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Thread: [Essay peer review? Grammer Nazi please?](#)

(s)(u)(f)(f)(i)(c)(e) - September 15, 2017, 4:48 pm

So I need someone to be a fuckin grammar nazi. English is one of my worst subjects.

With that being said I wrote like a 5-page double-spaced essay and wanted to know if anyone would like to read it. It's an analytical memoir on how some event changed my life. I ended up writing about how I got in trouble with the military twice, and it changed me.

I mainly just need help identifying comma splices, fragmented sentences, and any possible advice. BTW I'm still editing:

Quote: Putting your country before your family and mental well-being is an absolute risk to ask of someone. For those serving in the United States military, it is a risk well worth the reward. But what if your country asks more from you than you are willing to give?

During my time in the Navy, I was always asked to finish the paperwork of others or to stay behind and train new sailors after working hours. I hesitantly agreed to at first because I wanted to help my friends out and I couldn't say no to them. But my kindness would eventually be taken advantage of, and this would soon become an unrelenting task. The endless tasking slowly developed into my nightmare. I would leave my apartment before dawn and return to well after dusk while still working weekends. The days and nights started to blend together as I slowly became an insomniac leading to countless nights away from loved ones. I would soon begin to abuse my new-found authority with my recent promotion. In turn paving the way to my disciplinary hearings with the commanding officer of my ship.

In the months leading up to my Captain's Mast (disciplinary hearings) my command had just appointed me with the new rank of petty officer second class. With enough paperwork to keep eight knowledgeable sailors occupied for a full day and training new sailors on weapons qualifications. I had my own requirements to be concerned about. With deadlines approaching soon, I couldn't put them off any longer. The level of knowledge that I acquired through training hundreds of sailors soon led to my arrogance and cockiness.

In the early spring of 2015, I had a severe lapse in judgment. There was a deadline approaching fast for one of the most extensive qualifications on board naval vessels (Enlisted Surface Warfare Specialist) which I couldn't neglect any longer. The final section to complete the qualification was to meet with a chief (senior non-commissioned officer) and to test your level of knowledge through a one-on-one verbal test. I had thirteen out of the fourteen required signatures. Early in the morning, preceding the crew coming on board for the day. I snuck into the department office of Senior Chief Riojas knowing his signature would be there. I clawed my way through mounds of paperwork, seeking for his signature in hopes to forge. But thoughts kept running through my head, "What if someone catches you? Where am I going to forge it?" My mind racing, there it was at the bottom of the pile I found it! My golden ticket, my way out, hastily throwing everything back together to make it look organized. I ran out of the area as quickly as my feet could carry me without being spotted. There was a room full of motors tucked away behind a staircase, as I ran in I pulled out my qualification and the paper with his signature, held one over the other and began to trace.

After turning in my qualification, the following day my supervisor pulled me into the office, he began to question me about my qualification. I hesitantly confessed about what I had done, knowing the consequences, this would just be the beginning of a long and arduous journey. Several weeks later I stood in front of Captain Michael "Scott" Sciretta in my immaculately pressed white uniform. I began to confess to everything that I had done, how I did it, why I had done it, and I completely understood what was to come of this. He sympathized of my long work schedule, as not a single person of a crew of three-hundred seventy sailors had a schedule as demanding as mine. He looked up at me

from a book telling him what my punishment should be and began reading verbatim out of the book while filling in the blanks. "Fire Controlman Petty Officer Second Class David Duran for the clear violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice Article 123, Forgery. I have taken into consideration what your chain of command has informed me about and the character witnesses you have brought forth. For this, I award you the following: forty-five days of extended working hours. But I will suspend your reduction in rank and forty-five days of restriction to the ship. Now as for your qualification, you will have to redo everything in its entirety."

Following my punishment, there was a two-month period when the work I was asked to complete was not as overburdening. But just like before the disciplinary hearing, the work soon began to pile up, the long drawn out days along with weekends soon became unbearable again. Only this time my coworkers were leaving the ship for weeks at a time or even months to attend new and exciting schools or work on other ships; nevertheless, the workforce was just not at hand anymore. With all the paperwork accumulating and maintenance still an apparent necessity, I was the only one qualified to complete these tasks. The maintenance that required my attention was to be accomplished every day and took six hours to complete; this would be my life along with all the paperwork I already had for the next three months.

I couldn't breathe, the walls of everything: the maintenance, paperwork, training, qualifications, were beginning to suffocate me. I needed an escape again, I just told myself, "Just this once, no one is going to catch you." It had been almost four months since I had a single day off; I decided to not come in on the weekend. To this day I have no idea what I did that weekend because what happened next changed my character or moral values. That week my supervisor wanted to make sure that I was doing the maintenance I claimed to be doing for the past three months by installing a simple tamper seal with duct tape. The following Monday he again pulled me into the office, and just as before, begins to question me about the maintenance. The lies just start to flow right out, doing everything I can to not get in trouble again; until he confronts me with the tamper seal and how he doesn't believe I was doing the maintenance for the past few months.

What a familiar place, standing in front of the captain's office waiting to be summoned in, while wearing my navy dress blue uniform. Except this time I would be answering to Captain Douglas Kunzman. The military police officer swung open the door and with the bellowing voice shouted, "Petty Officer Duran, front and center." I march in with such confidence; you would have sworn I was about to receive an award. The Captain's Mast goes on and at the end of the hearing exactly like Captain Sciretta repeats the following,

"Fire Controlman Petty Officer Second Class David Duran for the clear violation UCMJ Article 92, Failure to Obey Rule or Regulation. You know what, I'm going to do things a little differently. Ever since I arrived here, I have heard nothing except incredible things about you, but it's these kinds of mistakes that'll keep you from advancing not only in the military but life as well. Walking in here today you knew that you already lost your rank and are on forty-five days restriction, right?,"

"Sir, yes sir," I replied, my heart racing, not knowing what could happen next. Captain Kunzman continued,

"Son, let me tell you something, I've been in the Navy twenty-six years, I've seen the world, and met thousands of sailors. You are by far one of the hardest working sailors I've ever had the pleasure to meet. Any task your chain of command gives you, you continually rise to the occasion. Which is why I'm not going to punish you any further, you are not only an asset to this ship but the entire waterfront of ships here in San Diego. Just promise me a few things: you'll continue to train sailors before you leave, keep your guns up, and take care of your work center. Can you promise me that?"

My eyes started to well up with tears, "Sir, yes I can guarantee you that," the words came out in a soft, brittle tone.

It was in those few moments in which I slowly began to realize that it doesn't matter the reason why or how we get into terrible situations. I never asked to do the work of all those people, but it was just happenstance that I knew everything I was carrying out. I took everything for granted: my new rank, the new pay raise, but I never realized how quickly it could have been taken away. These two events, in what I thought was going to be my career, changed my character and moral standards

and while becoming humbler and acquiring a newfound appreciation for military members. Now when a new sailor came asking for training or advice, I emphasized the differences between right and wrong, and I desperately wanted them to know the consequences of their actions as they take on such an important role as military members. There is not a single day that passes where I don't think about standing in front of my captains wondering what could have happened if I never got caught or if I never broke the rules set for us in the uniform code of military justice. From these events and through the consequences I received as punishment, I slowly re-evaluated my lifestyle and refused to let anyone else take advantage of me. I was done being the student and became the teacher instead; I would no longer complete the tasks for my fellow sailors but teach them how to finish the paperwork or conduct the maintenance by themselves. By empowering them to be self-sufficient, they quickly began to realize that I would no longer be in the military one day and the days of relying on me would soon cease . In the recent months, while no longer being in the Navy I continue to keep these standards for myself by continually teaching those around me small tasks as to empower them and share what knowledge I have gained in the years I've been gone. Nevertheless, I am happy to this day about my decisions that I've made and glad to have met the sailors and visited dozens of countries while making lifelong friends and memories.