No I am Not a Rat - Rewrite Options

Below are two options for writing your manuscript.

Option 1 is will a small number of changes. This is basically tidying up what you have given me.

Option 2 has changes and more of a rewrite.

## Option 1 - Light Changes

Tony Sicily's alarm went off at 6:00 a.m., ushered in by the symphony of birds in his backyard. He had recently set up a series of bird feeders, attracting woodpeckers to the palm trees and cardinals and blue jays with their songs. Even the colorful miniature parrots added to the cacophony. It had become a paradise for birds.

His business dealings with Rocco, especially those involving Marlboro Cigarettes, had proven quite profitable. Rocco, with his well-defined abs, often reminded Tony of the gym. At fifty-five, he still maintained the look of a man in his mid-forties.

Beside him, Angelina slept amidst a burst of colorful pillows. The silky sheets had fallen to the floor, revealing her naked form. At thirty-seven, her Mediterranean skin glowed, complemented by long black hair, captivating black eyes, and the grace of a dancer - a testament to her early ballet training.

After his shower, filled with the aromatic scent of bath gel, Tony shaved, then dressed in fresh boxers, linen shorts, a polo shirt, and brown Sperry top-siders. He ran his fingers through his hair and splashed on some cologne.

"Angelina, are you up?" he called out.

Her eyes fluttered open. "Yes, where are you going?"

"I have an early meeting with Rocco at the office. I'll grab coffee at Versailles," he replied.

"What time is it?" she inquired.

"Almost eight."

"God, I need to hurry! My Zumba class starts at nine."

She leaped out of bed and hurried to the bathroom, pausing to flash a smile at Tony. "Tonight," she whispered.

As Tony headed to the garage, the puppy's barking was drowned out by the sound of the buzzer. Peering through the window, he saw several black cars and uniformed agents with Uzi-type submachine guns, some masked and donned in bullet-proof vests, surrounding his BMW.

Frowning, he demanded through the intercom, "What's happening?"

"This is the ATF," an agent responded. "Open the door."

"Do you have a warrant?" Tony challenged as he opened the door.

"Tony Sicily, you're under arrest. We have a warrant from a federal grand jury."

"You're joking. What's the charge?" he asked.

"We'll discuss it at headquarters."

"Are you charging me with a crime?"

"Yes," the agent confirmed.

"Then no discussion without my lawyer."

Angelina, in her white velour robe, her hair wrapped in a towel, burst into the room. Seeing the masked agents, she screamed.

"Tony, what's happening?" she cried out.

An agent, taller than average, gun ready, addressed her, "It's okay, Señora. Come closer."

Tony, handcuffed, shielded her. "That's my wife. If you're firing, it's through me."

"Relax, Tony. We're only here for you," the agent stated.

"Angelina, call Marcus. I've been arrested," Tony instructed. He turned to the officers. "Where are you taking me?"

"To the ATF headquarters in Doral," they answered.

"The ATF?" Angelina queried.

"The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives," an agent explained.

## Option 2 - Medium Changes

The dawn chorus of birds in Tony Sicily's backyard serenades the morning air, a reminder of his recent endeavor to transform the space into a haven for birds. At 6:00 a.m., his alarm punctuates this natural symphony. The backyard, now a bustling hub for woodpeckers, cardinals, blue jays, and even vibrant miniature parrots, thrums with life.

In the world of business, Tony's dealings with Rocco, notably those involving Marlboro Cigarettes, have been lucrative. Rocco's athletic build often nudges Tony's thoughts toward the gym. Despite being fifty-five, Tony possesses an air of youthfulness, often mistaken for a man a decade younger.

Angelina, his wife, slumbers amidst a kaleidoscope of colorful pillows. Silky sheets, having slid to the floor, unveil her bare beauty. At thirty-seven, she radiates with the allure of smooth, silky Mediterranean skin, her long black hair, and deep, expressive eyes a testament to her graceful, ballet-trained poise.

Post-shower, enveloped in the aromatic embrace of his bath gel, Tony shaves. He then dresses in crisp boxers, linen shorts, a polo shirt, and brown Sperry top-siders. A casual comb through his hair and a dash of cologne complete his morning ritual.

"Angelina, are you awake?" Tony calls out softly.

She stirs, her eyes fluttering open. "Yes, where are you headed?"

"I've got an early meeting with Rocco at the office. Thinking of grabbing coffee from Versailles on the way," he informs her.

She glances at the clock. "What's the time?"

"Nearly eight."

She leaps from the bed, urgency in her movements. "I need to rush; my Zumba class starts at nine!"

With a lingering, flirtatious glance back at Tony, she dashes into the bathroom, her parting whisper, "Tonight,"

hanging in the air.

Tony, now alone, heads towards the garage. The puppy's excited barking is suddenly overshadowed by the shrill buzz of the doorbell. Curious, he peeks through the window. His gaze falls upon a startling scene: several black vehicles and agents clad in uniforms, armed with Uzi-type submachine guns. A few, their identities concealed by ski masks, are clad in bullet-proof vests, encircling his sleek BMW.

A mix of confusion and concern furrows his brow. He presses the intercom button and demands, "What's going on here?"

A stern voice replies, "ATF. We need you to open the door."

Tony's hand hovers over the door handle, his mind racing. "You have a warrant for this?"

"Tony Sicily, you are under arrest. We have a federal warrant," the voice asserts.

"You can't be serious. What am I being charged with?" Tony's voice is a mix of disbelief and defiance.

"We'll discuss the specifics at the headquarters."

"Am I being charged with a crime?"

"Yes," comes the terse reply.

"Then I'm not saying a word until my lawyer is present."

At that moment, Angelina emerges, clad in her white velour robe, her hair wrapped in a towel, a picture of domestic tranquility disrupted. Her scream pierces the tense air as she catches sight of the ski-masked agents.

"Tony, what's happening?" Her voice quivers with fear.

A notably tall agent, his gun at the ready, addresses her in a calming tone, "Stay calm, Señora. Please, step closer."

Tony, now handcuffed, instinctively positions himself between Angelina and the agents. "You're pointing a gun at my wife. If you intend to use it, you'll have to go through me."

The agent lowers his gun slightly, attempting reassurance. "We're here for you, Tony, not her."

Angelina's eyes, wide with shock, meet Tony's. He urges, "Call Marcus, tell him about the arrest." Turning to face the officers, he asks, "Where are you taking me?"

"To ATF headquarters in Doral," they inform him.

Angelina, bewildered, asks, "ATF? What's that?"

"The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives," one of the agents clarifies.

In this moment, their world, once filled with the simple joys of bird songs and morning routines, has irrevocably shifted into a realm of uncertainty and fear.