



JOINT INSTITUTE  
交大密西根学院

# CREATIVE WRITING

VY223

PROTFOLIO PROJECT

## LAVENDER OF MEMORIES



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*Castle in tales  
tis lavenders  
and thy fragrance*

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## LAVENDER OF MEMORIES

Artistic Statement

This book is a Writing Portfolio with all my work and pieces in Creative Writing. I name this book as “Lavender of Memories”, since I really like the word “Lavender”, its dark purple color and its fragrance appear to me a lot. Also, I hope that everything I did in Creative Writing could be memorized here.

My writing style is quiet unique to some to some extent. **Poignant Contrasts** often appear in my pieces. Contrast between tension and smooth is of the most importance. From my point of view as an author, a successful writing piece should contains a rhythm that is smooth in some plots, but tense in others. Hence when I myself am creating, I never forget to avoid the situation that tension throughout the whole piece without resting, or smooth everywhere without conflict.

Hence I would like to use an array of short sentences to form plenty short paragraphs, which might have very powerful expressive force and momentum to let readers thinking, making the rhythm of the story more tense and exciting. Comparing with the short sentences, sometimes I would also use long and complex sentences to describe the action of characters, which could help decrease useless duplication and redundancy, and most importantly, smooth the rhythm.

*The Death Toll* is a typical example for this. In this piece, tension appears at the beginning of the story, which could strike readers' mind immediately. However, when the girl appears, the tension rhythm relieves somehow, until the girl's death, the tension reaches its peak.

Other contrasts including the comparison between different characters, comparison between the beginning and the ending, comparison between the past and present. All of these could be seen in my piece in this portfolio.

**Repeated Emphasis** is another writing style I prefer. Sentences that have similar constructions writing in a row could increase the expressive force greatly. Also, when I want to emphasize the atmosphere of the environment,

the struggle thoughts in characters' mind, or the sudden turn of the main plots, repeated emphasis would appear.

Other writing styles including **Continuous Queries**, in which I will use many questions to show the thoughts of the characters, or the settings of the story. The typical example for this style is *The Lost Pianist*. I think that using questions could help readers to think critically, instead of just being a spectator. Moreover, **Open Ending** is also a very useful writing style that I prefer to let readers take their roles inside the story. As shown typically in *The Death Toll*.

I want to focus on social topics that concern current people a lot, but I am not willing to say them directly, but implicitly instead, that's why some readers might find it hard to understand my piece. *Back Door* is one of them. I hope every reader could find it interesting and enjoyable to read my stories.

Just enjoy them!

NOW  
LET'S BEGIN OUR STORIES

## LOST ANGELS

Day 1 Stories

I was an Angel, lost in the City of Angels, Hangzhou. Usually Angels do not have names, but you could call me Septer if you want. That's one of the most importance differences between other Angels and me. However, actually I am not an Angel any more. As long as an Angel fall in love with a normal human being, he would fall, and become the Hell Angel. That is exactly what I did twenty years ago. That girl has changed my entire life. I give up my eternal life, fall from the heaven and also became a normal human being. Without any special skills, I just live a normal life in JI, Shanghai Jiaotong University and take normal courses like other people do.

It has been 19 years since I fell into the human's world. During the 19 years, I never stopped trying to find the girl who let me fall from the heaven, the girl I love the most. I lost part of my memories because of the fall. I forget her name, I forget her address, and I even forget her appearance. The only thing I know is that the girl must exist in the world, and I could figure her out the first time I saw her. Indeed, I convince that she is not far from me, and I shall try my best to find her, even my life on the line.

That day, I saw her, standing in the sunshine and having a violin on her shoulder, with her long black hair rippling in the wind. Such a tranquil music, such a beautiful girl, just like an angel in the heaven. At that moment, I noticed that she must be the girl I am looking for. I stepped forward in order to talk to her. But my voice disappeared before I could say "hello" to her, I didn't dare to come close to her any more. She is so holy that could not be treated casually. I known the reason. I used to be an Angel, and she is always a human. Hell Angel is still an Angel, and if an angel really fall in love with the normal people, evil will befall both of us and something horrible will happen.

Consequently, I just stayed meters away from her and watched her silently. From now on, every morning I saw her wondering around the lake. Every evening, I saw her playing the violin in the sunset. Only seeing her is the most enjoyable thing in my life. I know I couldn't touch her, or even speak to her. Unless I will disappear from the world.

Days and seasons past, the life is always such normal. Until the rainy night, she was riding a bicycle along the road, and one car rushed towards her rapidly. Without consideration, I know that I have to do something. I hurried forward, grabbed her hand and saved her life. I touched her, I know, but this is not allowed. An angel could not touch a human, or even let the human notice the existence of an angel. I know that I would disappear soon. She even could not remember me, remember the thing that I saved her life.

Would I be regretful about falling in love with an human being?

I hope not.

I experienced the emotion of loving that other angels could never experience.



*H.D.L.Y.O*

Five Characters

**1. HARRIET**

Where would people go if they die?

What would people do if they have the ability of changing the time?

No one knows the answer, except for her.

So how could she know the answer?

Because she has dead, many times.

Even now, Harriet could still remember the feeling when the knife went into her heart. The red blood kept outflowing and the breath gradually became harder, and harder. She couldn't understand why she is still alive after that terrible accident. All she knows is that after she lost consciousness because of the pain, she woke up suddenly from her bed. She seemed to have just had a bad dream, but the memory was so real that she didn't believe that it was just a dream.

Harriet touched her chest and felt her heart beating. She is still alive!

It must be a dream, Harriet thought to herself.

Getting up from the bed, Harriet looked at her phone. It was September 15th, 6:37, still early in the morning. However, a strange feeling came into her mind. How could today be September 15th? That was impossible. She remembered clearly that yesterday was definitely September 15th, because that day was her birthday. Harriet could recall that after school she invited some of her friends to the party and then, then...

Suddenly, Harriet felt cold all over her body. Yes, that was not a dream. That was true.

Then, George, the poor young little boy, sent a confession to Harriet's friend, Janice. So desperate was he that he took out a knife and tried to kill Janice.

Without consideration, Harriet stepped forward and blocked the knife. Unfortunately, her heart was pierced with the knife. And then, she awoke. It was not a dream, she convinced. But how could it happen? How could she still be alive with her heart pierced by the knife? Harriet looked at herself in the mirror, touching her face and wondering. Through the mirror, Harriet could easily notice the small birthmark on the back of her hand. The birthmark was beautiful, like a pretty flower with three petals. Harriet loves the birthmark very much and regards it as a gift from the heaven. However, now Harriet was shocked again to discover that the beautiful Three-Petal Flower only remained two petals!

Unbelievable, how could the third petal have disappeared?

Harriet's mind was in total chaos now, and she did not want to think deeply into this miracle, since it was time for school. She got prepared quickly and hurried to school, like any other days in the past 18 years.

However, today is meant to be an unusual day.

### **My Comments**

*I have dreamed of writing a novel with a similar topic like this. What would people do if they have the ability of changing the time? This question is a very interesting one, and different people would have different opinions towards this question. If I could change the time, I could earn lots of money through the lottery. If I could change the time, I could foresee my wife in the future, if... Actually there are so many answers. But what if I really have the ability to change the time, and I could only use this ability for a certain number of times, would I use it, even with my own life, to possibly save someone else? I don't know, and I also wonder what would Harriet choose. For each time Harriet dies, she could utilize her ability to change the current time into one day before. However, this ability is limited, she could use it only three times. When Harriet has already used this ability three times to save others' life, would she ignore her own life to save someone else in the fourth time without this special ability? I don't know, and we could see what would Harriet do.*

## 2. DOMINIC

Everyone have some secrets, including him, Dominic Lopez.

Everyone have some unforgettable past, including him, Dominic Lopez.

Dominic's past is the most important secret of him, and he never want anyone else to know about his past.

So what's his past?

Dominic used to be the most talented basketball player in high school. Leading his team, he was almost invincible. He had even won the national first prize of basketball twice. His strength, his skill and his extraordinary leadership helped him obtain the victory and glory. No one doubts that he would become part of the national team one day.

This seems to be a wonderful story of a successful basketball player. However, it is not. Playing basketball is very dangerous, as we all know. Players may easily be injured. Eventually, Dominic met the most dangerous opponent of his life, Harlan, another talented basketball player. However, Harlan is very insidious. When they competed together for championship, Harlan hurt Dominic's ankle on purpose. Dominic was injured so terribly that he could not persist on playing the basketball. Consequently, Dominic lost the game, dreadfully.

However, this is just his past. Dominic could no longer play basketball any more because of his injured ankle, and he even hate this exercise since it provided him with a lot of bad memories. He moved to a new city, moved to a new school so that no one knows his past and he could escape from his old life. His friends do not realize that the one who never does any physical exercise used to be the most talented basketball player in the country.

Now, Dominic is just a common students who tries very hard to get good grades in exams. Until one day, he met the one who changed all his life forever.

Hadda is a girl who has great interesting in Basketball. She thinks that boys who play basketball well are very handsome and fascinating. Hence she

always go to the play ground to watch boys playing the basketball. However, she herself does not know how to play basketball and always practice alone. One day, when Hadda was practicing how to put the ball into the basket, she tried so hard that carelessly throw the ball towards the road and hit exactly on Dominic's head.

This small accident was the first time they met.

From then on, Hadda realized that Dominic used to be very good at playing basketball. But for some reasons, he give up playing it. Hence Hadda insist on letting Dominic teach her how to play basketball well and eventually, with the help of Hadda, Dominic picked up basketball again gradually and beat Harlan in the basketball competition.

### **My Comments**

*For myself, I love playing basketball very much. However, since I am not tall enough as other good players, I could not play it well. But every basketball players have a dream to become the most talented one, including me. This character is a good sample for those who have some talents but was restricted by physical situation. I hope that everyone could make a difference if they have a dream to make it.*

### **3. LYLE**

Unlike the other four characters, Lyle is the most normal and common one. He does not have any special skills or exciting experience. Instead, he is just one of the ordinary people we could see in our daily life. Or more specifically, he could be seen as the most ordinary people. Lyle possess an ordinary face which is difficult to be identified from a large group of people. Lyle lives an ordinary campus life without any interesting after-class activities. He even never participates in any parties with others. For every exams, he always obtains Mean and gets an ordinary score.

Above all, Lyle is just a ordinary student who couldn't be more ordinary. Even his roommates would sometimes ignore his existence. Most of his peers even do not know that they have such a classmate.

Then, what if, something special happens to him? What if, he met someone that is quite unusual?

One day, the most beautiful and famous girl in the university, Sakiri came to Lyle and said:

“I love you, I love you more than you could think!”

### **My Comments**

*Such a unbelievable thing! But it is true.*

*This accident broke Lyle's ordinary life. From this we could somehow understand the special point of Lyle. A ordinary boy would never refuse such a beautiful girl like Sakiri, but Lyle does! He tried hard in order to find his past ordinary days, but it was impossible. The appearance of Sakiri made the life of Lyle entirely different, although he didn't want to. Everyone began to notice the existence of Lyle and everyone came to congratulate him about having such a beautiful girl friend. Wait, she had not been Lyle's girlfriend yet, because Lyle didn't want to have a girl friend! He just want to live an ordinary but free life without any attention.*

*So what would Lyle do in order to get rid of Sakiri? Many interesting stories happened.*

## **4. YUKIO**

The first character has a big difference with the normal people, since she lives in another Parallel World which has a relative Time Velocity. That is, if now is 11:43 am, then the next minute for us normal people is definitely 11:44 am. For she, however, is 11:42 am instead.

Generally speaking, this two Parallel World would never interlace with each other. However, by the year of 2019, when the comet flies past the earth, the two worlds coincide.

Yukio is such an unusual character. For her, tomorrow is yesterday while yesterday is tomorrow. She found herself lost in the street by the day comet went past the earth. After forty-nine days, the comet would come back and perhaps she could go back to her world that way.

But now, she should consider how to spend the forty-nine days safely. Such a young and beautiful girl walks alone in the street is a dangerous thing, everyone knows that.

### **My Comments**

*This is a time traveling piece. I like this sort of stories very much, especially when we combine the time traveling with the loving stories among young boys and girls. Generally speaking, when we add the elements of time traveling into the loving stories, typically the ending would not be so satisfying. Bad endings, most commonly. I have seen many this kind of stories, and I myself also want to write one by myself. Hence I create this character Yukio. This is an imitation of a movie named "My Tomorrow, Your Yesterday". In this movie, the main female character also has the same ability and identity as Yukio. The ending of this movie is beautiful, but also sad. Hence I want to create such a story by my own and use my thoughts to write the whole plots. That's way Yukio is created.*

### **5. OLIVER**

Oliver is just a common senior high school student. However, although he is not such different from others, he still has some special characteristics. That is, he possess a strong ability of imagination, or more specifically, day dreaming. He always day dreams that he could control the fire or use other special skills to fight against the dark enemies and be the hero to save the world as well as the whole human being. With this extraordinary imagination, some interesting stories happen to him.

For example, Oliver always day dreams in class so that when he was named to ask some questions, he could not give any answers. Also, almost all of his classmates think that he is somehow silly because he always say some silly words like “I am the Iron Man!” “I am the man who will save the world from the hand of darkness!”

Yes, what a silly and stupid man.

This is a disease, and is named as “eight-grade-disease”, meaning that this disease is very common among eight-grade students.

One day, he met a girl who also has such a terrible disease. Together, they experienced many interesting stories. Their family, their teachers and their friends want to cure their disease, but failed. However, during these time, Oliver gradually noticed his stupid manner and helped the girl recovered from the disease in the end.

### **My Comments**

*Imagination, what a good ability for good writers! If I could have the ability of strong imagination, I might write many interesting stories. However, this ability might sometimes be very stupid and dangerous. Such as the character Oliver. I have watched a Japanese Cartoon before, which is named as 中二病でも恋がしたい! in Japanese. This is a very interesting story about the two high school students with a terribly strong ability of imagination, naming as “eight-grade-disease”. I have imagined many interesting stories of the characters with this ability, and I really want to create my own eight-grade-disease-characters to write interesting stories about them. That's why Oliver is appeared.*

# THE LOST PIANIST

My Scene

## PROLOGUE

Valar Morghulis.

Do you believe that the almighty god will save those condemned to death?

Or,

Do you believe that the almighty god will come and save you when you need him most?

Atheists may scoff towards this,

But god did,

really.

## CHAPTER ONE

He felt the notes fluttering in his fingertips, spreading into the air gradually.

How beautiful it sounds.

He thought, closing his eyes and listening to every note carefully with his heart. With his mind sinking into the music, deeper and deeper, he felt the world became darker and thicker, making it hard for him to even breathe.

Without any thinking, his fingers just danced unconsciously, as if the hands of a wooden doll maneuvered by someone else.

He is one of the hundreds thousands of normal pianists in Vienna, the city of music. However, from some aspects, he is not such normal. Young and talented, he is expected to be the most popular pianist in the future. However, misfortune befell him. Cancer, death, became close to him. Half a year? Half a month? Or today? No one has a clear answer.

But he played the piano so hard, so seriously, as if injecting all the passion and enthusiasm he had left in life into the piano. Although he used to fear of



playing in front of so many people in the restaurant, death took away his fear of anything. He just wanted to convey his love of music to everyone else, to prove his existence in the world.

Death gives people courage. Fascinating, isn't it?

Not far away from the bar, a young and handsome man dressed in a formal suit and tie quietly sips a cocktail and smiled.

"Sorrow, nervous and enthusiasm." He sips the cocktail again and murmured softly, "Interesting, how could such a simple music combine so lot emotions? Interesting, but completely wrong!"

"What do you mean about 'wrong'? I think the music is quite good."

A young girl with her long black hair falling over her shoulders pursed her lips and commented suddenly.

What a beautiful and pretty girl! Without doubt, all men would fall in love with her at the first sight. Unbelievable, such a angel-like girl just sitting in this dark and narrow bar without anyone noticing her. How could it be possible that no men steps forward to talk with her?

Unless no body noticed her.

"Good?" The well-dressed young man sneered, "Good is such a huge word. Well, anyway, the desperate pianist may be exactly the one I'm looking for." He stood up, leaving the beautiful girl alone and walking straightforward to the pianist. He waited for a few seconds until the music reached its end.

"Good night, sir. Liebesleid, full of love and sorrow. Beautiful, beautiful."

The well-dressed man reached out his hand.

"Thank you, sir." The pianist shook the hands, "Seems that you also interest in the world of music, the world of piano, sir."

"Just a layman." He smiled, "Do you mind a cup of Mojito?"

“Coffee is OK, thanks, sir.”

They walked to a quiet seat in the corner of the restaurant and ordered two cups of tea. The well-dressed man broke the silence first:

“You really played a beautiful sound. But, a little strange.”

“What do you mean by saying ‘strange’?” The pianist took the coffee and drank a little. “You know, sir, it’s the first day I played in this restaurant, and I’m eager to get some comments from my audience. Thank you, sir.”

A mysterious smile appeared on the well-dressed man’s face. He opened his mouth slowly: “I know, since I could feel the nervous in your music. I also know that you would not play piano here for too long. Not longer than two weeks, I suppose.”

The pianist said nothing. He just sat in the chair and drank his coffee slowly. Finally, he said, in a low voice:

“You know me. You researched me. What do you want to obtain from a poor dying pianist, sir?”

“I indeed know something about you, but only a little.” The man smiled and handed out a cigarette. “Smoking?”

“No, thanks, sir.” The pianist refused.

The man clipped the cigarette to his lips and lit it. Slowly, he handed out a business card and left it on the table: “Brack, its my name. The only thing I know about you is that you are in trouble, huge trouble. Believe it, the almighty god will come and save people when they need him most, and here it is. Come to me if you want any answer, any.”

Brack finished his cup of coffee and stoop up.

“Remember, the god would even save those who condemned to death.”



Straightening his clothes, Brack left the table and walked back to his origin seat, leaving the pianist sitting in the dark corner alone.

“Things are done, Freya. Time to go.”

Freya, the young beautiful girl nodded with pleasure and followed the man leaving the bar. If we observed carefully, it is easy to discover that a long soft tail is shaking happily in the back of her.

She is a dog, but no one noticed that.

## THE DEATH TOLL

Flash Fiction

The revolver lay exactly on the center of the table, and we just sat around it, in a deep silence. Exactly six people, three ladies and three gentlemen. The revolver could contain six bullets, everyone knows that.

How many bullets are there in the revolver? No one knows. Where are they? No one knows. Six bullets at most, one for each. Zero bullet at least, six lives could be rescued.

The strong American sitting in the first seat slowly stood up, grabbing the revolver tightly in his hands. His eyes were dark without any sparkle in them. Slowly, he touched it, as if looking back at his past. Everyone just stared at him, seeing him put the revolver in his mouth, and fire.

He's dead.

Fishy blood ran down from the back of his head, covering the whole floor, red, bright, and fishy. The revolver was still clutched straitly in his hand, with its icy point pointing coldly at the Indian old woman, the one dressed in an expensive coat.

Tears gradually ran out of her eyes, and she walked towards the dead body slowly, picking up the bloody revolver and wiping it with a beautiful handkerchief carefully. She hates blood, she hates death more. Her tears dropped, and the trigger was pulled.

No death, no bullet.

She cried, more than before. She bent her knees in the blood and dropped the revolver on the ground, without noticing her beautiful dress stained with blood.

"It is terrifying, and ugly, isn't it?"

The girl sitting next to me said suddenly, in a low voice. Seemed like she was speaking to me, since except for me, no one could hear her. I knew her. Every time I took Mathematics in college, she always sat next to me. I remember her beautiful long golden hair and the fragrance of lavender flowers. We were sitting together once again, but here was not the classroom, and we won't take Mathematics course here.

I nodded, symbolically, but my eyes were still fixed on the revolver. The old woman already stood up, limping slowly out of the room. The revolver was picked up by a beautiful young lady, beautiful in half of her face. Something awful must have happened to her, burning her delicate and beautiful profile completely. Exactly under the gray skin, the terrible and scary bones were obvious. It was hard to believe that after such horrible disaster a life could still survive. However, scandal, humiliation, sneers, must have taken up most part of her life. Whether she was alive or dead really made no difference.

"Do you think the poor girl will be killed by the gun?"

The girl with beautiful hair said again. Obviously, she was talking with me.

I nodded my head slightly, watching the poor girl aimed the gun at her temple. A quiet noise, but no blood, no death. She was still alive, staring blankly at the revolver in her hand.

"Poor girl! She would rather choose death instead of living rest of her life in sneers." The golden hair girl looked at the desperate lady with great sympathy, "By the way, why you came here?"

Tolla or Tia? I couldn't remember her name. Perhaps we never talked with each other before, and it was our first communication. I turned to her. I could still see hope in her big clear eyes. Her future must be bright and shining.

She was beautiful, absolutely. I still remember the feeling when her long and golden hair touched my face smoothly, following with the soft April's wind and the smell of lavender. I believed that she must live in a completely different world, a world that I never experienced.

"I find it interesting, maybe."

I didn't dare to stare at her for too long, so I quickly looked away.

The revolver fired again, and the Death had received another gift. A famous singer, I had saw his news some times ago. Drugs, gambling or prostitution, I totally forgot. But it did not matter now, he would be forgotten by the public soon.

The crack echoed until everything was quiet again. The living leave, the dead stay. A table, six chairs, two bodies and us, those were only things left in the room. Oh, and a revolver with two, one, or zero bullets inside.

"I have seen you before, lots of times, in the math class." The girl smiled, so sweet and hopeful. I felt something in my heart at that moment, warm and smooth, the feeling that I never experienced before.

She didn't belong to here. I reached for the revolver, but she was faster. I could feel some strange feelings in my mind when I saw her playing the revolver with her slim fingers. Nervous, anxious, maybe, I didn't know.

"You looked sad, always, and never say a word," Her smile really touched me in my deep heart, "but your voice is beautiful."

"Give the gun to me, it's not a toy for little girls!" I shouted. I didn't believe that I could speak so much at once.

"I'm not a girl, I'm Moria!"

She backed into a corner, putting the gun to her temple. She bit her lip slightly, and her arm seemed trembling.

"Please, don't be closer."

For the first time in my life, I felt the feeling of fear.

"Fine," I shouted, "put the damned gun down!"

A loud crack, blood splattered on her beautiful golden hair. Her eyes were still mixed with fear and hope, and would frozen forever. The flame resuscitated in my heart extinguished. I could feel the cold in my deep heart.

She was just a little girl, without knowing how to use the gun.

Slowly, I closed her beautiful eyes smoothly, laying her softly on the table. Not a second to hesitate. I would regret forever for the hesitation I had made just now.

I should finish this letter now.

Hope there left another bullet in the revolver.

# THROUGH TIME

Start of Stories

## PROLOGUE

I woke up suddenly. Tears trickled down my cheeks, so warm and smooth.

The curtains were yellow, the walls were yellow, and the dim light of the lamp was also yellow. April's breeze blew through the window rolling up the corner of the curtain, with a hint of lavender fragrance.

Morning, again.

## CHAPTER ONE

I look at myself in the mirror. The long black hair still drips with cold running water, pressing against my face tightly. Beads of water hang on my eyelashes, blurring my vision. I could hear the sound of water running out of the tap, so loud and so clear.

I'm not dreaming. I'm awake. I know I am.

I touch my face, smoothly. It seems to be no difference from who I was yesterday, but actually it is not. Something must be different. I could feel a sense of dissonance.

Even now, I could still remember the feeling when the sharp knife cut through my heart and stirred my veins. Pain, suffering, and nothing. Blood was everywhere. Breath became harder, and harder. The world was blurring, and my mind was sinking, deeper, and deeper.

Then I woke up from my bed, with tears welling up in my eyes. It seems that I had a bad dream, but the memory is so real that I could not convince myself that it wasn't true.

I must be dead. But here I am, alive in front of the mirror.



It's 5:37, May 30th, still very early in the morning. Wait a second, how could today be May 30th? A cold feeling comes into my mind suddenly, and I could felt myself shudder. I'm definitely sure that I have experienced the morning of May 30th, since this day is Harriet's birthday, my best friend's birthday. I could recall every small details of what happened that day.

A birthday party was held in Harriet's house. I was invited, together with three other people. Joyce, Olivia and Wynnove, I remember their name clearly. Fruit, wine, snacks, chaos. We had a wonderful night.

But things went wrong. Arguments broke out all of a sudden. Someone took the folk, someone fetched the besom, someone picked up the knife...

And then, I was killed, by someone who had the knife.

I don't dare to recall this terrifying memory anymore. I wash my face again with the cold running water to help myself calm done.

But this time, I notice the difference, the small pretty flower on back of my right hand, with three tiny petals. I could see it clearly every morning since I was born. The clover is beautiful, a gift from my mother, a gift from the heaven.

However, this time, the clover is different. The three beautiful tiny petals are not intact now.

One petal is missing, only two left.

## *FANTASY*

First Poem

The sun rises in the west

and sets in the east

The Polars drops in the north

and flashes in the south

I could see whales wondering

in the desert burning

I could feel snows falling

under summer shining

You miss me

*PO-THREE*

Two-Poem Assignment

*PURPLE LAVENDER*

Purple violet, dark lavender

Bridge over river

Boys here

Purple violet, dark lavender

Pavilion in flower

Girls there

*GOD'S PRAY*

Almighty god

Sincerely I wish

to have a home I pray

Temperature raising

sea level rising

ice melting

and night falling

When the ice disappears at the North Pole

to where I can find my home

When the fish changes their way and the sea gets deeper

to where I can find my love

When the climate keeps changing

to where I can find my hope

Night falling

ice melting

sea level rising

and temperature raising

Almighty god

Sincerely I pray

to return the home I wish

### NIGHT DREAM

Nightmare, and bad dreams

Day ends, and dark falls

Lay on your bed, and close your eyes

Keep your mind silence, and listen to your worlds

Whoosh, whoosh,

Someone is hurrying for the exams

Tut-tut, Tut-tut,

Someone is solving the math

Zap-zap, zap-zap,

Someone is playing the games

Everything seems to be much more clear,

The world seems to be much closer,

if you close your eyes and listen carefully.

Keep your mind silence

and listen, and listen

you are opening a new world

## CONFESS OF THE TEA

Sugar Free Tea Speech

I am a bottle of sugar free tea, old and ugly, resting alone in the darkness.

The dirty dust hanging around the dark corner of the small room, making here gloomy and weird. Only the dim twilight manages to bring a little sunshine to the area.

Without any sound, without any noisy, without a single person, without a single life. I have been forgotten in this place for too long, long enough for me to forget who I am, where I came from, and where I can go. The past memory seems too far for me, so unclear, so blurry.

I am even not sure that whether I am indeed tea. Tea should be decorated with beautiful clothes, but I am ugly. Tea should be preserved carefully by the owner, but I am forgotten. Tea should spread its fragrance into the hot water, but I am dry and maybe dry forever, until the day I die.

But, I am not common tea. I am special, sugar-free tea. And I am not alone. I still have my best friend around me, the old and ugly bottle. My poor friend, being forgotten by the world like me. A bad-tasted tea inside an ugly-old bottle, no wonder that no one would even notice us in the dark corner of the room.

However, there is one thing that I am completely sure. I should never disappear from the world like this. I should find the meaning of my life, and my friend's life.

So I struggle, struggle, hoping to see some light. Until one day, a kid comes. Oh, I recognize her the minute I see her. She is the youngest daughter of the warehouse keeper. I saw her walking around by the window everyday and every night. But now, she comes inside the room.

Please, notice me, and pick me! I shout, but no voice appears. My throat is dry without water. She walks around in the room, and finds many fancy things. The old kite, the old shoes, the old chairs. But she couldn't notice me. I

struggle, struggle, but I am in the darkest corner of the room, and maybe she could never find me.

I am going to give up now. I tries, but I lose. Maybe I will stay in this dark place and disappear one day alone in the future.

But suddenly, she turns around, with her beautiful blue eye staring at me. She discovers me! She seems surprised to see such a ugly bottle here, with sugar-free tea inside it. But indeed, she walks straight towards me. Excitement, nervous, and expectation fill my heart. What if she notices other things? What if she loses interests as soon as she sees me? What if I could finally see the colorful world outside the dark room?

But there is no “what if”. She actually notices me, touches me, and holds me in her arms. I’m so surprised and pleased to feel the temperature of the girl’s arm!

She shouts innocently, with great pleasure:

“Dad, I find a bottle of soil here. Could I use them to fertilize my beautiful flowers?”

## FLOWERS HERE ARE PURPLE

Object Speech

I wake up one day, and find myself to be a page of paper.

So light and so weak, seems that a little wind could blow me away. Not a dream, not a fantasy, it is true.

I am a piece of paper, mixing with lots of my fellows on the table.

Seems that it is still early in the morning, since it is still very dark in the room. The clock strikes five times, it is five o'clock. I know where I am, in a well-designed study room. The owner of the room must be a pretty little girl, I could see purple bed, purple curtains, purple table and purple carpet. A slight aroma echoed through the room, with a sense of purple, lavender or violet, I don't know. The little girl must be asleep, I could hear the slight sounds of breathe, so sweet and, purple.

It is astonishing that I could still see, feel and hear. Everything seems to be more clear and close to me, even though I don't have eyes, don't have nose, and don't have ears. I am just a paper, a little piece of paper, laying on the table.

The clock strikes six, and seven, then eight. It's eight o'clock now. The three hours are really painful to me. Cannot move, cannot speak, cannot rest. I don't know how to close my eyes and fall asleep, since I do not have eyes.

Summer sunny shines through the window, and I hear a slight sound of moving. The little girl finally awake. The golden long hair leans on her beautiful purple nighty, with a aroma of lavender, or violet. Long eyelashes, big eyes and tiny lips. She is still sleepy, making her much more beautiful and pretty.

I blush at once. Can you imagine the situation that a piece of paper totally becomes red? Never had I seen such a beautiful girl wearing a nighty in such a small distance. Maybe, I think, I fall in love with her immediately.



Her bare feet step on the purple carpet, with Her carcass so graceful and perfect. The girl turns on the light and sits in front of the table. Yes, she begins to writing, with her graceful and perfect fingers. Seems that she is writing some fantasy stories, and my fellows soon be full of black words. She writes very fast, with lots of inspiration. What a beautiful handwriting! What a beautiful sentence! I really hope to have such beautiful stories on myself.

But later, she seems like be trapped by some difficulties. Her brows are furrowed, and her lips press together. She is thinking, I know she is. She seems to have some other ideas, and crumbles up all the paper she have written before and throws them into the trash. She grabs another paper, writes some words, and throws it into the trash. Again and again, she keeps repeating this procedure. Paper over me becomes less and less, and I could feel the feeling of fear and frustration. I fear, fear to be throw into the trash like my fellows.

The last piece on me is throw into the trash, and I am grabbed into her fingers. Maybe I am trembling, maybe not. How could a piece of paper trembling?

But I really do when her pen touches my face. Smooth and slight, she writes very fast. I could feel the warmth of her hand, I could smell the lavender and violet, I could hear the slight sound of breathe.

Fantasy, with the aroma of lavender and violet.

Beautiful story, I love it, really.

And I love her.

Would she satisfied with this story?

## BACK DOOR

Play

[**LAURA** is drawing a picture next to the window]

[Enter **BAILY**]

**BAILY** My dear Lolly, you come back, finally.

**LAURA** [Reluctant] It's really a good thing to see you so early in the morning.

**BAILY** What's up, my dear? How's the trip going?

**LAURA** Oh, boring, dull, I can't find another word. Yes, you remind me, I bring a gift for you.[**LAURA** takes out the revolver and points it to **BAILY**]

**BAILY** Gift? Wait! Put the damned gun down! PUT THE GUN DOWN!

**LAURA** This is what happens to those who comes inside from the back door.

[**LAURA** shoot at **BAILY** three times] Did I hurt you?

**BAILY** No!

**LAURA** This is how I treat traitors.

**BAILY** Explain yourself!

**LAURA** I love shooting into the cloudless sky.

**BAILY** Where did you get it?[Grab the gun]

**LAURA** My husband bought it.

**BAILY** So where is your husband?

**LAURA** Library, laboratory, whatever. What could be more boring?

**BAILY** So why did you marry him?

**LAURA** So why did you always date with that sick old...

**BAILY** Stop! [Calm down]That's another story.

**LAURA** Heh, indeed. Have a seat, take here as your home.

**BAILY** [Sit down]You haven't answer my question. Why did...

**LAURA** [Quickly]Tea or coffee?

**BAILY** Wine.

**LAURA** As before. If you really want to know, well...

**BAILY** Wait, let me guess. Ummm, he is not handsome.

**LAURA** Definitely.

**BAILY** He is dull and silly.

**LAURA** Perhaps.

**BAILY** You never love him.

**LAURA** Not a single bit.

**BAILY** Ha, that's why I love you, Lolly.

**LAURA** Don't call me that name, again. I'm Laura Leonard now, wife of Palmer Leonard, the youngest and most promising scholar.

**BAILY** You seems proud.[**BAILY** comes close and touches **LAURA**'s hair]

**LAURA** Ha, really? Listen, I've passed my 29th birthday last month. I'm tired, tired of the wine, the powder, and men. All I want is a quiet life, and he promised to give me one.

**BAILY** I could also promise.

**LAURA** But where were you? Maybe with that sick...

**BAILY** I SAID STOP![Point the gun towards **LAURA**]

**LAURA** [Calm]Dare to pull the trigger?

**BAILY** Why not?

[Silence for 10 seconds]

**BAILY** It's time to go. I suppose your husband would come back soon. I will back tomorrow at midnight. We could have some wine, have some powder, and women, as we always did before.

**LAURA** He might be at home.

**BAILY** Who cares?

**LAURA** My dear Baily, I will shoot at you!

**BAILY** Be careful with your gun. Leave the BACK DOOR open.

[**LAURA** pulls the trigger, and **BAILY** dies]

**LAURA** I've warned you. This is what happens to those who comes inside from the BACK DOOR.

## *THE FACTORY OF DANDELION*

Style Copy of Angela Carter

The girl wondered aimlessly in the wide field, searching, finding, but lost.

All she could see was dandelion, dandelion, and dandelion, since the pure white fluffy catkins of the dandelion covered everywhere in the field, river, and lake, that made everything here become fantasy world in fairy tales.

Really a beautiful world, really a beautiful scene, but where was the little deer she saw the day before, and where was the tiny rabbit she saw the day before yesterday? There was nothing, only lavenders covering all over the ground, only fluffy catkins filling all over the sky, and, the boy sitting silently on the hill, looking up at the cloud and air.

The wind blew, blowing the fluffy catkins of the dandelion all over the space, covering her sight, and made it hard for her to see that quiet boy clearly; once she stepped a little forward, vaguely, she saw the boy turn round, smiling at her, so sweet and so warm, making her heart melt.

Fantasy, exactly what she pursues, for years, for decades, for centuries.

Gradually and slightly, the wind died down, and her vision became clear, without the shade of dandelion, but the boy disappeared, as if he never appeared. He had left, but really left something to the girl.

She is a traveler, traveler from the future boring world, to the current fantasy fairy tale, "a deer, a rabbit, and today, is you."

*YUKI WHITE IN DAISY*

Style Copy of Green Eggs and Ham

Yuki Yuki  
I am Yuki,  
Yuki is me.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Would you like to see that movie?

I do not like Yuki,  
But Yuki is me.  
I do not like Daisy,  
But Daisy is movie.  
I do not like see a movie of Daisy.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Would you like to see the movie day or night?  
Would you like to see the movie here or there?

I would not see the movie day or night,  
I could not see the movie here or there,  
Whenever, wherever,  
I would not, could not, see a movie of Daisy.  
I do not like Yuki,  
But Yuki is me.  
I do not like Daisy,  
But Daisy is movie.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Would you like the movie with a lion?  
Would you like the movie with a dandelion?

I would not see the movie with a lion,  
I could not see the movie with a dandelion.  
Neither day nor night,  
Neither here nor there.  
Whenever, wherever,  
I would not, could not, see a movie of Daisy.  
I do not like Yuki,  
But Yuki is me.  
I do not like Daisy,  
But Daisy is movie.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Would you like the movie by the sea?  
Would you like the movie with my tea?

I would not see the movie by the sea,  
I could not see the movie with your tea.  
Not a lion,  
Not a dandelion,  
Neither day nor night,  
Neither here nor there.  
Whenever, wherever,  
I would not, could not, see a movie of Daisy.  
I do not like Yuki,  
But Yuki is me.  
I do not like Daisy,  
But Daisy is movie.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Try it, Try it!  
Movie is fancy,  
Daisy is green,  
Have a seat and relax your feet,  
Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
See the movie with me.

Really, really,  
You want to see the movie with Yuki,  
Yuki is me,  
I am Yuki,  
Then I will try the movie with white Daisy.

I would see the movie by the sea,  
I could see the movie with your tea.

With a lion,  
With a dandelion,  
Both day or night,  
Both here or there.  
Whenever, wherever,  
I would, could, see a movie of Daisy.  
I really like Yuki,  
And Yuki is me.  
I really like Daisy,  
And Daisy is movie.

Yuki, Yuki,  
White in Daisy,  
Fancy movie,  
With white Daisy,  
And pretty Yuki.



# THE RAILGUN

Fan Fiction Stories

## CHAPTER ONE

Again, Misaka Mikoto goes back to her dormitory after a whole day's searching.

Unfortunately, she still cannot find any tracks or clue about where Kamijou Touma has gone.

It has been almost six days since she saw Touma last time. That was a hot sunny day, when Mikoto saw Touma standing in front of the vending machine and thinking. He seems to have some trouble, with his eyebrows knit in a frown.

"Ah, Kamijou Touma, why could I see you every day and every time in this city?" She pretended to be angry, stepping forward quickly and saying.

But Touma's attention was not on her, although she is such a pretty and energetic girl in the city.

"Bilibili girl, that's exactly what I want to say, why always you?"

"What? Dare to say that again?"

Mikoto always has such hot temper. She seemed to get angry because of Touma's words, since an electric light appeared on her body. This is her skill, the super power of the ranked 3 Level 5 in this city. Electro Master, or Rail Gun, is her code name.

"Sorry, I have some important things to do. Seems that I could not battle with you today."

Touma seemed to be really worrying. Without considering what Mikoto thought, he quickly turned around and left the vending machine, leaving Mikoto standing there alone.

“This is ridiculous!” Mikoto got really angry and stope her foot, “Next time I found you, I must make you battle with me. I swear!”

So why is Touma so worrying?

Actually, he just want to buy a bottle of drink from the vending machine and do not know what to buy. At that time he saw Mikoto approaching and hence he want to escaped from there immediately. He is just a Level 0 and could not win the Level 5 Electro Master. He just pretended to be worrying and made up some excuse to escape!

However, Mikoto didn't notice that. She is truly worrying now, worrying where has Touma gone.

So where is he?

Maybe he is swimming in the pool.

Maybe he is playing at home.

Maybe he is preparing for the exam.

Who knows?

## CHAPTER TWO

“Misaka Mikoto!”

Although Mikoto tries very hard to sneak into the dormitory secretly, the houseparent still notices her. Even though Mikoto is the ranked 3 Level 5 in this city, she still very afraid of her houseparent.

“It's already 11 o'clock in the evening. I think that there is no need to remind you that every student should back to the dormitory before 10 o'clock, right?”

The houseparent seems very angry. She has already stood here for an hour to wait for Mikoto's coming. Though she looks very strict, she is always caring about her students' safety.

"I am sincerely sorry for being late." Mikoto says cautiously, "So, can I go into the dormitory now?"

"Hurry up! Don't forget to clean the swimming pool next morning!"

"I know, I know."

Although Mikoto really don't want to clean that gigantic swimming pool, she also doesn't dare to reject the houseparent when she is really angry now.

"Be quick! I don't want to see you again after 10 p.m in the evening!"

### CHAPTER THREE

Next morning, Mikoto wakes up at eight o'clock in the morning. It is really a hard thing for such a pretty girl who always sleep until twelve o'clock at noon. But she has to do so, or the houseparent would be much more angry again.

"It is all his fault! Were it not for him, I would never come back to the dormitory after ten o'clock!"

Misaka thinks angrily.

Suddenly, she hears a familiar voice:

"Comfortable! Swimming here in the hot summer sunny day is such a enjoyable thing!"

The voice could not be more familiar to her. It's him, Kamijou Touma, it's his voice. She could not forget the voice even though she is died.

"Kamijou Touma, why you are here?"

Electricity begins to hang around Mikoto's body,

"I thought that you are in great trouble, but who knows, who knows you are here, you are swimming here!"

"Bilibili girl!" Touma seems very surprised, "It's exactly what I want to say. Why are you here? What are you doing here?"

"You dare to ask this question? Because of you, only because of you, I was punished to clean the whole swimming pool in the morning!"

"Ah, that's interesting."

"You think it is interesting? Wait here, I will use my electricity to burn you!"

"Here? Wait, here is the swimming pool, if you use your ability, others would die because of your electricity!."

"I won't believe you!"

Touma hurries onto the land and gets dressed.

"Sorry, I remember that I have some important things to do, maybe next time, I will battle with you!"

Touma escapes from the swimming pool quickly,

"Oh, another things to remind you, you just came out of the men's locker room!"

That's exactly the daily lives of Kamijou Touma and Misaka Mikoto.

Fan Fiction of [とある科学の超電磁砲]

## OGRE FLOWERS: FANTASY OF THE MAIDEN

Monster Stories

Dusk is falling, and darkness is enveloping the graves. Loneliness, silence, and death surround the place.

As usual, no one would come to the grave at this hour. But the girl does. She just stays here at midnight, sitting on the grave stone and staring at the name on the tombstone silently. The yellow flowers in side of the grave is very thick. It seems to feel the breath of life, and gradually come close to the girl.

The girl must be special. Her pupils are very dull, and her eyes are very dark. She just stares at the grave, and whispers the names,

*Lily Elsie 1976-1988*

*Anne Elsie 1977-1988*

*Erica Elsie 1980-1988*

*Nicole Elsie 1982-1988*

Such a small grave, but contains the bodies of four little young girls who died in their most beautiful years. The maiden keeps whispers, whispers, and whispers.

*"Papa, papa.  
You give our birth,  
you give our death."*

*"Death, death.  
Death is living,  
and to live is to die."*

Her long golden hair fall to the ground, and twine with the yellow flowers. Seems that the flowers could hear the whisper and begging of the little girl. The fantasy of the maiden gives birth to the yellow flowers, and the flowers are in cheers, and the flowers are in capers.

It suddenly begins to rain, and the wind begins to blow. The grave is covered entirely by the fast-growing yellow follows, and the girl's figure is completely obscured by the flowers.

The ogre flowers appear,

a monster is born,

a monster born of the girl's fantasy.

"Another Two Victims!"

"How Could the Murderer Commit Such a Terrifying Crime?"

The title of the newspaper attracts the whole city's attention. Considering the two victims today, six victims have already died in less than two weeks. All of them died in the graveyard at midnight, with their blood drained. Hence in a moment, rumors of vampires spread throughout the whole city. Panic gripped the city, but the police have no idea about the criminal.

"What do you think of these odd cases?" The detective is questioning his assistant, "Do you find anything in common with these victims?"

"No, sir!" The assistant answers.

"So have you found something important in the crime scene?"

"No, sir!" The assistant answers.

"So the only word you know is 'No, sir'?"

"No, sir!" The assistant answers.

"Listen, the director is very concerned about these cases. We must solve them as soon as possible."

“Yes, sir!” The assistant answers.

“Fine, fine.” The assistant shakes his head and notices something next to the grave, “What fucking bitch are these fucking yellow flowers? I have never seen these ugly flowers before.”

“Ugly? Don’t you think these flowers are beautiful?”

“Ugly, mess, chaos! Everything is in extremely terrible! Cut all these flowers off, I don’t want to see them any longer for a single second!”

“Yes, sir!” The assistant takes out the gun and answers.

“No! Please stop! Do not hurt them! They are not common flowers! They are all my friends!”

Suddenly, a childish voice arises and a tiny figure appears in front of the assistant,

“Please, put your gun down, or my friends would hurt you!”

“Who are you, girl?” The detective is impatient now, “You are getting on my way, get out, now, or I will burn you together with these fucking flowers.”

“No!” Tears welling up in the girl’s eyes, making her beautiful face more attractive. She hugs the flowers tightly and denies to leave. The detective becomes much more impatient. He grabs the gun from the assistant, loading it and pointing it directly at the girl’s beautiful face.

“Leave, now, or death, with the fucking flowers.”

Suddenly, the wind blows and the cloud shades the sun to make everything becomes dark. The yellow flowers begin to tremble acutely, and their vine move fast through the air.

The yellow flowers are Ogre Flowers. They are born in the begging of the Maiden, and live with the fresh blood of the human. Although they only

attack people when they are hungry, but now, when the girl is in great danger, the ogre flowers wake up again and try to protect the girl.

“What the hell is this?”

The detective is totally astonished. His eyes full of fear, his legs couldn't move, and his gun drops on to the ground.

“Demon, vampire, monster!” The detective whispers.

“Monster, vampire, demon!” The assistant whispers.

The ogre flowers stretch out the vine and catch the motionless detective. The thorns on the vine gradually penetrate into his skin, absorbing his blood and despoiling his life. In a very short time, the blood of the detective is drained out and so does his life.

Another victim appears.

“The flower is a monster, the flower is a demon, the flower is a vampire!”

The assistant shouts out and falls to the ground. He quickly gets up and runs away to the street like a frightened mouse.

The flowers want to attack, but the girl stops them.

“It's OK, my friend. Have a rest and forget those people.”

The girl touches the flowers and they calm down gradually.

“Time to go, another breakfast is waiting for us.”

The girl turns back and walks away, and the yellow flowers become ordinary again, with no difference between other common flowers. No one would believe that those beautiful flowers just kill and eat a strong man.

Everything here is ordinary.



But it is true. The dead body on the ground could prove it.

### **Comments**

*Before writing this Monster Story, I considered three easy questions first:*

*What is something that worried me the most?*

*The truth that I will die one day*

*What is something that scared me the most?*

*Grave and death*

*What is something that stressed me the most?*

*Horst Hohberger's Horrible Homework*

*Now we have the three things that worried me, scared me, and stressed me the most. Maybe it is the time for us to create the monster. I choose two of the three to be the characteristic of my monster. I worried about that I will be died one day, so the monster must kill people, or even might eat people. I scared about the grave and death, so the monster might appear in graves often and result in people's death.*

*Considering the above factors, I create my own monster, the Ogre Flowers.*

## CORNER OF LIBRARY

Copy Another Writer's Style

Years past and I am sitting again near that dirty window in the corner of the library. I am talking to her about it.

Here is what I tell her.

It is a silent Thursday afternoon when I sit in the same chair near the dirty window and watch the beautiful sun set outside.

Another day has past, while I sit alone in the corner. The library is full of students preparing for the coming exams, except for the chair next to me. A beautiful class notes book lie silently on the table, standing for sovereignty. I come here at eight in the morning, but the notes lie here before me.

I notice the class notes first. Wind blows, and opens the notes. The writing is clear, the words are delicate.

This must belong to a pretty girl, I think. She must come here as soon as the library open, I think. She would come back here and sit next to me, I think.

Hence I wait, wait, and wait, but she doesn't come. The sun rises from east, and sets in west, but she doesn't come. All day and all dusk, I am thinking about her.

The girl must have a beautiful name, I think. The girl must be beautiful when dresses in white, I think. Maybe I could know her name from the notes, I think. But what if she comes back and notices me looking through her notes, I think. Not a second to hesitate. Night falls and people leave. I must find her name now, or I would lose the chance, I think.

Seems like a thief, I look through her notes secretly. Beautiful notes, beautiful sentences, and Juliet, a beautiful name belongs to the beautiful girl.

Why are you staring at my notes, she says, suddenly.

Nothing, I say. I just, just, I say. I just find the chair empty all the day, I say. Yes, yes, beautiful, I say. No, no, I mean, it's bad, I say. Yes, bad, I say.

Bad what, she says. Beautiful what, she says.

Her voice is clear and beautiful, her perfume is fragrant and beautiful. Beautiful white board shoes, beautiful white loose socks, beautiful dark denim shorts, beautiful dark denim shirt. Beautiful mouth, beautiful nose, beautiful eyes, beautiful lash, beautiful long straight maroon hair covering her beautiful tiny ears.

Bad manner is, I say. Beautiful you are, I say.

Yes, right you are, she smiles. Temporary meetings I have some, she smiles. Now leaving I am, she smiles.

Wait. I touch her beautiful white hands, and I say. Just sit here for a second, I say, with me.

The gears meet the other half, The ship of fate begins to turn.

Our lives have changed,

forever.

Copy of Carver's *Fat*

### **Ryan's Comments**

*There's certainly moments of this that remind me of Carver's Fat, but I think there's a few things to remember. First, smiles does not indicate that someone has spoken, and I don't know what he would have made of that long list of "beautiful" items, but it certainly has a style all of its own. I think you got down the feeling of mystery quite well, though.*

## THE "GODDESS" OF THE SUN

Stereotypical Stories

This is a story about the "goddess" of the sun.

To begin with, we should first learn the story of the saber's master, Laer.

It has been a long time since the origin of the human being. However, when the goddess first created human beings, there existed lots of suns in the sky, burning the ground, burning the grain, and burning the cereal, which suffered the humans a lot. The saber's master Laer felt the pains of the people. Hence he utilized his talented saber skill and tries to kill the other suns and only left one sun in the sky. Laer found every steel and copper around the world, using the most magical water and producing for ninety-nine days and finally obtain a magical sword. Utilizing this magical sword, Laer finally managed to kill all of the other suns and left only one sun on the earth.

Because of Laer's effort, people on the earth could escape from the disaster and live a life with great happiness and harmony. To award Laer's huge contribution to human beings, the Highest God, Jade Emperor gave Laer a magical elixir which could help him have infinite life and became a god himself.

However, Laer's wife, Eilei looked forward to this elixir very much. However, since Laer valued highly of the elixir, Eilei could not find a chance to get close to the elixir. Laer locked the elixir into one tiny box and placed it somewhere in the house. Every morning when Laer woke up, he would find the box and open it. After he saw the elixir safe in the box, he would then go outside and begin to work.

Eilei planned for several months, and finally she got an idea. One morning, Eilei woke up very early but pretend to be still asleep. When Laer woke up, she carefully opened her left eye and watching what Laer is doing. She saw Laer take out one key under the flower bottle, and unlock one little box hidden in the window. Yes, that must be the elixir! Eilei was so excited, but she pretend to sleep until Laer finally put back the box and key, and left the house.

Confirming that Laer was away, Eilei woke up suddenly and stole this elixir. She ate the elixir alone and became an eternal goddess. Since she had become a goddess, she could no longer live on the earth, so she left the earth and went to live on the sun and became the goddess of the sun, which is the only sun left on the earth by his husband. To punish Eiler's fault of stealing the elixir, the Jade Emperor asked Eiler to stay on the sun alone and forever. We could still see the dark points on the sun now, which is the tears of Eiler who could not return back to the earth and stay with her husband.

However, there is one thing that Eiler would never know. Jade Emperor gave Laer two elixirs. One for maintaining the life forever, one for becoming the god of the Welkin. Eiler only ate the one that could give her forever life. In punishment for her stealing the elixir, she was exiled to the sun and could not come back forever.

So where is Laer now? No one knows. Maybe he is dead, or maybe he also became a god living on somewhere. Of course he could kill the leaving sun and get his wife back again, but he didn't. Why? No one knows.

### Comments

*This story is inspired by the very traditional Chinese story about Chang'e and Houyi, since I should write a Chinese Stereotypical Story. However, I changed the plots of the story entirely. Chang'e didn't eat the elixir to protect it, she ate it because of her greed to become a goddess and have external life. I hope this story could make readers thinking about the profound meaning hidden deeply in the beautiful Chinese allegory and myth. Chang'e's story is no longer beautiful if she stole the elixir instead of protecting the elixir.*

*Chinese style story, especially traditional Chinese style story, does not have very complex plots, that's why I write this story so simple. The plot might seem stupid, how could Eilei stole the elixir like this? It's too silly! But that's doesn't matter, we should focus on the background and deep meaning of the story. **Journey to the West** is a very typical Chinese style novel, and it is really famous around the world. Does its plot complex? Not really. It's a story about a monkey fighting with monsters. When he lost, he came to the Jade Empire*



*and asked for help. The plots are simple, but if we think deeply into the story, we may get an entirely different understanding. Why the monkey could beat local monsters without any help, but when the monster used to be the pets of the important roles in Welkin, the monkey could never beat them? The answer is profound, and need to be think deeply.*

*For my piece, I also write something that has a deep meaning inside it. The final questions are important, and might be useful for readers to get the deep meaning of my story under the simple appearance.*

## ANALYSIS OF THE “GODDESS” OF THE SUN

Analysis of Stereotypical Stories

This is a story about the “goddess” of the sun. **(Summary)**

To begin with, we should first learn the story of the saber's master, Laer. **(Summary)**

It has been a long time since the origin of the human being. **(Time Jump)** However, when the goddess first created human beings, there existed lots of suns in the sky, burning the ground, burning the grain, and burning the cereal, which suffered the humans a lot. **(Description of setting)** The saber's master Laer felt the pains of the people. **(Introduction of a character)** Hence he utilized his talented saber skill and tries to kill the other suns and only left one sun in the sky. **(Character action)** Laer found every steal and copper around the world, using the most magical water and producing for ninety-nine days and finally obtain a magical sword. **(Character action)** Utilizing this magical sword, Laer finally managed to kill all of the other suns and left only one sun on the earth. **(Character action)**

Because of Laer's effort, people on the earth could escape from the disaster and live a life with great happiness and harmony. **(Effect)** To award Laer's huge contribution to human beings, the Highest God, Jade Emperor gave Laer a magical elixir which could help him have infinite life and became a god himself. **(Character action)**

However, Laer's wife, Eilei looked forward to this elixir very much. **(Introduction of a character)** However, since Laer valued highly of the elixir, Eilei could not find a chance to get close to the elixir. **(Description of setting)** Laer locked the elixir into one tiny box and placed it somewhere in the house. **(Character action)** Every morning when Laer woke up, he would find the box and open it. **(Character action)** After he saw the elixir safe in the box, he would then go outside and begin to work. **(Character action)**

Eilei planed for several months, and finally she got an idea. **(Character action)** One morning, Eilei woke up very early but pretend to be still asleep. **(Develop Conflict)** When Laer woke up, she carefully opened her left eye

and watching what Laer is doing. **(Character action)** She saw Laer take out one key under the flower bottle, and unlock one little box hidden in the window. **(Character action)** Yes, that must be the elixir! **(Explaining)** Eilei was so excited, but she pretend to sleep until Laer finally put back the box and key, and left the house. **(Character action)**

Confirming that Laer was away, Eilei woke up suddenly and stole this elixir. **(Character action)** She ate the elixir alone and became an eternal goddess. **(Character action)** Since she had become a goddess, she could no longer live on the earth, so she left the earth and went to live on the sun and became the goddess of the sun, which is the only sun left on the earth by his husband. **(Explaining)** To punish Eiler's fault of stealing the elixir, the Jade Emperor asked Eiler to stay on the sun alone and forever. **(Develop Conflict)** We could still see the dark points on the sun now, which is the tears of Eiler who could not return back to the earth and stay with her husband. **(Time Jump)**

However, there is one thing that Eiler would never knows. **(Develop Conflict)** Jade Emperor gave Laer two elixirs. **(Character action)** One for maintaining the life forever, one for becoming the god of the Welkin. **(Explaining)** Eiler only ate the one that could give her forever life. **(Explaining)** In punishment for her stealing the elixir, she was exiled to the sun and could not come back forever. **(Explaining)**

So where is Laer now? **(Questioning)** No one knows. **(Explaining)** Maybe he is dead, or maybe he also became a god living on somewhere. **(Explaining)** Of course he could kill the leaving sun and get his wife back again, but he didn't. **(Develop Conflict)** Why? **(Questioning)** No one knows. **(Explaining)**



## THE MOON LIGHT

Non-fiction Scene in Your Style

Another day has past.  
Another night is coming.

Every day is boring without you.  
Every night is the same without you.

I wonder alone on the street. The moon light is clear, clear and beautiful, beautiful but lonely. Street lamps illuminate the trees and leaves, leaving a great shadow to the ground.

Night is dark. Night is quiet. Night is lonely.

I just sit in the chair by the side of the lake, looking into the center of the water, feeling the wind blowing the surface of the lake into ripples.

Why do lies and cheating hurt so much?  
Why do friendships so fragile in the face of love?  
Why I feel so cold and sad?  
Why I feel so hungry and angry?  
And why, I could not forget all the memories with her?

Hey, I suppose that we have participated in the same interview a few months ago, I said.

Yes, yes. Thanks for inviting me to the guitar lesson with you, she said, with smiling so beautiful.

The movie is boring. I almost fall asleep during the last thirty minutes, she said, with smiling so beautiful.

Yes, yes. Maybe next time we should find an interesting one, I said.

You were, you are, and always will be, my good friend, she said, with smiling so beautiful.

Yes, yes, I said...

Maybe it's time to change.

Forget the past, forget the sorrow, and forget her.

Life is hard, that's why we should keep running.  
We keep running, because we don't want to stay where we used to be.  
The moon light is clear, clear but lonely, lonely but beautiful.  
Now, it shines another light.

### **Comments**

*I have thought about what my writing style is for a long time. Actually I do have some habits when writing a new piece, and maybe these habits could gradually develop into my own writing style. In this piece, I think about my writing styles throughly and tries to use this style to write a piece. I like writing sad stories very much, especially sad loving stories, so this story is full of my preferred writing skills and styles. I hope readers could enjoy reading it.*

### **My Writing Style**

*My writing style is that I always use many questions to describe what a character is thinking.*

*Moreover, I sometimes would use an array of short sentences to form many short paragraphs. This method of writing might have very powerful expressive force to let readers thinking. Generally speaking, this sentences mainly appears in the beginning or ending of my story.*

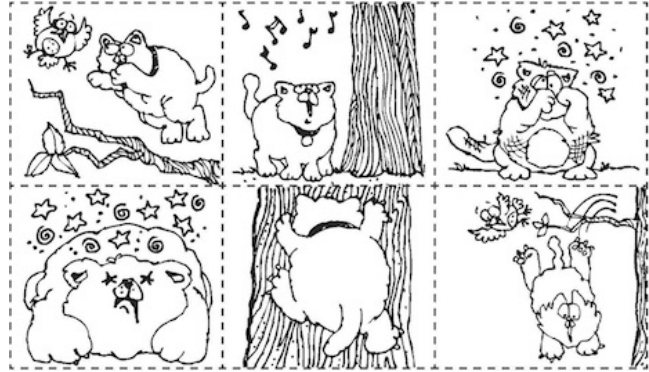
*On the contrary, sometimes I would also utilize long and complex sentences to describe the action of characters. This could help decrease useless duplication and redundancy, and make the rhythm of the story more tension and exciting.*

*Furthermore, I would also use many sentences which have similar constructions in a row to increase the expressive force.*

## MORNING FOR TAMMY

Picture Sequence

Another morning, and Tammy wanders aimlessly in the field as usual. She is such a lonely cat without any friend. But she really wants to have some. Hence she just walks around and walks around in the field, looking for someone to talk with. Maybe she could find one true friend today!



Suddenly, she hears a beautiful sound. Someone is singing on the tree! Who is the owner of that beautiful sound? They must have a beautiful throat and a beautiful heart. They could be my very good friend! Tammy thinks with great excitement.

Hence she climbs up the tree quietly and finds that the owner of the beautiful sound is a pretty little bird! She is singing in the treetop, facing the rising sun in the morning.

"Hey, little little bird, can you be my little little friend?" Tammy asks and dumps forward to the little bird suddenly, "I really, really want to be your friend!"

The bird is startled. She stops singing, flapping her wings and flying into the sky, "I, never, ever, want to be the friend of a big, fat, cat!" She cries.

The branch is so tiny that Tammy could not keep her balance. She falls down the tree and hits the ground heavily. She could not even find where is east and where is west. All she could see now is the stars spinning around her.

Sad is Tammy. Maybe she could never find a single friend.

## ANALYSIS OF MORNING FOR TAMMY

Analysis of Picture Sequence

Another morning, and Tammy wonders aimlessly in the field as usual. **(Summary)** She is such a lonely cat without any friend. **(Introduction of a character)** But she really wants to have some. **(Develop Conflict/Description of setting)** Hence she just walks around and walks around in the field, looking for someone to talk with. **(Character action)** Maybe she could find one true friend today! **(Explaining)**

Suddenly, she hears a beautiful sound. **(Character action)** Someone is singing on the tree! **(Explaining)** Who is the owner of that beautiful sound? **(Questioning)** They must have a beautiful throat and a beautiful heart. **(Introduction of a character)** They could be my very good friend! **(Explaining)** Tammy thinks with great excitement. **(Character action)**

Hence she climbs up the tree quietly and finds that the owner of the beautiful sound is a pretty little bird! **(Character action)** She is singing in the treetop, facing the rising sun in the morning. **(Character action)**

"Hey, little little bird, can you be my little little friend?" **(Speaking and Words)** Tammy asks and dumps forward to the little bird suddenly, **(Character action)** "I really, really want to be your friend!" **(Speaking and Words)**

The bird is startled. **(Explaining)** She stops singing, flapping her wings and flying into the sky, **(Character action)** "I, never, ever, want to be the friend of a big, fat, cat!" She cries. **(Speaking and Words)**

The branch is so tiny that Tammy could not keep her balance. **(Explaining)** She falls down the tree and hits the ground heavily. **(Character action)** She could not even find where is east and where is west. **(Develop Conflict)** All she could see now is the stars spinning around her. **(Character action)**

Sad is Tammy. Maybe she could never find a single friend. **(Summary)**

## SUNKEN MEMORY

New Endings to Titanic

During the last decades, Rose kept trying to find where Jack is. She always believes, she believes in mind, that Jack had not died. He must be somewhere, also eager to find where she is.

The Heart of the Ocean, the precious stones of great value. Its unpredictable price could help a man lives a whole life of prosperity and riches and honor. Not even a life, but ten, hundred, and thousands of lives.

But Rose herself is poor, although she possess such a treasure. During the hardest periods of Rose's life, there are many times when Rose wanted to sell this heart of the ocean, but she still never does that. Since she thinks that this heart of ocean is the Token of promise that Jack gave her, she would keep it forever.

Years past, decades past, and her hair get much whiter, her eyes get less brighter. Rose is getting older. Never would she forget the day when Jack fall into the Arctic Ocean, never would she stop finding where Jack is, until her death. She believes that one day she would find Jack and return this heart of ocean to him. Hence she always wears the gemstone and seldom put it away, as if Jack is always staying by her side.

But now, she is already ninety years old, and she still could not find where Jack is. Everyone, her child, her grand child, her grand grand child, always tell her that Jack must be died, but she does not believe. Of course she won't. She would always sit by the sea shore, looking into the sea and sky silently for hours. The sea is where the first met, they first loved, and they first separated. This has become her custom. Seventy years past, and the scene never changes.

However, one day, it changed. She was still sitting on the same place by the sea shore, looking into the sea and the sky. But suddenly a young man came closer and asked politely,

“Excuse me, my madam. Could I ask where you get this big blue gemstone?” Slowly, Rose looked at the beautiful heart of ocean wearing on her neck, for a while, and said,

“Ah, that’s a very long story, very long time ago.”

“That must be a beautiful story, maybe a little bit sorrow.” The young man said, “Could I have the honor to listen to it?”

Rose slowly looked into the north of the sea. The memories hidden in the recollections gradually become clear to her.

“That the day of 1912, when the biggest, fastest, and unsinkable ship, Titanic, started its first journey...”

The sun set, gradually, but Rose was still telling her old story. The man was still listening, very dedicated. Rose told the story very slowly, Two hours, or three hours, before Rose finally finished her old, beautiful story.

“Sad, sorrow, and love.” The man had a sigh, “But I have listened a similar story before, from the sight of the other main character of the story.”

“Who is he?” Rose suddenly became very excited, “and where is he?”

“He is my grandfather,” The man said slowly, “and he is died now. Dies of old, three years ago, not by cold, not by hungry. Before he died, he drew a picture to me, telling me to find the woman who has this gem, the one you are wearing.”

“I want to see him, no matter where he is, no matter he is died or alive. Please, show me to him.”

# THE DEATH TOLL

Edited Piece 1

Darkness, only the screen is lighting

**Donald Wiggins**, kidnapper of little Aimee

**Hilda Kushner**, wife of the former finance minister

**Katherine Middleton**, once be the Lady of England

**Bruno Levine**, scandal with the suicide high-school girl

**Tolla Sheeran**, Jealous devil of pretty Pippa

**Felix Fairchild**, arrogant justice inquisitor

A few sentences were typed. The cursor hesitated for a few second, then a letter was added

Dear XX

No longer to be hesitate

Destiny determines everything

Invite you to the game

The bell tolls

and sorrow ends

Sincerely,

A.J.I

The revolver lies exactly on the center of the table, and we just sit around it, in a deep silence. Exactly six people, three ladies and three gentlemen.

I never met them before. But I believe that we have one thing in common. That's why we are chosen to be here.

The revolver could contain six bullets, everyone knows that. How many bullets are inside the revolver? No one knows. Where are they? No one knows. Six bullets at most, one for each. Zero bullets at least, six lives could continue.

The strong American sitting in the first seat slowly stands up. His eyes are dark without any sparkle in them. Although he is old now, years still couldn't hide his once strong body. Slowly, he touches the gun, as if looking back at his past. In a short time, he goes through all his old days. Bloodthirsty excitement, regret and guilty, struggling and hesitation, flicker alternately in his eyes. Maybe he used to be a justice soldier, or maybe a vicious outlaw. Whoever he was doesn't matter, he is a poor failure who want destiny to determine whether he deserves to live.

He is finally determined, grabbing the revolver tightly in his right hand. Everyone stared at him, seeing him put the revolver into his mouth and fire.

He's dead.

Blood runs down from the back of his head, covering the floor, red, bright, and fishy. The revolver is still clutched straitly in his hand, with its muzzle pointing coldly at the old Indian woman, the one dressed in an expensive fur coat.

Tears gradually run out of her eyes. She slowly stands up and walks towards the dead American, picking up the bloody revolver and wiping it carefully with a beautiful handkerchief. She looks like she hates blood, but she likely hates death more. I remember seeing her on the television news. Wife of the former finance minister who was accused of corruption. Her tears drop, and she pulls the trigger.

No death, no bullet.

She cries, more than before. She bends her knees in the blood and drops the revolver on the ground, without noticing the stains on her beautiful dress. For decades, she lived in great guilty. But she is free now. Density forgives her, and she has received her punishment.

"It is terrifying, and ugly, isn't it?" the girl sitting next to me says suddenly, in a low voice.

Seems like she was speaking to me, I'm not so sure. But except for me, no one could hear her. I recognize her. She always sits next to me in my calculus



class. I remember her beautiful long golden hair and her fragrance of lavender flowers. We are sitting together once again, but this is not a classroom, and we are not taking Calculus.

I nod, but my eyes are fixed on the revolver. The old woman already stands up, limping slowly out of the room. The revolver is picked up by a beautiful young lady, or at least, half of her face is beautiful. Something terrible must have happened to her, burning her delicate and beautiful profile completely. Under her gray skin, white and scary bones could be seen clearly. It is hard to believe that after such horrible disaster a life could still survive. However, scandal, humiliation, sneers, must have taken up most parts of her life. Living for her was much more difficult than death.

Eager for death but lack the courage to do so, she was suitably chosen to be here. Everyone inside the room, the dead American, the left Indian women, are here for the same reason. Just let destiny to determine whether she should struggle to live or not.

“Do you think the poor girl will be killed?” The girl with beautiful hair says again. Obviously, she is talking to me.

I nod my head slightly, watching the poor girl aims the gun at her temple. A quiet noise, but no blood, no body, no death. She is still alive, staring blankly at the revolver in her hand.

“Poor girl! She would rather choose death instead of living the rest of her life in sneers.” The golden hair girl looks at the desperate girl with great sympathy, “By the way, why did you come here?”

Tolla or Tia? I couldn't remember her name. Perhaps we never talked with each other before, and this is our first communication. I turn to her. I could still see hope in her big clear eyes. Her future must be bright and shining.

“I was chosen to be here,” I say.

I don't dare to stare at her eyes for too long, so I quickly look away. I feel my heart beat drastically. Her eyes have a magical power, delivering her optimism and hope to others.

She is the only light in my darkness.

The revolver fires again, and the Death has received another gift. A famous singer, I have saw his news some times ago. Drugs, gambling or prostitution, I totally forgot. Flirted with a young girl, maybe. But it does not matter now, he would be forgotten by the public soon. An outdated singer, the entertainment industry has already tired of making news on him. Density is the most impartial judge, and I think it has made a correct judgement for him.

The crack echoed until everything is quiet again. The living leave, and the dead stay. A table, six chairs, two bodies and us, the only things left in the room. Oh, and a revolver with two, one, or zero bullets inside.

"I have seen you before, lots of times, in the calculus class." The girl smiles, so sweet and hopeful. She is absolutely beautiful. I could still remember the feeling when her long and golden hair touched my face smoothly, following with the soft April's wind and the smell of lavender. I believe that she must live in a completely different world comparing with mine, a world that I never experienced. I feel something different in my heart at that moment, warm and smooth, the feeling that I have never experienced before, but I enjoy it.

She doesn't belong here. Something must go wrong.

I reach for the revolver, but she is faster. I could feel some strange feelings in my mind when I see her playing the revolver with her slim fingers. Nervous, anxious, maybe, I don't know.

"You looked sad, always, and never said a word," Her smile really touches me in my deep heart, "but your voice is beautiful."

"Give the gun to me, Tolla! It's not a toy for girls!" I shout. I couldn't believe that I could speak so much at once.

"I'm not Tolla. I'm Moria. Moria Sheeran. "

She backs into a corner, putting the gun to her temple. Her lip is biting, and her arm is trembling.

“Tolla is my sister. She died yesterday, suicide, and I found this letter in her room.”

“You shouldn’t be here. You have no qualification.” I step forward a little, “Listen, I...”

“Please, don’t be closer.” She says suddenly.

Her voice is trembling, more like a begging, not a command. But for the first time in my life, I feel real fear.

“Fine,” I shout, “just put the damn gun down!”

She closes her eyes desperately, with tears welling up. After a few seconds’ silence, she opens them with great constancy.

“Never trust destiny, trust yourself. Life is hard and full of regrets. But remember, **everyone** deserves to live. “

She pulls the trigger once, and the hammer strikes but no bullet. Without hesitation, she pulls the trigger again. A loud crack sounds, and blood splatters on her beautiful golden hair. Her eyes are still mixed with struggle and hope, but are frozen forever. The flame resuscitates in my heart extinguished. I could feel cold in my deep heart.

*The bell tolls  
and sorrow ends  
But sorrow never ends  
as long as we are living*

I close her beautiful eyes, laying her softly on the table. The clip is empty, she has used up the last two chances. The last bullet was for me. Not for Tolla, not for her.

What could I do now?

It's already four o'clock in the morning. It is really tiring to to write so much at once.

I'm not sympathetic over the deaths of *Donald Wiggins* and *Bruno Levine*. They deserved it. Death was their retribution for murdering.

I'm also not sympathetic over myself. I will regret this my whole life, living, and struggling over the results.

Life is hard, full of regrets, but **she** deserves to live.

I shouldn't have invited her sister.

Inspired by **Agatha Christie**  
*And Then There Were None*  
*The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*

# OGRE FLOWERS: FANTASY OF THE MAIDEN

Edited Piece 2

## CHAPTER ONE

Dusk is falling, and darkness is enveloping the graves. Loneliness, silence, and death surrounded the place.

Ordinary people would never come to the grave at this hour. But she does. The girl, dressing in a yellow skirt and white shoes, stays here at midnight. No one knows when she came here, and how long will she stay. She just sits on the grave stone, staring at the name on the tombstone, and whispers,

*Lily Elsie 1976-1988*

*Anne Elsie 1977-1988*

*Erica Elsie 1980-1988*

*Nicole Elsie 1982-1988*

Such a small grave, but contains the bodies of four little young girls, who died in their early years, even without experiencing the sweet and sorrow of lives.

The girl keeps whispers, whispers, and whispers

*Papa, papa  
You give our birth  
you give our death*

*Death, death  
Death is living  
and to live is to die*

She must be special. Around 17 or so, she is in her most beautiful years. Her long golden hair hanging around her cheek, and falls on her shoulder. Beautiful, no one would deny that. But her pupils are dark and dull, her eyes are brown and hollow. How could such a girl stay here by the grave so late at night?

Wind blows, blows the thick yellow flowers around the grave. They seem to feel the breath and sound of life, and gradually come close to the girl. The flowers gradually extent, climbing up to the girl shoulder and twining with her golden hair. Seem that the flowers could hear the whisper and begging of the little girl. The flowers are in cheers. The flowers are in capers.

The fantasy of the maiden gives birth to the yellow flowers.

It suddenly begins to rain, and the wind begins to blow more violently. The grave is covered entirely by the fast-growing yellow follows, and the girl's figure is completely obscured by the flowers.

The ogre flowers appear,  
a monster is born.  
A monster born of the girl's fantasy.

## CHAPTER TWO

“Another Two Victims!”

“How Could the Murderer Commit Such a Terrifying Crime?”

The title of the newspaper attracts the whole city's attention. Considering the two victims today, six victims have already died in less than two weeks. All of them died in the graveyard at midnight, with their blood drained. Hence in a moment, rumors of vampires spread throughout the whole city. Panic gripped the city, but the police have no idea about the criminal.

Graveyard, morning at eight.

“What do you think of these odd cases?” The detective is questioning his assistant, “Do you find anything in common with these victims?”

“No, sir!” The assistant answerers.

“So have you found something important in the crime scene?”

“No, sir!” The assistant answers.

“So the only word you know is ‘No, sir’?”

“No, sir!” The assistant answers.

“Listen, the director is very concerned and worried about these cases. We have to solve them as soon as possible, or we will get fired.”

“Yes, sir!” The assistant answers.

“Fine, fine.” The assistant shakes his head and walks around the grave. Suddenly, he noticed something unusual, “What fucking bitch are these fucking yellow flowers? I have never seen these ugly flowers before.”

“Ugly? But I think they are beautiful.” The assistant answers.

“Ugly, mess, chaos! Everything is in extremely terrible! Cut all these flowers off, I don’t want to see them any longer for a single second!”

“Yes, sir!” The assistant takes out the gun and answers.

“No! Please stop! Do not hurt them! They are not common flowers! They are all my friends!”

Suddenly, a childish voice arises and a tiny figure appears in front of the assistant,

“Please, put your gun down, or my friends would hurt you!”

“Who are you, little girl?” The detective is impatient now, “You are getting on my way, get out, now, or I will burn you together with these fucking flowers.”

“No!” Tears welling up in the girl’s eyes, making her beautiful faces more attractive. She hugs the flowers tightly, showing her insistence to stay. The detective becomes much more impatient. He grabs the gun from the assistant, loading it and pointing it directly at the girl’s beautiful face.

“Leave, now, or death, with the fucking flowers.”

Suddenly, the wind blows and the cloud shades the sun to make everything become dark. The yellow flowers begin to tremble acutely, and their vine move fast through the air.

The yellow flowers are Ogre Flowers. They are born in the begging of the Maiden, and live with the fresh blood of the human. When they are hungry, they wake up and attack people to eat. When the girl is in danger, they wake up again and be here to protect her.

“What the hell is this?”

The detective is totally astonished. His eyes full of fear, his legs couldn't move, and his gun drops on to the ground.

“Demon, vampire, monster!” The detective shouts.

“Monster, vampire, demon!” The assistant cries.

The ogre flowers stretch out the vine and catch the motionless detective. The thorns on the vine gradually penetrate into his skin, absorbing his blood and despoiling his life. In a very short time, the blood of the detective is drained out, and so does his life.

Another victim appears.

“The flower is a monster, the flower is a demon, the flower is a vampire!”

The assistant shouts out and falls to the ground. But he quickly gets up again and runs away to the street like a frightened mouse.

The flowers want to attack, but the girl stops them.

“It's fine, my friend. Have a rest and forget those people.”

The girl touches the flowers and calm them down gradually.



“Time to go, another breakfast is waiting for us.”

The girl turns back and slowly walks away, and the yellow flowers become ordinary again, without any difference between other common flowers. No one would believe that those beautiful flowers just kill and eat a strong man.

Everything here is ordinary.

But it is true. The dead body on the ground could prove it.

### CHAPTER THREE

“Nice shot!”

The boys cheer together, with great pleasure and excitement. The handsome boy with beautiful red hair is hugged tightly by his teammates. At the last minute of the game, the score is reversed. They win the game.

Roderick wipes the sweat from his red hair, and looks at the corner of the playground. During the last minutes of the game, he noticed there was a golden hair girl keeping standing at the corner and watching him. Maybe it's her that gives him strength to win the game.

But now, the girl is missing.

“Sorry, I have something to do. See you guys later!”

Roderick hastily farewells to his friends and runs towards the corner, but there is no clue showing where the girl has gone. He hurries to the street, and fortunately, he sees a tiny figure walking along the sidewalk.

“Wait a second.” Roderick hurries forward and says, “You was there just now, watching my game, right? Did you find it interesting?”

“For the first question, yes. For the second question, yes.” The girl answers indifferently, without turning around.

Looking at her profile, Roderick feels his heart beating violently. She is so beautiful, he thinks. The moment he see her, he is obsessed with her.

“I am Roderick, maybe you could go for dinner with us. And, I don’t know your name yet.”

“Dolores. But I have to go now.” The girl answers, and begins to walk.

“Where would you go?” Roderick quickly follows her and asks.

“I don’t know, I don’t know!” Dolores stops and begins to cry suddenly, “I have no where to go.”

“You could go home.” Roderick says concernedly.

“I have no home.” Dolores says calmly.

“Sorry.”

“That’s fine, I have already accustomed to it. You would never want to be a friend of girl like me. ” Dolores says sadly. Her moist face and slender figure in beautiful yellow dress are very touching.

As they are speaking, they already walked by the grave, and Dolores stands still, wiping her tears. “Listen, leave me, as far as you could, and never follow me again.” The girl turns back and says.

“But it’s too dangerous to leave a girl alone by the graveyard. It’s getting dark now. I should stay by your side until you are safe.” Roderick insists.

Dolores stamps her feet angrily, and walks directly towards the graveyard, without caring about Roderick’s warning.

## CHAPTER FOUR

The night is getting late. The moon and stars could be seen clearly in the sky. Dolores is sitting by the grave, with her eyes staring vacantly at the moon light.

For about an hour, she does not say a word. Roderick tries to say something, but the coldness and fear prevent him to do so. The cold wind blows, making him trembling slightly. Especially the demon-like yellow flowers around makes him extremely uncomfortable. Seems like the yellow flowers would suddenly wake up and eat him, Roderick think. But he shakes his head and gets rid of the crazy idea. How could flowers eat human? He must be so tired and sleepy that begin to day-dream.

“You look tired, maybe you should go back now.” Unbelievable, the girl opens mouth suddenly.

“You are strange. Do you want to spend the whole night in the graveyard?” Roderick says, shuddering.

“They are thirsty, and hungry. “ Without noticing Roderick’s question, Dolores keeps saying, anxiously, “They would eat you if you stays here.”

“Who?” Roderick feels confused, but suddenly he remembers the day-dream, “You mean, the flowers?”

“Yes, they are my friends, my only friends in the world.” Dolores touches the flower gently and says. The yellow flowers seem like feeling comfortable under her touch, and begin to swing with pleasure.

“You are a liar!” Roderick shouts suddenly, “How could you be friend with flowers?”

Wind blows, and the yellow ogre flowers stretch out suddenly. Seems that next moment they would twine around Roderick and eat him.

“You are strange.” But the girl stops them, and stares at Roderick calmly, “I’m an orphan, without mother, without father, living in the orphanage alone. I

used to have four friends there, but they died, together in a year, except for me. Everyone else treated me as the devil who brought the disease and death. They isolate me, they afraid of me, and they hate me. Dean of the orphanage abandoned me. I have no place to go, no one to trust, and nothing to do. I'm cold, tired, and hungry, wondering on the Christmas street, closing to death. Until I met them. They game me new life, and resuscitated my hope."

"Thanks you for telling me so much." Roderick says gently, "I want to be your friend. Trust me."

The wind blows, blowing up his fire-like red hair, and her beautiful golden hair, together.

## CHAPTER FIVE

"Haven't you find the murderer yet? It's near a month!" The director throws the book on the table angrily, and asks, "The Mayor is very concerned about this case, find the murderer, now!"

"But since last week, no victim has appeared. Maybe the criminal is leaving this city now?" The detective answers carefully.

"No matter where he is, find him! What fucking flowers the assistant is talking about, he deserved to be locked up in the mental hospital." The director says impatiently.

"Yes sir!" The detective answers and runs away from the office quickly.

Seeing the detective leaving, the director collapses into his chair and whispers, "Perhaps the criminal really leaves? Hope nothing would happen again."

Fortunately, nothing happens since then. The city is peaceful, or seems peaceful, everywhere.

## PURPLE MEMORIES

Reading Journals

### May 14th Tuesday

In today's class, the first class in Creative Writing, we talked about some basic concepts of a novel. Later we followed the instructor to write some simple stories. We created our own character and give them some conflict and things to love. It's our first time to keep in touch with the creative writing. To be creative, we should create a character with special features. They should not be very common and ordinary, they must have specific characteristics. Also, characters are not the same during the whole story. They need to change as the plot goes.

A story without conflicts is not interesting. So how to make conflicts? We first give the characters something to pursue, that make some difficulties to hold back them, that's how conflicts appear. To develop the conflict much stronger, we even kill our characters in the end.

It's the first class of creative writing, and I really learned a lot. I have never learn how to be a creative writer systematically, but now I am familiar with some important procedures to write a creative novel, write a creative story.

### May 16th Thursday

In today's class, we read the novel *Fat and The School*. Both of the characters in the two novels do not have any strange or special skills. Instead, they just some ordinary people who have some unordinary experience.

In this class, I also learned some of the important characteristics of the characters in novels. For example, a character must be unique and interesting, so that readers would find the novel fun to read. Moreover, the main character must be memorable and easily defined by readers. That means that the main character must be special. Furthermore, the characteristics of the character should keep changing as the story goes.

Lately I wrote one story of a character dependently. Before today's class, we have already finished the story of our own character. I gave the character some special characteristics and something to pursue. Finally, I kill the character. Also, I created five more characters and gave them special characteristics individually.

I intend to write a complete and interesting novel in the future.

### **May 21st Tuesday**

In today's class, we talked about the important role of scene in writing a novel. We discuss fully about the novel Cemetery where Al Jolson is Buried in class. The settings of the novel is in hospital, which is very common in fiction. The characters of the novel are I and my friends. The main character in this novel makes a big choice, which makes the novel much more interesting. We talked about the plots in details. A good novel must have some conflicts, such as some bad lucks, people's death or earthquake.

### **May 23rd Thursday**

We talked about the Settings of the novel in class today. The settings of the novel including where the story happens, and what the atmosphere is. Some kinds of stories must have some settings, such as the detective fiction must contains where the murder happens, and a science fiction must let the readers know how advanced the tech is. Also, the fantasy stories also depend much on settings.

Before today's class, I had already written the first scene of my novel with the five selected characters. The settings of the novel is in a restaurant, and characters includes a dying pianist, and successful man and a girl-like dog. By writing this scenes, I understand more about the importance of settings in a novel.

### **May 28th Tuesday**

Before the class, I have already written my own flash fiction. I read a lot of flash fictions to know about what a flash fiction is.

We discussed the difference between Short Story and Flash Fiction. Flash Fiction has lots of plots. They must contract with the reader, that is, give information that is necessary

Also, we talked about some important information that should be contained inside the intro:

1. Your world building, what is different from the normal world?
2. Introduce your characters
3. Introduce conflict

We then discuss in groups about the flash fiction other students wrote before class. We chose four fictions to read and then made some comments about their fiction from both readers' and writers' perspective.

### **May 30th Thursday**

In today's class, we talked about the feedback from the readers first. As a reader, we should give some useful feedbacks to the writer. The feedback should include the contents of the novel, not just some emotional words about whether I like or dislike this work. Now I understand what kinds of feedback from readers could be truly useful for the writers to enable them write better works.

Then we talked about the story *City of Churches* and *I Bought a City*. We discussed the plots of the two stories first. Some questions are hold, such as what purpose do we want to live alone. In the first novel, the Real world and the dream world compete with each other, and different people may have different interest in the two worlds.

Comparing the two novels, we talked about the difference between the two cities. The second city might be more real and closer to our daily life.

In the second part of the class, we write one sentence of the beginning of the story. Together, we voted for the best sentence students wrote. Finally, we found that the beginning sentences which are short or terrifying are most popular. The first sentence plays a role in attracting readers' attention and curiosity. A short sentence may be very useful.

My short sentence is as follows:

She couldn't remember his voice,  
she couldn't remember yesterday,  
she couldn't remember everything,  
but she remembers she loves him,  
forever.

### **June 4th Tuesday**

Before today's class, we have already read selected American Poetries, and in today's class, we talk about the poetries. We first introduce the poetry *Marlon Brando in Hell* by Joyce Carol Oates.

The poetry use Rhythm a lot and always use the reputation, which makes the poetry seems more beautiful.

The poetry is really long, and a poetry does not have to be short. The poetry talks about a whole story, and there exist development as the story goes on. Then we talks about the Hamlet Texts Guildenstern about Playing upon the Pipe by John Hodgen. By comparison, this poetry is very short, but there is something different in this poetry.

Later we talked about the poem Kill List. Not all the stars are the same, but they look the same. We could not differentiate them from each other.

### June 6th Thursday

Before today's class, we wrote a poem for discussion. For me, I wrote a short poem FANTASY, as shown before.

Also, we read the novel Arcadia from The Best American Short Story 2017. Hence at the beginning of today's class, we talked about the contents of this short story together. Later, we are asked to write a poem according to two random things. Ryan gave me two words of thing and adjective and asked me to write a short poem with the beginning sentence "My A is like B". My words are *disgust* and *lipstick*, and my in class poem is as follows:

#### *DISGUST AND LIPSTICK*

My disgust is like a lipstick  
Red, lurid, and bloody  
Bringing the sense of bloodiness

My disgust is like a lipstick  
Soft, sticky, and icy  
Pushing the feeling of death

But sometimes  
Lipstick really makes you beautiful  
Paint a clown on your beautiful face  
with a bloody mouth  
with a bloody nose  
and a pair of eyes  
Lipstick really makes you a beautiful clown

Lipsticks really disgust me



I should use every bloody stick  
to draw a beautiful clown  
red, lurid, and bloody  
soft, sticky, and icy  
on your beautiful face

Later Ryan told us what a good poem should look like. The poem should at first strike the readers, but could not express emotions of the writer so direct. And we talked about some writing technics.

In the second part of today's class, all students in the class wrote something altogether. That is, we first wrote a haiku in the upper corner of one paper, and switch the paper to another students who wrote the next two sentences in order to continue the story. In the third turn, we again wrote a haiku and switch the paper to the next students. We keep doing this until the class is over.

By doing this, I know how to write something quick and have many ideas about how to write things.

### **June 11th Tuesday**

Before today's class, we have already written some short poems with some certain topics, and I wrote three poems by myself.

In addition, we read Amy Hempel's story before today's class. Hence at the beginning of today's class, we first talked about the story of Amy Hempel first and analyze some of the contents and her writing skills together.

Later came to the most important part of this class. We write some comments to other students' poems. We first grade our own two short poems and then grade another five students' poems. I think that it is also a good practice for myself to see how others wrote their poems. I could learn some new things from their poems, both their advantages and disadvantages. Also, by comparing others' comment with my own comment, I could have a better understanding about whether my evaluation is subjective.

### **June 13th Thursday**

In today's class, we talked about what a bottle would think if it is dry, mean, old and so on. Together, the class wrote a short passage about the life of the bottle and posted on the canvas. My passage is as follows:

The dirty dust hanging around the dark corner of the small room. The dim twilight manages to bring a little sunshine to the area.

I am an old and ugly bottle, rest alone in the darkness. Without any sound, without any noisy, without even a single person. I have been forgotten in this place for too long, long enough for me to forget who I am, where I came and where to go.

I am even not sure that whether I am indeed a bottle. A bottle should be full of water, but I am dry. A bottle should be decorated with delicate paintings, but I am ugly. A bottle should be accompanied by beautiful flowers, but I am alone.

However, there is one thing that I am completely sure. I should never disappear from the world like this.

I should find the meaning of life.

Then Ryan read parts of our passages and analyze how to write a good short story.

### **June 17th Monday**

Today's class is a make-up class at 8:00 in the Monday morning, hence only a few students came into today's class. Ryan asked us to do some writing practice. At the beginning of today's class, we wrote something about the unforgettable events we experienced before, and I wrote Gaokao, the University Entrance Exam as my unforgettable event. At the second part of today's class, we think of some unusual characteristics of a dog. This is a basic but important skill for creating an usual character. For example, our dog has a unusual name Shark. It has sharp teeth which helps the dog eating people. The dog also has two colors in its eyes... Then we began to create our own unusual character, thinking of one thing in lots of the same things that is unusual. My character is as follows:

A single visitor in the beach full of people. She is very smart, always gets the first grade in exams. She is very beautiful, always has an array of suitors who want to be her boy friends. She has long and thin legs, she has blue and yellow eyes, she has small but sexy mouth. She is also rich, seems that she is the perfect person in the world. But she loves excitement, she likes play with men's emotions. Hence she has lots of boy friends at the same time and she even dates with lots of men at the same time.

Then we read Angela Carter's *The Company of Wolves* together and analyze the author's style of writing. She always use long and complex

sentences to describe things. By analyzing this, we learned that writing novels do not need to entirely follow the grammar.

### **June 18th Tuesday**

Today's class is the Play Time!

Before today's class, every student in class wrote a short scene of play for about three to five minutes. My short play is also attached before.

Hence in today's class, we have totally 15 short plays, and Ryan asked some of the students to read the actor's lines and perform the play. We had a great time watching the play and also performing the play by ourselves. After performing one play, Ryan also helps us to analyze and understand the characters in the play we wrote.

However, it is really a pity that my play was not performed by the class due to the time limited.

### **June 20th Thursday**

In today's class, we tried to imitate others' works and wrote something new by ourselves. Before today's class, we have already imitated the writing style of Angela Carter's *The Company of Wolves*. In this novel, the author uses many difficult and long sentences with many difficult and complex vocabulary. So we wrote something in the author's writing style.

In today's class, we first watched two short movies of Trump, and learned how other people imitate Trump's style of talking and acting. Then we read together the most famous American's children's book, *Green Eggs and Ham*. This is a very interesting poem with lots of rhythm. Then we tried to write something in this style.

### **June 25th Tuesday**

The main topic of today's class is about how to read and write a fan fiction.

In today's class, we first log in to the website of Fan fiction and read many interesting fan fictions. On the website, I saw many fan fictions based on the background of many famous stories, including books, movies, TVs and cartoons. Ryan introduced us about what is a fan fiction. Fan fiction is the novels and stories written by the fans of the origin stories, which mainly based

on the origin characters and their relationships to write some new and interesting stories.

By reading through the website, we could find some common things among the fan fictions. Usually the characters in the fan fiction has some similarities with the origin characters, but sometimes they are different. They could have some entirely different relationships with other characters. The plots of the fan fiction could mainly based on the origin novel, it could also create some entirely new stories. Based on our reading, we then think of how to make a fan fiction interesting to readers. There are few suggestions to create a attracting fan fiction. For example, we could even make male characters into females or make female characters into males. This is a good attempt, and could be very innovative.

In the last part of the class, all the students together with Ryan begin to think about how to create a fan fiction of The Avengers.

### **July 2ed Tuesday**

At the beginning of the class, we talked further about the fan fiction we wrote before the class. Ryan asked us what kinds of stories we wrote.

During the next part of the class, we talked about the Science fiction. It is generally acknowledged that without the science, we could not write the science fiction. Ryan asked us to think about what could be written in a science fiction, and we came up with many ideas, such as spaceships, laser gun and so on. Since the scene of the science fiction is mainly based on the world set in the future, we should think of many advanced scientific inventions and combine them into our fiction. However, as Ryan has mentioned in class, the most important thing is to make our science fiction much more interesting when making use of these sort of things.

In the second class, we began to think of how to create a monster. There are many monsters in a novels and fictions. Ryan first took zombies and vampires as examples. What makes a zombie like a zombie? We should consider where do zombies always appear. Zombies are kind of dead people, and they always appear in graves. As for vampires, we should again consider their characteristics. Vampires always live in beautiful places, and they are commonly very rich. However, through they are rich, they could only survive when they absorb people's blood.

Then, Ryan asked us to create our own monsters. They first asked us to think of answers to three questions. What is something that worried you? What is something that scared you? What is something that stressed you? And my answers are as follows: I will die one day worried me. Grave and death scared me. Horst Hohberger's Horrible Homework really stressed me.

Then, we should utilize two of the above things to create our own monster. Thinking of the vampires talked before, I want to create a monster that is somehow like a vampire. But a vampire is very common. In most people's eyes, vampire are handsome, rich, but evil. So I want create a entirely different vampire. What if a vampire is a flower? What if the flower is ogre flower? And what if the ogre flower is kind-hearted? By considering these things, and the death and graves that worries and scares me, I create my own monster, Ogre Flowers, Fantasy of the Maiden.

### **July 4th Thursday**

In today's class, we first wrote four bad sentences. I wonder what is the meaning of "bad". Is the grammar of the sentence bad or the meaning of the sentence bad? Anyway, I wrote four bad sentences that I think they are bad and posted them on the Google Doc. To write bad sentences is much more difficult than just write normal sentences.

During the next parts of the class, we follow Ryan's instruction to revise some sentences. We first revise a whole paragraph. After we have done the work, Ryan told us how to write a paragraph that is interesting and could attract readers. The words of the origin are much ore complicated than it should be. If the author could explain the story in three words, never would he use twelve words. Also, we should be careful with the word "things". Since if the author use this word, then he may be not so sure with the things that he want to tell. Moreover, we should never use the word "try", because this word seems too weak in the story. Consider my version, I have not fixed these problems, and I could do a better job next time.

Then we do much more practice on enriching a sentence, making a sentence much more scary, and making a story much more interesting. All my attempts are listed in the attached page.

After this class, I have learned many knowledge about how to write interesting sentences. We should avoid meaningless repeating, and avoid some weak and blurry words, such as "try" and "things" I have mentioned before. Also, we could add more elements to a single sentence to make it

much more attracting. Moreover, to make a sentence contain more contents of emotions, such as interesting or scary, we could make the objects, dialogue more specific, such as making the dog's eyes red and making its teeth sharp.

### ***In Class Writing***

I rambled around the forest and saw her sitting on the edge of railing by the lake, in the shadow of the setting sun. Not a maiden, not a girl. She is an angel, she is the goddess, goddess of mine. I just tried to step closer to her, since I really believe that if I could have the chance to talk to her, I might be able to get closer to her mind and really know who she really is, what she really cares, and what she is really thinking. I wanted to speak to her. I wanted to say something important to her. I wanted to know the deep heart and the true mind of her. However, my mind was blank as I walked up to her and stood next to her. Do angels allow men to blaspheme?

Monday, three trees stood in front of the house. One was the pine tree, one was the pine tree, and the other was also the pine tree.

Tuesday, two trees stood in front of the house. One was the pine tree, and the other was also the pine tree.

But Thursday, only one tree was standing in front of the house. It was the pine tree standing in front of the house, definitely.

The clock struck twelve, at midnight. The bell rang in the distance, coming from the hell and symbolizing the death. The hundreds of demon fires are clear in the dark, approaching rapidly from a distance. Yes, they are demon fires, they are the eyes of hounds in hell. Bunch of dogs, their eyes were like fires, their chaeta were like knives, and their teeth are like Death's Scythe.

Blood, blood, blood... Blood is everywhere. Bodies around the street, hands and feet were all around. Alone in the street, the hounds must be chasing me.

"Hey, Mike." Alan said.

"Hey, Alan." Mike said.

A long time of silence.

"Hia!Hia!Hia!Hia!" Both men cheered together and hugged each other.

"My man, I heard that you are worried about your money recently." Alan said.

"That's true. Why you ask such a sad question? Oh, wait, I know, you must have made lots of money and do not know how to spend them, so you want to share your money with me!" Mike said.

"No." Alan said.

"Then you must want to give me a huge surprise!" Mike said.

"No." Alan said.

"Do you only know the word 'No'?" Mike said.

"No." Alan said.

"What the hell are you?" Mike said.

"Well, actually, I had an idea, to make you the richest man in SJTU." Alan said.

"What's that?" Mike asked.

"I want to rob a toy store," Alan said.

"Really? Than we must be the richest men in SJTU!" Mike said.

"Really," Alan said. "I want everything in that place."

"Well that must be a lot of money. Can you imagine a the money of a whole toy store?" Mike said.

### **July 9th Tuesday**

Before today's class, we wrote a novel based on a picture sequence about the interesting story of a cat. The plot of story is easy and simple, so I add more interesting elements and small characters into the story to make it more interesting to read. We also wrote a Chinese traditional story using the style of Chinese stories. I imitated the story of Chang'e and wrote a piece about the story of the Goddess of the Sun.

And in today's class, together with Ryan, we began to talk about the contrastive storytelling, and analyze the elements of story together. We read a short story sentence by sentence, and examined what's the role of each sentence. To make our analyses much easier, we thought of many roles of a sentence that it may play in a whole story. We took about half the class to discuss the role of the sentence. Everyone began to brainstorm about what kind of role a sentence could play in a whole story. Each of the students added something and finally we obtained a very detailed list, and I listed our accomplishment as follows:

- Description of section -Realization -Memory/Flashback -Plot reveal
- Character record -Justification -Establish conflict -Summary

-Characterization -Fascinating -Time jump -Develop conflict(primary second)  
-Cause/effect -Example/Demonstration -Repetition -Character action  
-Demond -Climax

It is really astonishing that the function of a simple sentence could be such abundant. Even the same sentence in different articles could play an entirely different role.

We then utilized this list to analyze the structure of the interesting story of the cat. We figure out what every sentence is doing together. Through this procedure, we could able to understand the plots of the story well. The complex story becomes clear, and the simple plots could also become more interesting.

After learning how to analyze the structure of a story, we then began to figure out and number our sentences of our own story, and my work is posted on the discussion board. This is a very good practice for me. After this class, I know that each sentence in one story actually has some important roles, and next time when I am writing a story, I could avoid to write some repetitive sentences. This is a very useful skill to analyze a story, I think.

### **July 11th Thursday**

In today's class, we talked about how to do a good workshop to others pieces. Ryan took his piece as an example to help us learn how to analyze others' work. Ryan posted his story "A good and bad day in Suzhou", and asked us to figure out the disadvantages in this story.

I think that this story is somehow not very good. The writer at first writes that he wants to go to Suzhou and find someone to interview. The writer keeps saying this at the beginning of the story. However, during the last half of the story, this plot disappears entirely. I could not find what was happening next to the interview. Hence I think that this piece is somehow lost its point.

Also, I think that this piece is little bit chaos. The writer tries to say something, but he always misses the point and could not explain everything clear.

In the discussion part, together with Ryan we analyze the story. Ryan thinks that this piece is kind of boring. No readers would be delight to see what the writer was traveling in Suzhou!

Ryan asked us to learn how to do a good workshop to other's work. The most important thing is to analyze the settings of the story. We should learn the settings first before analyze the characters and the conflict. Also, the conflict



of the story is also of great importance. A workshop is to learn something from others' works, and also provides some useful suggestions to the writer.

### July 16th Tuesday

Today is the workshop day.

We first examined the piece Daddy's health plan. At the first sight of this piece, I think that this story tells us how hard it is to be a parent. Ryan wanted to discover more in this story rather than just simply read the hardness of being a parent from this novel. The father wanted to let his child eat healthier, but he always lied to his child. Does this father being a good father or not? Although the child deserves to eat healthily, but the father should not lie to his child in order to let him eat health food. We should consider the motivation of lie, since whenever a character in the story lies, readers become dislike this character. So we should balance whether it is necessary to let characters lie.

So how to improve this piece better? Maybe there exist less conflict in this story. Although Sam is pretty complained about his father, he would still yield to his father whenever the father says no. The writer should tries to make the conflict between the characters much more strong. The setting of the scene, including where they are, why they are there, are missing in this piece. We should add more description to the setting of the story. One of the main advantages of this piece is that the writer stays in Jack's point of view, so that readers could feel more justice about the experience of the characters. There are a lot of conflict in this story Suicide by delight, including the global and personal conflict. The idea of the monster is very good. So what is the central conflict of the story? The man loves Lily. If the primary conflict appears much earlier in this story, then the story would be much better.

But we are a little bit confused about the ending.

Then we talked about the third piece. This is a quiet interesting story, but it get lost in the summary of the story. Also, we conclude many ways to make this story contains more fun and becomes more interesting. I find out that this piece is some how similar from 1984, telling about the world of coldness, which is very meaningful. Then we talked about the last piece. The story might be very confusing to the readers. The ending is very confusing, and the writer used many words that only familiar to JI students.

From this class, I understand that analyzing others' piece should focus on the settings, the characters, as well as the conflicts happened in the story.

According to this workshop, I find that most of the students' pieces' conflicts are so weak, or happened so late. Also, most students do not explain the settings of the story well. These are common disadvantages of stories in today's workshop.

Considering all of the discussion above, I give my own feedbacks to there four pieces. For the *Daddy's health plan*, honestly speaking, I find this piece really interesting to read. Daddy's health plan is to avoid the child eating drunk food. He tells many lies to make Sam not eating drunk food. The story is very daily, so readers might find amiable when reading your works. Also, this work would make readers thinking whether Jack is a good father or not.

However, I think that the conversation in this work are quiet a lot. We just see that characters talk and talk and then the story ends. I think that the author could add more description to the environment, the settings, as well as the emotional thinking into the story.

Also, just as Ryan has mentioned in class, the conflict in this story is very weak, and the plots are just very similar everywhere in the story. When Sam wants to eat some drunk food and he asks his daddy Jack to buy the food for him, Jack just say something normal and Sam would give up. All the conflicts in this work are very simple. From the readers' view, conflict appears and then disappears very quickly. I think that the author could make effort to increase the distance of the conflict so that the meaning of the story would be much deeper.

For the second piece, *Swaggy*, which is a drama, talking about some interesting communications among three men. Their communications are really interesting at some extent. *Swaggy*, *Green*, and *Bill* always hide their true grades and emotion situation, which make readers astonished at the end of the story when they find out the truth.

If readers know quiet a lot about lives in JI, then they might find it interesting to read this article. However, for readers do not know the lives in JI, then reading this piece is quiet hard for them. Since in this article, the writer utilize many words that mainly used by students studying in JI, such as "high", "q3", or "moment". For those who do not live in JI, they could not understand these words so that this piece might confuse them.

Moreover, the plots of this drama changes a lot and very quickly, readers would find it really hard to follow and understand what was happening. Also,

the conflicts between the three main characters seem unclear. The plots just keep developing softly, I could not find much conflict in this drama.

*Suicide by Delight*, really an interesting one. I really like it. I think that there are several reasons why this story could appeal to me such a lot.

At the first sight I saw this piece, I was attracted by the title of this article. Suicide by delight. How could people suicide because of delight? That is interesting. In common sense, people suicide because of sorrow or desperate, but I have never heard about suicide by delight. Hence I am eager to see what happened so that people suicide by delight. This story attract the readers at the first time they see the article.

However, as the story goes on, I feel quiet confused about the plot. The writer does not explain clearly about why the monster would eat people's mind. It seems that people could still be alive after their mind be eaten. And I am still confused about what the main character's job is. Does he make people laugh to kill them? I think that the writer try to explain the setting of the story clearly, but he fails to do that. There still exist some contradiction in the story. I recommend that the writer could think more carefully and clearly about the setting.

Moreover, there is also some disadvantages of this story. The story explain the settings of the world for too long, and at almost half of story, readers could finally see the main characters appear. Most readers would get boring after reading such a long description of the setting. Maybe the conflict between the main characters could appear earlier.

Furthermore, the ending of the story really confused me. It seems that the writer want to end the story quickly so that he write the ending like this. The story ends quickly without preparation. What's the true ending of the story? Does the main characters died? I still could not find the exact answer from the article. I think that the writer could utilize more paragraphs to write about the main story of the characters and write a more specific ending, instead of using more than half of the article to talk about the setting, but the story only appear a little. The writer should figure out what is really important to say and what is not.

Anyway, I think that this story is very interesting. This story has something in common with the long novel <1984>. It introduces a world without any happiness. It is a world of coldness and boring. The deep meaning of this story deserved to be thought deeply. I like it.

Now goes to the final piece, *The Writer's Story*. To be honest, reading this article really confused me. At the first time I read this article, it took me a lot of time to understand the contents of the story. This story seems to talk about the story of a creative and talented writer, but everything happens to be very confusing and strange. Why the writer could write novels without awareness? How could this happen?

So I read this article again but still could not understand everything in this article. However, I think that I have learned something in this article. Seems like that the writer of the story intend to satirize something. However, even the main character of the story does not know what happened to him, how could the readers know the meaning?

Specifically, I really recommend you to write the plots of the story more directly and straightforward. Commonly for most of the readers, it is hard to understand the hidden meaning of the story. I myself just take a long time to understand the meaning of the story. Actually not all the readers have the patient to read the same story for many times.

Moreover, the conflict between the main characters is so weak. Since there only exist one character in this story, the plots of the story might be hard to keep going. Less character will lead to less conflict, which would also lead to less interesting plots of the story. I think you could add some more characters into this story. The characters might not be such important, but they could play a great role in creating conflicts and make the story much more interesting to read.

Finally, I think that the settings of the story is quiet unclear. I do not know where the story happens, and when the story happens. Moreover, the identity of the main character is also not so clear to readers. Hence I think that you could use more sentences to describe the settings of the story more clearly to readers.

However, on the contrary, if the reader takes a second to think about the true meaning of the story, they might gain a lot from the hidden topic of the story. Just think about several questions, why this happened to the main character? Why the main character does not astonished by the truth? Thinking of these questions might be very interesting, and different readers might gain totally different answers. For me, the first time and the second time I read this piece, I get entirely different understanding. I think that the writer of the piece really want to tell something serious, maybe take a second to read the piece carefully is a good choice.

## July 18th Thursday

Today is the second day for workshop.

We first took a few second to read the four pieces. I like the first one most, since it is a very romantic but sad story. The loving story of the two characters is very interesting to me. Ryan thought that this piece utilize the time traveling art, but in fact he understood the story in a wrong way. Actually readers would definitely feeling lost when reading some of the words of the article. Why this time traveling happening? The writer does not provide a reasonable explanation. Readers might have entirely two different understanding of the story because of the unclear settings. It reminds me again the importance of introducing the setting of the story clearly.

Moreover, Ryan highlighted that never use “dot dot dot” in the story, which could be regarded as a lazy writing style.

For the fourth story, the ending of this story again might be somehow confusing. It is another time travel style story. Ryan took an example of a good time traveling story. The main character of the story mets a girl, and he travels through the time twice in order to find the girl. Actually, magical style stories must have some limits to the magical. Also, we must add limits to the time traveling skills if we want to add the elements of time traveling into the piece.

Later we talk about the story “Mr Brown attend a dinner”. I like the writing style very much. there are a lot of chives in the village, which is a little bit interesting. The conflict does not appear until Mr.Brown wants to leave. The chief does not want Mr.Brown to leave, but Mr.Brown is very eager to leave this village. I think that the conflict in this story is successful, and the ending of the story surprises me really. Although the ending is surprising, I do not find it confusing, since there is a lot of background and settings mentioned before that could indicate the ending of the story. In all, I think that this piece is very successful.

For the longest piece, maybe there are three different stories in this whole piece. They do not relate to each other very much. I almost read through the story, but still could not find the main conflict and the settings of the story. People would change a lot after a long time period. So how could we make this story better? I think that we should make this piece short first. Since that it is much too long for us to read. Around seven thousand or so. It is too long to be published. There exist three different stories in this piece. I think that the writer could make some progress to mix these three separated stories together, which could make this piece much better.

Workshop day is really interesting, I could read many interesting stories and also learn many useful skills from others' works.

Considering all of the discussions above, I also write some comments for the four authors. For the first piece, at the first sight, I think that it is a time-traveling story. However, later I find that it is actually not. But it really confused me a little bit. I should admit that recalling the memories at the beginning of the story is a very good attempt, but I think that you could explain it more clearly so that it won't confuse the readers. Also, I did not get the point of the piece. I suggest you to make the man in the story much more indifferent so that the sadness of the woman could be enlarged, which could somehow make this piece much better.

For the Mr.Brown's piece, I like the writing style very much. there are a lot of chives in the village, which is a little bit interesting. The conflict does not appear until Mr.Brown wants to leave. The chief does not want Mr.Brown to leave, but Mr.Brown is very eager to leave this village. I think that the conflict in this story is successful, and the ending of the story surprises me really. Although the ending is surprising, I do not find it confusing, since there is a lot of background and settings mentioned before that could indicate the ending of the story. In all, I think that this piece is very successful.

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And the last piece, the two characters, I think that the author could add more elements into this story, since the plots in this story is so simple. I do not know where the girl comes from, and do not know the ending of the story. I could understand the piece a little bit since I create the time traveling girl myself, but for those who do not know clearly about the characteristics of the girl, this piece might confused them. So I strongly suggest you to explain

more details about the identity of the girl. Also, in my opinion, the story have not totally begin and it ends very quickly. I am interested in the later plots of the story. Hope to see it one day.

### **July 23rd Tuesday**

Today is the third workshop day. I look forward to this day very much, since my piece would be workshopped today. I put many efforts to this piece “The Death Toll”, and I hope every student could read my piece and give me their feedbacks.

At the beginning of the class, Ryan talked about my piece at first, which really excited me. Ryan shew his favorite to my piece, since tension in this story is very strong and serious. Conflict appears early in this story and readers could feel the serious tension throughout the whole story.

It's a story about death, a story about regret, and a story about love. Readers would feel interesting whenever they read about death and blood. A single story of love is not attracting, since readers would feel nothing about the plots. They might just think

“Oh, they fall in love with each other.”

“Ahh, they broke up.”

“Yes, they make peace again.”

However, by adding the elements of blood and death, the plots become much more interesting and attracting.

Moreover, Ryan mentioned that the before reaction of the characters could help the after reaction better, hence I should try to put more effort on the before reaction. Also, The Death Toll is a beautiful title, but readers might not find strong connection between the title and the main plots. Maybe mention the title in my piece would be better.

Ryan also mentioned some little mistakes in my piece and gave me a few suggestions on how to improve the details of my work. To make this piece better, I should consider several questions: Why they go there, especially why the strong American goes there? What bring them together? I should give them a reason, and show how the main character (I) reacting to their death.

Since typically, readers would follow what the main character thinks. And if the character is not scared, the reader won't be scared, either.

Later we talked about other students' pieces, considering the comments of Ryan, I also have some feedbacks to their works.

For Peng Run's piece, I have some ideas about it. Yes, the moon is so beautiful. I fall in love with this sentence the minute I read it. Actually I have heard about this sentence before, so I am really delight to see it in this piece. Since I know the meaning of the sentence, so I know that it must be a loving story. When I read deeply to it, I convinced my guess. This is a sad story, I suppose. I could feel the sadness of the guy in this story. I understand the main plots of the story after reading your explanation. However, at the first time I really confused about what happened in the story. Maybe it would be better if the author could give the names to the two girls so that I would not misunderstand them. Anyway, I think that the plots of the story is very good, and I think that it could be much better if the author could give much more details and explanations to the story to make it much more clear to the readers.

For Shao Shuang's piece, I was interested in this piece at first. How could we deny to read a story about a stalker following with a beautiful young girl? I could feel the tension and conflicts throughout the piece, since the first-person perspective of the piece is really friendly and easy for readers to catch the feeling of tension. I was interested in this story at first, and hope to see what would happen next. However, when it goes to the end and I notice that the stalker following the beautiful girl is actually a mosquito, which really astonished and confused me, and I also feel a little bit disappointed. But, just as Ryan has mention in class, people would buy anything at the beginning of the story, and readers would agree to anything at the beginning of the story. So we should give readers confidence to understand the piece at the beginning of the story, or they might totally get lost because of the unexpected ending of the story. If the author mentions at the beginning that the stalker is a mosquito, readers would accept the truth easily and say "Ok, he is a mosquito." However, if the author mentions it in the end, readers would reject the truth and say "What? He is a mosquito? What a stupid story?" It cannot be denied that this could entertain the readers, but it would



also confuse the readers. Hence when author is writing such stories, they should consider the advantages and disadvantages and make a choice.

For Sun Yan's piece, actually, this story is quiet short to become a play, since it might only take a few minute to finish. However, if we ignore the length of the play for a second, I should admit that it is quiet interesting, actually. I laughed many times when I was reading this piece. Many plots in this play is based on our daily lives, which is very familiar to readers. Also, I think that the author really saw the current problem existing in the Chinese tradition relationship between parents and their child. I think that this is a good attempt.

Here are some of my advice to let this article much better.

1. Write this play much longer to include much more plots inside it.
2. The play is not suitable to act on stage. You may include the origin and settings of the story much more clear.

Anyway, this is a quiet interesting short story.

### **July 25th Thursday**

Today is the last day of the workshop, and we will go into the last four pieces today. The Story Fills You with Determination, Sane family, the story of the empire hundreds years ago, and the fan fiction of Tom and Jerry. Ryan gave few suggestions to these pieces. First about the piece The Story Fills You with Determination, ending of the story seems somehow confusing, and all of us want to see a little bit more about the ending of the story. The piece also need more dialogs to increase the narrative elements. For Chang Yiding's piece, Sane Family, lots of plots could be seen in the story, and the tension and conflicts are very here. People in royal family fighting against each other for power, which is really interesting. However, functions in this story should function differently to make the piece much more ordered. As for the story of Tom and Jerry, we should get all the characters we need in the story, such as the big bad dog between Tom and Jerry. Fan fictions should base on the classical plots of the origin story. The story helps us learn one important thing, which is that the one who truly hate you, they might truly care about you.

Considering Ryan's feedbacks, I also think about some advantages and disadvantages of today's four stories. About the piece The Story Fills You with Determination, I really like it when I first see it. The conflict of the story appears very early at the beginning, which appears to me a lot. Also, I really

like the writing style. The loving story about a ordinary boy and a really beautiful girl is always attracting. However, I think that the story ends so quickly and I could not get the ending of the story. Actually, I am a little confused about the ending. Why Mike acted like this? Why Rita did that? The author only use one or two short paragraphs to give the story an ending. I felt a little pity about this, since I really want to see more details about this story. But anyway, this piece is very interesting and worth reading.

For the Sane Family, yes, this piece is a very traditional Chinese story, about the conflicts and fights among royal family. I lost in this story even at the beginning sentence. No one could reject such a story filled with conspiracy, death, and fights. The author has a very clear train of thought, I could see that there exist many hints before we finally get to the truth. Also, the rhythm and speed the story goes is also very suitable. Readers could feel the tense atmosphere even at the beginning. There are some personal suggestions I want to give to the author. Readers would easy get tired of the story if the plots are tense from the beginning to the end. From my point of view, this story is so tense that readers could not have a second to rest. This might be a good writing style to some extent, but for this story, especially for those royal conflicts story, I believe that a little rest for readers would be very good.

For the story based on the empire hundreds years ago, it is also a story about the conflicts in royal family. However, this piece use a different point of view comparing with the above one. Yes, this piece does not show the conflict directly through fire, death, and war. However, none of them even appear in the story. The author use a bystander's perspective, or minsters' perspective, to show how the story happened and how it ended, which I think is very good. Readers might not see the conflict among royal family directly, but they could feel it. However, similar as the suggestion that I give to Chang Yiding, good piece should not keep the rhythm of the story unchanging, or readers would feel tired or bored towards the story. Hence I strongly recommend you to write some tension plots into your piece. Since when I read the story, everything seems a little bit confusing. Readers want to figure out why the emperor is missing, that's why they read the story towards the end, but the author does not mention the reason even at the ending of the story. Although readers could guess a little, but I hope the writer could provide some details. That's the tension part of the story, and might be the most splendid part of the story.

For the story of Tom and Jerry, it is a fan fiction, I could see it. Tom and Jerry, the memory of the childhood. Yes, I felt happy reading this story, and this story really bring me back to my childhood. The conflict of the story appears early, and throughout the whole story, which is very good, I think. However, although the name of the characters are the same as the famous carton "Tom and Jerry", their characteristics might not be so similar. Also, I think that as a fan fiction, it should connect with the origin story much more closely. I recommend the author to write his story based on one of the famous plots of "Tom and Jerry", and write something new. To improve this story better, find some relevant plots in the TV shows and refer to it in the own story, which might be very good.

### **July 30th Tuesday**

Ryan asked whether we prefer a peer evaluation class or a writing exercise class. Of course, we all chose to do peer evaluation in this class. During this class, everyone began to edit their piece and prepare for tomorrow's public reading day. I have already edited my piece "The Death Toll" once, and I want more feedbacks from Ryan about how to edit this further, so I talked with Ryan about details in this piece. Ryan really gives me many constructive suggestions that could help me polish the piece much better. Since this story is a first-person perspective story, I should use at least one sentence to show the perspective at the beginning of my piece. Adverbs should follow as close as possible with the verbs, and avoid using some weak words, such as "just", or meaningless words, such as "even". I should also give more comments from the main character on others, which could help readers learning the story better. I think all of these are very useful suggestions, and I should use them not only in this piece, but also in my other stories.

Hope to learn more in Creative Writing!

### **July 31st Wednesday**

Today is the Public Reading of Work by JI Writers, which is held in the JI auditorium. Students gather here to enjoy the public reading. My piece is shown at the beginning of the class. It is a play, with two main characters, so I invites another student to act the play with me. I like this piece very much, and i find a very tension photo to show the conflicts in the story. A story with sex, gun, and death would always attract readers' eyes.

It is a great enjoyment to stay in this comfortable auditorium room and listen to other writer's piece.

## EPilogue

### Final Reflection

During the whole semester, I learned how to do creative writing. Writing is simple, everyone could write. But be creative is hard, and creative writing is much harder. Creative Writing, includes two main elements, **Creative** and **Writing**.

How to be creative? I need to think about creative characters first, giving them some special and unique characteristics. They have something to pursue, but difficulties should be created to impede them. Conflicts between them becomes the main plot of the story. Also, characters are gradually changing when the time goes. Their relationship with others, their attitudes towards the world, and their characteristics should vary in different time period. That's the main method to be creative and come up with interesting stories.

How to be a good writer? During this semester, I developed my own writing style, including **Repeated Emphasis, Poignant Contrasts, Continuous Queries, Open Ending**, and so on. as I have mentioned before. Every successful writers have their own unique writing styles, and I intend to imitate some authors' writing style, such as *The Factory of Dandelion* copying from Angela Carter's *The Company of Wolves*, *Yuki White in Daisy* copying from *Green Eggs and Ham*, and *Corner of Library* copying from Carver's *Fat*.

The structure of story is also of great importance. Conflicts should appear early and throughout the whole story. They should be strong enough for readers to get interested in the story. Settings of the whole story should be mentioned early at the beginning, including when, where, and who. Start of the story should include all crucial settings first. Ending of the story could be the most exciting part. We could make readers thinking, but never make them confused.

I really write a ton in Creative Writing. I write poems, I write fan fictions, and I write flash fictions. I write a play, I write stereotypical stories, and I create my own writing styles. I encountered plenty of genres that I have never written before, which is a fancy experience for me. Also, I read other students'

pieces, I read the best short stories, best poetries in America, and learn from them.

I really love the way that Ryan gives us instruction. The atmosphere in class is active and energetic, and I love the feeling to share and communicate with other students in class. Every class I could learn many new things, by reading and learning from others' work. We could discuss together to go into the knowledge point, instead of just be told, which is a very interesting and efficient learning method.

Looking back into all my pieces, I feel glad to see my effort gradually collected in the portfolio and become a book. I enjoy the feeling to create my own characters and see interesting stories happening on them. I have dreamed of writing novels and stories for a long time, but there was no time and energy for me to do so. When I managed to create some interesting pieces that I am proud of, I worried again that no one read my pieces and give their feedback to me. Thanks for this course, I gain the opportunity to write what I want, and my pieces also gain the opportunity to be read and workshopped. Reading others' comments on my piece is really enjoyable. Their favorite is the best support on me.

I feel a little sad that this course is going to the end. But I hope to write more , read more, and learn more, in the future. This course, Creative Writing, lead me into the door of writing. Before this course, although I love writing things, but my writing is disordered and without regulations. After this course, I learn how to com up with new ideas, how to make my stories attracting, how to analyze others' pieces and make comment to them, which help me a lot in the field of writing.

This portfolio could be a beginning. I believe that I would do more creative writing, from this day, to my last day. No matter where am I, what language I use, and whom am I writing for. The knowledge I learned in VY223 could benefit me a lot through my life, I believe.



I love creative writing  
to turn my crazy ideas into reality  
to create characters with unique features  
and shout out my mind in my pieces and work  
to create whoever I want to create  
to write whatever I want to write  
I love creative writing

Shanghai Jiaotong University  
Joint Institute  
Yigao Fang  
29/7/2019

*Story never Ends*