

Statement of Intention

For 'Lamb to the Slaughter' I wrote from the perspective of Patrick's mistress, a woman of high standards and high class, excited for her lover to reveal their relationship to his wife. In this story, I aimed to depict the protagonist as a jealous, hateful person, represented through her malevolent thoughts and wishes towards Mary.

In 'The Necklace', I wrote from the perspective of Monsieur Loisel, aiming to depict him as something other than the meek, pitifully loyal man in the actual story and demonstrate the bitter thoughts that trace his head, developing a character whose only flaw was who they fell in love with.

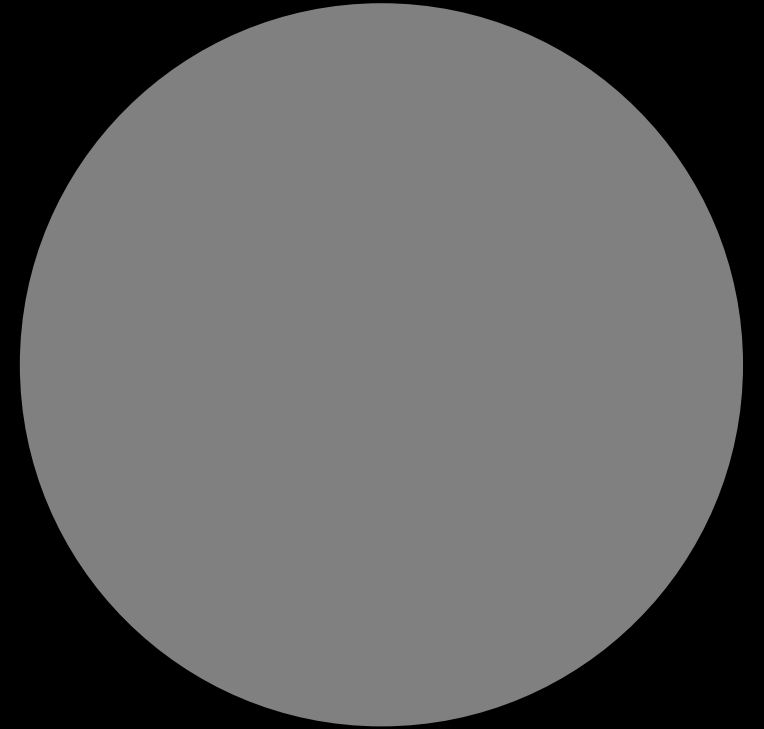
In 'The Tell-Tale Heart', I wrote about a character in a dark, hidden world, someone being chased by unknown monsters, following the prompt of feeling as though somebody is watching you. I used a variant style of grammar and short, compact sentences to highlight urgency and a sense of fear in the unnamed character.

In the personal piece of writing I aimed to capture the moments before our school trip to France, an experience that greatly changed me, my personality and my life. Slimmed down to meet the word limitation, it recounts the story from the character of myself. The piece begins by referring to an unknown character as simply 'the boy', but he then proceeds to gain more identity throughout the story and the text transitions to a first-person point of view as they board the plane. This was constructed to represent the leaving behind of an old place and life, and the change that ensued as a result of the trip and the experiences. I hoped to portray the excitement that we felt as we neared takeoff, as opposed to the cozy, sleepy and casual air that was felt at the beginning, when we were sitting on a bus.

Lamb to the Slaughter



The Mistress

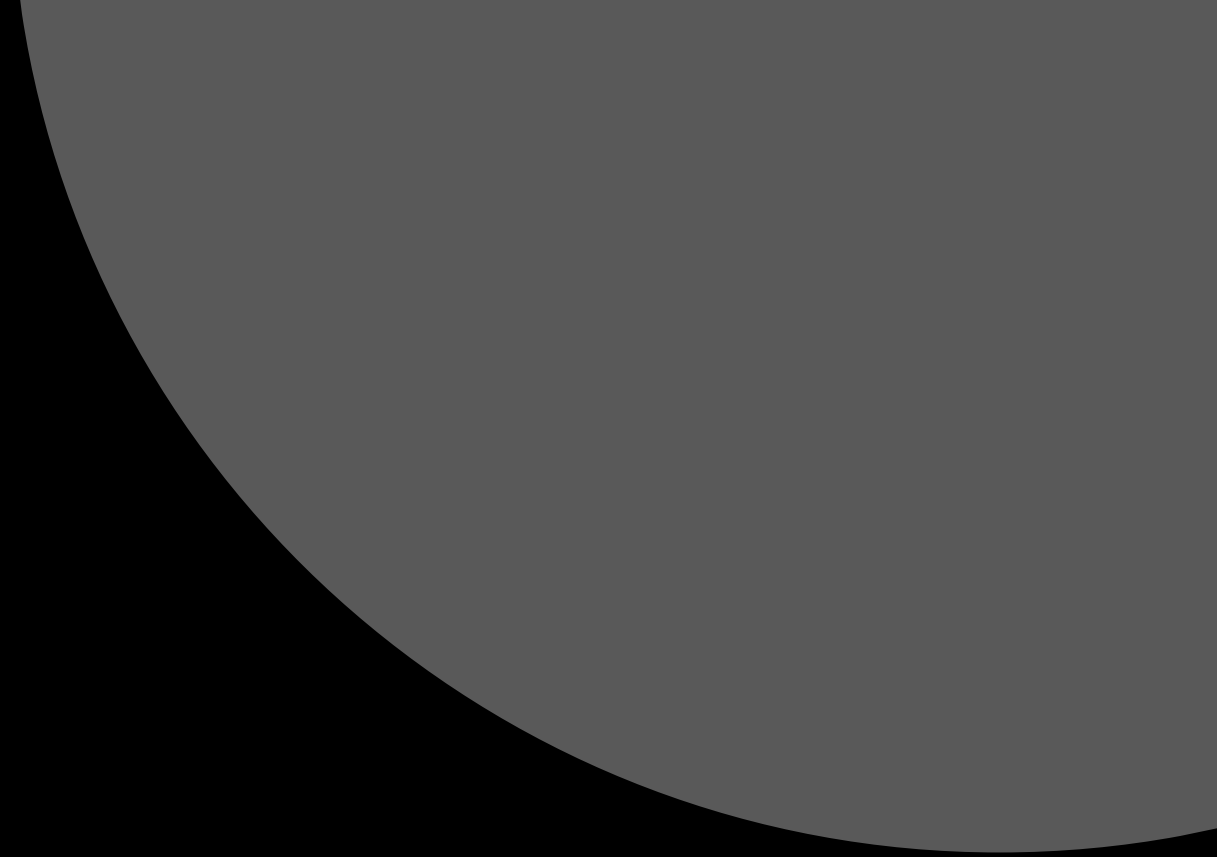
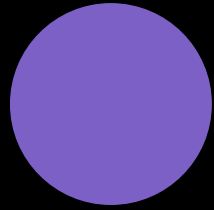
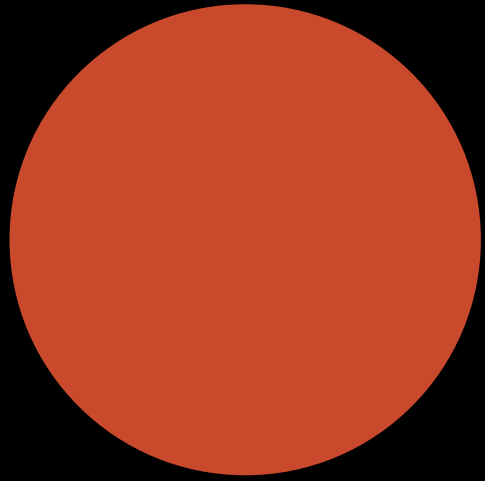


A grind of metal on stone, as Katherine slowly adjusted the position of the ageing ornaments on the beautiful marble mantelpiece. Nothing out of place, not in her house. A sprawling country estate, handed down through centuries of generations, it would stand for centuries more. Katherine was a voluptuous woman, proud of her home and her life, proud to the most minute detail, and the trait had scared off more than one potential suitor over the years as she picked and picked at them until they unravelled. But not Patrick. Patrick. She savoured the feel of his name in her mind, rolling over the sounds, poring over every detail of him, as with all else. Strong and intelligent, so intelligent. More than a match for her. Katherine was not one to pass up an opportunity, especially when it threw itself at her so willingly. She couldn't deny that she was drawn to him, just as he was to her. Far more so than that pathetic little wife he kept at home. The contempt with which he spoke of her at their almost daily dalliances – Katherine hated her. The name without a face. The weak and subservient Mary Maloney. All that Patrick had told Katherine about her only fuelled her contempt for the woman. How she waited at home all day, fretting about how to make him happy, never once thinking for herself. How insipid she was, without character or backbone. No woman for Patrick. No woman for anybody. Katherine longed for the day when he would come home to her, when they could live together, laugh together. She laughed ecstatically. Tonight. Tonight was the night, the night when he finally revealed their affair and crushed Mary's heart beneath his boots. How Katherine wished to be there, a fly on the wall, when the news was broken. To see the crumpling face, the welling tears. Hear the snap of heartstrings, smell the scent of despair. But none of that mattered in the least, because tonight she was going to be the one. The only one. Partners for life.

Katherine glanced over at the wooden clock that stood in the corner of the main room. Eight o'clock – he would be arriving soon. Any moment, in fact. Coolly, she stood, smoothing down her dress as she did so. She strode down the carpeted halls to the front door. Cursing her trembling hands, she opened the door, emerging into the cool breeze of the night. She would sit out here, waiting for him – it wouldn't be long, surely. But the minutes passed, turning into an hour, which turned into two. Something was wrong. Shivering, she dragged herself from the chair and went back into the house. Where could he be? She walked back to the sitting room, throwing caution to the wind and dialling his number. Damned ringing. She hung up the phone, becoming more frantic, calling again. He couldn't have forgotten her. As she sat waiting for the call to expire, she heard the sound of a phone being picked up.

“Hello?” she urged, “Is Patrick there? I need to speak with him.”

“I'm sorry,” murmured Mary Maloney, “Patrick who?”



The Necklace

Monsieur Loisel

Monsieur Loisel ran through the dark, squalid streets that snaked through the shining city centre of Paris, the city of love and light. He ran to escape his vicious, tempestuous wife, to flee from his monetary troubles, his dilapidated apartment, his awful, miserable job. His old, worn shoes rang out on the cobbled streets as he rushed to his haven, his home away from home – the *Fleur Rouge*, a bar that attracted the sad, lonely men of Paris like moths to a flame. He knew that to be seen in such an establishment would cause his already rusting reputation as a failure of an accountant to be obliterated, torn down and destroyed, but went nonetheless, so full of woe was he. His wife, an agent of Satan himself, to whom he was so lovingly devoted, was of the thought that he was searching for the necklace that she had lost. That damned necklace. A hopeless link to a hopeless future that he could never help her reach. She saw that, saw what a lost cause her husband was, and so she reached out for greater things, something that might escalate her societal status. But, should such a thing happen, she would inevitably begin to invade other social circles, attempt to ingratiate herself with the opulent aristocrats. Heavens forbid, she may find a suitor, a man more to her liking, one with wealth and influence, with all the world to offer her. He would be cut out, the love of his life stolen away from him, for no inconsequential divorce on her record would stop her from chasing the life that she had been dreaming of for her whole life.

But wait! There it was – there, in the gutter. A glinting light, reflecting the light of the full moon. Loisel walked towards it, hesitating, uncertain of what he might find. But as his fist closed around the object, his stomach dropped and he pulled the beautiful necklace up to his eyes. No, no, no! he thought. He hastily stuffed the stones into the pocket of his overcoat and continued walking, his mind working feverishly. To return the necklace to Mathilde would be to allow the continuance of this silly dalliance with the gentility and to seal his fate as a husband with a ticking timer on his marriage. That would never do, he thought quietly. Better to stay with her and have nothing. So as Monsieur Loisel arrived at the *Fleur*, he came to a decision. Mathilde could never know that he had found the necklace, never know the truth – It would be his little secret. He smiled to himself and walked through the flaky red door, closing it gently behind him.

The Tell-Tale Heart

The feeling of somebody watching you

I sit up – what was that? A noise, a creak, a groan, a squeak? Without moving, I look around, unable to see in the deep dark nothingness, the abyssal void of the Midnight. I must sit still, solid as a rock, immobile as Everest. Never wavering ... for to move is to die. To be seen, chosen by them, is death. Quickening breath. Racing heart. Hideous heart. The vessel through which I live this horrid life. That binds me, chains me, keeps me here, all for their amusement. But I mustn't surrender – no! never. Taking care – ever such extreme care – I shift my body, getting out from beneath the sheets. No noises, oh no, no subtle hint that betrays my awareness of their lurking just beneath the walls. I must escape this house. Out! Out! Out! I'm almost free, untangled from these infernal sheets, upset by a night of rocky sleep. My eyes are beginning to adjust. I can see the room – the torn, faded wallpaper, the cracking ceiling. The home I found in this forgotten world. A haven it has been, but no more! I am found. They are too slow to chase me, but I must stay ahead, always ahead – always running, always hiding, never once pausing for breath, for do they stop? No! not once! Patient and tricky, timeless in their existence. The Midnight consumes all.

Are they even here? Surely they must move on me – surely, surely! Another creak – damn this house! In its age, I know not for certain whether it be a shift of the foundation ... or something far more ... sinister. But, no risks are to be taken. Would I be alive if I was some fool wandering about – in the Midnight of all places – making careless choices? No! I would be dead, another rotted carcass in this dark and twisted land. I take a breath. A beam of moonlight shoots through the window, illuminating the room, and I scream! I scramble backwards, for there they are! all around me, encircling. Trapping. Nowhere to go. Ghastly, beastly in their appearance, they gaze at me through empty eyes, impassive and cold. I scream and scream and scream again, for anybody, anything, to help. But in vain. The Midnight is not a place to expect either aid or mercy.

They reach out towards me, stretching impossibly, until their disfigured hands come to rest upon me. I shiver, cold, cold, infinitely cold! No – warmth has never existed, is but a lie, an untruth, a deceitful fabrication. I have always been cold. My screams catch in my throat – it's freezing up! I can't move, speak, think, see, breathe! Still they drift closer, closer, closer, until



Personal Writing Piece

Arriving at school, suitcase barely packed and with a minimal amount of sleep, the boy hopped out of the car, hastily wishing goodbye to his mother before he ran off towards the bus. To start a huge adventure – make new friends and lasting memories, try new things and eat new foods. He grabbed the suitcase from the back seat and rolled it over to everybody, handing it to the bus driver to stow away in the underside.

“Bonjour!” laughed a girl, dressed in a wacky tourist outfit, excited too for the journey. He replied with a wave and a smile. Pushing his way through the small crowd of teary parents, he arrived at the door of the bus, got his name checked off the list – and got on. Still not entirely understanding the scale of the situation, he’d not yet gotten his head around the idea – scarcely prepared to take it all in. Finding an empty seat was easy enough; there were enough seats for everyone to have an entire row. He sat down and got comfortable and a few minutes later, the bus departed – the last that he would see of the school for another month. There was little activity on the bus. A 1am wake up isn’t something that leaves people in a bright mood – but that didn’t stop the excitement, the quiet energy of the unknown. The long bus ride disappeared in the blink of an eye, as would the rest of the trip, eventually. They got to the airport, where they indulged in hushed discussion and a breakfast of McDonald’s nuggets before boarding began.

We entered the plane. Directed to our seats, we began talking more and more, now excited, feeling like it was real, it was happening. Becoming familiarised with the seats, the entertainment system, the people with whom we’d be seated for the next 21 hours. I gazed out the window as the plane began to hum, vibrating with that energy that planes have. And we took off.