

Home Assignment: Line Editing

Renowned (why do I need to know now that he's renowned, or even a curator?) curator Jacques Sauniere staggered through the vaulted archway (archways that aren't vaulted?) of the museum's Grand Gallery. He lunged (while staggering?) (how many steps in this lunge?) for the nearest painting he could see (not the nearest painting he could smell?), a Caravaggio (so this is random? He didn't choose another?). Grabbing (but's he staggering, and lunging!!!) the gilded frame, the seventy-six-year-old man (need to know?) heaved (what's with the verbs? They don't make sense!!! Technically, it's correct, but the multiple meanings make it confusing) the masterpiece toward himself (did he throw it up in the air?) until it tore (??? The painting was stuck to the wall?) from the wall and Sauniere collapsed backward (really?) in a heap (how else can you collapse?) beneath the canvas (I s'pose the canvas is big).

As he had anticipated (how? When? Anticipated? He's a curator, he simply knows this, and it wouldn't have happened when he's in a heap, but before), a thundering (?) iron gate fell nearby (? He knows exactly where – at the entrance to the suite – why not? An iron gate fell, barricading the entrance to the suite. The parquet floor shook (like Godzilla?). Far off (near, far???), an alarm began to ring (but not in the room?).

The curator lay (there for) a moment, gasping for breath (what else do you gasp for?), taking stock (of what?). *I am still alive* (???this is what he's thinking? Is this supposed to give him resolve, or is he happy that he is still alive after pulling the random painting?). He crawled out from under the canvas (how big is it? how many steps?) and scanned the cavernous space (so lunging makes even less sense) for someplace to hide (he knows there's nowhere to hide, and what is he doing? Is he stealing the painting?).

A voice spoke, chillingly close (cliché – and how close can it be in the cavernous space?)
How bout: Do not move, someone said. It seemed “Do not move.”

On his hands and knees, the curator froze (but he wasn't moving), turning his head slowly
(but he's frozen!).

Only fifteen feet away (in the cavernous space), outside (on the other side of) the sealed gate, the mountainous silhouette (we???) of his attacker (how do we know this?) stared (the silhouette stared????) through the iron bars. He was broad and tall (yeah, he's a silhouette), with ghost-pale skin (can we see him or not?) and thinning white hair (oh, an albino villain – how shocking). His irises were pink with dark red pupils (who is speaking? Assumed that Sauniere POV, what can he see?). The albino drew a pistol from his coat and aimed the barrel through the bars, directly at the curator (where else?). “You should not have run.” His accent was not easy to place. “Now tell me where it is.”

“I told you already,” the curator stammered, kneeling defenseless (yeah, we know where he is – he's frozen) on the floor of the gallery. “I have no idea what you are talking about!”

“You are lying.” The man stared at him, perfectly immobile (like frozen) except for the glint (which moves???) in his ghostly eyes. “You and your brethren possess something that is not your.”

The curator felt a surge of adrenaline (the first, no adrenaline before this). *How could he possibly know this? (why say this???)*