

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

Robert-

This is a very realistic and readable recounting of your childhood memories. I recognize many of the places you mention. I loved Norumbega Park and remember the penny arcade. It, truly, was a penny arcade and we could spend hours on a dollar's worth of pennies. Sad those days are gone.

I have no real suggestion for anyone remembering scenes and incidents during their childhood. Those stories are just that, your stories and there's nothing to add. Most of them are shrouded in emotion. Even these many years gone by, you might try to highlight the feelings and emotions those experiences still evoke.

The only suggestion I might offer is to re-read your work and try to make sure your sentences and paragraphs follow traditional rules. Also, try to limit the number of ands. If you string too many things together, we, the reader, can get confused.

Good luck with this gentle ride home.

Dave

Summary: The submission is mostly autobiographical at around the time of sixth grade. It is a mix of memories that came as a single 'event' early one morning. I was compelled to attempt to write in the voice that I heard.

Growing up in the fifties, ~~what would a kid~~ I really *didn't* know *much* about WWII residing quietly around us? ~~Not much.~~ Nobody wanted to talk about it. ~~At the movies and on television we watched how our guys won the war.~~ *The soldiers* had been home for a while, but not saying much about it. In my uncle's top dresser drawer I found black and white photos of him, ~~and his war buddies,~~ and some bullets. He wouldn't say much; ~~until~~ *for* a long time. ~~later~~ *Later*, he did speak of how they set up camp his first night just off the Normandy beaches and how he was tripping over things in the dark. The next morning he saw what they were – dead Germans. But that was nothing, he said, ~~as passing~~ *as they passed* dead GI's when they moved out the next day. *(new paragraph)* The war left reverberations and they could be felt, if not understood. But America was settling in. We were the winners.

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Walking around in those days you would think it was an ~~alright~~ *okay* neighborhood, Auburndale, a section of Newton, a suburb of Boston. Moving *to* there from a basement apartment with painted concrete walls to the upstairs of a two family, it seemed *as though* we had arrived. We came from Brookline which was concrete hard. Out here (*where. Auburndale? From where?*) there was space, sky, trees, dirt and water from an inlet of the Charles River. People fished there, but caught mostly sunfish. ~~They~~ *The fishermen* were greedy and stupid and ~~thrown~~ *threw the fish* on the banks to flop, die and stink in the summer sun. At the end of my street, just before the river, was the woods. ~~It was down there that~~ *where* the killing happened.

Jonny D lived in a small house with his mother and aunt. He was told his father worked for the railroad and was killed on the job. Jonny didn't have much of a memory of his father, but was made to feel proud of him. He had a paper route and was the first person to come to our door and welcome me to the neighborhood. When I was at his house, his mother and aunt always seemed stressed about something. Jonny seemed worried and sad a lot of the time and not just because he got his hair cut at home which looked it. He was the man of the house. Maybe he was sent to our door so we might be added to his route.

Across the street, in what seemed a large house, lived Peter W, an only child. He had a lot of neat Nazi things from the war. ~~You~~ *In those days, you* could buy that stuff from army surplus stores around Boston. Peter got twisted somehow. When my little brother was in his playpen out on the upper porch, *for no reason*, Peter would taunt him from the street. My brother didn't understand what he was doing. (*new paragraph*) We were allowed to have a dog in our rental. There were times she would come home shaking, once with saw dust on her. Peter's father had a woodworking shop in their basement. I asked him if he took our dog into his house and he got angry. (*Too much of a jump here. Try to connect Peter in the workshop and Mother catching on.*)

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My mother caught on and realized Peter wasn't, "a good influence on me", and stopped me from playing with him. I was hurt and angry, but she was right. Whatever screwed him up probably has had him locked away somewhere by now. Reverberations of the war.

Our street intersected with an inclined street that ended on Commonwealth Avenue. There were a few shops across *the street*. ~~and one~~ *One* was a meat shop. Sometimes my mother would send me down to *the shop* to get something for dinner. The only person I ever saw in the place was the butcher who owned the shop. I'd tell him what ~~was~~ *we* wanted. ~~and he~~ *He* would always try to get me to buy something else, like a candy bar. At some point I told my mother about this. She said she felt sorry for him and that he was trying to make a living. ~~and it~~ *It* was hard for him because a new supermarket opened a few blocks down the street. He was gone before we moved away. (*Too many ands*)

There was a kid in my class whose father worked the merry-go-round at Norumbega Park at the end of Comm. Ave. The park was built to attract people from Boston in the late nineteenth century. They would get there by trolley cars running down the middle of the street built by land developers. It worked; there were many nice homes built along Comm. Ave, but the trolleys were long gone because people were now driving cars. The park had carnival type rides, paddle boats for the river, popcorn and cotton candy. In the penny arcade was a creepy gypsy woman automaton that would tell your fortune in an unnerving voice after you put a coin in. This was a popular place, but it too is gone, replaced by a chain hotel. I thought my friend's father had a prestigious job running the merry-go-round. I thought again about that after going to their apartment for the first time. (*new paragraph*) It was a warm day and his father was shaving in one of those under shirts with straps so his upper body hair showed. My friend's mother was distraught. She kept at him while he was shaving, "Ralph, Ralph". Ralph this and Ralph that. Her

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voice was breaking. He looked at me from the mirror a couple of times, expressionless. I think it was about money. My friend looked uncomfortable. It worried me and I never went back there again. I think I know what would have happened if I hadn't been there. *(I really don't know what would have happened. Try to be specific here.)* Reverberations of the war.

But it reminds me of the first time I heard my mother and step-father fighting. Those images are burned in ~~hard and can't be forgotten~~ *I can't forget them*. I was in bed and suddenly they were yelling *at each other* just outside my door ~~by the bathroom~~. He threw his electric razor on the floor and it smashed into pieces. I can still see the light from the hallway coming in under the door. I was terrified, frozen, and knew that a pool of blood would come seeping under *the door and* into my room. I thought one of them would be dead. *(new paragraph)* ~~But no. he~~ *My father* stormed out. ~~and~~ I finally got the courage to open the door. ~~and find~~ *I found* my mother crying in bed with a book in her hands. I can't remember much of what she said, except she was sorry I had to hear this. She was hurt and embarrassed and couldn't comfort me much. I went back to bed sobbing myself. Nothing was said *about it* in the morning.

This area was very Catholic by way of Italians and Irish. There was a newly built church where my friends went, Corpus Christi. At that time I wanted to be Catholic, not just to belong, ~~and~~ *but* for the melodiously authoritative sound of Latin, ~~but it~~ *It* was the mystery of it all. My friends had these medals of saints that were blessed. They wore them on their baseball caps - "Dear St. Christopher protect us". How could I compete against these guys without the power of magic saints? *Now, after years of revelations of child abuse by priests in the Boston Arch Diocese, I'm glad I wasn't raised Catholic. Nobody was listening. Reverberations of the war. (This doesn't seem to fit here.)*

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The day of the killing my uncle dropped by and my mother sent him to find me in the woods near the river. On his way, *a German Sheppard bit him badly* ~~he was hard bitten in~~ *on* his leg ~~by a German Shepard named, Tasker.~~ The dog left us kids alone, but *it* didn't like men, ~~and maybe~~ *Maybe*, he sensed *that* my uncle was once a soldier. ~~He~~ *(the dog?) My uncle* never found me that day, ~~because the~~ *The* bite was so bad he had to go home. *(New paragraph)* I was in the woods with a friend playing war, probably fighting the Japs. We were running around and got to the water's edge. ~~and there~~ *There* on the other bank was ~~the~~ *a* mother *Mallard duck* and her babies. ~~I was challenged~~ *(My friends challenged me?)* to see how close I could come to ~~them~~ *the ducks* with a rock. I picked one up and let fly. ~~One was hit and~~ *I hit a chick and it* went upside down in the mud. The noise was terrible. Mother Mallard went berserk quacking and flying all around ~~and the~~ *The* chick was crying and trying to up-right itself. We ran like hell. ~~and when~~ *When* we got far enough away to feel ~~save~~ *safe, we* dropped to our knees and prayed not to get caught. ~~and~~ *We also prayed* that the chick would be alright. We probably bargained for our souls and promised to be good from then on, too. Reverberations of the war.

We lived there for two years and then we, too, were gone.

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↳ need to get the action going sooner if it's a short story: can easily be more.

Summary: *The submission is mostly autobiographical at around the time of sixth grade. It is a mix of memories that came as a single 'event' early one morning. I was compelled to attempt to write in the voice that I heard.*

Ed

Growing up in the fifties, what would a kid really know about WWII ^{danglins?} [residing quietly around us? Not much. Nobody wanted to talk about it. At the movies and on television we watched how our guys won the war. They had been home for a while, but not saying much about it. In my uncle's top dresser drawer I found black and white photos of him and his war buddies and some bullets. He wouldn't say much; ~~until~~ a long time later he did speak of how they set up camp his first night just off the Normandy beaches and how he was tripping over things in the dark. The next morning he saw what they were – dead Germans. But that was nothing, he said, as passing dead GI's when they moved out the next day. The war left reverberations and they could be felt, if not understood. But America was settling in. We were the winners.

war

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Newton

Jonny D lived in a small house with his mother and aunt. He was told his father worked

for the railroad and was killed on the job. Jonny didn't have much of a memory of his father, but

Jonny - lots of individual glimpses. each of them is well-written, but I have no idea if they pertain to the story.
- for a short story you need to get the action going quickly. you might have more to say than a short story.

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^{anxious} was made to feel proud of him. He had a paper route ^{and} was the first person to come to our door and welcome me to the neighborhood. When I was at his house, his mother and aunt always seemed stressed about something. Jonny seemed worried and sad a lot of the time and not just because he got his hair cut at home ^{just} which looked it. He was the man of the house. Maybe he was sent to our door so we might be added to his route.

Across the street, in what seemed a large house, lived Peter W, an only child. He had a lot of neat Nazi things from the war. You could buy that stuff from army surplus stores around Boston. Peter got twisted somehow. When my little brother was in his playpen ^{out} on the upper porch, Peter would taunt him from the street. My brother didn't understand what he was doing. We were allowed to have a dog in our rental. There were times she would come home shaking, once with saw dust on her. Peter's father had a woodworking shop in their basement. I asked him if he took our dog into his house ^{and} he got angry. My mother caught on and realized Peter wasn't ^a "a good influence on me", and stopped me from playing with him. I was hurt and angry, but she was right. Whatever screwed him up probably has had him locked away somewhere by now. Reverberations of the war.

Our street intersected with an inclined street that ended on Commonwealth Avenue.

There were a few shops across ^{and} one was a meat shop. Sometimes my mother would send me down to get something for dinner. The only person I ever saw in the place was the butcher who owned the shop. I'd tell him what ^{we} was wanted and he would always try to get me to buy something else, like a candy bar. At some point I told my mother about this. She said she felt sorry for him and that he was trying to make a living ^{and} it was hard for him because a new supermarket opened a few blocks down the street. He was gone before we moved away.

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There was a kid in my class whose father worked the merry-go-round at Norumbega Park at the end of Comm. Ave. The park was built to attract people from Boston in the late nineteenth century. They would get there by trolley cars running down the middle of the street built by land developers. It worked; there were many nice homes built along Comm. Ave, but the trolleys were long gone because people were now driving cars. The park had carnival rides, paddle boats for the river, popcorn and cotton candy. In the penny arcade was a creepy gypsy woman automaton that would tell your fortune in an unnerving voice after you put a coin in. This was a popular place, but it too is gone, replaced by a chain hotel. I thought my friend's father had a prestigious job running the merry-go-round. I thought again about that after going to their apartment for the first time. It was a warm day and his father was shaving in one of those undershirts with straps so his upper body hair showed. My friend's mother was distraught. She kept at him while he was shaving, "Ralph, Ralph". Ralph this and Ralph that. Her voice was breaking. He looked at me from the mirror a couple of times, expressionless. I think it was about money. My friend looked uncomfortable. It worried me and I never went back there again. I think I know what would have happened if I hadn't been there. Reverberations of the war.

But it reminds me of the first time I heard my mother and step-father fighting. Those images are burned in hard and can't be forgotten. I was in bed and suddenly they were yelling just outside my door by the bathroom. He threw his electric razor on the floor and it smashed into pieces. I can still see the light from the hallway coming in under the door. I was terrified, frozen, and knew that a pool of blood would come seeping under into my room. I thought one of them would be dead. But he stormed out and I finally got the courage to open the door and find my mother crying in bed with a book in her hands. I can't remember much of what she said,

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except she was sorry I had to hear this. She was hurt and embarrassed and couldn't comfort me much. I went back to bed sobbing myself. Nothing was said in the morning.

This area was very Catholic by way of Italians and Irish. There was a newly-built church where my friends went, Corpus Christi. At that time I wanted to be Catholic, not just to belong and for the melodiously authoritative sound of Latin, but it was the mystery of it all. My friends had these medals of saints that were blessed. They wore them on their baseball caps - "Dear St. Christopher protect us". How could I compete against these guys without the power of magic saints? Now, after years of revelations of child abuse by priests in the Boston Arch Diocese, I'm glad I wasn't raised Catholic. Nobody was listening. Reverberations of the war.

The day of the killing my uncle dropped by and my mother sent him to find me in the woods near the river. On his way, he was ~~hard~~ bitten in his leg by a German Shepherd named Tasker. The dog left us kids alone, but didn't like men, and maybe he sensed my uncle was once a soldier. He never found me that day, because the bite was so bad he had to go home. I was in the woods with a friend playing war, probably fighting the Japs. We were running around and got to the water's edge and there on the other bank was the mother and her babies. I was challenged to see how close I could come to them with a rock. I picked one up and let fly. One was hit and went upside down in the mud. The noise was terrible. Mother Mallard went berserk quacking and flying all around and the chick was crying and trying to up-right itself. We ran like hell and when we got far enough away to feel safe dropped to our knees and prayed not to get caught and that the chick would be alright. We probably bargained for our souls and promised to be good from then on, too. Reverberations of the war.

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JULIE

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stream of consciousness - journal? memoir? historical fiction?

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Sounds like a voice-over. Start more powerfully. Personalize it. My uncle came back from World War II a changed man. Give examples. "My parents tried to shelter us. I was only 12."

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redundant

really? didn't sense we were bad? No flight?

reverb #1 to what?

Walking around in those days you would think it was an alright neighborhood,

Auburndale, a section of Newton, a suburb of Boston. Moving there from a basement apartment with painted concrete walls, to the upstairs of a two family, it seemed we had arrived. We came from Brookline which was concrete hard. Out here there was space, sky, trees, dirt and water from an inlet of the Charles River. People fished there, but caught mostly sunfish. They were greedy and stupid and thrown on the banks to flop, die and stink in the summer sun. At the end of my street, just before the river, was the woods. It was down there that the killing happened.

in Brookline

to match the concrete outside sub...

ambiguity who's greedy and stupid and thrown people or fish?

just threw them

* There's your powerful story!

Jonny D lived in a small house with his mother and aunt. He was told his father worked for the railroad and was killed on the job. Jonny didn't have much of a memory of his father, but

Don't just describe. Add scenes and conversations. Show, don't tell.

JULIE

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change verbs

was made to feel proud of him. He had a paper route and was the first person to come to our door and welcome me to the neighborhood, ^{and maybe add us to his route.} When I was at his house, his mother and aunt always

synonym

seemed stressed about something. Jonny seemed worried and sad a lot of the time and not just because he got his hair cut at home which looked it. He was the man of the house. ~~Maybe he was sent to our door so we might be added to his route.~~

Turn round
Make
active
not
passive
verb.

seemed + 3

Across the street, in what seemed a large house, lived Peter W, an only child. He had a lot of neat Nazi things from the war. You could buy that stuff from army surplus stores around Boston. Peter got twisted somehow. When my little brother was in his playpen out on the upper porch, Peter would taunt him from the street. ~~My brother didn't understand what he was doing.~~

change adjective

obviously

We were allowed to have a dog in our rental. There were times she would come home shaking, once with sawdust on her. Peter's father had a woodworking shop in their basement. I asked him if he took our dog into his house and he got angry. My mother caught on and realized Peter wasn't "a good influence on me", and stopped me from playing with him. I was hurt and angry, but she was right. Whatever screwed him up probably has had him locked away somewhere by now. Reverberations of the war.

Explain

#2

Our street intersected with an inclined street that ended on Commonwealth Avenue.

Tighten

There were a few shops across, and ~~one was a meat shop.~~ Sometimes my mother would send me down ^{to the meat shop} to get something for dinner. The only person I ever saw in the place was the butcher who owned the shop, ^{who} ~~I'd tell him what was wanted and he~~ would always try to get me to buy something ^{additional} ~~else,~~ like a candy bar. ~~At some point I told my mother about this. She said she felt sorry for him and that he was trying to make a living and it was hard for him because a new~~ supermarket opened a few blocks down the street. He was gone before we moved away.

R.O.
3 conjunctions

important?

JULIE

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But it reminds me of the first time I heard my mother and step-father fighting. Those images are burned in hard and can't be forgotten. I was in bed and suddenly they were yelling just outside my door by the bathroom. He threw his electric razor on the floor and it smashed into pieces. I can still see the light from the hallway coming in under the door. I was terrified, frozen, and knew that a pool of blood would come seeping under into my room. I thought one of them would be dead. But he stormed out and I finally got the courage to open the door and find my mother crying in bed with a book in her hands. I can't remember much of what she said,

misplaced modifier describes people of Boston should modify built

choose one.

3

Break up long #s.

What? indication? whispers turned to shouts & was there? forgot to sleep & woke up by voice?

JULIE

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except she was sorry I had to hear this. She was hurt and embarrassed and couldn't comfort me much. I went back to bed sobbing myself. Nothing was said in the morning.

This area was very Catholic by way of Italians and Irish. There was a newly built church where my friends went, Corpus Christi. At that time I wanted to be Catholic, not just to belong and for the melodiously authoritative sound of Latin, but it was the mystery of it all. My friends had these medals of saints that were blessed. They wore them on their baseball caps - "Dear St. Christopher protect us". How could I compete against these guys without the power of magic saints? Now, after years of revelations of child abuse by priests in the Boston Arch-Diocese, I'm glad I wasn't raised Catholic. Nobody was listening. Reverberations of the war.

instead of Italian Jewish?

1 wd.

#4

The day of the killing my uncle dropped by and my mother sent him to find me in the woods near the river. On his way, he was hard bitten in his leg by a German Shepard named

Tasker. The dog left us kids alone, but didn't like men, and maybe he sensed my uncle was once a soldier. He never found me that day, because the bite was so bad he had to go home. I was in

the woods with a friend playing war, probably fighting the Japs. We were running around and got to the water's edge and there on the other bank was the mother and her babies. I was

challenged to see how close I could come to them with a rock. I picked one up and let fly. One was hit and went upside down in the mud. The noise was terrible. Mother Mallard went berserk

quacking and flying all around and the chick was crying and trying to upright itself. We ran like hell and when we got far enough away to feel safe dropped to our knees and prayed not to get

caught and that the chick would be alright. We probably bargained for our souls and promised to be good from then on, too. Reverberations of the war.

How did you know he dropped by? you were in woods?

delete unless important

important?

We lived there for two years and then we too were gone.

THIS HAS POTENTIAL. GIVE US A TIME STAMP TO START - HISTORICAL EVENT FROM '50s BIRTHDAY PARTY W/DETAILS. DECIDE IF YOU WANT IT TO BE A MEMOIR OR HISTORICAL FICTION. HF REQUIRES SCENES AND DIALOGUE.

Jenny's Comments

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Growing up in the fifties, what would a kid really know about WWII residing quietly around us? Not much. Nobody wanted to talk about it. At the movies and on television, we watched how our guys won the war. They had been home for a while, but ~~not saying~~ didn't talk much about it.

In my uncle's top dresser drawer, I found black and white photos of him and his war buddies, and some bullets. He wouldn't say much; until ~~a long time later one day~~ he told me ~~did speak of~~ how they set up camp his first night just off the Normandy beaches, and how he was tripping over things in the dark, not realizing they were dead soldiers until the next day. [The next morning he saw what they were ~~—~~ dead soldiers Germans. But that was nothing, he said, as passing dead GI's when they moved out the next day. The war left reverberations we could feel, but not yet understand, and they could be felt, if not understood. But America was settling in. We were the winners.

PASSIVE VOICE.

Walking around in those days you would think it was an alright neighborhood, Auburndale, a section of Newton, a suburb of Boston. ~~Moving~~ We moved there from a Brookline basement apartment with painted concrete walls, to the brightly lit upstairs of a two family, it seemed we had arrived. ~~We came from~~ Brookline ~~which~~ was concrete hard. Out here there was space, sky, trees, dirt and water from an inlet of the Charles River. People fished there, but caught mostly sunfish. They were greedy and stupid and thrown on the banks to flop, die and

Comment [PHS IS1]: Rather than tell us this. Show us the conversation with his uncle as a scene. I think that would be powerful.

Comment [PHS IS2]: Use the longer em dash

Comment [PHS IS3]: If this was D-Day then there would have been US soldiers dead on the beach too and German soldiers bodies as they moved out.

Comment [PHS IS4]: Passive voice

Comment [PHS IS5]: Where did his water come from in Brookline?

Comment [PHS IS6]: The fish were greedy?

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Start with this.

stink in the summer sun. At the end of my street, just before the river, ~~was were~~ the woods ~~where~~ ~~the killing happened. It was down there that the killing happened.~~

Comment [PHS 157]: Try to get this on the first page.

Jonny D lived in a small house with his mother and aunt. ~~He was told hi~~ his father worked for the railroad and was killed on the job. Jonny didn't have much of a memory of his father, but was made to feel proud of him. He had a paper route and was the first person to come to our door and welcome me to the neighborhood. When I was at his house, his mother and aunt always ~~seemed stressed about something.~~ Jonny seemed worried and sad a lot of the time and not just because he got his hair cut at home which looked it. He was the man of the house. Maybe he was sent to our door so we might be added to his route.

Comment [PHS 158]: elaborate

Across the street, in ~~what seemed~~ a large house, ~~lived an only child named~~ Peter W ~~lived,~~ ~~an only child.~~ He had a lot of neat ^{rare} Nazi things from the war. You could buy that stuff from army surplus stores around Boston. Peter got twisted somehow. When my little brother was in his playpen out on the upper porch, Peter would taunt him from the street. My brother didn't understand what he was doing.

Comment [PHS 159]: elaborate

Comment [PHS 1510]: How? Show the reader what a bully Peter was.

~~We were allowed to have a dog in our rental.~~ There were times ^{whenever das} she would come home shaking, once with saw dust on her. Peter's father had a woodworking shop in their basement. I asked him if he took our dog into his house and he got angry. My mother caught on and realized Peter wasn't, "a good influence on me", and stopped me from playing with him. I was hurt and angry, but she was right. Whatever screwed him up probably has had him locked away somewhere by now. Reverberations of the war.

Comment [PHS 1511]: Peter was a kid. He wasn't in the war. Was his father?

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- PASSIVE VOICE

owned the shop. I'd tell him what ~~I~~ was wanted, and he would always try to get me to buy something else, like a candy bar. At some point I told my mother about this. She said she felt sorry for him and that he was trying to make a living and it was hard for him because a new supermarket opened a few blocks down the street. He was gone before we moved away.

Comment [PHS IS12]: Show us. Don't tell us.

There was a kid in my class whose father worked the merry-go-round at Norumbega Park at the end of Comm. Ave. The park was built to attract people from Boston in the late nineteenth century. They would get there by trolley cars running down the middle of the street ~~built by land~~ developers. It worked; there were many nice homes built along Comm. Ave, but the trolleys were long gone because people were now driving cars. The park had carnival ~~the~~ rides, paddle boats for the river, popcorn and cotton candy. In the penny arcade was a creepy gypsy woman automaton that would tell your fortune in an unnerving voice after you put a coin in. This was a popular place, but it too is gone, replaced by a chain hotel.

I thought my friend's father had a prestigious job running the merry-go-round. I thought again about that after going to their apartment for the first time. It was a warm day and his father was shaving in one of those under shirts with straps so his upper body hair showed. My friend's mother was distraught. She kept at him while he was shaving, "Ralph, Ralph." Ralph this and Ralph that. Her voice was breaking. He looked at me from the mirror a couple of times, expressionless. I think it was about money. My friend looked uncomfortable. It worried me, and I never went back there again. ~~I think~~ I know what would have happened if I hadn't been there.

Reverberations of the war.

But it reminds me of the first time I heard my mother and ~~step~~-father fighting. Those images are burned in hard and can't be forgotten. I was in bed and suddenly they were yelling ~~just~~ outside my door by the bathroom. He threw his electric razor on the floor and it smashed

Comment [PHS IS13]: Show us the scene. Too much telling. What would have happened? He would had hit his wife?

Comment [PHS IS14]: One word

Comment [PHS IS15]: About what?

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

into pieces. I can still see the light from the hallway coming in under the door. I was terrified, frozen, and knew that a pool of blood would come seeping under into my room. I thought one of them would be dead. But he stormed out, and I finally got the courage to open the door and find my mother crying in bed with a book in her hands. I can't remember much of what she said, except she was sorry I had to hear this. She was hurt and embarrassed and couldn't comfort me much. I went back to bed sobbing myself. Nothing was said in the morning.

This area was very Catholic by way of Italians and Irish. There was a newly built church where my friends went, Corpus Christi. At that time I wanted to be Catholic, not just to belong and for the melodiously authorativeauthoritative sound of Latin, but it was the mystery of it all. My friends had these medals of saints that were blessed. They wore them on their baseball caps. "Dear St. Christopher protect us". How could I compete against these guys without the power of magic saints? Now, after years of revelations of child abuse by priests in the Boston ArchdioceseArch-Dieses, I'm glad I wasn't raised Catholic. Nobody was listening. Reverberations of the war.

The day of the killing my uncle dropped by, and my mother sent him to find me in the woods near the river. On his way, he was ~~had~~ bitten in his leg by a German Shepherd Shepard named Tasker. The dog left us kids alone, but didn't like men, and maybe he sensed my uncle was once a solidersoldier. He never found me that day, because the bite was so bad he had to go home.

I was in the woods with ^{Johnny} a friend playing war, probably fighting the Japs. We were running around and got to the water's edge, and there on the other bank was athe mother duck and her babies. I was Johnny challenged me to see how close I could come to hitting them with a rock. I picked one up and let it fly. One baby was hit and went-fell upside down in the mud. The

Comment [PHS IS16]: Make this whole thing a scene. By just telling us what happened rather than letting the reader experience it with your main character, you are not creating an emotional response from the reader.

What religion was he? If any?

Comment [PHS IS17]: WWII caused the child abuse in the Catholic church?

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

noise was terrible. Mother Mallard went berserk quacking and flying all around and the chick was crying and trying to up-right itself. We ran like hell, ~~and-w~~When we got far enough away to feel ~~safe, save~~ we dropped to our knees and prayed not to get caught and that the chick would be alright. We probably bargained for our souls and promised to be good from then on, too.

Reverberations of the war.

We lived there for two years and then we too were gone.

NOTE: Who got killed in the woods? Was is the duck? This is more of an outline than a story.

There's a lot of information here that I'm not sure is pertinent to your story, but I don't know

what your story is about yet. Right now it seems like a bunch of character sketches. The title is

The Killing so focus on the areas that are important to that and cut the rest.

*- and save it
for another story.*

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Susan

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

aspects of childhood dying

12:48

1:02 - 5d "its like war"

Summary: The submission is mostly autobiographical ~~at around the time of sixth grade~~. It is a mix of memories that came as a single 'event' early one morning, around sixth grade. I was compelled to attempt to write in the voice that I heard.

Comment [s1]: Memoir/essay as opposed to short story?

Growing up in the fifties, what would a kid really know about WWII residing quietly around us? Not much. ~~Nobody wanted to talk about it.~~ At the movies and on television, we watched how our guys won the war. They had been home for a while, but not saying much about it. I don't know if that's because they didn't want to, or because no one wanted to hear about it. →

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inserting what protagonist thinks about this

Comment [s2]: Watch your tenses

In my uncle's top dresser drawer, I'd found black and white photos of him and his war buddies, and some bullets. He wouldn't say much; ~~until~~ a long time later, he did speak of how they set up camp his first night just off the Normandy beaches, and how he was tripping ~~he'd tripped~~ over things in the dark. The next morning he saw what they were – dead Germans. But that was nothing, he said, as compared to passing dead GI's when they moved out the next day.

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The war left reverberations, and they could be felt, if not understood. But America was settling in. We were the winners.

~~Walking-Wandering~~ around in those days, you would think it was an alright neighborhood, Auburndale, ~~a section of Newton~~, a suburb of Boston — ~~with space, sky, trees, dirt and water from an inlet of the Charles River~~. Moving there from a basement apartment in Brookline, where ~~everything seemed to be covered in concrete, with painted concrete walls~~ to the upstairs of a two family, it seemed we had arrived. ~~We came from Brookline which was concrete hard. Out here there was space, sky, trees, dirt and water from an inlet of the Charles River.~~

Comment [s3]: Don't need so many details

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

People fished ~~therein the Charles River~~, ~~but caught~~ catching mostly sunfish. ~~They were~~ ^{F telling} greedy and stupid. ~~the fishermen and thrown on~~ tossed the fish on the banks to flop, die and stink showing in the summer sun.

At the end of my street, just before the river, was the woods.

It was down there that the killing happened.

Jonny D lived in a small house with his mother and aunt. He was told his father worked for the railroad, and was killed on the job. Jonny didn't have much of a memory of his father, but was made to feel proud of him. He had a paper route and was the first person to come to our door and welcome me to the neighborhood. When I was at his house, his mother and aunt always seemed stressed about something. Jonny ~~seemed~~ worried, too, and sad a lot of the time, and not just because he got his hair cut at home, which looked it. He was the man of the house. Maybe he was sent to our door so we might be added to his route.

Comment [s4]: This comes out of nowhere.

Comment [s5]: What was the real story, then?

Comment [s6]: Unclear as to whether this is Jonny or his father

Across the street, in what seemed a large house, lived Peter W, an only child. He had a lot of neat Nazi things from the war. You could buy that stuff from army surplus stores around Boston. Peter got twisted somehow. When my little brother was in his playpen out on the upper porch, Peter would taunt him from the street. My brother didn't understand what he was doing. We were allowed to have a dog in our rental. There were times she would come home shaking, once with saw dust on her. Peter's father had a woodworking shop in their basement. I asked him if he took our dog into his house and he got angry. My mother caught on and realized Peter wasn't, "a good influence on me", and stopped me from playing with him. I was hurt and angry, but she was right. Whatever screwed him up probably has had him locked away somewhere by now. Reverberations of the war.

Comment [s7]: ? How could anything be 'neat'?

Comment [s8]: Really?

Comment [s9]: This entire paragraph is confusing. I think you need to elaborate on certain points to make it clear.

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

Our street intersected ~~with an inclined street that ended on~~ wasn't far from Commonwealth Avenue. There were a few shops ~~across~~ and one was a meat shop. Sometimes my mother would send me down to get something for dinner. The only person I ever saw in the place was the butcher who owned the shop. I'd tell him what ~~was wanted~~ we wanted, and he would always try to get me to buy something else, like a candy bar. At some point, I told my mother about this. She said she felt sorry for him and that he was trying to make a living and it was hard for him because a new supermarket opened a few blocks down the street. He was gone before we moved away.

Comment [s10]: Can't picture where the shops are

There was a kid in my class whose father worked the merry-go-round at Norumbega Park at the end of Comm. Ave. The park was built to attract people from Boston in the late nineteenth century. ~~They would get there by trolley cars running down the middle of the street built by land developers. Initially, people arrived by trolley cars and were enticed to live there~~ It worked; there were many nice homes were built along Comm. Ave. ~~Now, though, but~~ the trolleys were long gone because people ~~were now driving~~ had cars now. The park had ~~earnival-carnival~~ type rides, paddle boats for the river, popcorn and cotton candy. In the penny arcade was a creepy gypsy woman automaton that would tell your fortune in an unnerving voice after you put a coin in. This was a popular place, but it too is gone, replaced by a chain hotel. I thought my friend's father had a prestigious job running the merry-go-round. I thought again about that after ~~going to~~ visiting their apartment for the first time. It was a warm day and his father was shaving in one of those under shirts with straps so his upper body hair showed. My friend's mother was distraught. She kept at him while he was shaving, "Ralph, Ralph". Ralph this and Ralph that. Her voice was breaking. He looked at me from the mirror a couple of times, expressionless. I think it was about

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

money. My friend looked uncomfortable. It worried me, and I never went back there again. I think I know what would ~~have've~~ happened if I hadn't been there. Reverberations of the war.

Comment [s11]: What?

But it reminds me of the first time I heard my mother and step-father fighting. Those images are burned in hard and can't be forgotten. I was in bed and suddenly they were yelling just outside my door by the bathroom. ~~He-My father~~ threw his electric razor on the floor. ~~I heard it and it smashed~~ ~~smash~~ into pieces. I can still see the light from the hallway coming in under the door. I was terrified, frozen, and knew that a pool of blood would come seeping under into my room. I thought one of them would be dead. But he stormed out and I finally got the courage to open the door. ~~I found and find~~ my mother crying in bed with a book in her hands. I can't remember much of what she said, except she was sorry I had to hear this. She was hurt and embarrassed and couldn't comfort me much. I went back to bed sobbing myself. Nothing was said in the morning.

Comment [s12]: Watch usage of the word "but" when you edit.

Comment [s13]: I know you are writing what you remember, but if you can remember the conversation, I'd make this a play-by-play.

Comment [s14]: ?

You can make it up
this is your writing
eloh

This area was very Catholic by way of Italians and Irish. There was a newly built church where my friends went ~~—~~, Corpus Christi. At that time, I wanted to be Catholic, not just to belong and ~~to hear for~~ the melodiously ~~authorative~~ ~~authoritative~~ sound of Latin, but it was the mystery of it all. My friends had these medals of saints that were blessed. They wore them on their baseball caps: —“Dear St. Christopher protect us”. How could I compete against these guys without the power of magic saints? Now, after years of revelations of child abuse by priests in the Boston Arch Dioceses, I'm glad I wasn't raised Catholic. ~~Nobody was listening. Reverberations of the war.~~

Comment [s15]: What were you?

The day of the killing, my uncle dropped by ~~when I wasn't home~~, and my mother sent him to find me in the woods ~~near the river~~. On ~~his-the~~ way, he was ~~hard-bitten~~ ~~hard~~ in his leg by

Comment [s17]: You already told us the woods are near the river, so you can take that out.

HISTORICAL FICTION SHORT STORY: THE KILLING BY ROBERT KAHN

a German Shepard named Tasker. The dog left us kids alone, but didn't like men, ~~and~~, maybe ~~he~~ Tasker sensed my uncle was once a soldier. He

My uncle never found me that day, because the bite was so bad he had to go home. I was in the woods with a friend playing war, probably fighting the Japs. We were running around and ~~got~~ had gotten to the water's edge, and there on the other bank was the mother and her babies. I was challenged to see how close I could come to them with a rock. I picked one up and let fly.

One was hit and went upside down in the mud. The noise was terrible. Mother Mallard went berserk, quacking and flying all around; ~~and~~ the chick was crying and trying to up-right itself.

We ran like hell and when we got far enough away to feel save dropped to our knees and prayed not to get caught and that the chick would be alright. We probably bargained for our souls and promised to be good from then on, too. Reverberations of the war.

We lived there for two years and then we too were gone.

Comment [s18]: Had they been killed? I think you mean the ducks but you don't say that so it seems like you're talking about people who were murdered until I keep reading.

Comment [s19]: I don't understand this.

Comment [s20]: This story is called The Killing, but there's nothing written at all about it.