

# Mistakes Were Made

a class in editing and style

with

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Info about stuff can be found at:

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1.

He leaned toward me with an angry gaze. "Let me question her *my way*."

"Yes," she said—a response that surprised both of us. "There was."

We waited, but she didn't add anything. Roscoe said, "Who?"

"She met him in Paris. He was a Persian prince."

Roscoe's face stretched with a mix of surprise and skepticism. "You don't say. A bona fide Persian Prince?"

She nodded and wiped her nose. "Prince Farzad. He had a longer name. Frazad... uh..." She strained to remember. "I can't remember. I'm sure it's all in the letters."

...

Her lower lip quivered, her eyes moistened. Roscoe flashed me a *Here come the waterworks again* look. She managed not to sob, but it wasn't easy. "I'm not sure where she kept them. She shows them to me once. Last summer. They smelled of perfume."

2.

“Screw you.” I smile my sweetest smile, crossing the room to take a seat. I look up and see a year-old calendar on the far wall.

Anthony took a step and hesitated, raised an eyebrow and put his hand on his hip before digging into his pocket with his other hand and taking out a pocket watch. He read the time and smiled.

3.

Jared knew he had to do something to avenge her or his life would be meaningless. His Mustang was still out front. Before his pulse had slowed to ninety, his car was going eighty.

He left his car on the street parked by the front gate. Finding a good spot by a sycamore tree that grew outside the compound, he climbed the fence. He snuck along the inner tree line then sprinted to the side of the first warehouse. Staying low and in the shadows, he moved between buildings until finally the trailer was in front of him. The lights were on.

He walked to door and then kicked it in but found no one inside. The big black safe was still there, but open this time. Inside was nothing but meat. He could guess what kind.

4.

Scotty went in and fetched the gear.

Cassie leaned in but didn't see anything she didn't expect to.

Behind them down the road shone The Dalton in amber light. Like some Norman Rockwell painting, the windows were bright, honey amber warm, the snow pure white, the smoke from the chimney a narrow gray ribbon against a star field.

"It's so lonely," she said.

"Yeah," said Scotty handing her the snowshoes. "Lets check out the interesting one."

Cassie took the gear and followed Scotty to Sutter's shed.

"You've gone all criminal on me," Cassie said still speaking softly, reverently, barely loud enough to be heard over their footsteps.

5.

He wondered if something was at the door and what it could be. He heard something moan and saw a light flash outside. He thought he would die. He was filled with terror.

6.

Circling around the body, blinking tears from his eyes, he knew the gods had forsaken him. He nodded his head, shrugged his shoulders, and looking up at the sky above, he laughed.

7.

She looked simple and rural. She had yellow hair cut shoulder-length pinned above her ears with daisy barrettes and two pins to be sure around her forehead. She wore a cornflower blue dress that fell below her knees. It had a spotted pattern of yellow flowers subtle and faded—daisies to match her barrettes. Her shoes were sensible pumps, white with yellow buckles, stocking disappearing beneath the hem of her dress. She had a ring on one hand, a bracelet on the other. Her earrings were plastic daisies too, quarter sized. The left one was missing half a petal as if a dog had bitten it.

8.

“What? You are nuts?!” He looked around the bunker as if searching for a better idea. *This is one stupid plan*, he thought. *The dumbest thing ever. How could she even suggest it? The armory was RIGHT there.* “I’ve got a better idea,” he said into the microphone. “You get the hell out of there!”

9.

Suddenly a terrifying explosion shook the windows. Outside the depot was instantly destroyed and a red-orange fireball rose eerily into sky while morbidly and relentlessly transforming into an ominous black cloud.

At the loud sound, Susan smiled coquettishly and flopped sordidly onto the couch. Meanwhile Peter, with a concerned look on his face, hastily and frantically searched for the papers containing the code. Susan giggled with mirth.

10.

“As if I didn’t know that,” she said sarcastically.

He shouted with disdain, “Die in a fire!”

“Leather is good food,” explained Mark with an air of indifference.

“Were you alone all night?” asked Detective Lubier.

“I was home all night,” answered Mrs. Beauregard.

“I would never do that!” ejaculated Paul suddenly.

11.

Mistakes were made.

They were questioning the witnesses.

The house was made in 1939; the quilt in 1940 by the grandmother.

A shot is fired, deafening from its close proximity. A scream follows, my own, I imagine. A struggle commences where aggressive blows are delivered. A fist smashes against my eye socket, painfully.

12.

She began to wonder why the others were taking so long. She started to worry and commenced to call them. She managed to connect with Paul who was still at the monkey farm but about to leave.

“I love you, snookums,” he teased playfully. “I’m on my way.”



13.

A shot is fired, deafening from its close proximity. A scream follows, my own, I imagine. A struggle commences where aggressive blows are delivered. A fist smashes against my eye socket, painfully. Dexter Paulson is dealing out vicious blows, and if I stop fighting back ... I don't want to think about what happens then. Somehow, during the altercation, the gun slides off the exposed edge of the room. A flurry of fists and feet, combined with grunts and groans, ensues. My knuckles finds his face, his fists finds my body.

14.

"I'll be right back," I say as I run down the stairs, pausing on the landing to listen for a reply before going into the kitchen. As the kettle hisses to life from the electricity surging through its wires, I step outside and look out on the fresh cut grass. Walking across the yard, dialing my phone and thinking about Susan's ultimatum, I begin to regret my choice of careers. Halting by the cherry tree, listening for the taxi, I manage to begin to put things in some order.

15.

Only when she spots me in the door does her face brighten up.

“Excuse me,” Leila says to the tuxedo-clad man, before she pushes past him and closes the distance between us. Air-kisses are exchanged and the box is handed over. “What a boring old fart,” she whispers upon our exit of the kitchen to begin our exploration of the house. “As if someone like *me* would ever agree to consensual sex with someone like him. He’s on the verge of bankruptcy! By God, I do have *some* standards.”

16.

He seemed to be alone. From somewhere in the garage he found one of those things people spit tobacco into and were common in old time bars. He used it to somehow hammer the closet door open. Someplace inside he found a revolver someone had left there with two clips of ammunition within.

17.

The first man looked at me with murderous intent, another with sincere regret, while the third had lustful intention in his eyes.

A fourth man emerged from the shadows, a consternated expression in place on his face, showing that he didn't know who I was or why I was there. "Hello," he said, tilting his head in an expression of obsequiousness.

18.

I sit amidst the wreckage of my room, plucking through the contents of my underwear drawer. "Every single piece of lace clothing I own is gone." A hysterical burst of giggles accompanies the statement as I throw cotton lingerie – the unattractive ones women wear when the laundry's piled neck-high – over my shoulder. "Every goddamn G-string, gone," I say, looking up to where Baxter stands, staring at the destruction, before a worried gaze turns on me. "It's hilarious."