

<p>We continue to share with our remotest ancestors the most tangled and evasive attitudes about death; despite the great distance we have come in understanding some of the profound aspects of biology. We have as much distaste for talking about personal death as for thinking about it; it is an indelicacy, like talking in mixed company about venereal disease of abortion in the old days. Death on a grand scale does not bother us in the same special way: we can sit around a dinner table and discuss war, involving 60 million volatilized human deaths, as though we were talking about bad weather; we can watch abrupt bloody death every day, in color, on films and television, without blinking back a tear. It is when the numbers of dead are very small, and very close, that we begin to think in scurrying circles. At the very center of the problem is the naked cold deadness of one's own self, the only reality in nature of which we can have absolute certainty, and it is unmentionable, unthinkable. We may be even less willing to face the issue at first hand than our predecessors because of a secret new hope that maybe it will go away. We like to think, hiding the thought, that with all the marvelous ways in which we seem now to lead nature around by the nose, perhaps we can avoid the central problem if we just become, next year, say, a bit smarter. (246 words)</p>	<p>to have the most confused ideas of death like our antecedents</p> <p>avoid talking about death</p> <p>talk about death when millions of people die</p> <p>become confused and anxious each time when the dead people are very few and the death rates are equal</p> <p>people's fearfulness about death</p> <p>seem to control nature</p> <p>avoid death</p>
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Main points

- 1) continue to have the most confused ideas of death as predecessors did
- 2) avoid talking about personal death
- 3) talk about death when millions of people die
- 4) become confused and anxious when very few died
- 5) people's fearfulness
- 6) seem to control nature
- 7) avoid death

Rough draft

Like our antecedents, we continue to have the most confused ideas of death. We avoid and dislike talking about it. We mention it only when millions of people are dead in a big way in war. After we discover that the dead people are very few and the death rates are approximately equal, we become very confused and worried. People fear that it will be their turn to die next

time, because people's fearfulness lies in their own personal death. We are more afraid than our predecessors to face the problem. However, we have a secret new hope, so we tend to think that we can avoid death if we become a bit cleverer. (115 words)

Improved draft

We dislike talking about death because just like our predecessors we still have the vaguest ideas of the issue. We talk about death only when millions upon millions of people are killed in war. When we find only very few people die each time and the death rates are almost equal, we become very anxious, thinking that next time we ourselves will meet our doom. Therefore, we fear death very much. However, we have a hope that when we control nature, we can avoid death. (84 words)

Final version

Death still remains a complex and unwelcome topic for us today despite of our better understanding of biology. Individual death is not something we'd like to talk about, but we show little sympathy upon death in a great number. When the number of death is small, however, we will think of our own death, which is doomed to happen, with great terror. With our increasing ability to control nature, we dream that we may escape death in the near future. (80 words)

Sample 2

<p>The sentry <u>put out his hand</u> and caught bits of that were drifting near him. They were thin <u>strips of metal</u> to confuse delicate instruments, so that it would not be possible to detect the landing of enemy craft. Next he heard a long, low, continuous roar from the east and <u>saw bundles</u> descending from the sky which looked like umbrellas opening, but which he knew to be parachutes with men hanging from them. <u>He wanted to go at once to give the alarm</u>, but he had to be sure that the <u>parachutes were not his own men out on an exercise</u>. The men were on ground now. One of them <u>pointed in the direction of secret factory</u> and they all <u>began marching toward it</u>. He had no more doubts and <u>set off at once down the hill</u>. He crawled slowly, sometimes on his stomach, sometimes on his side, <u>weaving decided that he had ample cover</u> and <u>started to run</u>. But he had erred, for bullets were soon whistling past him. <u>He drooped flat on the ground</u>. Nobody came to search for him, so he counted up to a <u>hundred</u> and then began crawling again. He moved tortuously and as <u>silently as he could</u> to his camp at the foot of the hill. (213 words)</p>	<p>put out hand caught strip metal saw bundles waited. saw men on ground one pointed; all marched went downhill started running dropped flat(why? bullets) counted 100 crawled silently to camp</p>
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Main points

- 1) put out hands; caught strip metal
- 2) saw bundles
- 3) waited
- 4) saw men on ground
- 5) one pointed; all marched
- 6) went downhill
- 7) started running
- 8) dropped flat(why? bullets)
- 9) counted 100; crawled
- 10) silently to camp

Rough draft

When the sentry held out his hand to catch what was falling out of the sky, he found that it was strips of metal. The bundles began coming down. The sentry waited until men appeared on the ground. One of them pointed and the sentry saw them march towards the factory. Crawling on his stomach and on his side, the sentry moved downhill. He began running when he came to a stream, but dropped down when he was shot at. After counting up to a hundred to himself, he began crawling silently again downhill. (95 words)

Final version

After catching hold of metal strips falling out of the sky, the sentry saw bundles descending and, after a time, some men appeared on the ground. One of them pointed and they all began marching towards the factory. The sentry crawled downhill on his stomach and on his side. When he came to a stream, he began running but dropped down when the men shot at him. He counted up to a hundred, and then silently started crawling again towards his camp. (82 words)