

English 12: Composition

Scale: 6

Comment:

This response was awarded a 6 because it is an imaginative thoughtful response to the topic. It exhibits an effective writing style and clearly engages the reader.

In a bitter fight in cold November, Paul left home. His mother closed the door behind him. His father didn't know that he left until the weekend, when a neighbour finally called to let him know. He hadn't seen his son in three years anyway. So, sixteen years old and with nothing but a suitcase and three hundred dollars, Paul caught a train to Boston, because he knew that New York was too far.

Paul got a job as a dishwasher, then as a waiter, then as a host, and finally, through a combination of luck, sharp with and good timing, Paul became the manager. That took eighteen years. Paul turned thirty-four in the company of his fiancé and several good friends that he made. His mother saw the date on the calendar, but she didn't send a card. Even if she had bought one, she wouldn't have known where to send it.

As a treat to himself and his fiancé, Paul bought two tickets to London that summer. It would be his first time off the continent, indeed his first trip of notable distance since he caught the train to Boston. The trip was a wonderful experience for Paul, but he didn't feel entirely right. Paul had stability, love, money, friends, but it was in London that he found the missing piece of himself.

He went alone to an enormous museum in the city (his fiancé preferred to shop that day). He was impressed by the paintings, and mystified by the sculptures. He happened upon one particularly intriguing exhibit in the Historical Anthropology section. The fossilized remains of a mother, father, and child, embedded deep into the Earth lay in front of him. Crushed by a great earthquake in modern-day Turkey, the family perished in tight embrace and remained in that position forever. The sign told Paul that the family was now eight hundred years old, three of thousands of victims of the murderous tremor. Their bones intermingled in a desperate grasp, Paul was struck by the epitome of love, and he realized the missing component of his soul.

Back in Boston, for the first time in eighteen years, Paul called home.

"It's Paul."

"Paul. Paul where are you?"

"In Boston. I'm getting married in November. I mailed you an invitation."

"Oh Paul, of course I'll be there..."

Paul's father died eight years earlier, and he never really mended the relationship with his mother, but Paul knew that he found a piece of himself that he would never lose again.

On a cold night in sweet November, Paul got married.