W6A\_Lesson 8, Essay 5, Draft 1

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Writing from the Point of View from a Fictional Character

The truth that I left

When I was young, I lived in a poor village in 234 BC. Our village is cold all season, with no water. If we need water, we have to walk one kilometer to get to a well. One day in a peace normal morning, we heard the horseshoe from a distance. That day was the worst day of my life, blood splashes, women and children screaming. I run away and hide in a cave beside the village, I had stayed in there for three day with a bottle of water and a magical mirror that tells truth, and then I never see my parent since that day.

I had lived in a forest for several years, I find a place that close to the river, so I don’t need to worry about no water. When I was 20 years old, I was founded by a King of England, he founded me and I married him to be his wife. He had a beautiful daughter called snow white. She had beautiful white skin and skinny body with a lot of beautiful dresses. I like her, she was so kind and nice to me.

One day in the middle of the night, I can’t sleep. I walked out and trying to find the path of palace to garden. I hold my delicate antique handed lamp and airily walked on the flagstone. I heard owls were purr and the noise of wind slashing the old tung tree. I was humming along the brisk pace and felt excited.

Suddenly, there was a noise that was groaning, I didn’t notice. I still walked through the byway and I still in a cheerful mood. In a second, a sharp classical arrow came at me, and although I was not shot, but it still scratched my cheek. I was scared, but I know that I can’t stay here anymore. I put out the light and quickly ran in to the garden that I was going to. I crept quietly into the nearby bushes and held my breath for fear that I would fall to death. I heard foot step near around me, it was heavy and careful step. I seated there for ten minuet, then I heard the foot step walked away. I carefully walked out. Suddenly,

“Stop,” a voice in the dark cried, even though I don’t know who she is, but I know she is a girl and her bow and arrow were pointing at me.

“Who are you? Why you’re trying to kill me,” I said angrily to her.

“That’s my question, who are you? Why you’re trying to take away my mother’s place in my dad’s heart? Why are you tempt my father? You didn’t belong here. You didn’t belong here!” She shouted.

“Snow white? What are you doing here? Go back to your bedroom now,” I surpisedly cried.

“What kind of power that let you can make commandment to me?” She is totally angry.

She ran away, and I cannot believe what I just saw and heard. I over thinking did I hurt her spirit? Am I trying to replace of her mother? But none of these thing are true. She just made excuses that make she feel better to hate me with no reason. I couldn’t believe one day I will be the evil step mother.

Then, you know, she ran in to the forest, dwafts found her, prince came, and saved her, she found her love, but I was maltreat by her when she told everyone the “truth” that she made herself, “The evil witch poison her, and she dead, the prince found her;” so I dead. Well it’s good to have this kind of “life” that have so much interesting character, right? Life like this, it happened all the time. Good luck don’t always be with innocent people. Some nice people dead, some evil people lived, this is life.