



SCRIBBLERWORKS
official website of **SARAH BEACH**

This sample editing page is from a novel by Michael Mordenga, titled *The Boy and His Curse*. Used by permission.

Mr. Fastardly shook his head and rubbed his pen into his temple. "Well, there are other things in this world that are 'cool.' Why don't you take up stamp collecting or catching butterflies—anything that doesn't involve you driving yourself."

Ethan's hand started to burn. It was like someone installed an oven coil under his skin. At first he thought it was just from the nerves, but his hand radiated with fire. He began to rub his thumb against it.

"I don't usually make this judgment, but I think it's safe to say that you will never get your license."

The burning sensation in his hand intensified. Waving it in the air did nothing. He had to get out of the car; he couldn't stand the pain. He bolted outside, Mr. Fastardly still lecturing after him with his neck craned out of the window.

As soon as he jumped out, he wrapped his hand in his t-shirt. He heard the creaking of metal. A light pole from the parking lot started to sway and crashed down onto the back of the car. Glass sprayed onto the pavement, followed by a loud crunch. Ethan jumped back and landed on the ground. For a moment, there was silence all around.

"That wasn't me!" Ethan yelled in horror.

"Just go!"

Ethan bolted.

The walk home was incredibly disheartening. His mom had offered to give him a ride home, but he really didn't want to tell her the news. He hung his head in shame, shuddering at the thought of being ostracized prohibited from receiving a license, again.

I hit an old lady. You don't get any more screwed up than that. I will probably go to juvenile prison and have to join a gang of Mexican cartel youth. People like me don't last too long in the joint. I just hope I have enough street cred.

A deep sigh escaped him. Ethan had spent the last six months practicing with his parents up until today, trawling roads and city blocks. He had mastered speed control, all of the alphabets' turning procedures, and even the impossibilities of parallel parking. Now it was all flushed away. All of his attempts to gain popularity were worthless now, because he couldn't use the brakes when an old lady was crossing. He wanted to cry but that wouldn't lessen the blow of being a loser.

He watched the traffic race past him; it looked like freedom. Everyone else waltzed into their privileged parking spots and received gallons of thirsty attention. It burned him to know that he wouldn't be among them. He would be imprisoned on the broken sidewalk that even the county couldn't be bothered to fix.

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Comment [SB24]: "Ostracized" is something a group does to an individual, usually because of something. But not from "receiving a license". Prohibited.

Comment [SB25]: Why is the attention "thirsty"? Wouldn't it be the people who were thirsty FOR attention? (I don't think you need "thirsty" at all here.