.

My friend had never shared her diagnosis and why she was in the facility. We tried not to talk about our realities. Preferring the world we had created together of imagined outings and pretend adventures outside in the world.

"It's my birthday in **four4** days. I'll be 26. What ya getting me, Miss Bug?" Bob teased.

I looked down at my fingers, drawing up confidence from within me. "Well, I've urm, coloured in a masterpiece for you in one of these books." I quietly teased, smiling and pointing at the massive pile of colouring books on the table in front of us.

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"Shit, that's Queen Bitch work right there!" Bob said aghast. "Why would you do this to me?" she gasped dramatically, jumping up, grabbing books and tearing through them to try and find the picture I'd coloured in. As usual, I stayed seated, laughing slightly at Bob's antics.

Drawn by the obscene hilarity and high jinks, one of the jailers swiftly marched over. To get us to calm down and stop the noise, as it apparently, "ruined the calming atmosphere of the common room." I mentally skittered away, my body instantly quaking with worry. I nodded minutely and Bob sighed noisily, slumping back down next to me in resignation.

I peeked at Bob, drawing confidence from her, before turning back to the jailer and mumbling generic apologies. The jailer swaggered away with a smirk slapped on their face. Content in their power trip and ability to restore the peace of the common room.

"S-Sorry Bob girl, I was only teasing. I wouldn't leave your present in those books. I wrote you a story of one of my favourite dreams, with a picture for your birthday. It's in my room. I will bring it with me next time." I said, averting my gaze, as I filled up with embarrassment. Bob loved it when I shared my dreams with her, even though I found it mortifyingly cringy.

She smiled at my confession. Oooh. thanks

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shared my dreams with her, even though I found it mortifyingly cringy.

She smiled at my confession. “Oooh, thanks Bug Love, I look forward to seeing it!” Bob replied enthusiastically.

“Well aren’t you two looking comfy.” A deep voice interrupted, from the side of the sofa. I jerked forward at the sudden intrusion. Bob placed a hand on my shoulder to steady me.

As if drawn in on a winch, my head turned to check out the person whom the voice belonged to.

A man I'd never seen before, approximately of similar age to me and Bob, stood aiming a smile at us. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt you. I’ve only been here three3 days and you two are the first sign of life and any sort of personality I’ve seen here.” He joked awkwardly.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Bob shift and cough, presumably in annoyance at the interruption.

My eyes widened as I stared at him for longer than was probably acceptable. The guy had sandy brown curly hair which fell messily onto his forehead. His deep green soulful eyes had dragged me in and caught me. I could get lost looking into them for hours. His strong jaw had a little stubble which begged to be scratched through with my fingernails.

I had never in my remembered life, perused anyone in such a way.

He was taller than Bob, by a few inches and had an athletic build. The guy looked me up and down slowly. “Hi, I’m Caleb,” he said, only to me.

I stared and stared and stared.

He raised his eyebrow, perhaps with an unspoken question. What or how did he want me to respond? I was utterly clueless about social interactions, I resided too often in the confines of my own mind to pick up on any unspoken social cues. I blinked and stared at him blankly. It had been such a long time since someone other than Bob had tried to instigate an actual conversation with me.

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I cringed at my ignorance and mentally slapped my forehead. He'd been asking for our names! It seemed so obvious in hindsight.

"It's nice to meet you both. Is this as exciting as it gets around here?" Caleb enquired, not cutting off eye contact with me---not for even a second.

When I again offered no words, Bob nudged me awake. I took it as a reminder that I sometimes needed to participate in conversations.

I blinked and gathered up what little courage I had. "T-This is p-pretty much the peak of excitement around here." I answered quietly with a small shrug. Instantly curling in on myself, in case his response startled me in any way.

Caleb smiled kindly, breaking the intense eye contact to glance at Bob, before flicking his eyes back to me again. Like he felt as strangely connected to me, as I to him. "Great, I look forward to the next instalment then. Although I am sure between the **three3** of us, we could think up something more exciting than colouring in." He teased with a wink.

I groaned quietly. His eyes danced with a mischief that I wanted nothing to do with. I had to stay under the radar and follow the rules. I refused to be seen as a troublemaker. I already struggled to hold Bob back from unleashing carnage, I couldn't handle another wild card.

Unlike my reaction, Bob clapped joyfully. "Sounds fun. Fuck knows, we definitely could do with some in here!" She answered enthusiastically. "The most exciting thing here is when Junie tells me about her dreams."

Caleb swung his gaze to me, his deep green eyes glinting with intrigue. "Dreams, eh? I would like to hear about those sometime."

I spluttered and stuttered, my hands shaking in my lap. "O-Oh, er, sure, I guess. I've only really told Bob before. She's the only one who's ever been interested in them. Not even the people who work here are interested. In fact, they actively discourage me from speaking about them..." I said quietly, drifting off when their attention became too potent

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summoned," he said with a forced smile and laugh. "Will you be here tomorrow?" he asked me.

I nodded enthusiastically as the jailer grabbed him by the arm and started pulling him away. "Hopefully see you then," he called, with what seemed to be hope.

My fingers in my lap became incredibly interesting, as I studied them with awkward focus. "Welllllll, wasn't that interesting," Bob said. "You two were virtually eye--fucking at one point." She teased, my cheeks burning as I looked away.

"He was just being friendly. Which makes a change around here." I answered carefully, pointedly staring at all of the residents who kept to themselves and ignored us with a grim determination.

Bob snorted. "Yeah sure he was, Miss Junie Bug." sShe answered sarcastically. "He barely even looked at me. At all of this!" Sshe waved her hand up and down in front of her, dramatically gesturing to herself with a smirk. "It's you he was interested in. He even wanted to know about your dreams. It must be lust at first sight!" She laughed and nudged me with her elbow.

I unnaturally chuckled along, squirming in my own skin. I didn't believe a word she'd said, so brushed it off. "I doubt we'll see too much of him anyway. He didn't seem to be long term resident material." I sighed wistfully. It would have been nice to have another friend. Not that I didn't love Bob to death--I did. However, I couldn't stop from wondering what it might be like to have more than one friend.

I changed the topic quickly and we went back to chatting about nothing and everything-- wWiling away what was left of the interaction time with our random musings.

When the jailers came to take us all back to our rooms, I went willingly. My mind, targeting only one thing-- Caleb.

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