

Science Fiction Writings:

1. Aya and the Kingdom of Enormia

In the heart of the Queendom of Enormia, where the moon cast shadows like midnight silk, there lived a young girl named Aya. She had eyes that verged on black, barely differentiating between the pupil and the iris and a bleach blonde afro with red tips. She resided in a village at the edge of Enormia. Her mother was born in 2023, just as the wasting fever had gripped the women, making them small, frail and delicate looking. As a consequence, Aya had been born prematurely and had inherited her mother's petite build. She lacked the energy and strength that would be needed to journey out of her small village. She loved her Mother, but she longed for something more. She had never gone to school, never had a job or a life outside the village and she wished, more than anything, to find a community of women that would show her the true meaning of girlhood and female friendship. And she wanted the same for her Mother. Ever since her Father had left, it had been just the two of them. They loved each other more than anything, but longed for a coven of women who they could lean on and embrace. Little did she know that her life was about to unfold into a tale as wondrous as the land she called home for 18 years, but not yet discovered.

One solemn night just as Aya was about to close her eyes, Queen Momona, appeared in her bedroom. Queen Momona, the benevolent ruler of the land of Enormia, had beautiful dark skin which was textured and held blemishes which were reminiscent of her long and adventurous life. She was the largest woman in the land. Her beautiful ebony skin created hundreds of rolls at the sides of her stomach and her chin hung low rounding out her face and giving her a warm kindness. Her powerful legs stood strong supporting her body, lifting her with a majestic air. Her large size spoke of resilience rather than fragility, something that Aya was not used to but was inspired by. The queen's robes shimmered with the elegance of a thousand constellations, and her laughter echoed like the joyous notes of a cello.

"Dearest Aya, my beautiful girl," Queen Momona intoned, "the time has come for you to embark on a journey. Seek the Screaming Grove, where the trees will share the truths that you will need if you are to live your most authentic existence. Your destiny awaits, my dear."

With a heart full of a growling hunger for meaning, Aya set off, guided by the gentle glow of fireflies that fluttered like lost souls in the night. The Screaming Grove beckoned her. As she entered the grove, the trees rustled with a chorus of distant whispers.

"Child of the Cosmos," the trees spoke with a haunting cadence, "true beauty lies in the unconventional. Embrace the uniqueness of your essence, and enchantment shall unfold within. These fruits, the ones that the male messengers of the past tell you are forbidden, they will be the making of you. Eat and become free."

Intrigued, Aya discovered the trees bore not only sagacity but also fruits and berries that seemed to glisten with an otherworldly wisdom. With each bite, she felt a transformation, not into whimsy, but into a solemn reflection of the Queendom of Enormia's enigmatic beauty.

As she consumed the fruit, Aya felt a tingling sensation. As she looked down, her once thin and brittle legs had become strong and voluminous. Now each step she took held power and purpose and made an impact on the land where her body stood. Her stomach, once hollow and carved, became soft and pillowy like the clouds. Her arms grew strong and her shoulders broadened. She grew into the space around her, now able to touch both trees either side of her due to her sheer size.

"Behold, the Transformation of Echoing Beauty!" declared the trees, and with an ethereal hush, they bore witness to her metamorphosis. The Queendom of Enormia embraced the enchantment that now emanated from Aya.

Emerging from the grove, Aya felt transformed. Her once ordinary visage now exuded a haunting radiance, and her presence seemed to echo with the whispers of forgotten tales. She had become a living embodiment of the mysterious beauty that surrounded her. She felt confident on herself for the first time in her life, and her body had been transformed into a powerful organism which could carry her far and wide across the country.

Word of Aya's spectral metamorphosis spread like a phantom breeze through the Queendom. Beings, spirits, and even the shadows that inhabited the land were entranced by her tale. Women flocked all around her, offering her and her proud Mother true friendship and community. And as news reached Queen Momona's celestial ears, her joyous laughter resonated through the Queendom, shaking the very foundations of its twinkling beauty.

Observing from her chambers, Queen Momona reveled in the enigmatic charm that Aya had unleashed. With a twinkle in her celestial eyes, she knew that the Queendom thrived on the unconventional, the mysterious, and, most importantly, the hauntingly beautiful - the big and the bold. The loud and the free.

As Aya continued her contemplative journey, she encountered fantastical creatures with fur as dark as the night and meadows adorned with flowers that bloomed in shades of . Her story became a melody, captivating the hearts of all who had the privilege of hearing it. The Queendom, once veiled in stoic elegance, now vibrated with a spectral energy.

Returning to Queen Momona's chambers, Aya, now a spectral being with an aura that rivalled moonlit shadows, shared her revelations. The Queen, her regal presence filling the room with a bountiful grace, nodded in approval and kissed Aya on both cheeks several times.

"The Queendom thrives on the ethereal, my dear Aya. Your beauty has added a new chapter to the mysterious tale of the Queendom," Queen Momondeclared, her voice echoing through the cosmos.

And so, the Queendom continued its enigmatic dance, embracing the haunting magic within and celebrating the unconventional that made each inhabitant uniquely beautiful. Aya's Transformation of Echoing Beauty became a cherished legend, inspiring generations to come and her and her Mother lived happily in their community of big, bold women. And as for Queen Momona, she continued to rule with a blend of majesty, mystery, and a countenance that defied stereotypes, adding an extra layer of enchantment to the Queendom.

Aya and the Kingdom of Enormia Explanation:

This is a feminist leaning sci fi young adult short story. I wanted to write a YA sci fi piece that would be appropriate for young girls specifically. I found that often in YA books with female protagonists, they often exist in worlds which follow the same beauty standards as our own Western, patriarchal society and I wanted to subvert that in this story.

In contemporary society, women are often encouraged to be physically smaller, to take up less space, to make less noise. In this story I wanted the opposite to be encouraged. The Kingdom is named 'enormia'. The Queen of the land is the largest woman in the land and her size is inspiring and spoken about with respect and amazement. She is beautiful because she is big, loud and strong. Her name is Queen Momona - Momona meaning fat/physically large in Hawaiian.

Furthermore, part of the positive transformation which Aya goes for is the gaining of weight and the increase in size. Female community and solidarity is thought to be the prize to be won in this sci fi fairy tale, rather than the approval and security granted by some far off prince.

This piece of sci fi storytelling creates a way of imagining otherwise for young girls stuck in a patriarchal society which constantly emphasises a needed for fragility and smallness.

2. My Orb and Me

Exhausted from a day at work she climbed into bed. Sometimes she wanted to unzip her fleshy sack, reach round behind the shoulders to find the zip she felt certain would be waiting for her there and pull. As she tugged her skin would come apart, first over her collarbones, down the side of her stomach, a quick final pull as it gathered momentum down the legs, and she'd be out: free. Picturing this, absentmindedly she did just that. And before she could process the shock, out floated a dark blue shimmering thing in the shape of a sphere. She leant forward gingerly and touched a finger to it. Somewhere between liquid and solid, the orb had a swirling depth like the sea. More than this though, instinctively it looked to her like *herself*. The orb looked was a physical manifestation of the feeling of skin prickling, of upstanding hairs on the back of the neck, of a yearning physical pain like a twisted tree root in her gut, all poured straight out into this floating blue thing hovering in front of her face.

She had often wondered where her soul was housed in her body, confounded by the fact that if it travelled around the world with her then it must have some physical dimension to stay tethered to the body. She nurtured a dream of freeing her soul from the physical constraints of a human body, of having to move this meaty sack from A to B in a linear fashion, of sitting on a train or a bus, of twitching facial muscles to resemble a smile or a greeting, of having to shower the smells and sweat off it every day, feeling men draw their eyes up and down it, weighing up its worth, and girls too for that matter. The orb was the perfect vessel for her soul, physical as it moved around the world bounded by her skin and bones, but other-worldly, ever-lasting, age-defying. It trembled with the animating force of life, like a horse blinking at you under long eyelashes from the dark pools of its eyes, like the feeling of walking down a city road at night arm-in-arm with your best friends.

Free of the upkeep and continual disappointment of a human body, she knew she could finally be seen as she felt on the inside, like turning inside out and spilling her guts to the world, without the blood and twisted intestines. A shiver ran over her. She knew if she could somehow find another orb, sidle up and carefully touch it like a nose pressed against a cold windowpane, she might finally be seen for who she was, not how she looked...

My Orb and Me Explanation

This is the start to a science fiction story based off a concept I had been thinking about for years and remembered in the context of this project. Anyone who knows me knows about my personal conviction that I have an 'orb' inside me that contains the essence of me, a kind of physical distillation of my soul so that it can engage with the physical, time-space-bounded human world. I have often expressed a desire to 'unzip and let my orb free' so I could be perceived beyond the dimension of a body. During

this project I thought a lot about how much this desire is shaped by living in a society like ours that places such a strong emphasis on how bodies (especially women's) look to inform judgements we make about that person's character and morals. Beyond the constraints of this project, it would be interesting to continue developing this story as an exploration of how society could change if we were able to perceive the essence of people on the 'inside', without bodies obscuring our view.

3. Wings of Rebellion

In the cocoon of conformity, where shadows dance,
Caterpillars dream of a bold, rebellious trance.
Silken threads weave a tale of metamorphosis,
A revolution within, a silent genesis.

Caterpillars crawl, burdened by the weight,
Of societal expectations, an oppressive state.
But in the chrysalis, a rebellion stirs,
A symphony of transformation begins to confer.

Wings of rebellion unfurl in the dark,
A metamorphic revolution, leaving a mark.
The cocoon trembles, a silent cry,
Breaking free from chains, reaching for the sky.

From caterpillar to butterfly, a rebirth,
A canvas of colors, a testament of worth.
No longer confined by societal gaze,
Wings of defiance in the sun's warm blaze.

No longer bound by the cocoon's embrace,
Butterflies soar, leaving a trail of grace.
In their flutter, a poem of defiance they write,
A celebration of self, an empowering flight.

The mirror may whisper, society may pry,
But the butterflies dance, painting the sky.
With wings that carry stories of breaking free,
A testament to the strength in diversity.

Embrace the transformation, shed the cocoon,
Let the metamorphosis be a sweet boon.
For in the wings of rebellion, we find,
A celebration of self, a freedom undefined.

Wings of Rebellion Explanation

The poem encourages embracing transformation, shedding the metaphorical cocoon of societal expectations. It emphasizes that in the wings of rebellion, there is a celebration of self and a freedom that defies definition. The journey from caterpillar to butterfly becomes a metaphor for the strength found in diversity and the empowerment that comes from breaking free from limiting body image standards.