

Original:

On the third Monday, January 1986, I was in Dr. [REDACTED]'s office, one of the doctors in the parish show took on being my primary physician. I was concerned. No matter what I did, my temperature would not drop below 102.5. I had called and gotten an appointment immediately when I described my situation. When the nurse was checking me in, she noticed my temperature had risen to 103. Minutes later, [REDACTED] came out of his office and told me he was taking me to the hospital.

Hugh drove me to the [REDACTED] Hospital. The reception desk signed me in right away and assigned me to a wheelchair and to a waiting area. After that, my memory is sketchy.

I know was taken to a single room and changed into a hospital gown. What I know of the rest of the day was told to me later. My temperature rose to 105 and showed signs of going higher. A while later, a nurse noticed I had turned blue and sounded the code blue alarm. I have no idea what they did after that but was told they had put me in thermal blankets to slowly lower my temperature.

I remember being uncomfortable during wakeful moments. I must have slept a long while after my temperature came down. In the afternoon of the next day, I woke feeling calm and peaceful.

Possible Revision:

I was concerned. It was January 1986, and no matter what I did, my temperature would not drop below 102.5. By the time I got to the doctor's office, it was 103. At the hospital, it rose to 105 and threatened to go higher. What followed was told to me later. The nursing staff gave me a large dose of penicillin . . . a nurse sounded code blue when she noticed I had turned blue. . . thermal blankets finally helped to lower my temperature. The only thing I recall was the discomfort I felt during wakeful moments.

But the next afternoon, I woke from a long sleep, calm and peaceful.

Original:

David and I arrived at the hospital where Mom and my father's sisters and brother were gathered around Dad's bed. There was gurgling coming from my father's throat, his breaths raspy and irregular. The others made space and I moved closer. Dad's sunken eyes were closed and he gave no indication of knowing I was there. Although I wanted to cry, I felt trapped in numbness as I bent down, placed a kiss on his forehead and uttered a soft, for-his-ears only, *I love you*.

The spaces between Dad's inhales and exhales grew longer. We waited—was that his last breath, did we need to call the nurse—and then after what seemed like minutes there'd be another shallow shaky inhale followed by a warbly exhale. When the final out-breath came, there was no doubt it was his last.

Possible Revision:

David and I arrived at the hospital to find Mom and my father's sisters and brothers gathered around Dad's bed. Gurgling came from my father's throat, his breath irregular and raspy. The others made space, and I moved closer. Dad's sunken eyes were closed; he gave no indication that he knew I was there. I wanted to cry but felt trapped in numbness. Bending down, I placed a kiss on his forehead. "I love you," I whispered, for his ears only.

The spaces between Dad's inhales and exhales grew longer. *Was that his last breath? Did we need to call the nurse?* We waited. After what seemed like minutes, there'd be another shallow and shaky inhale. Then a warbly exhale. But when his final exhale came, there was no doubt it was his last.

Original:

I trod down the short hall past the knick-knack shelf, overcrowded with egg cups now, instead of salt and pepper shakers, but still clinking and rattling when anyone walked past. Down to the open doorway of my parent's room, where my mother lay sprawled out upon their queen-sized bed in their full-size bedroom, gracelessly snoring.

I turned away confused.

"Downstairs," was all my father said.

At the bottom of the basement stairs lay my parents' 10-year-old bulldog Winston, looking in death as he did so often in life: eyes glazed and unmoving. As I gazed at this pitiful animal, the feeling that flooded through me was unfathomable. I cried anew, but with tears of relief that then morphed into manic gales of laughter. Laughter so huge that it doubled me over. I couldn't stop. *The dog was dead!*

Possible revision:

I walked down the short hall to the clinking and rattling of the knick-knack shelf, once crowded with salt and pepper shakers, now egg cups. From the open doorway of my parents' bedroom, I saw my mother sprawled upon the bed, gracelessly snoring.

Confused, I turned away.

"Downstairs," was all my father said.

At the bottom of the basement stairs lay my parents' 10-year-old bulldog Winston, looking in death as he did so often in life: eyes glazed and unmoving. I gazed at this pitiful animal and cried tears of relief that morphed into manic gales of laughter. Doubled over, I couldn't stop: The *dog* was dead!

Original:

█████ Campground started in 1952 as a rustic, slow-paced place for families to get away for a relaxing vacation bonding with the natural world of Maine's coast. Connected to the mainland by a sand causeway, once you've driven through the gates you enter a very special world with over 270 unique campsites spread over the southern end of the island. Some are on the beach, some on the bluffs overlooking the water and other islands, and others are inlands, surrounded by trees. Generations of campers have come to love the island, and it's a popular place.

Some friends of ours from Concord told us about █████ when they discovered that we loved to camp. Being introduced to the world of █████ campers was like being introduced to a secret society. They provided us with a copy of the campground's map, told us about various plusses and minuses of the different camping areas, and most importantly, explained the reservation process.

Possible Revision:

█████ Campground. A rustic and slow-paced, getaway. And a place of many happy memories for my family. Connected to Maine's mainland by a sand causeway, this popular vacation spot offers 270 campsites spread over the southern end of the island—some inland, surrounded by trees; others on the bluffs overlooking the water and other islands; and more on the beach. Since 1952, families, like mine, have loved vacationing at his popular spot.

Being introduced to the world of █████ was like being introduced to a secret society. We were inducted by friends of who provided us with all the necessary information: the campground map; details about the plusses and minuses and of different camping areas; and most importantly, the reservation process.