

Evelynn Heidel

Creative Writing Final

### Artist Statement

Why do people write in general? What is the point in writing? You can verbally say your thoughts and put them out into the world or even just think about things without them needing to be shared. Why write them down? Why write anything down? I need to write. It's a way for me to be able to clear my head and be able to keep track of all my thoughts. My mind is always working, thinking about new things or things that my mom told me specifically to remember, then forgot what she was doing, so down the line a couple weeks when she asks if I remembered the 8-digit code to get into a new account, I can respond with yes, yes, I do remember. So, in general, writing helps me clear my head.

When talking about writing in the big grand scheme of things, I want to do it forever. I want to write and be able to share my stories and ideas with the entire world. I learned from my high school English teacher all of the different types of writing that there is out there, and he didn't even show me them all. From poetry, to memoirs, to short stories, the one that really stuck with me was screenwriting. Making movies, writing movies, directing movies, all of it. I've done a couple screen adaptations of tv show episodes to scripts before and it was the most fun thing I've ever written. Being able to tell a story is a bossy, this happens, and he says this kind of way, is always so funny.

Putting words onto a page makes you live forever. You get to continue on your legacy, if you made one, that lives longer than you do. Words are everlasting and can always be referred back to in a time of need, ideas, or even exploration. When I talk about screen writing, my goal is to have my name on the end credit reels that everybody gets up and leaves during. I want my

name to be plastered on a big screen in the font style Movie Font size 18 lettering. That's the dream. I want to be able to go back and see the things I did and have my name on it. That is the legacy that I want to accomplish. But what really draws me to that dream, to write and continue writing until my hand hurts? Passion and feedback. Having someone else read my work is something I'm most proud of. Seeing their reaction o something that I have written makes me want to go back to the drawing board and do it all over again so we both can experience it together.

Writing is and always will be fun, to me at least. Writing is an escape into a fake and fantasy world that you can create with your mind. It is so specific to you that it feels real because that is what you make it be. Your own fantasy can become someone else's reality.

Poem 1 Original

The Bee

A warm day of spring like no other.  
People outside, catching the bright rays of sun.  
Flowers just beginning to bloom

A cluster of people huddle in a circle.  
A predator approaches, looking for a target.  
Nobody notices as the prey was selected.  
In the blink of an eye, a victim of struck.

People yelling and crying out for help,  
Others rush to the scene with help and aid.

Dodging hands and other attempts to bring it down,  
The mysterious subject tries to flee.  
Little did it know,  
This would be its one and only victim.

With a small, yet powerful punch,  
it was put out of its misery.  
When all fades away,  
It is left lying there, lifeless.  
Its body gone stiff.

The bee.

Poem 1 Revised

The Bee

A warm day of spring like no other.  
Flowers just beginning to bloom.  
A cluster of people huddle in a circle.

A predator approaches,  
Hidden and unseen, looking for a target.  
Nobody notices as the prey was selected.  
In the blink of an eye, a victim of struck.

People yelling and crying out for help,  
Others rush to the scene with aid and comfort.

Dodging hands and other attempts to bring it down,  
The mysterious subject tries to flee.  
Little did it know,  
This would be its one and only victim.

With a small, yet powerful punch,  
it was put out of its misery.  
When all fades away,  
It is left lying there, lifeless.  
Its body gone stiff.

The bee.

Poem 2 Original

It's all Just a Fantasy

You never believed in love.

You never thought that you could have that type of feelings

In the movies, it always works out with them.

The guy gets the girl.

Romantic has never been your thing.

Hopeless romantic seems like such a gross label

You're not sure what you want,

But it is not that.

You refrain from watching movies that deal with love,

As to not fuel the fire you've diluted with water.

But somehow, romance always finds its way through the cracks,

"It makes for a good story".

Romance is dead.

Chivalry is dead.

Attraction is dead.

Unpopular opinions.

You finally let that world encapsulate you,

Fill up what was "missing".

You still hate the hopeless romantic stigma.

But at this point, it is still hopeless.

Poem 2 Revised

It's all Just a Fantasy

You never believed in love.

You never thought that you could get that feeling.

In the movies, the guy gets the girl,

Almost every time without fail.

*It makes for a good story*

Now where does that leave you?

Your friends always find "love" but only with your guiding hand.

Where would they be without you?

Romantic has never been your thing,

But it always ends up being your problem.

Hopeless romantic is such a gross label to place upon someone

It can be seen as weird, obsessed, or even obviously hopeless.

You don't want to give into that stigma

As to not fuel the fire you've diluted with water.

Unpopular opinions.

Romance is dead.

Chivalry is dead.

Attraction is dead.

Once in a while you find hope in the hopeless,

Reaching for something you think is there.

Your heart becomes filled with what could be real

But in the end, it's all just a fantasy and you're just a pawn.

### Poem 3 Original

#### The Movies

It's so simple, go to the movies with a friend  
You mom says goodbye and to be safe,  
She always says that, but nothing bad ever happens,  
Your always safe. Always.

The anticipatory ride there is one of the best parts,  
Rewatching the trailers and talking about 'What Ifs'  
The fresh smell of butter and popcorn fills the air.  
It takes you back to the good days.

You find your seats, recline, and cover up with your blanket  
As the tape rolls the theater gets dark,  
You wait for the bright light of the opening credits.  
The jumps scares always catch you off guard.

As the movie comes to a close and the credits roll,  
You sit in your seat awaiting a post credit scene, that is just the Marvel in you.  
You pry yourself from the seat and make your way towards the exit.  
Leaving this place feels like a whole different world awaits on the other side.

Screaming and commotion from around the corner, out of view.  
Petrified with fear, you can't move a muscle  
How can this be happening, this was so simple?  
But nothing bad ever happens. Ever.

This only happens in the movies  
This is only happening at the movies.



## Short story

### Tune of Offering

When the sun started to settle on the horizon, the people of the island gathered to the shore and lit the offering fire like they did every night. It grew bigger and bigger as the timber was touched by the bright embers of the flames. It erupted and started celebrating once it had gotten enough oxygen to survive on its own. The people of the island gathered around it, like they did every night at dusk, and sang the tune they had all known. They weren't taught it; it was almost like it was programmed into their brain. The 'Tune of Offering' is what the Wise One called it. The Wise One was the group's leader, sent to keep everything and everyone in line. Although no one had ever seen the Wise One, they all had the upmost respect for them. They all were on this Island and were told to live peacefully, making an offering to the sea pirates in order to keep it a peaceful life. The 'Tune of Offering' is to keep the sea at ease and the fire is to tell the pirates that they are at ease with the pirate's presence, having this connection kept everyone safe, an agreement. No one asks questions as to why they do it, they all just do it because they are told to.

"What do you think is out there?" asked Dean, an islander, to one of the Elders of the colony.

The elder looked with disgust at Dean, shook his head, and swiftly walked away to go to his home, not answering Dean's question. Dean walked to the water's edge looking out into the vast, foggy landscape and turned to return to his home as well. When he got to his home, however, he was intercepted by Ted, another islander. Ted was sweaty and out of breath as if he

had just run away from something or seen something he shouldn't have. Dean looked at Ted with a slight glare.

"What are you doing here?" asked Dean, annoyed.

"I came to warn you, things are not as they seem", uttered Ted in between shaky breaths. Ted then turned to run away with haste. Dean tried to stop him.

"What do you mean 'things are not as they seem'?", Dean shouted after Ted, but he had already disappeared back into the darkness where he came from, "Ted!"

Dean, confused, entered his home and got ready for bed, not thinking twice about what Ted had said. But as he got close and closer to sleep, Dean got more and more intrigued by Ted's comment.

"Why am I so worried about this," Dean wondered, "Ted is the island's weirdo who has weird visions all the time, there is nothing to be worried about. He probably just thought he saw something".

With that thought, Dean drifted off to sleep. As the sun rose over the horizon the next morning, the island began to stir with the awakening of people getting up to do their daily duties. Dean had gotten up, same as usual, but this time something felt off. He woke up drenched in sweat and shaking as if he had been wandering through the night without a covering on. He first just thought it was Ted's comment from the night before and he just hadn't slept right, but as the morning pressed on, he got more and more unsure about his earlier proposal.

Dean oversaw finding the timber for the offerings at night, so when he went in to collect from his normal area, he was surprised when he came to a cleared area with no timber in sight.

He then went to his second location and the same thing happened, no timber in sight. He made his way back to the beach where all the Island lived to find everyone in a mass hysteria, people crying and shouting. The Island Elders were gathered by the edge of the brush talking amongst themselves. Dean tried to approach them, only to be pulled aside by Ted's housemate, Lilly.

"Have you seen Ted?" Lilly asked Dean. She had a look of desperation in her eyes.

"No, I haven't, the last I saw him was last night after the offering, why is everything okay?" Dean told Lilly.

"I don't think so, I woke up with this weird feeling in my stomach and had this really strange dream", Lilly looked up at Dean, "I'm probably just overreacting right?"

Dean wasn't so sure she was just overreacting. When Lilly had mentioned her dream, something in Dean was triggered and a dream flashed across his memory like an old movie reel.

He was on a boat in the middle of the night, surrounded by people of the island, but they weren't exactly the same. They had the same face, but they were tougher and scruffier than they were here. Tattoos all up and down their arms, and they were all wearing a dulled-out shade of blue and white. Dean tried to cry out for help, but he was stuck and couldn't talk.

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed through the air, and the smell of burning timber followed. The Elders all rushed to the scene, with the rest of the Islanders following close behind, as pushing each other to be at the front of the pack. There, in the middle of the beach, stood Ted, surrounded by the beginning of the end of the Islander's offering ceremony. All the timber that had gone missing earlier in the morning where Dean couldn't find it, was all in a big pile, burning to ashes in front of the entire island. Lilly screamed and then ran towards Ted in hopes of saving him from the burning glory he had started, but it was too late.

The embers had overtaken the scene and the flames grew higher than any offering fire ever lit. The heat given off was enough to make anyone uncomfortable, making it unbearable for Ted who was the fire starter. Lilly and Dean call for Ted to get away from the flames, but without hesitation, the flames jumped onto anything near, needing more timber. It found Ted and drew him into the burning mass in one painless gulp. Dean and Lilly stood shocked but had to help others away from the hungry flames.

After the flames had died down, it was turning to dusk. The people of the island frantically gathered brush and kindle to attempt to make the offering flames. They light it and it goes into a ball of fire and then immediately burns through the supplies in the pile. Not enough time of the Tune of the Offering to be sung. With a panic setting in, the people of the Island go to the elders with questions that they require answers for.

“What happens now, there isn’t enough flame for the pirates to know we are at peace with them, what does the Wise One have to say about what to do?” they all yell. The elders look from left to right at each other and make a nonverbal agreement to contact the Wise One.

Dean and Lilly scour the shore for signs of danger or firewood to make everything go back to normal with the pirates at sea and them on shore. After the sun had set completely, they both look out into the horizon and see a disturbance in the sea. A wave was forming, on riding that wave was a black ship headed straight towards the very shore that Dean and Lilly were scouring on. After all these years on the island, they had never been more scared in their lives, but yet found a sense of comfort in the fact that they were meeting old friends.

Explication:

When writing this piece, I had no idea where I was going with it. I had recently watched the movie the Village by M. Night Shyamalan which gave me the idea for Ted and the idea of an imposter in a community that they feared and fought to stay at peace with. The setting of the island came from another recent movie that I watched called Fantasy Island. So, I collaged the two most recent things on my mind to create the Tune of the Offering. The writing process was pretty simple, I had a couple hours to get it done so I sat down and started typing without any end in sight. I had vague ideas that changed frequently but no concrete idea of where everything was going. When thinking about further ideas about where the story could go, I really think that it could go anywhere, or it could just be a cool thing to read once and be done with. It has so much open endedness that it could thrive or die, and only time will tell with that one. I feel like this story is left at a point where it is not finished yet, but is at a point where it is at a middle point where it was a good point to stop.