

I SCREAMED AS THE HAMMER HIT MY HAND. CHANGED TO:

Mistaking my frail hand for a measly nail, without caution I thrashed the solid steel upon my now throbbing, blood-blistered flesh. The horror was evident as the blood curdling shrill yelp escaped from my now swelling throat.

OR

Thump, thump, thump. The hammer lazily rose and fell continuing its repetitive tasks. I labored on wishing deeply that something, anything would happen to add a spark of excitement to the task. Something did. With the force of mighty Thor the ancient tool collided with my flesh pulverizing the skeletal frame to a fine dust. My eyes watered holding back a torrent of tears. I could almost taste the dull iron of blood roaring out of the wound as my shriek split the air.

I was so sad when my grandma died. CHANGED TO:

Trying to understand the broken words spilling from her breathless sobs, caused my heart to drop and leaving me w/ an empty, chilling sensation deep within my chest. Her words pulsed through my mind like a skill shattering earthquake ripping through a small lifeless town. "Grandma's gone." Countless emotions flooded into my deserted corpse. Sorrow. Dispare and overwhelming disbelief. My eyes swelled w/ the need to release the pain built up in tears behind my eyes.

OR

It was a cold, cloudy day and the ground was soaked with the early morning dew and the tears of an entire town. The black suits and dresses cloaked the area in darkness as the desolate, black coffin was lowered into the deep grave like a feather floating down from the gray, depressing sky. Not a word crept from anyone's lips. I told myself I would not cry, but I felt this lump in the back of my throat that I felt involuntarily leap from the depths of my throat, creating an obnoxious whining sob that would indicated my immense sorrow, for this was the first time I could accept my grandmother's death.

OR

It stung like a blistering bee sting, rising like a giant mountain in my throat. My body temperature dropped even lower as pieces of my soul flowed off of my eyes in glass like drops falling gently to the ground. My heart shattered into millions of pieces as I saw the face of my sweet and now dead grandmother.