CREATIVE WRITING PORTFOLIO

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Creative Writing

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Introduction

Coming into high school I spent the first day in the guidance office waiting to get placed into a class. Being a senior there wasn’t many options to choose from and it was a toss-up between filling my 3A period with Creative Writing and Environmental Science. Having taken Ecology and not being interested I thought I would try something new and take Creative Writing. I had no prior knowledge of what this class would entail so walking in the first day I was uncertain whether I would love the class or be bored by it. I was surprised when we first started doing the 10 minute write-ups how much I enjoyed it because I had always thought of writing as a bore. Overall I am excited that I decided to stay in this class.

Starting this class I really wanted to improve my writing because out of all of my skills my writing is my weakest. I got to work on my vocabulary choice when trying to get a point across in a short amount of space in a poem such as a haiku or a tanka. Also when writing the narrative I was able to work on details and writing a good storyline. The narrative became one of my favorite pieces that we wrote. This is because I felt as though I was able to work on my writing skills the most. Also I was the most proud of this piece because the idea was my own and not taken from someone else. Although I enjoyed learning about all of the different styles writing could take there was one assignment that the shoe didn’t quite fit me. This was the two ode’s that we did. The style was very difficult because of how long it was and trying to make an idea stretch out was hard to do without repeating ideas and staying on the same subject. When going into this class I realized that my writing mostly shared a common theme, family. I believe that this happened because I had just found out that my mom has brain cancer. Dealing with this was one of the hardest things I have had to do so far in my life and I soon realized that writing was a good way to get out my emotions. With all of these different styles of writing I became aware
how much we take good writers for granted because of how difficult it is to write something so well and condensed.

I believe I have improved as a writer in many skills such as writing metaphors, similes, details, rhyme scheme and I also believe I have strengthened my ability to construct any piece of writing. As a writer I plan on writing more on a daily basis in my writing notebook about nature and my life to get used to writing over the summer before I enter a college writing course next fall. I wish that I had put more effort into many of my pieces because I know that I was able to write better pieces. I thoroughly enjoyed taking this class and would recommend it to anyone having trouble finding a class to fit in one of their class periods.
Memoirs

The walls that were decorated with scratches severed as a reminder of the past and to hold in the cold dry air. I looked out the window and watched the rain pitter patter on the ground, I feel like it hasn’t stopped raining since the accident. As I lay in my bed staring out my window I remembered the loud bang of a gun before the still silence. I sat up and shook my head clear of my childhood trauma. As I walked into my kitchen more flashbacks filled inside my head. “Matt, let’s go see a movie.” I can only remember bits of my mother but I can specifically recall her that afternoon with the strand of light from the blinds shinning on her face. “I was thinking we could go tonight to see that robot movie you have been talking about all week.” I grabbed an orange from the fridge and laid on my couch staring at the popcorn ceiling and thought more about the lasts words of my mom. I stuck my thumb nail into the rough exterior of the orange peel until I saw the juicy center. The smell of citrus covered up the damp sent of the unlived room. Walking around this cobwebbed filled house was like stepping into an Edgar Allen Poe novel. The doorbell? I walked to the door and murmured, “Who could this be?” I opened the door to see my old friend Ava carrying a box of mail in her dainty fingers.

“I picked up some of your mail from your P.O. Box since – well yeah here ya go.” Ever since my mom was killed people have danced around their statements like a car avoiding a pothole. We talked briefly about the large amount of rain we have been getting and she said she had to go. That’s how most conversations went, clean cut with no meaning. When the door shut I was left by myself once again and I found myself whispering under my breath, “I miss you mom.”
Memories

The harsh yellow light shone on my face as I trembled in the hard cold seat. Sweat started dripping off my face as the police officer strutted into the metal filled room and gently closed the door behind him. I was only eight at the time but I still remember the sudden shift in behavior of the police officer. Once I shared what I saw, the cops face lost its color. He kept treating me like a mental case after I told my story. He danced around my statement trying to find any truth. But it was all real.

My mother and I were walking home from the movies and took the short cut through the alley by the barbershop. All the inhabitants of the alley were swallowed by the darkness. Then it happened. The loud bang followed by my mother collapsing to the ground. It happened in the blink but I can only remember it in slow motion. I felt my body fall down to the ground next to my mother. Tears fell of my face in individual paths and formed a puddle mixed with the blood of my mother on her chest. I looked up to see the person who had done this. He was wearing a hoodie, but it was too dark to see their face. And then the unbelievable happened. First his legs and then his abdomen started to disappear.

I always thought of this memory right before a big bust. Ever since then I wanted to find the man responsible and make them pay. The most useful thing about being a cop is the police scanner. Even when I am off duty I get to know if my mother’s killer had added another victim to their trophy case. Every back alley murder I found an excuse to be there, even if I was just strolling down the street with Buddy – Buddy is my dog. My aunt gave me him when I moved in with her after the accident and we have been inseparable since. Recently there hasn’t been any killings or shootings in the Wolfsboro area but I knew he would strike again. So until then I dedicated my life to finding this guy. My friends started to worry today when I limped through the door drenched in mud.

“What did ya’ get into now Matt?” My friends laughed but I could tell they were worried from the urgency in their voices. I didn’t want to explain everything. Like that I was chasing a guy downtown when I tripped over a stupid crushed can. So I lied.

“Just playing with Buddy, I suppose things got a little rough huh?”
That was terrible. I should have practiced this.

“Oh really?” Ava barked as she tapped her fingers on the counter, “because I saw you headed down that alley by the barber.” And then silence. She always knew when I was lying, and she always knew the truth, I guess that’s what you get for being best friends with a girl.

To try and escape trying to crawl my way around my lie I decided to change the conversation and asked Mike and Zander – my work buddies – if they heard anything on the scanner while I was out. There was nothing, per-usual. So I walked down the hall to my room when I heard Ava’s soft footsteps follow behind me. I shifted my body towards her as the floorboards cricked.

“Listen Matthew, I am worried about you. You don’t get sleep and you are constantly listening to that scanner or yours. If you let finding your mother keep consuming you, you’re going to lose a lot Matt.” I hated when she gave me these talks so I raised my eyebrows smirked and closed my door.

Black and white noise started playing in the background as I changed into fresh clothes. The police scanner.

“There’s some thing odd happening down here fellas. Backup needed down on Oak Street.” More black and white noise, “time trav-” “crazy – machine” I knew I had to go. It wasn’t exactly a murder in an alley but it was on the street I grew up on. I ran down the hall and rushed out the door grabbing my badge and keys off the counter. I only managed to topple over the lamp by the entrance. “You’re crazy man!” yelled out Matt as I got into my car with Zander hopping in the passenger seat.

“I’m not letting you go down there with you like this by yourself, I’m coming too.” Zander was one of my best buds. His mom was friends with my mom when we were growing up and we were friends ever since birth. He knows me and he is the only person who was there for me after I moved in with my crazy Aunt Eda.

I turned on the radio and we cruised over to Oak Street. I was surprised to learn that this was truly an odd situation. There was a man stood up on two stick thin legs with wrinkles all over his body shaking with excitement outside of my childhood home. He wore only a pair of white corn starched boxers that looked two sizes too big and his twig like fingers wrapped around – my alarm clock?
“What’s going on here?” I asked Sherriff Koche.

“I’m not quite sure Matt. He claims that he heard a beeping from the bedroom and broke in and grabbed that thing in his hand. He claims it is some sorta time travel machine...” He started to write up the report and then he said, “Hey, I think he just needs some pills and put in a little white room, if you know what I mean.” He chuckled to himself but I just walked away. I couldn’t help but relate to this old scrawny man. I was in his same position once, automatically being assumed psychotic. I couldn’t stand to be around these people anymore. I drove home with Zander and as he attempted to make small talk, but I didn’t want to talk. I wanted to go back. And then it hit me. Maybe he wasn’t crazy just like I wasn’t. My mind was racing as I entered the apartment. I wandered over to the refrigerator and grabbed a beer to relax.

I must have passed out last night because I awoke with strands of light glistening through the shades across my face. I rubbed my eyes, slid off my bed and slumped into the bathroom to take a shower. As the water poured over my body I got to thinking about this whole time travel thing. I mean would it be so bad to go back in time. I figured going back to my mother would be even better then trying to find the person who killed her. I shut off the shower once I heard Matt holler that I was going to use up all the hot water. I shook my head dry and thought well I could just go to the evidence locker and see if it actually works. And that’s exactly what I did.

“Hey Matt! What do you need today?” The man the works behind the evidence locker had a belt that was about to burst and he looked as if his legs would snap from carrying the giant ball on top of them.

“Just wanted to look through the evidence from yesterday’s case. Can you help me out?” He grasped the key with his thick fingers and opened the gate that separated me from the one item that might be able to give me back my mother. We both walked through the isle in silence until we got the box that was about to be sealed with tape and put away forever. “You know this used to be my alarm clock when I was boy.” Maybe I could guilt him into giving it to me.
“Well if you didn’t hear apparently it’s some type of time machine now!” His plump stomach moved up and down as he chuckled at his own joke. He then walked away saying, “If you need anything else I’ll be up here enjoying some fresh donuts.”

I could almost hear the saliva forming in his mouth when he said that. This gave me a great idea for an escape. Just as he bite into a sugar frosted jelly donut I walked out of the evidence locker, said thanks and he didn’t notice one bit.

Now I only had a certain amount of time before someone would notice that this was gone. I decided to leave work early and say I wasn’t feeling well.

As soon as I got home I would try for hours trying to turn that piece of metal into something that could make me go back in time. So I gave up and went to go eat some soup when suddenly I heard a beeping so loud I dropped my bowl of soup onto the floor. I turned around and what was once my alarm clock was now floating in the air. I jumped and hopped over my living room furniture until I was holding the clock.

I clenched my eyes tight and I thought about that night when I was eight and once I opened my eyes it was dark and I was no longer alone. I was in a movie theater filled with people and then the ending credits appeared. Something nudged my shoulder and I looked up to find my mother.

“Come on we should go before everyone else gets up.” I forgot how gentle her voice was and how effortlessly the words flowed out of her mouth. I must have been staring at her for a while with this stupid look on my face because she giggled and said, “Matt you look like you have just seen a ghost of something.”

I leaped up from my popcorn filled seat and gave her the biggest hug. When we walked home that night she went to turn down the ally but I didn’t budge. Her mouth dropped as if she didn’t think I had that much strength in me.

“Lets go get some ice cream,” I spat out as I tried to come up with any excuse not to go down that ally. We walked a little past the barbershop and stopped at Scoops. Once we arrived home I realized how odd it was to be eight again.
I woke up the next morning, made my mom breakfast, cleaned the dishes and brought the trash out. But things were still weird, I felt as though I didn’t belong here. So as my mom took a shower I walked into my bedroom and sat on the edge of my freshly cleaned sheets.

I started to think about the logistics of this all. All of my friends faces that I left behind started to file into my head. Were as before I only thought about my mother now all I can think about is my future. I grabbed my alarm clock and I wanted to go back. I wanted to be with Ally and Zander and sleep in my real bed. What was I thinking, how am I supposed to leave my whole life over again? I have to go back; at least my mom will be alive when I get there.

Then all of sudden it was like I was living in a play and it was time for a change in scenery. There were no longer the chirping birds outside walking in the dew cover lawn. I breathed in the smell of dirty socks and rotting food surrounded me, I was now in complete darkness.

As I went to walk forward my foot hit a shiny object on the ground. I bent over to pick it up and started to produce sweat under my nose and on my palms. It was a gun.

Where am I? What have I done? In the middle of my frantic thinking I heard a noise and within the blink of an eye my finger pressed the cold trigger and the bullet was awoken from its dormant state and shot out of the barrel. My whole body became paralyzed.

A yell. The gun falls out my limp hands. I inch forward to see two people on the ground. It was all too familiar with the darkness and smell. My eyes managed to peer through the darkness to see… me. It was me all along?

I became light headed as I tried to stabilize myself. I knew what was coming next and it all made sense now. I looked down at my legs to see them slowly start to pixelate into nothing.
What am I?
I can be long or short
I can be grown or bought
I am sometimes painted but can be bear
My shape is either round or square
The top of me will sometimes break
Care of me you did not take
Overtime I will grow
In two different colors for you to show

What am I?
I am a room you cannot enter
I am a room you cannot leave
I am sometimes poisonous
I can be paired with food
What am I?
Flowers
So
Much depends
Upon the first flower
Of spring
Three
Green
Leaves
Covered in the morning dew

The House
Sat upon a hill
Balancing on an edge
Alone
The half attached door
Opens
Shuts
Paint chips dance away
With each gust of wind

Jazz in the Street
Ripples in pothole puddles
Paint smears in store front reflections
Sounds run down the walls
Following it through the ally
There is an alto sax player
Leaning back
Jacks up the sound on the tracks
Clickey
Clack
Picks up the slack
Slaps you back
Sit back
relax sip
And let your ears itch, while toes tip
    tap
Sleepless Night

Pillowed feathers
Caressing precious moments around tender skin

Teardrops, bagged eyes
Voices circle the insomniac moon in the sky
At last now I see
Under the drunken stars I had an epiphany
At last I knew
You don’t belong weak, sick and no longer you

Sleepless nights and pillowed feathers
Caressing precious moments around my tender skin
Pretending my mother tucked them in

Sailing

Rocking back and forth
Side to side
My body becomes one with the sea
Swaying with this boat I am free
While the cool breeze brings me back to the past
Fish jump in and out of the water creating a splash
I am awoken from my happiness induced half sleep
Amusement parks
A roller coaster
Has ups and downs like life
Stressed and unstressed points
Its traveling in and out
Of different emotions

Worn out shoes
The idea of love
Takes meaning in a world
Where meaning often
Is a hand me down worn-out
At the heal pair of old shoes

Sleepless night
Voices
Dance in the sky
And circle the sleepy
Moon with the insomniacs thoughts of life

Spring
Listen
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts
Icicles slowly fall off
And melt

Hiding
The warm summer sun
Is out shone by the lightning
Hiding in the dark
Paradise
The cool summer sun
Tingling my freckled skin –
Wrapped in shades of blue

The Mute Everglade
Heavy for engulfs
A lonely floating island –
Stillness wraps the trees

Passing Stillness
The death of winter
Is a temporary death –
She will rise again

Looking Closer
Reckless veins submerge
Dancing beneath flesh filters
Traced by dainty hands

Listening to Words Unspoken
The palms of his hands
Tell stories of everything
That they ever held

Yin and Yang
Moon
Gloomy, Mysterious
Lurking, Sneaking, Sleeping
Night, Silence – Summer, Laughter
Shining, Sizzling, Illuminating
Bright, Iridescent
Sun
Life
Life
Joyful, Phenomenon
Enriched, Creating, Learning
Education, Culture, Friends, Family
Laughing, Jumping, Loving
Timeless, Miracle
Babies

Pindaric ode to Graduation
Graduation is an uprising
Euphoric and unencumbering
Graduation makes me feel like a bird

A bird learning to fly, leaving its nest
Scared and worried but knowing it’s for the best
A time for looking back on lessons learned

A time for looking forward to set new goals
And packing away memories to dream new dreams
We will all head off to start new roles
And move on, as scary as it seems
The strand is cut that was stringing us along
So try your new wings and see what lies beyond

Senior Year
At the end of the year its all about the stress
Fulld of excitement from the over-hype
Girls worry about picking out a dress
Some stay calm, just depends on your type
From applying to almost every schoo
To facing rejection at every corner
College brings our the best in a fool
But acceptance seems to only go to the foreigner
It’s time to order a cap and gown
And worry who will ask who to prom
Waiting to get out of this town
But when gone we will forever miss mom
Being a senior is just another trick
Don’t get senioritis and pretend to be sick!
**Black Smoke**

She tapped a beat with her worn cigarette  
Ashes flew out in a rhythm with the song  
The song she once knew as her love, now gone  
With the breeze that forced her heart to forget  
Now seeing her faults and her worst regret  
Of losing him without hope to carry on  
She now knew her fate to not carry on  
The cigarettes poison she would now let  
And his hand grasped hers and stole the pain  
That had once left her heart so death ridden  
He cleared her sight of the thick, blinding smoke  
He cleared her lungs and every final vein  
She once again became romance-stricken  
And felt as if she had finally awoke

**Carpe Diem**

Enjoy the pleasures.  
Life is about not knowing,  
Taking a moment  
And then making it perfect –  
Seize the day and live your life

**Naomi (monologue)**

So far Naomi is concerned, her relationship with Jimmy is grounded in mutual interests. She suspects, however, that for him it’s much more. Here, she tactfully sets him straight on the issue.

How, look. We gotta get straight what’s going on her, okay? When we first met in theater and liked the same plays and same movies and stuff, this was cool. I mean, I was really happy I’d found someone who was into my way of thinking, into the same old movies and stars of the thirties and stuff. Its great to be able to relate, you know. And, like, I really appreciate you taping movies for me and cutting basketball and track to tutor me with my math. But it seems, like, seems as though maybe I’m not getting a clear picture here.

Ya know, Jim, it’s, like, I’ve always thought of us as just good buds, you know. Just good buds who’re into the same stuff, enjoy the same stuff and like that, you know? And this is all okay. This is really neat. It’s not very often you meet someone who likes to watch olf Fred Astaire movies. Most of my friends think I’m lame for this. But lately, lately I’m starting to get the impression that you either think our relationship is a lot more than it really is, or that you want it to become a lot more.

What I’m trying to say here is that maybe you really don’t like all that stud as much as you let on. That maybe you’re just pretending because it’s a way of, like . . . dating. (beat) Okay, okay. Like don’t get crazy, okay? Calm down, all right?
Remember when we did that scene together? The one I picked from *Our Town*? I think you got the wrong impression from that; I think you took it as a real-life thing between you and me. Because it was kinda romantic, I mean. (Beat) Well, maybe not, but after that your attitude toward me changed and you started treating me like we were way married, or something. (beat) But you did. And you still do, Jimmy. (beat) Yes, you do.

At first I didn’t see it. They clued me. I mean, after all, they were outside looking in. ble to see the thing more clearly.

What I’m getting at here is, if you’re just pretending to like the stuff I do to get next to me in more than just a friendship thing, it won’t happen. Okay? Even though I really like you and enjoy your company and that, it’s nothing more than this. The thing between us is nothing more than, like, this friendship because of mutual interests. I want you to understand this now so you won’t be expecting more.

You’re really a super-neat person, Jimmy. I just want you to understand that this isn’t *Our Town*, this is real life.

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**Naomi**

*Naomi and Zoe met outside after school ends*

*Zoe:* Want to go to the mall?

*Naomi:* Sorry, can’t, Jim offered to help me with math right now.

*Zoe:* You know Naomi, Jimmy seems to, like, well, like you, as more than a friend.

*Naomi:* Not uh, we’re just friends. He know that . . . I think

> **Zoe shakes her head**

*Naomi:* Well now that you mention it he does go out of his way, like, cutting basketball and track to tutor me. He just gets upset when I try to tell him I don’t want a relationship.

> **Jimmy waves to Naomi and starts to walk over to them**

*Jimmy:* Hey Naomi! Ready to get started?

> **Zoe walks away**

*Naomi:* (Shaking voice) Uh, umm Jim this is gonna be, well, I’m happy I found someone who was into my way of thinking, into the same old movies and stars of the thirties and stuff. . .

*Jimmy:* (Smiles giddily) Yeah I wanted to say this for a while, I really, well, think I

*Naomi:* Stop there Jimmy it seems, like, seems as though maybe I’m not giving you a clear picture here, ya know, Jim, Jimmy, It’s, like, (clears throat) I’ve always thought of us as just good buds, you know? Just good buds that are into the same stuff.

*Jimmy:* (Clenching fists) Seriously Naomi, sometimes I just, ugh. Who told you this, was it Zoe? Ya know Nao –
Naomi: I didn’t mean to upset you. Like don’t get crazy, okay? Calm down, all right?

Jimmy: But what about that scene together in *Our Town*, I just got the sense that . . .

Naomi: You’re a really super-neat person Jimmy. I just want you to understand that this isn’t *Our Town*, this is real life.

Jimmy slams his math book on to the ground as everyone stares

Naomi: Jimmy stop it! You’re making a scene. I just don’t think I can hangout with you anymore… I gotta go.

Naomi runs to meet up with Zoe and Jimmy picks up his book and stomps off to his truck

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**Watch Your Step**

**Act I**

**Scene i**

*Lily and her mother Carrie are on the back porch. He mother in a rocking chair needle pointing and Lily playing with cards on the porch. Jim, Lily’s father, comes outside.*

Jim: Alright I’m gonna see if the traps caught anything today (tucking his knife into its sheath then into his pocket, he then open the porch door and bends down to his wife on the rocking chair and gives her a kiss) love you honey, be back soon! (he walks into the woods)

Lily: (begging) Please mom!nothing is going to happen, I just . . .

Carrie: Lily, you know I don’t want you playing in those woods by yourself.

Lily: Well I (wandering off in thought then regaining confidence in her pled) Mom, I am going to be a TEENager in TWO months and you won’t even let me go outside by myself?!

Carrie: it is not about trusting you, some people can be (stopping the sway of her rocking chair) well be very mean, it’s for your own protection (regaining focus on her rocking chair)

Lily: stomps off porch and runs into the woods)

Carrie: You come back here right now Lillian Straight! (waddling off the three steps leading to the grass, shaking her arms in the air she soon reaches back to the railing to catch a breath) Lily!

Lily!

*The echoing of her yells was soon matched by the loudness of a gunshot coming from the woods.*
Lily? LILY! (her voice turned into a mixture of panic and fear. She slurred out words unable to complete a thought) He didn’t bring . . . he din’t have a gun . . . yeah a knife, no gun, who . . . Jim?!

*In a panicked thought she begins to speed walk into the woods as the sun began to set*

Scene ii

*Lily is following the path her father has made. She hears the gun go off and starts to panic.

Kneeling behind a large tree and pile of leaves she sees two men running, one with a gun.*

Man 1: You’re an idiot!

Man 2: I didn’t know it would actually hit the son of a bitch. Bastard had it coming anyway. Who does he think he is taking food out of my woods.

Man 1: it’s time you get a new mindset.

*Man 1 runs off in a different direction as man 2 drops his gun and covers it in leaves. Man 2 continues running straight.*

Lily: (trying to conceal her heavy breathing she whispers to her self) oh my god.. dad? Did they? (she walks carefully a few more steps until she is sure they won’t hear her)

*Carries cry for Lily is the only thing heard in the now silent woods. Lily now speed walking to each of her father’s traps desperately looking for any sign of him.*

Lily: (in a hushed whisper) dad? Dad, where are you? (she walks a few more steps until she trips on a foreign object)

Jim: (Struggling to find words) Lil. . . get mom . . . help

Lily: her eyes were falling from his mouth down to his blood drenched shirt) WHYYY? (she cries out) why would they do this dad? ( her voice became angry)

Jim: Go. . . (his words are followed by twitching of his arm, grabbing it with his opposite hand in pain)

Lily: (turns running back home she got past two traps until she spotted her mom hobbling) Mo-MOM! Mom come quick! Dad, he’s hurt!

Carrie: Where is he? (Lily points to his body relying on the tree trunk for support) Alright, honey, go. go get help. Call 911

Lily: But mom I want to (she stopped because her mom had already left. Lily turns to go home)

Carrie: Jim, Jim? Honey where are. . . oh god, ok, um, lily is, is getting help . . . it’s gonna be okay, I love you. Stay with me, you’re gonna be okay…
Scene iii

Lily is on the phone with 911, worried and crying

Lily: my dad, he’s, he’s been shot, he needs help! Now!
911: Alright, I’m going to need you to stay calm and tell me where your father is right now. Can you do that for me?

Lily (taking deep breathes) he’s behind my house, in the woods. ( her voice cracking) the address is 37 heartwood Ave. Please come quick. I can’t lose him, please hurry!

911: I have an ambulance on the way. i’m going to need you to tell me everything that happened leading up to this, okay?

Lily: Well I was wandering in the woods following my dad’s path when I heard a gunshot. I wanted to see if he, if he was okay. Then I heard someone scuffling through the leaves with a

Sirens are heard and an ambulance pulls into the driveway

911: Lily, this is important who did you see? What where they holding?

Lily: ( in a rushed mumble) my neighbors, they they were holding a, a gun. They were talking about… I have to go there here

Lily drops the phone so it is dangling from the cord. Runs out the side door and assists the men.

Lily: go that way, follow the path he will be down a little ways. Please, please help him

Naomi becomes hysterical and runs back to the house

911: (Lily crying harder than before) is everything okay?

Lily: Lily picks up the phone) I, I, I need him he ca. . . can’t die

911: alright sweety, I promise those men will try their best to save you father. I sent an officer over there to ask you a few questions about what you say.

Lily: o, okay

911: make sure you tell them everything so the person who did this can be punished.

The rescue come running around the front with Jim in the strolled with an oxygen mask on.

Carrie soon is seen struggling to keep up. Lily runs after her father

Lily: (to the rescue) is he going to be okay? Why? (she starts to cry again) why him?

Resuce 1: I have a good feeling that he will be alright. The bullet missed any major organs and hit his arm.

Rescue 2: a few stitches he’ll be as good as new!
Lily: (turns back to her mom) Mom, I’m so sorry so so sorry. I love you so much (back to dad) you too dad. Don’t leave us!

Naomis is pushed off to the side to file a report with the cop and they all file into the back of the ambulance and go to the hospital.

Scene iv

Jim is sleeping after his successful surgery, Carrie is asleep in the chair next to the bed and Lily got up to walk around. She passes by the receptionists desk to see the newspaper

Lily: “man arrested for attempter murder of neighbor during a hunting trip”

Carrie walks up behind Lily and places her arm around her shoulders. Smiling as she looks down at the newspaper

Carrie: I am so proud.