1981

I arise from my less than warm bed, up the voltage on the heater and return to my bed. A feeling of warm , inviting heat exudes nearby and propels me into a furthered state of tiredness. I attempt to fall back asleep but am undecidedly kept awake by a distant, rhythmic clicking sound. After an epoch my body adapts to the infuriating noise and renders itself into a state of deep sleep. A powerful beam of light permeates my eyelids, forcing me to wake up. The deafening sound of the television reverberates within the endless hallways of our Ranch House. I walk towards the living room, with each step the sound exponentially accumulates until my ears cannot acclimatize to the sound. ‘Well, I believe we, the Americans of today, are ready to act worthy of ourselves, ready to do what must be done to ensure happiness and liberty for ourselves, our children and our children's children.’, President Reagans familiar voice echoes within my ear canal. I look towards the couch, my younger brother Peter sits there, blonde haired, blue eyed, skinny and deeply involved with a Stephen King novel in his hands. ‘Peter’, I call out. ‘ Peter’ I repeat. To no avail he does not answer. ‘Peter, come with me for a walk in the woods?’, I inquire.

‘You know I intensely hate the woods, you repeat the same thing every day. I hate this ranch, I hate remote locations. I fantasise of living in the city’.

**Continuation of events from Peters perspective.**

I continue reading my novel, he walks towards his room muttering something about ‘nerds’ I ignore my dull brother and his obsessive infatuation with country life. ‘This inhuman place makes human monsters’, I close the book and chuckle to myself. I am going to transform into a human monster if I have to sleep under this roof another day. I roam around the house with an insatiable hunger to cure my incurable boredom. I walk past my brothers room and see him dressing into his hiking gear. Still unable to comprehend how he enjoys this miserable style of life. I plunge into my bed and am shrouded with thick woollen blankets. I close my eyes and dream of the city. Bustling roads and intersections, loud noise of humans conversing. I walk across the street towards my gigantic school. Aeroplanes roar on overhead. I continue to enjoy this fantastical fantasy until I hear John purposely slam the door whilst leaving. My anger is immeasurably incomprehensible; however, a sense of curiosity arises. I propagate the idea of following John into the woods.

**Continuation of events from Johns perspective**

I enter the endless realm of foliage, the woods behind my ranch. I walk for quite some time on a familiar track, memorized through incalculable repetition. The sound of birds expounds through the air, accompanied with smooth wind further accentuated by the periodic chirps of crickets. As I walk I notice my hands beginning to freeze, I reach into my jacket for a pair of gloves. As I look down distracted by the attempts to seize the gloves a sound perceived what seems a millennium ago materialises. The same rhythmic clicking sound heard earlier, I attempt to narrow down the location of the sound. The further I listen the further I attempt comprehending the shallow, metallic, disturbing nature of the sound. I find the direction and stare into the woodlands. Deep, rich green foliage with thin wisps of light attempting to enter through the thick treeline above. Cool fog disperses itself amongst the cold, wet soil below. An uncomfortable prickling sensation inundates my nervous system. Every single hair within my body erects itself with no optimism in varying. There I notice, every single sound occurring has muted, as if a higher predator has replaced it. I notice a subtle, inconspicuous stream of black camouflaged by thick, irremovable fog within the distance. I stare intently towards it, the clicking subsides. The deafening silence perforates my hearing. ‘JOHN, JOHN, JOHN WHERE ARE YOU?’, I look back and see the figure of my brother emerge from the distance. I revert my eyes to its previous position however the stream of black has vanished. ‘Did you see that?’, I Inquire.

‘See what?’ he confusedly replies.

We return home, allowing the day to perpetuate my dismissal of the previous events. Whilst eating dinner I hear a whip-like crack of thunder. ‘It’s going to be thundering tonight, no work tomorrow’ My father states annoyedly. My mind is clouded with a culmination of thoughts from earlier. I finish off the day and fall asleep.

**Continuation of events from Peters Perspective**

‘PETER’ ‘PETER’ ‘PETER’, John wakes me up and somehow convinces me to come with him regardless of the fact its 2am. I observe John, observing his idiocy as he equips my fathers M65 field jacket, as long with his Vietnam gear, a look of fear on his face. He allows me my father’s KA BAR and a handheld radio. He then grabs the .45, chambers in a round and holsters it.

‘What the hells that for?’, I ask despondently, uninterested for the trip.

‘Protection’ he responds.

**Continuation of events from Johns Perspective**

We sneak into the woods, it appears as though every object observed earlier has finished their shift and replaced by an eerie, more disturbing form. The cold winter air penetrates the thick , once thought impenetrable field jacket. Thick bundles of rain attack the land. Adrenaline superfluities through me, an incomprehensibly curious mindset furthers me in the dark, disturbing area. The forest appears remarkably more grim than this morning. The rain intensifies, the wind blows harshly against the endless variety of forestry. I stop and hear the tearing of flesh nearby. Peter looks at me, a wave of fear overcomes and forces his face to contort into a fearful manner. We freeze and lower ourselves into the nearby shrubbery, peering through the thin veils of leaves, illuminated by translucent moonlight is a sight I shall never forget. Bent forward, on all fours, a tall, muscular, robust, hirsute creature resides. On its rear is engraved ЭКС-971(EXPERIMENT 971). The immenseness of the creature is incomprehensible. I lay, frozen with fear, unable to move a single muscle. Incapacitated by the fear manifesting within me. My brother hyperventilates, I clamp my hand around his mouth however the damage has occurred. I stay transfixed on ‘IT’, it turns backwards alerted by the sound. IT faces me. Whilst all other features were immensely disturbing, the face, rather where the face should be was unfathomably traumatizing. Two empty soulless, black eyes, two large triangular slits for nostrils where hot steam poured forth. IT’s mouth. It smiled at me, endless rows of sadistically sharp yellow teeth, stained with crimson blood emphasized by black rotting gums. Its eyes glinted a certain blue color for a millisecond, as if the eyes of a former human resided. Thin rivers of water ran down its animalistic face. It laughed, a shrill metallic burst of noise erupted from the endless, lightless cavity of its mouth. Flecks of meat, blood and steam exploded as it screeched. Momentously , a decision formed within my fear facilitated mind. Do I stay petrified and perish or attain the closest chance of survival. I chose the latter, instinctively I reach for the handgun and fire 8 rounds into IT. My ears rang, whilst deaf I still retained the power of observation. It rose momentarily from all fours and screeched into the night. I grabbed the petrified Peter and darted akin to the speed of lightning. As we ran accumulating speed towards the distant house lights a thumping sound resonated from my rear. I forced myself to look forward bolting towards the warmth of our Ranch house. I launch myself through my bedroom window, however perplexed by the disappearance of my brother. I instantaneously observe all my surroundings however he does not appear. The HAM radio on my desk instantly starts whirring, a mix of frequencies spur from the device. Russian tongue spoke aggressively momentarily. However, its emissions focus on a distant crackling signal ‘John, it’s here, save me’ .

I enter my father’s bedroom and wake him immediately. ‘Dad, Dad, DAD’ I yell. My father arises from his eternal slumber and gazes at me stupidly. ‘Dad somethings taken Peter in the woods, you need to save him’. The rain intensifies, thumping down on the roof as if the droplets of water had been substituted for mortar shells. ‘Go back to bed John, you always had an overactive imagination kid’, he slumps back into his bad, enveloped by the thick woolen sheets.

‘JOHN, SAVE ME!’, yells Peter hopelessly in the distance.

My father opens his eyes, jumps out of his bed, without evaluation throws on his boots, grabs his Vietnam webbing, radio, flashlight, a thick beanie, lights a cigar and cocks his M-16. ‘Whoever it is, whatever it is, IT’s going to die’, states my father coldly.

He runs towards the woods at breakneck speeds, radioing in to the local police station frequency however is unknowingly met with static. Tactically, he navigates the rough terrain attempting to extrapolate the precise location of my brother. My father erratically throws me behind a nearby tree. Three flashlights explode onto his face, illuminating all surroundings. They begin speaking Russian. They were attired in military uniform, with red berets. Without warning they were snatched into the darkness, their pleading screams echoing off into the distance. The screech heard before fixated me upon the location of the screaming. Immediately screams of pain rang through the cold night air. The sound of flesh tearing and automatic weapons firing off were tremendously audible. ‘DAD, DAD, DAD , THAT’S IT, WE NEED TO FIND PETER AND LEAVE OR ELSE WE’RE GOING TO DIE, WE NEED TO-‘. However, before I could finish speaking the bloody vertebrae of a human with the skull attached was thrown onto the path in front of us. My father looked at me momentarily then lifted me up. ‘Follow me’.

He began running further into the bush, deliberate of his traversal. The complexity of his travel was near impossible to navigate until my father stopped dead within his tracks and knelt reaching for something in the bush. He lifted Peter, unconscious, dirty , blood stained but breathing. Those Russians weren’t going to contain IT’s attention for long, the feeling of relief was ephemeral. The imminent threat was looming over us like a dark cloud. My father observed his surroundings and locked his eyes on something ahead of him. The colossal creature stood up on its rears. Here we all observed it well, it stood 9 feet tall, obstructive of all moonlight, highlighting its infamous features. A bolt of lightning fractured on its rear. It appeared dumbfounded momentarily, the same gleam of blue glared from its eyes. However, it reverted to its lifeless black nature. Peter awoke, my father placed Peter around my shoulders. He then aimed his rifle at the thing, ‘John, take your brother and run, run and don’t turn back’.

IT leapt forward, bounding towards my father, my father fearlessly let off rounds, each one landing on IT. It seemed unperturbed by the weapon, my father emptied the magazine and jammed in a blue taped magazine. My father looked at me ‘RUN JOHN RUN’. It neared towards me as opposed to my father, it leapt majestically . I closed my eyes and shielded my brother. TRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT. A barrage of automatic fire unleashed upon the beast. It was launched backwards from the immense firepower from my father. We seized the invaluable opportunity and bolted towards our home. I bashed the door in, bolting it as I entered. Immediately I padlocked and sealed all windows and entry points. Peter was remarkably calm. He looked towards me, the once nerdy, uninterested ungrateful brother I once knew had a certain look on his face. He appeared as a new man. ‘What is IT, what is IT going to do to dad’, I ask. A thousand-mile stare was etched onto his face, uninterested in my questions.

**Continuation of events from Peters perspective**

Observable, on the horizon my father’s figure is ostensible. He stands trembling and nods towards us. A tear streams from my eye and he collapses into the distance. ‘DAD’, we both scream simultaneously. Presidents Reagans speech rings within my skull ‘ Ready to do what must be done to ensure happiness and liberty for ourselves, our children’ .Before the opportunity to go towards my father appears I notice a stream of green gas emit from the floorboards. These are the last things I recall before I collapse knocked into a state of sleep.

**Continuation of Events from Johns perspective**

I arise from my less than warm bed, up the voltage on the heater and return to my bed. A feeling of warm , inviting heat exudes nearby and propels me into a furthered state of tiredness. What a fantastical dream that was. I attempt to fall back asleep but am undecidedly kept awake by a distant, rhythmic, faltering clicking sound. It wasn’t a dream. My eyes open immediately and run towards my father’s room. I near towards his bed, the creaking of the floorboards increasing linearly as I edge towards the bed. PIT, PAT, PIT, PAT plunges the rain sluggishly. I unsheathe the blanket to find an empty bed. A creak on the floorboard occurs to my rear.

**Continuation of events from Peters perspective**

I turn and find a tall silhouette within the door. A handgun with a suppressor attached is pointed towards my face, a deep, resounding, unhuman and foreign voice states ‘What you have witnessed, you shall not repeat’. I nod slowly.

‘Is it dead?’.

‘The monster died, alongside your father’, stated the figure nonchalantly. A feeling of incomparable sorrow manifested however I compose myself. He lowers his weapon.

‘What was it?’

‘The Russians call it ‘The Other’ ,

‘Was it human?’

‘Was’

‘Is my brother alive?’

‘For now’

‘Why are you letting me live?’ The figure laughs, ignoring my question. The laugh a stark resemblance of the shallow, metallic nature of the monster. I look towards it’s wrist and notice an etching of writing ‘ЭКС 1981’(Experiment 1981).

‘Are you with them?’

A gust of wind blows the curtain, a streak of moonlight transports onto his face. The same black, lifeless pupils are apparent.

‘My brother isn’t going to live, is he?’

‘You seem intelligent, you should’ve realized you were dead when this conversation started’.

He points his gun at me, I close my eyes and accept my fate. CHINK, BOOM.

I open my eyes and find the figure standing fleetingly, it attempts to lift its hand to kill me. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Three consecutives round fire off. The figure implodes into a heap, unmoving and defunct. A thin wisp of smoke arises from a handgun in the hallway,

‘C’mon John, we need to get out of here’.

Peter and I began walking hurriedly towards the door, I look to my rear. I could’ve sworn I noticed the black heap twitch. I turn back , look out into the horizon. ‘Lets do this Pete’,

‘All these years I’ve hated the forest, hated our ranch, longed for a modernized life’

‘Go on’

‘All these years ive been unhappy with myself, I gotta tell you John, I haven’t felt like this my whole life, I fee-

‘As if you haven’t felt like living eh?’

‘Yeah, life seems better’

**Reflection Task**

The creative text 1981 incontestably utilized and employed key elements from Dracula in a beneficial manner. 1981 was an incorporation of various substratum regarding variety of experiences, movies, texts, stories and personal preferences from myself. An incalculable number of language choices were used to an advantageous manner in order to portray and represent the fictional story in the most precise manner. Whilst creating the story I did comprehend and fathom the weaknesses of the story, however in a contrasting manner also analyzed the highlights and achievements within the story,

The text functioned its role perfectly. It allowed the audience a profound, comprehensive insight into the setting, its people and allows an aura of curiosity to manifest. The setting chosen, that being a ranch house surrounded by endless forestry exemplifies the horror characteristic of the novel. It serves as a facilitator for all the events occurring. When John stumbles across ‘The Other’ for the first time a perfect visualisation occurs, for the environment serves as a catalyst assisting the grim nature of the monster. For these reasons the setting is arguably the most critical underpinning of the story. Moreover, the characters John and Pete serve as the stories perfect dichotomous perspectives. For we have John, the classic country boy with an obsession with voyaging, weapons and adventuring. Contrastingly we have Peter who intensely dislikes where he lives, the country life and longs for a city life. However, as these two appear distant in the beginning their selfless acts for each other serve as an important reminder that not all those who think differently dislike each other. For we see an inextricably inseparable bond towards the end, where they save each other at certain moments. We see John constantly saving Peter, where he alerts the father, or when he grabs his handgun and fires 8 rounds into ‘The Other’. However, at the end where John accepts his fate, it is Pete who saves him. We see a replica of Johns action represented by Peter, who’s epochs both interlink at the end.

Moreover the language choices allowed a greater fathomability of the text.’ Deep, rich green foliage with thin wisps of light attempting to enter through the thick treeline above… I notice a subtle, inconspicuous stream of black camouflaged by thick, irremovable fog within the distance.’, the exact use of descriptive language provides a remarkably overwhelming insight into the setting allowing the reader to perceive it as intended. The constant use of foreshadowing subsequently plays a vital role in the novel, ‘a Stephen King novel in his hands’ ‘I hear a whip-like crack of thunder.’. The deliberate use of foreshadowing is incomprehensibly useful in allowing the reader to somewhat grasp the idea that significant events are about to occur. Furthermore the most exceptional employment of language choices was the cyclical structure used. For every time John wakes up it repeats the same sentences. However as time progresses the meaning varies impactfully for the reader understands in the beginning it is just an irrelevant sound. The second time we understand there is something present however have not yet entirely attained the full concept of it. However the third time we understand that it is a snap back to reality. The cyclical structure was also employed with Reagans speech in the beginning.’ . ‘Well, I believe we, the Americans of today, are ready to act worthy of ourselves, ready to do what must be done to ensure happiness and liberty for ourselves, our children and our children's children’. Whilst the statement made by Reagan may seem insignificant, we, the audience, observe the selfless sacrifice made by the father. For this sole reason the resonation of the statement has exponentially increased. For the father mirrors the statement, he necessitates what is imperative in assuring his children’s happiness and liberty. As the audience recalls it is is significantly more impactful hence an effective use of cyclicality. Another technique utilised is suspense, when Experiment 1981 is shot by Peter the audience is left curious as to what had just occurred. The previous series of events are disregarded as John wakes up, the interaction occurs leading up to the crescendo however the audience is dumbstruck at the perfect timing. We are then led to understand it is Peter who saved him.

Moreover, the incorporation of historical events in a fictional setting was present. This is transparently demonstrated by the speech made by Reagan. The title of the story is 1981, that being the year it occurred. However, Reagans speech expounded on Tuesday , the 20th of January 1981 was real. As john wakes up to it, we are led to understand it to be factual. Furthermore, the extract was entirely genuine and was manipulated and contorted in such a manner where it proved invaluably useful as a stimulus for the story’s arc. Another historical fact is that 1981 is arguably one of the years at the peak of the cold war and we understand ‘The Others’ to be Russian creations as demonstrated by the markings. Another use of historical fact manipulated to serve a creative purpose. Additionally, the fathers actions may be perceived by some as completely unrealistic and fantastical . Such as his instant locating of the son, or remaining calm under pressure and his ability to adapt to a variety of circumstances. However, the Audience realizes the indisputable fact that the father was involved in the Vietnam war, those with a comprehension of history will understand the accurate alignment of his age and the events.

The creation of my story was unintelligibly expedient in permitting a translucently precise demonstration of my strengths within the conjuration of the story. The statements mentioned such as the smooth, slick and linear dispersion of techniques, historical facts and language devices all interwoven to make a great story was a fantastic epitomisation of my strengths and weaknesses. The constant use of subtle references truly furthered my enjoyment of it. The ambiguity left towards the end of the book is inexplicable. The references to replicated characteristics amongst ‘The Others’ such as their eyes, the branding and the vocal chords were an axiom demonstration of such strengths stated. The constant cyclical narrative was also a representation an achievement further accompanied and made effectual by the use of language techniques stated.

However, the story was not perfect nor faultless. There were many faults which I fathomed after deeply analyzing the story during this reflection. The most significant fault was The dichotomy between John and Peter was not as developed as I intended it to be. The factoring reason for this was the need to expand upon the storyline and deliver a message as opposed to only focusing on the dichotomy between the brothers. Whilst the dichotomous perspectives were perceived they could have been further expanded into and delved deeper. The world of Peter was observed briefly, a reasonable understanding was extracted but not to an extent where the dichotomy was completely understood and made essential into the storyline.

-FArmhouse setting wasn’t delved into

Continuation of events from peters perspective

I lay in the bush, where has John gone?. Cold, callous shrieks of pain emanate from afar. The cold begins flooding my nervous system. As each second passes I sense myself tumbling into a dissociative state. I began crawling amongst the ground, unable to see, I long for a source of light. The shrieking stops. THUMP. A heavy footstep resounds the atmosphere. THUMP. Another footstep, each thump is accompanied with a greater sound. As if the THUMP is nearing. THUMP. IT steps out 15 meters in front of me. I feel IT searching, searching for me. It looks towards me, my hear thumps, palpitating through my chest. However, a battle of adrenaline and cold is occurring. It appears though the cold is victorious. It begins moving towards me. However I cannot hold myself any longer, Black spots reign victorious over my vision. My nerves fail me. Black surrounds my vision entirely and I fall asleep.