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Sony can be omitted since PlayStation is recognizable on its own (and Microsoft isn't noted for Xbox).

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This phrase is superfluous, seeing that the quote directly addresses the "living" situation.

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For this sentence, 'unnoticed' is describing the disarray, which has actually been noticed. Instead, it should describe the children's act—how they "unnoticeably left the house in disarray."

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This sentence can be rephrased a number of ways so that 'around' isn't used twice.

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Should this instead be a modifier, perhaps for 'yard'?

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It's not immediately clear to the reader that 'having more concrete' refers to the the ground on which the horses lived.

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In the boys' room, Benny and Travis slept on ~~separate~~ twin beds while Cole, the eldest of us six, slept on a maroon mattress pad on the floor. Though ~~their~~ ~~our~~ room had the same arrangements, the boys had a few extra perks: ~~They had their~~ very own television and video game ~~systems~~ ~~consoles~~ — Xbox and ~~Sony~~ Play-Station. ~~Since T~~things were more festive on their end, ~~so~~-my sisters and I frequented their side more than they did ours. On most weekends, the six of us sat around watching horror movies or playing card games like 'Speed' or 'Pluck.' And since their room was closer to the streets, the sounds of the night ~~ruang~~ with more clarity — the sirens, the crickets, and Manny, our next-door neighbor, who was always hurling insults at someone.

"I can't bear living in the city like this any longer — so close to all the cars and noisy neighbors," my mom finally declared one day after about two years of living there. "This house looks so run-down. And I leave it that way, Maria, because I feel like if I fix it up, it would mean that we are staying here forever."

"Don't worry, Ma. Someday we'll have our own house," I ~~tried to would~~-assure her, even though I couldn't imagine it at the time. I had grown accustomed to the small rooms and ~~I had a~~ developed a deep affinity for the way the sun brushed my brow when I opened up the door in the morning. But even though Pinewood was a place of great solace, my mother was right. The apartment was run-down: six laughing children — who warred with growing up, spatial limitations, and each other — left the house in unnoticed disarray. ~~When I really took a good~~ look around, everything around us was messy and ruined. The window blinds were torn and missing, the beige paint had evaporated off the walls, the carpets were burnt in different places, and every piece of furniture was broken or marred in some way. ~~And t~~To top it all off, there was hardly ever enough space for seven bodies! But there was nothing our family could do; we had nowhere else to go. We had to look at the bright side: Uncle Wally had allowed us to live there for free. Moreover, we were a considerable distance from the place we ran away from. Besides, anything was better than being on the streets. That concrete box of a place not only concealed us from complete destitution but also shaded us from the enormous sun settled just outside our front door.

We weren't always without a home of our own. Before there was Pinewood, we lived at Carmichael. It was our homestead, having a scenic view of a large front — two lush plots of crab-grass — and two American Saddlebred horses. ~~Swifty~~ was the wild one, always gallivanting from house to house, while Bruno was somber and kind. The two horses might have had more concrete than desired but they lived as best as they could, roaming the fields and grazing on unruly bushes. As a young child, I was overwhelmed by how majestic they were, learning to both love and fear them.