

BEST SELLER BOOK

SENSES



A STORY BY JADEN, OMAR,
VIC, AND ANGELOS

Dear Diary,

It's 2154 now. It's been five damn years since that god-forsaken bomb went off, It's been too damn long since I lost my senses. I don't know if it's a curse or a blessing that I've kept in my sight. I can only see, I haven't been able to hear the sounds my kid makes, or the feeling of my wife in my arms, and I can't even talk to my friends anymore. They even started assigning ranks based on our senses, this society is getting out of hand. I really want to meet the nut job who constructed this damn mess, I'd send him to hell myself. Every day is the same thing, I just have to endure it.

Dominic was a very cynical man, one that understood the natural traits of humanity, in fact, this is why he understood why his society has specific roles even when it's so obvious, humans are nothing but greedy. They take and take without any regard for who we're around or how it could affect someone else. That's the only reason why a society that has lost so much would have these stupid Tiers. Tier 1, or Bottom dwellers, is what they started calling people like Dominic, these poor unfortunate souls have at most 1 sense and in the worst case, zero. But enough of this Monologuing, Dominic was to get ready for work, especially since it's one of the few things he has.

Dominic was a forgetful man who often left his keys, wallet, or phone. Some part of Dominic thinks that he does it unconsciously, To keep himself distracted from his life, but not today, his job was willing to give a raise to hard workers who have served the company for four years. With this knowledge he didn't have time for games, he needed more money, even if it was just more scraps, Dominic thought to himself while he walked to work,

I better be getting this damn raise, ever since that damn bomb the company's been treating us Bottom dwellers like dogs. Dominic thought to himself

Dominic was within 5 minutes of his job when the daily routine started to occur, he was surrounded by a group of men who spoke to him, but Dominic didn't understand them, this forsaken curse from connecting to other people. As they spoke he could only see their smug faces looking down on him, but Dominic knew what was happening. Maybe because it happened to him before, everywhere he went, every time he would go outside for a long period of time, someone, be it a group or one person would show up just to put him down.

The men kept taunting him, some even got physical, and pushed him around. Dominic could barely read the lips of the thugs that were mugging him.

Filthy loser is what he could make out from one of them, Dominic shut down in a way, he knew that trying to speak was pointless,

What would they do now? Dominic thought, and just then they started to get more aggressive. They eventually begin to kick him down and take his money, Dominic blacks out, not feeling anything but his ever-growing hatred for humanity.

Dominic woke up in a daze, the thugs must've gotten tired of him and left, he looked into his wallet, nothing but an ID and a few coins that the thugs missed. When he began to get up he felt a piece of paper at his side, when he reached for it, it only said,

You freaks are the reason why we can't have a perfect society, in marker. Dominic didn't have time for this, his construction work was needed, Without any further distraction, Dominic headed to his job.

The construction site was busy as usual, with a whole lot of people like Dominic, the company usually hires people who are Tier 1 or Tier 2 these days, Tier 2 people tend to have 2 to 3 senses, and Strugglers are what they call them. Everyone knows they hire people like them because they give them less money, at this point they don't even try to hide it. Dominic walked into his station, got changed, and walked into work, Sociallying wasn't prohibited during working hours, not as if it mattered to people like Dominic. Not even five minutes later he was signaled by his coworkers that the boss wanted to see him.

On the way there Dominic was quickly lost in the thought of what his supervisor could want, another scolding was the first thing to come to mind when Dominic thought of something. The supervisor wasn't very discreet about his dislike of the lower levels, especially toward their lack of senses. People like Dominic, with Visual senses, are observant of how he treats the workers. He would torment those who didn't have sight by messing with their working senses, he would make loud noises around people who could only hear. He would play sick games with everyone who was lower in rank than himself.

Dominic was inches from the door, running his mind through every possibility that could happen to him, and what his boss was going to do. With a sense of hesitation took place as Dominic opened the door, Freddy Jakins, the boss, turned around in his chair to face Dominic with the same disgusting grin he greets all of us low ranks with. He motioned to the paper he left on the desk, Dominic sat down in a chair opposite Freddy, and as Freddy motioned toward the note once more, Dominic took a look.

I'm sorry to inform you that you've been terminated from the company, it is my unfortunate fate that we have to let you go. As he looked up from the paper in disbelief at the gross fat man sitting in the chair before him, Freddy shrugged his shoulders as he gave a slight chuckle, Dominic didn't find the situation humorous. Dominic even wrote on the same note.

Is this some sick joke?" Freddy tried to hide his laughter this time, ultimately failing, which only struck a nerve in Dominic. Dominic wrote again,

But this isn't fair, I've done everything I could for this company. Frederick slowly started to lose his laughter, which quickly turned into boredom.

Almost like he was the one to have to endure this meeting, Freddy snatched the paper back as if he were the one with the terrible day, he wrote with disrespectful intent which wasn't hard to notice. He tossed the note toward Dominic and crossed his arms with an arrogant look a pawn his face. Dominic then took another look at the paper which said.

Get out before I call security, Dominic then packed his things and walked home,

stuck up prick, he thought as he left the building, At this time Dominic started pulling all of his negative emotions together. Every bad thing that happened to him started to pile up in hatred, all of the jumping, disrespect, and cruelty. Even though he couldn't feel physical pain he still had his emotions, the only thing keeping him human.

Dominic had to clear his mind though, he had a wife and kid to go back to, another part of his core that he couldn't just cast away, The love he had for them outweighed the universe itself. Even if his wife couldn't do anything but feel, Dominic still tended to everything she needed without complaint. It was a shame for his kids to grow up the way they did in this sad society but with little hope for much to change. As he approached his house view in the distance he noticed the house in flames engulfing its entirety, When he came to realize what was happening he took action eminently, dropping his bag and work paper,

This can't be real, this can't be real he thought over and over again, the feeling of the wind conflicted with his skin the faster he went. When Dominic went there he proceeded to break down the door, he wanted to, no he had to get to his family no matter the cause.

With a few go strikes at the door he went through it and tried screaming out his family's name, too taken aback to realize that none of them could hear much less respond back, even if they did Dominic couldn't hear them. As Dominic searched he eventually found what was left of his daughter first, her burnt corpse was mind-shattering, he grabbed what he could and searched for everyone else. He then found his son in far worse shape than his daughter, he was laying in the front of his mother's room, as more tears flushed down his face Dominic pulled the courage to open the door, he found his wife with her body cut up into different pieces and spread out across the room. He quickly gathered all of her parts and jumped out the window, when Dominic landed he held his loved ones' charred bodies close to himself. He already had no idea of who could've done such devious actions, but he blamed this society for pushing people to go this far, to go through such actions because people are different, With tears streaming down his face as he buried his loved ones, he vows to get rid of this society and everyone in it. This wasn't for justice or for peace, it was for all the souls that suffered just like him. That is what pushed Dominic to make a rebellion, something that could eventually destroy the government and build something for all of the underdogs to thrive, this was going to be something.

Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

*One technique I chose was the sensory descriptions, I chose this because of what the story was centered around, since that plot called for a lack of senses I wanted to enhance sight into a powerful writing tool. I think that this choice was great because it worked so well in the book called the **Outsiders**, which was a writing masterpiece and what also made the burning house down special.*

Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

*Another technique that I was particularly fond of was the larger, more descriptive sentences. I chose this because it gave me time to flesh out each moment of how life is different to what it was before. I got this from how the **lord of the flies** did they're work, which also inspired the Freddy scene in my work.*

Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

*The last technique that I tried to pull from was the change in dialogue that I had to make thinking the main form of communication, I chose this because the main character can't hear. This allowed me to give the reader insight into the characters mind, This mostly came from **Speech sounds**, a book where the whole story was about not talking, this really allowed me to get into the running home situation in my book.*

Chapter 2- Tier 2

Curtis walked steadily down the street, ignoring the uncomfortable feel that came from his worn out shoes. The pot-filled streets were often walked on by citizens because it wasn't safe for cars to navigate through. It was like a minefield. Curtis's preferred option was the sidewalk, but the uneven nature of it, felt like you were hiking up and down a mountain. As Curtis turned the corner, the first thing he noticed was a sign that stuck out of a building in the distance...

Phillip's Pharmacy

"That must be it," Curtis thought to himself.

This block looked a lot nicer than what Curtis was used to, but truly wasn't. The streets were still cobbled, and most of the houses were abandoned. It was also very common to notice a rat clenching a piece of bread because pest control didn't patrol this part of the city. Curtis suddenly caught sight of a man pinned against a brick wall across from the pharmacy. He was being lifted by the collar of his shirt by another man with a spiked leather vest that had the words, "17th Street " on it. Curtis quickly looked down toward his feet to avoid confrontations. He wasn't aware of what the words meant but he did know that it meant no good. The 17th Street gang are a group of usuals that loved to terrorize the people who lived in these areas, and Curtis wanted no part of it. At the entrance of the pharmacy, Curtis could see a wooden door that was missing a handle so he had to poke half his hand through the crevice to pull it open. Walking in, Curtis got a glimpse of a police officer walking past him. He had a yellowish mustache with a fancy curl to it, but what really caught Curtis's attention was the fully loaded m-17 pistol that he had at his waist. Curtis had a keen eye for weaponry. Ever since he was little he wanted a part in the military, though his eagerness had changed since then.

"Maybe he will help the man outside," Curtis tried to tell himself.

Curtis walked up to the receptionist's table.

"Hi, do you have any Latanoprost?," Curtis asked.

"Who is it for?" The receptionist asked.

"My mom. She can't see."

"Oh....Sorry."

"It's ok. Don't blame yourself."

"Thank you. Sight is a valuable sense of loss. It would hurt to not...."

"Not be able to someone valuable to you," expressed Curtis.

It has always hurt Curtis that his mother sold her vision just so he could see. Yes, it made his life a lot better, but he could have lived with only hearing and feeling. Especially if it made his mother almost immobile.

“Why do parents have to be so stubborn,” Curtis thought to himself

Curtis laid against his mom. One hand gripped her hand, while the other attempted to open the bottle of Latanoprost. Popping the lid off and flipping it on the table, Curtis took two pills of Latanoprost using his thumb and index finger and placed them on the lid.

“Mom, I have your medicine. You have to drink it to get better,” Curtis was still holding his mother’s hand. It was the only way to get her to drink her medicine and the only way for her to truly know that Curtis was there. Over the years, his mother had acquired some sort of sixth sense. She could know if Curtis was next to her just by simply touching him.

Abruptly, Curtis heard a knock on the door open.

“Walter!” Expressed Curtis.

Walter was Curtis’s father. He still preferred to call him Walter because he was more like a friend than a father. Walter was somewhere in his late 40’s and he had the ability to see and hear. Every time Walter came back from work at the fishermen’s market, he would bring back a gift for Curtis and himself to enjoy.

“Look at what I got us,” Walter was holding a large loaf of bread and most importantly Vodka. Curtis loved Vodka because it was something that made him feel equal to all of the royals. Vodka had no taste, so it was something he could drink without feeling bad the royal could taste.

Curtis and Walter went to their kitchen to eat. They used plastic crates as chairs and a makeshift table using two cinder blocks and a large wooden plank.

“How was work today?” asked Curtis

“It was fine, but there were a lot more government soldiers watching today.

Walter then took a newspaper out of his pants to show Curtis.

“How did you get that!? The government restricted the use of newspapers because they knew how much power someone could get with knowledge. The newspaper was very wet and moldy and smelt a little like sea salt.

“I have connections,” explained Walter in an uncomfortably eerie way.

“Seriously, tell me the truth.”

“It's best if I don't tell yo... for your safety.”

Curtis shrugged it off because Walter had a fair point. Looking down at the newspaper, Curtis noticed in big Times New Roman...

The Rebellion

Despite not having the ability to read, those words stood out to Curtis because he remembered it from a movie once.

“What's ‘The Rebellion?’” asked Curtis

“It's an organized group of lower class citizens, who are working together to stop the government. The government has sent soldiers to these areas in hopes of stopping them but they're still going strong.”

There was a slight pause after that. It was obvious that Walter wasn't finished talking, and Curtis was praying that he wasn't going to say anything crazy.

“Thi..This was the reason why I wanted the newspaper Cur...,” Wilbert didn't finish.

“No.....No. We are not taking part in this. It is too dangerous!! What about mo...”

“Don't talk over me....Look...Just hear me out. I don't want us to keep living like this. Look at us, our lives could be better. Every day, I have to work just to bring a loaf of bread home. You aren't even educated. I don't want you to grow up in a position like me. And your moth...”

A sudden burst of anger flooded the house, “ Don't talk about my mother like that. You know very well of what could happen to her if we joined the Rebel...”

Walter Lunged over and covered Curtis' mouth. “I know. But your mother is not living. Do you think she can't love you when she can't do anything because of her blindness?” he said while pointing toward Curtis' mother.

It was late at night. Curtis rocked back and forth from one side of his bed to the other. He tried to fall asleep but he couldn't stop thinking about what Walter had told him.

“Do you think she can't love you when she can't do anything because of her blindness?”

Like a cassette player, Curtis ran that memory back and forward. He analyzed and examined it in hopes of finding a solution where at the end, everyone can live happily ever after. If they join the

rebellion, who will protect his mother? If they don't join the rebellion, they will continue to live a life undesired by anyone.

“What do I do?” Curtis started to cry. The stress that he was burdened with had started to leak from the pressure. From a young age, he had to care for his mother and worry about her safety. He had no time to do what he wanted. All he wanted was to live a normal life with everyone he loved. The truth however, he wasn't living this way.

Abruptly, the sound of gun-shots could be heard from down stairs. Curtis jumped out of bed to check out what the sound could be. He snuck down the hall, trying his best to avoid the nails that stuck out of the floorboards.

He stood there. At the top of the staircase, witnessing the horrors that came from down stairs. Curtis bit his tongue as he tried his best not to scream. He could taste the salted tears that ran down his face and he could smell the stench of rotting meat. In that moment, Curtis had all five of his senses just to have to live this experience. Curtis' mother laid at the bottom of the staircase, one eye open and a gunshot wound on her forehead. Walter was also there. Towards the middle of the staircase with his face facing down.

In fear, Curtis took a step back, unaware of the nail he was about to step on. Piercing his foot, Curtis struggled to hold in his screams.

“AAARGH!,” Curtis Moaned.

“What was that?” Curtis heard a voice from somewhere downstairs.

Apprehensive for his life, Curtis quickly pulled his foot out of the nail and scurried back to his room. He dragged a chair from the other side of his room to block the door. In a panic he looked around for a possible solution.

What was he going to do? He couldn't defend himself because he was at a serious disadvantage.

“The window!!,” a light bulb sparked in his mind.

Acting quickly, Curtis took a book by his bed and limped over to his window. Using the rest of his strength, he threw the book and straight threw the window it went. Curtis noticed the slamming of the door behind him and started to panic. The jump from the window was about twelve feet above the ground and the only thing left to break his fall was their trash can. The chair he had placed to block the door was on the ground and the door handle was half way open. With no time left Curtis took the leap of faith and jumped.

In the forest, Curtis ran as fast as he could. Barely surviving the fall, he gripped his shoulder in pain. He could sense the man behind and he was catching up. Curtis has been in a lot of pain in such a short time span. He wanted to just stop and let his pain end but there was something stopping him. He was going to join the rebellion. To end the era of suffering people have been experiencing. A trail by the fire that Curtis was going face one on one.

Curtis hid behind a tree with a branch in hand. Making sure to not alert the man, he stood perfectly still. The man was confused on where Curtis could be. When he was facing away, Curtis lunged toward the man, landing a direct hit. Curtis then ran toward the man's gun but was met with retaliation when grabbed his foot. Falling to the ground they both wrestled land blow after blow on each other. With a final kick to the head, Curtis was able to gun for the gun. Pointing straight for the man's head, Curtis pulled to trigger.

Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

For my first technique, I decided to use the 3rd person limited point of view. I decided to use this point of view because it was an alternative to 1st person point of view, without the risk of the narrator being unreliable. For example, on page 4, " 'What do I do?' Curtis started to cry. The stress that he was burdened with had started to leak from the pressure. From a young age, he had to care for his mother and worry about her safety. He had no time to do what he wanted. All he wanted was to live a normal life with everyone he loved. The truth however, he wasn't living this way. " This quote proved my point because Curtis wouldn't be a reliable author because of the mental state he's been in.

My technique got inspiration from the book, The Immortalists. In the book, the characters are written in 3rd person limited because the characters were unreliable.

Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

Chapter 3 - Tier 3

Thursday. Meatloaf for dinner. Dawn's siblings always complained about the taste. Her brother Samal called it "icky." Her sister Lissane described it as a mess of meats, mixing together perfect flavors to make something that canceled out those tastes entirely. Fisk didn't have an opinion on it; they deemed it tasteless. A relatable statement to Dawn, a girl born with no sense of taste after the Death of Senses had begun.

She was relatively high-class, and thus instead of eating during dinnertime, she snuck off to something only the privileged were allowed. Enter a library. Or, she *would* be doing that, if she didn't have to hide behind a street corner as a corrections officer beat a teenager with their baton. Said teenager shouted, pained, and once the cop had let up they sprinted away in the direction they came from... the barrier that separated the three and two-sensed people from the four-sensed people. She always did feel horrible for them.

Suddenly, the officer turned around, seemingly aware of Dawn's presence, as she ducked back behind the brick wall. Had she been spotted? Was something going to happen to her for seeing what just took place? She waited there for what felt like half an hour, checking her watch over the course of seven minutes, each second painfully trickling by. Eventually, she peeked around the corner. No officer. Safe, for now.

She quickly walked across the street and to the left, and then into a public library with a newfound rage from her previous experience. She'd seen it happen before. Heard about it happening, even. Along with being discriminated against and forced to live in conditions best described as slums, the world's lower class citizens didn't even have all the necessities for a human. It was a cruel punishment, and an undeserved one. Dawn was going to find a way to bring people's senses back, and she'd stop at nothing to find one.

She searched both floors of the building trying to find a lockable room with a computer or two, and thankfully it didn't take long. On the second floor of the library there was a room tucked away behind a maze of bookcases, one only Dawn and a few others the head librarian liked especially well knew about. Before she stepped into the room, however, she remembered. Cameras. Not the ones in the library, though. The ones on the computers. Some may call it being too paranoid, but Dawn knew

that if she was really going to do this she had to take every measure necessary. She took out a roll of tape from her backpack and ripped a bit of it, placing it over the computer's camera from behind it, so it didn't see her face. Sliding herself delicately into the wheeled library chair, Dawn was ready to begin her research... after turning Incognito Mode on. You can never be too safe.

The keyword of researching is... well... keywords, and Dawn knew this pretty well. She typed out a list of them in a search bar and tried thinking of combinations. With the right set of words, she might be able to crack this all right open.

'death of all senses making how it was made'
Nope, just speculation.

'death of all senses cure senses cure cure for senses'
This only brought dawn to websites advertising deals for wait, wh

I wrote my section of the story in third person, following the main character Dawn. I chose the third person because we came up with it as a group – it allows us to focus more on descriptive writing instead of dialogue, which is featured more heavily in the other sections. For example, when I wrote my fourth paragraph, I used the absence of dialogue to better emphasize Dawn's state of mind.

Chapter 4 - Tier 4

Love noises "I love you so much Felix! Please stay with me forever," Joanna said passionately, right before she and Felix heard a knock on the door.

"A-hem! We're busy here!" Felix answered, frustrated.

"But Fuhrer," replied John, Felix's assistant, "It is very important that you join the Trinity Council's meeting!"

"The council can wait, what could be so important right now, when our earnings from people buying back their senses has gone up by 10%?!" responded Felix.

He had always been the greedy type; he did not care for the people, he just cared about making as much money as possible and having as much power as possible. He wholeheartedly believes he is the pinnacle of existing life on earth.

"But Fuhrer, this isn't about the money!" John exclaimed.

"It is what the people are doing! Their info was encrypted, so I don't know the details, but code *Alpha* was its name." Felix instantly stopped his... current activities with Joanna, and gave a soft whisper.

"It is time." He got up, put his clothes back on, fixed himself up, and presented himself at the Council.

“Ah, Fuhrer Wolfgang, thank you for joining us today. We believe it has to come to your attention that there are dangers to come?” Say

Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

One technique I chose is Third Person Point of View. I chose this technique because it would give the most amount of context between everything that is going on in my part of the story. Choosing the first person p.o.v would be too hard and make things too long just to put someone's thoughts into perspective. I also chose third person because we(my table group) all agreed that it would best fit into the overall story.

Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

Another technique I used is the fact that there are no spaces between paragraphs, I want the reader to experience this story without having a place where they can stop and wait a second, to me as the author of this writing piece, I feel that the reader should have a challenge when reading because it gives it more value after you finish reading, and if this writing piece is interesting to the reader, then it would be a whole lot more worth reading it. Sometimes the reader can feel a sensation that makes them proud that they read all of this continuously.

Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

The last technique I used in my story is between some of each line of dialogue I would add a few pieces of context or description that describes the scene. For example: "it is time..." He instantly got

up, wore all of his clothes, fixed himself up and presented himself at the Council. “Fuhrer Wolfgang, thank you for joining us today, it has to come to you that you have been warned of the dangers to come?” These help the reader know the setting, knowing what’s going on, and helps them further understand the story and to be able to picture it in their head.