Once the reader is hooked on this beloved city so full of art and culture, it is immediately ripped away. Marred by war, burnt by the bombs of a country protecting freedom.

The seats were as hard as a rock, and a baby cried the whole way there. Thank god for earphones and a pillow.

The boy grows up and as an adult wishes to revisit this beautiful location, all he hopes for is that it remains a virgin location where the paved roads haven’t touched.

 I, however, was like Switzerland, I remained neutral and tried to calm everyone down.

My sister jabbed her elbow into my side, “You should really go say hi to him, at least,” she whispered.

Dangling Modifier:

Looking down at my feet, the temptation grew to stay seated but I nodded instead, “Yeah, fine.”

“With a population of over 70 million, xx [sic] percent of the world’s proven oil reserves, a geostrategic location of tremendous (enviable?) significance, and a demonstrated potential to develop a nuclear-weapons program, the United States has no choice but to find a way to coexist—and to come to terms—with whatever government holds power in Tehran,” Brennan writes.

Comma with Non-essential Element:

“A field trip shall be defined as an educational activity, which requires students and/or Faculty to leave the campus. Faculty authorized for travel shall receive mileage reimbursement at the current Internal Revenue Service rate.”

I was aware of everything around me: the chair pressing up against my back, the soft murmuring voices full of sympathy and mourning, and the soft scent of funeral flowers.

Through examining both E.B White’s “Once More to the Lake” and Kurt Vonnegut’s “Blood of Dresden” I found that there were multiple instances where fierce consciousness appeared to be expressed.