

STUDENT NUMBER: 11283950

CENTRE NUMBER: 8573

TITLE: AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

<b>HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION ENGLISH EXTENSION COURSE 2 MAJOR WORK IDENTIFICATION TAG</b>	
Student No.:	11283950 99
School No.:	8573 C556
Number of Places:	1/2
Category and Description:	An Eye for an eye - Short story.
<b>ATTACH THIS CARD SECURELY TO EACH PART OF THE PROJECT. DO NOT FOL</b>	

*Her sister ran in front of her, beckoning her to follow. She ran, her heart pounding, breathing, heavy and rapid. Tanika stopped at the entrance of her burnt house, and yelled for her sister to come out. Her sister didn't answer her, but ran further into the charred remains. Gathering her courage, Tanika ran in after her sister, stopping to pause at each doorway, looking inside, at the perfect rooms. Untouched, and in order, each room lay as though no fire had blazed there. Each room was neat, tidy and neither ash, nor charred remains were to be seen. Tanika shuddered involuntarily, and continued to walk through the house. Hearing a noise, Tanika spun around, facing the direction she had come from, and gasped. Charred remains imprinted themselves on her eyes, walls and curtains no more perfect, but blazing. Flames licked the walls and caused paint to peel, and things to fall, smoldering, to the ashen ground. Trembling, she ran deeper into the house and screamed for her sister. Her screams, high-pitched and terrifying echoed through her head as she ran. Tears poured from her eyes, and she began to once again feel the smoke painfully gripping her lungs. Violently pushing open doors, and tearing her way through the burning house, she called for her sister, who remains silent. Stopping at the last door, Tanika pushes at it, but it doesn't budge. Pushing harder, Tanika groans, and begins to kick the door. She coughs and wheezes, and bends down, hands on her knees, hoping to take some air into her lungs. She takes a step back and rams her body into the door, screaming with pain as she does so. Hitting the hard floor, Tanika shrieks as she finds her sister standing with her stepfather next to the great wooden backdoor. Swinging the door open, her sister giggles and motions for Tanika to follow her outside, where the grass is green and fresh, and the sun's rays hit the drops of dew on the leaves, making them sparkle. Her stepfather reaches for her hand at*

*the same time and pulls her towards the open door, but the scenery has changed. Her sister is crying out to her from a blazing inferno, puddles of lava-like liquid lapping at her ankles. Smoke pours through the open door, and begins to fill Tanika's lungs with dark-grey un-breathable air. Tanika is being pushed, shoved and her hands grip the doorjamb in an effort to keep herself inside. Screaming, Tanika looks out to her backyard, which now appears more like a deep pit, bubbling with crimson liquid, swirling, engulfing trees, bushes, pulling them into a dark abyss. Looking down, Tanika sees her feet braced against the edges of the solid wood doorjamb, pressed hard into the pale stone step. Perched precariously above the 20-metre drop - her former backyard, Tanika grits her teeth as she grasps the doorframe in every effort to stay alive.*

Waking, Tanika's hands are firmly clasped around the edges of her mattress, whitened knuckles and pink/red skin. Beads of perspiration have formed on her forehead; sheets lay entangled about her legs. Sitting up, Tanika rubs her eyes and slowly gets up from her mangled bedding. Walking to the window, she sharply pulls the curtains away from the window and leans against the windowpane, gazing out the open window. Thunder and lightning threaten to emerge from the grey-black sky, as crackles of electricity are heard in the distance. The wind whips through the trees, causing a commotion amongst the local flora as they sway and beat against each other wildly.

Outside Tanika finds herself encircled by winds, wrapping their transparent ribbons of coldness about her body. Her dark russet coloured hair flies around her pale face, blue-green eyes shrouded by dark eyelashes. The flames, do not cease to burn strongly inside

her, they remain unhindered by the fierce winds of autumn, cloaked and protected by an outer skin of human flesh. Walking down the small alley, doubling as a wind tunnel, Tanika's mind churns over her past, events and feelings, colours swirling, thoughts tumbling over one another to emphasise their individual importance. One event masks all, covers them, and hides them to present just one event, one that will never be forgotten. She remembers, but pieces of the truth, fragments of a shattered dream, shards of life best forgotten. Wild eyes, scared eyes, screaming that tore inside her flesh eating her inside, and causing her to crumble.

*The fire that burnt inside her lungs was terrible, thick and smoky, scalding her insides and threatening to kill. Her eyes darted wildly around the room, searching for an escape and some way to break free of the pain that had thrust her body into a wall of agony. Her mother's screams echoed throughout the flaming walls, and she ran, searching for her, crying out to her mother, begging her to come. The door was open, white light flooded in, smoke poured out. The pain inside was intense now, and she stumbled towards the opening, just to get a clean breath, so that she could re enter to find her mother. Pushing her way to the door, her eyes watered, and her mouth and nose stung. The flames licked the nearby walls, in a red-orange frenzy. Suddenly, the door was pushed closed, by an unseen influence. Smoke was forcefully pressed back inside the house in a torrent of un-breathable air. Only moments away from the door, the young girl rushed the last distance, and stumbling, gripped the handle. Pushing, pulling and shoving she tried to force the door open, but to no avail. Screams escaped her lips, and she coughed, harsh coughs that racked her body with intense pain. Her back against the*

*door, she covered her face with her shirt and curled up as tightly as she could. The wooden door began to buckle under the immense heat and pushed inward. On feeling the door give way, she unfolded her body and scrambled away from the door, fingernails grating against the wood panel, skin being torn, in an attempt to free herself from the torture. Finally the door surrendered, and burst open, swinging on a single hinge. The girl collapsed on the front lawn, raising her head momentarily, long enough to distinguish her stepfather's figure standing alone and still, watching their lives burn.*

She shook her head in disgust, remembering things that she longed to forget. They were history, the past, and were only useful in bringing herself to the point of crying. Tanika's face was stained with tears as she walked past the buildings, glass walls mirroring her anguish, reflecting back the memories and pain of times gone by.

Tanika's eyes welled with fresh tears as she remembered more, and began rolling down her cheeks as she thought about her sister.

*Tanika's mother and sister's bodies lay out on the smoky ground, motionless. Her eyes saw what she wished not to see, as she stared at their open, unseeing eyes. Tanika's lungs were tough and unyielding, would not give enough for her to breathe easily. The smoky air clouded her lungs and her vision, as she saw her stepfather leaning over his wife, her mother, and screaming for the medics. The men in orange pushed at her chest and blew into her mouth. Rolling her onto her side, she saw her mother take a breath of her own, and the men in orange let their shoulders relax. Her stepfather smiled at her mother, looking into her glassy eyes and stroked her hand. Pulling herself to a sitting*

*position, Tanika studied her sister's form on the other side of the grass. She stood shakily and began to walk over to where her sister lay. Her steps were fast enough to soon see that her sister was not breathing. Her mind distorted, spinning, she blindly staggered, and fell on the grass next to her sister. As if in slow motion, her hand reached out and touched her sister's face, and she traced the line of the cheekbone. Her sister did not move, but lay still and cold, and her face emotionless. Standing slowly, Tanika's body shook fiercely as her mind unraveled, working on knowledge it didn't want to process. Looking down at her sister she wept, staring at the golden hair strewn across the yellow green lawn, face darkened by ash. Tanika's legs buckled and collapsed and her lungs pushed out the air that had once filled them. She screamed, bloodcurdling high-pitched screams, hands covering her eyes. She lay there alone, shrieking, crying in short painful gasps, while those around her watched.*

Crunching leaves between her hands, Tanika watched as gold, crimson, and ginger hues emerged, falling from her grasp. The winds blew fiercely about her, carrying away the pieces of leaf, drying the tears from her cheek, encouraging the memories, as well as is done by such a wind to a ravaging fire. Walking from the man-made silver-grey depression called city, Tanika followed its lifeless paths of concrete toward an open forest, repugnant by nature. Branches swayed and littered the small, winding trail through the macabre surroundings, and Tanika stepped into the setting, pulling her jacket tight around her body. Looking skyward and gazing at the overcast atmosphere, Tanika felt the winds tearing by her, pulling at her hair, slashing at her skin. Drops of rain began to fall, first a few, then more gathered courage as they plummeted from the sky. She

walked slowly into the depths of the forest, eyes ahead, mind on the memories that plagued her.

*“Tell me what you know” Tanika begged, her eyes clouded with uncertainty. “Tell me what you know.” The middle-aged man spoke to her, he was a business partner, he had found about plans after her sister’s death, cruel, horrible plans that he didn’t wish to reveal to one so young. “Please tell me...I need to know.” She whispered, her voice choked with emotion. He continued, his soft voice and gentle tones touching her ear, so unlike those of her stepfather. He told her of her stepfather’s plans to ‘dispose’ of her and her sister, to keep the wife, her mother, and move to another town. He had tampered with the heating and cooling elements inside their air-conditioner, and created havoc in their drainage systems. Clogged sinks restricted the water supply, and the heating/cooling element was to burst and break into flames, simultaneous with his early morning departure from the household. At this point, the man shook his head and looked directly at Tanika. “You were supposed to be killed.” He gripped her hand, and gazed into her eyes, which were now wet with tears. “You need to watch your back, he didn’t fulfill his plan and you must be aware.” His words ran through her mind, time after time, “You were supposed to be killed... be aware.”*

*Lying in the sun, her blue-green eyes gazed upwards at the clouds. Her russet brown hair was fanned about her head, and her mouth formed a line. Tanika replayed the scenes in her head, the pain, the hurt, and the burning, scalding flames of deep red, fiery orange and electric yellow. Her mind ran over memories of her sister, and she vowed*

*that she would repay her father for what he had caused. Her mind was set, and her thoughts unchanging. Her stepfather was a man that had never cared much for her, or her sister – he tried, her mother told her, it was just that he didn't know how to act around them. He didn't know how to act? Tanika's mind puzzled over that now, as much as it had when she first heard her mother utter the words. He didn't know how to act, so he thought that getting rid of us would be the answer? By burning us to death?*

*Emotions of red, crimson, orange, and amber – hot and furious, they filled her body. Churning and spinning together, they boiled inside of her, lying in wait. She couldn't afford to let them escape, but somehow they did.*

Kneeling beside a gnarled stump in the forest, Tanika closed her eyes, and clasped her hands. Rain beat down on her face, and her shoulders as she knelt, whispering sweet prayers and wishes. She reached out to touch the gnarled stump, and traced the lines of bark down the side of the tree. Pulling a candle from her pocket she lit it, and cupped her hand around to keep the flame alight. This done she gazed at the flame, the bright light reflecting back in her eyes. Blowing the flame out, she rested the candle on the tree stump, and pressed her hand into the wet earth, sliding it across the mud, away from the tree. Measuring two hand lengths away from the stump, Tanika dug her fingers into the soft ground. Scooping up the mud, she piled it next to her, and continued to do this, until she had reached one of the dead roots still joined to the stump. Reaching into the hole she had created, she lifted the end of the rotten root, and pulled up a small wooden box.



Wiping her hands on her coat, she left the box at her feet, and then walked deeper into the woods. Tanika looked around her warily, and took a sharp left, further into the wilder underbrush. Beating her way through the thorny undergrowth, she hooked her arm over a sapling branch and scratched at a piece of bark. Pulling a key out from the bark of the sapling, she made her way back to the stump, and unlocked the box.

*Gripping the cold silver revolver in her left hand, Tanika studied it carefully. Her mind was set, and she held the gun close to her body. Many moments had passed, and Tanika had held back for a time, fury rising. Now her emotions would escape, all of them, and he too, would finally begin to understand the pain, the hurt and the misery she had endured.*

*Standing at the door of the secluded building, enveloped by trees and shrubs she closed her eyes and envisaged victory. Hand poised to knock on the door, Tanika took a deep breath.*

*Tightly gripping the gun in her hands she pointed it at her stepfather's head. She screamed, and he turned to run. Screaming louder, he halted, stopping dead. In and out backward and forward they moved in a malevolent dance. He lunged for her, and she withdrew, shocked. Again he leapt at her, knocking the gun from her hand. She fell backward, and scrambled, crawling through the wet earth to reach the pistol. His hand reached out, touching the pistol in the same instance as she did. Slapping her across the face he seized the weapon and unfastened the safety catch. He pointed the gun at her*

*head and laughed, morbid, cruel laughter that echoed through her head. Reeling, Tanika touched her cheek, eyes wild with astonishment and pain. He yelled at her; obscenities, cruel and vicious words that she did not want to hear. She tried to stand; he grabbed her waist and pulled her to him, then hurled her away. She hit the ground hard and lay motionless. Scared and cautious, she remained still, waiting, listening. She tried to sum up her injuries, and the seriousness of them, in order to effectively calculate her escape. Leaning down he pressed the gun to her face, and pushed his face in front of hers. He screamed at her and laughed again. His breath smelt strongly of alcohol and cigarettes and she winced as he twisted the gun harder into the soft flesh of her face. Being careful to hold in the voice of her pain, she closed her eyes and waited for him to make his next move. He stood, removing the gun from her head. He thrust his heavily clad foot on her back and dug his heel in. She gasped, and writhed, tormented by the deep throbbing pains, pulsing throughout her body. He turned, and tossed the silver-grey revolver into the air, watching it spin and fall back into his open hand. Walking away, he left her there: bruised, beaten and terrified, lying on the damp soil. The black night surrounded him, fog hovering around his ankles, as Tanika watched him disappear from her position on the ground.*

The wooden box lay on the open ground, the contents lying at rest in Tanika's hand. Slowly, one by one, she picked them up, studying them carefully, staring at them as though she had never before seen such images. Photos and memories of her father, mother, sister and herself, together and alone, faces bearing proud smiles. One of them;

now lay dead, another; lost in a world Tanika played no part in, the other: living with the devil.

*Running, feet pounding on the pavement, searching, seeking. She ran, past all that she knew, into the depths of a forest, winding trails and heavy branches guiding her into it's core. She stumbled, eyes wide, mouth slightly ajar, hands snatching branches, trunks, stems, trying to keep herself from falling. She stopped and gazed upward, seeking the moonlight through the canopy of leafless brushwood. Slowly gathering her bearings, she came across a decayed tree stump, and sat on it, elbows on knees, head in hands. She closed her eyes, re-living the recent events, and trembled. Her body shook, both from the chilling air, and the turn in proceedings. Moving off the stump to the ground, she leant her back against the rotten tree, curling up tightly, knees pulled into her chest. Rocking side-to-side, quiet moans escaped her lips. She waited for morning to come, as she remained hidden in the depths of ethereal surroundings.*

Staring into the sky, Tanika dusted her hands together, and stood. Placing the candle into her pocket, she walked away from the decomposing tree base; leaving the wooden box at her feet, open. Turning back to look where she had emerged from, Tanika noticed the illumination of the stump by the full moon— her sister's stump, the one she had firstly come across whilst walking through the woods after her sister's death.

Breathing deeply, she concentrated on the inhaling and exhaling of each separate breath, and continued to walk. The paths were becoming more familiar, however with each step,

thoughts of the future became more painful and worrying. Tanika had decided, and she was unshakable in her resolve. She was ready for battle, her armor being that of her strength in morals and reason for fighting, her army being self will and might. The time had come for all the conflict to be drawn to a close, the longer it continued, the less strength and resistance she may contain. Tanika stared at the short journey in front of her, all the while thinking of how the battle *should* end.

Walking around the back of her house she spotted the window of her mothers bedroom. Creeping closer, she placed her ear against the frosted glass and listened intently. No sound or noise apparent. Tanika tapped her fingers against the glass, in an attempt to wake her mother. Her house key dangled from a long silver chain around her neck, useless against recently changed deadlocks. Waiting for some kind of response, she listened, but to no avail. Tapping harder, Tanika placed her head on the glass and cupped her hands around her eyes, trying to peer through the opaque glass. Curiously, she walked around the corner to the back door, and knocked heavily on the fiberglass paneling. She called out to her mother, voice intensifying as concern rose. In frustration, and fear she beat against the door, fists pounding against the solid wood. Suddenly a high-pitched screeching noise came from the front of the house, and Tanika turned, sprinting down the side path. Pushing past various kinds of debris – trees, shrubs, carelessly tossed timber, old junk, and rubbish – she made her way to the front. She saw brake lights disappear down the street, and a car swing round the bend dangerously. Looking to the front door of her house, she noticed the door open wide, security screen hanging loosely from its

hinges. Jolting into action she charged forward, and moved into the house. Switching on lights as she past, she yelled, calling her mother, begging her to come. Moving down the now well-lit hallway, she paused at each doorway for a moment, searching for a sign of life. She frantically raced to her mother's room, and on entering stopped abruptly.

Horrific screams flowed down the hallway and out of the house, like a rushing torrent, bursting, pushing its way through the cracks and openings of the brick house.

Her mother lay in front of her, eyes closed, body limp and bloodied. Tanika bent down and pushed her fingertips into the soft, cool neck. A slight pulse greeted her, and Tanika pushed her ear to her mother's mouth, waiting for the sound or feel of breath. It came, and Tanika rolled her mother onto her side. Her limbs were lifeless, cold and both arms were bloodied. Looking into her mothers face she drew breath sharply and covered her mouth. Seizing the phone off the nightstand she found it dead; the cord severed. Running to the bathroom Tanika screamed at the sight of a bloodstained sink, and fell backwards hitting the wall. Leaning against it, she braced herself using her hands, smearing her mother's blood across the wall. She moaned and screamed, shouting for help, as she sunk to the floor, body wracked with fatigue, and waited for help to arrive.

*The black was dominant, forcing her down, she couldn't stand, and she couldn't sit. It swirled about her, pushing her this way, and that, playing with her mind. Sometimes there would be other colours – red and orange, but mostly black. The black meant confusion, uncertainty, pressure and torment; the red and orange symbolized pain. Now,*

*it was a mixture, a wild mixture, and she didn't know how to control it.*

He walked in, calm and controlled, brandished with flowers. Her mind raced, emotions raging. Setting them down by her mother's hospital bed, her stepfather looked at the bruised, disfigured face and shook his head. Scrawling a quick note, he placed it within the bunch of flowers and headed off, looking at Tanika on the way out. He smiled and nodded, and casting his glance to the bed and back, laughing. Tanika opened the door for him and motioned for him to leave, shutting it noisily behind him. Breathing rapidly, she paused, thinking, and then re-opened the door, and followed him out.

He saw Tanika and beckoned her, over to where he was standing. She ran at him, swinging her fists, shouting, leaping, and lunging. He pushed her away, and put his hand in his jacket pocket. She stopped, and stepped backward, eyes focused on the hand in the coat. He grinned, and pulled out the shiny silver gun, and swung it around. She began to run and he yelled, stopping her from going further. He pointed the barrels at her head, and took hold of her arm. He walked calmly to his car, Tanika resisting feebly. Pushing her into the vehicle, he slammed the door and then headed for the driver's seat. Tanika quickly released the handbrake and began to push the steering wheel, as she tried to climb into the front seat. He yanked open the door and, using his hand, pushed it into her face, slamming her into the backseat. She had flashbacks of their previous fight, and grit her teeth, leaning back. He fumbled with the keys, and started the engine, revving the motor to its full potential. He pulled away from the curb, narrowly missing oncoming traffic.

Swerving throughout lanes of peak hour travel, she sat in the seat, - sliding to and fro, seatbelts mysteriously missing. He laughed, smiling, from his position, and gave Tanika harsh warnings as to the consequences of her moving. Coming to a stop in front of an old building he turned around, and, pointing the pistol at her chest, beat her in the head with the steering lock.

Head thumping, pulse speeding, Tanika awoke. Her hands bound and feet secured, she rolled around inside a small, dark space. She placed her hands above her, in the small confine, fingers running across the cold surface, fingers moving fast, as she tried to identify the space she was in. On a downward slope, the roof was hard, and cold, underneath her was a thin layer of what she believed to be coarse carpeting. The ends, both near her hands and her feet, were of roughly the same shape, and size. Knocking on the roof, nothing distinctive was heard, and Tanika frowned in the darkness. A coffin perhaps, a box, or the boot of a car. As the last idea dawned on her, Tanika rolled as far as she could to the smallest side, and maneuvered herself so that her arms were out, at perpendicular angles to her torso. She slid her fingers across the surface of the 'wall', hesitating at every, notch, bump, or crease in the surface. Searching, Tanika found what she was looking for, a notch and lever. Pushing on the lever, she thrust her hands back to the roof, and tried to shove it upwards, away from her body. The pushing of the lever seemingly had no effect, and pulling at it had a similar result. Tanika rolled back to the centre of the small space, and panted heavily. She believed that she was locked inside the boot of the car – if not the same one she had been thrown into initially, a small sedan of

some kind at least. Waiting, Tanika lay frustrated, and scared; eyes open wide in the pitch-black confine.

Again waking, Tanika felt her arms and legs still bound tightly together, being forcibly rolled around inside the black space where she was imprisoned. Motion caused her to be rolled around, and she heard the street noises. She pounded on the side and roof, yelling, cursing. Thrown to the front by an abrupt stop, she waited in fear. The roof was seized upward, light pouring into her imprisonment and Tanika was grabbed by her stepfather, who pulled her from the boot of a small green car, different to that she remembered of the day before. He thrust her into the backseat, and she greedily swallowed air, breathing deeply. She looked down at her arms and legs, red and raw from their restrictive binding. He secured her in the seat – using seatbelt and thick rope to tie her down. He tapped her face, and she turned, looking out the side window, in an attempt to move away from his touch. He laughed and congratulated her on surviving this long. She shuddered, and asked him where she was going, and what he was going to do to her. He didn't answer, but slammed the car door, closed the boot, and returned to the drivers seat.

They drove, through dark tunnels and various types of scenery. Her head was sore, and her mind sluggish as she sat in her seat. Slowly, Tanika had been loosening the rope about her, fidgeting constantly, so that she could have more control of movement. She sat silently, and watched her stepfather move. His eyes flickering every now and then to the



rear-vision mirror, where he looked at her, then at any vehicles behind him. The journey was slow, and his driving was fairly controlled, only venting anger every now and then at a careless driver, or a queue in traffic.

*Thoughts tumbled into her head, smudged by fear and sharp headaches. Her escape seemed so distant and unforeseeable, her body showing no sign of such ideas crossing her mind. She watched him, black, white and grey images soaring through her mind, every action in slow motion. She pulled her ropes, straining them, pulling and pushing them to their limits to the side and to the front. Over time, the limits had extended, allowing greater mobility. Soon enough, she would take drastic action, perhaps resulting in her death, which was seemingly imminent, whatever the circumstances. She allowed her mind to play back images of her past, being angered as she was re-allowed to face them all again. They were not in their entirety, memory had made certain of that, but what she could remember was glowing hot, red hot, hot enough to fuel her into battle.*

Fidgeting, she continued to loosen the rope about her waist, and planned her attack. He began to get restless, and she sensed that soon, he would tire of this game, take her out somewhere, and shoot her dead. Tanika shivered at the thought and looked out the window, arching her wrists backwards, and sliding her fingers underneath the thick, heavy binding. Flicking her wrist forward, she attempted to loosen the bindings on her wrists at well, but the materials were too strong, and would not yield. Watching the road carefully, she guessed at how far they were to the nearest town, and gave herself five

minutes to get her head together.

*The fire – burning, scalding, it touched her flesh and seared it. Her sister's hair – golden, long, flowing – she remembered. Her mother's bloodied and bruised body, limp, lifeless and cold to the touch. Her lungs, struggling hard, pushing against a wall of smoke, coughing and wheezing – she remembered. She had already tried to defeat him before, and she thought of the gun, tightly clasped in between her hot palms, pointing at him. Then he had the gun, and he could have killed her, but he didn't. She didn't know why he left her there, lying helpless and unarmed on open ground, but she took that as a sign that this was her last opportunity, and everything depended on her to get it right. Her sister's honor, her mother's survival and stability, her own life. Perhaps, she would take revenge, and get it right, but her life would be stripped from her, snatched from her clutches – however it occurred, Tanika was prepared.*

Flying forward in her seat, Tanika thrust her arms into the back of her stepfather's head. He swerved, eyes leaving the road, staring menacingly at her reflection in the mirror. She screamed, as loud as she could and pushed the seat back and his head through the circlet her arms made, bound at the wrist. She threw herself back in her seat, the base of her palms slamming into his nose and face, pinning it back to the headrest. He cried out, the car swerved, and he struggled to see the road through her hands. Blood gushed from his nose, and he shouted at her – eyes wild, mouth open wide. She pulled her arms up, releasing him from inside her grip, forcefully pushing her clenched fists down onto his head. She beat at his head, and it had the desired effect. He guided the car through a

series of roundabout motions, under pressure to regain control of the vehicle, as it veered to the left. Panicking, his foot never left the accelerator until the last moment, and he turned sharply to the right. In a moment of fear, the two sat motionless, as they skidded toward a telegraph pole, brakes screeching, tires grinding against the harsh asphalt.

*Her eyes opened, figures swayed in front of her, noises filled her ears, combining together to form a loud, jumbled mass of sound. Her vision cleared, she opened her mouth to scream, but no sound was released. Her mind circled, her memory flickered to life and she saw the pole, racing toward her. She looked about now, crumpled metal enclosing her, blood splattered on the shattered glass. Pain began to touch her, sharp, agonizing pain, and she felt the life seeping out of her, and saw the black colour of consciousness drifting out of her body.*

Tanika twirled the flower between her hands, the large and bright, yellow sunflower, which shone in the early morning light. Smiling, she put it down, on the ground beneath the white-marble tombstone and stepped back. Her mother stepped up to the stone, and ran her hands over the letters. Standing up, they embraced, tears streaming down their cheeks. Turning to face the grave again, her mother whispered. "The time has come my darling daughters, where death has been avenged. I am proud of you both, and I am thankful for you." Her mother smiled through her tears at Tanika, and shook her head. "You surprise me yet." She said, "And I couldn't ever have asked that such a sacrifice be made on my behalf, or on that of your sister's. You are something special, my girl, and I am very lucky to have known you."

*In the moment of recollection, brief is the memory of her revenge – short, sharp and painful it comes back to her, the screeching of brakes and tires, her life, and his death. Now, only two remained, strengthened through adversity, their courage glowing bright amidst the darkened graveyard. Times were not to be easy, but her memories of happiness and joy were starting to surface – she would remember them again, and dance in their light, no longer covered by the black of bitterness, and hurt.*

### **Reflection Statement.**

On reflecting on my major work, resource usage and the effect of that on the overall product, as well as target audience, and narrative purpose must be considered. Following original decisions, and the initial work proposal, intent, as to purpose, storyline, plot and target audience, has not seen any major changes.

As projected during the course of this major work, the target audience is of young adults through to older adults. Choosing this prospective target audience was based on personal comfort - in being able to relate to issues and/or feelings involved, myself, as well as feeling familiar with the context and setting most appealing, or satisfying of narrative purpose, in relation to this specified audience. Through reading and studying specific types of resources, aimed at such an audience, one will gradually familiarise ones self, with prevalent issues, themes, and settings, and be able to gain influential and important information from this. Effective studies on such resources, such as fiction novels from various authors, allows for similar audiences to be reached, through practice and understanding of matters in question. In the same way, studying an individual authors style in writing to such an audience has been found to highlight areas of importance, as well as providing invaluable hints, tips and ideas about creating a narrative in this particular context.

Deciding on print medium, in the form of a short story, to begin with was also a very strong choice, and has remained unchanged throughout the course. Whilst working on the major work, research was undertaken, focusing on a particular style or technique that seemed appealing, and complementary to the success of my major work. Bryce Courtenay and Wendy Orr's novels were of particular interest and study, for their techniques and successful styles. These particular novels were of personal choice, as I opted to research them, in the hope of developing my skills in these areas as much as I could. Great description and imagery techniques were found to be highly impressive within the course of studying some of Bryce Courtenay's works, and the style and technique of narrative in Wendy Orr's novel "Peeling the Onion" was also of great interest, as she changed from third person narrative to first person narrative throughout her novel. Having practice at such techniques and styles was beneficial to the overall product of my work, because of the practice in working on ideas, as well as techniques at the one time.

Finding a purpose for creating my particular major work was not hard, and I feel that the purpose is strongly apparent through the text itself. Expressing ideas, entertaining a particular audience and improving my abilities were the focus as I created this piece, and combining these together successfully was an important aim.

On considering all options and opportunities available to myself at the time of working on this short story, I feel that all options have been considered and were selected on the basis of strength and weakness related skills in that particular area or field and that all opportunities such as researching, meeting with people, and making use of internet etc, have been used to their full potential. Story plans, outlines, drafts, even second and third

drafts were carried out, in order to satisfy my pre-set standards and goals, and to work my way towards accomplishing the task to the best of my ability.

Researching played a major role in the initial stages of my story also, because of the various books and web sites devoted to brainstorming and enhanced writing methods. The impact of research on the major work has been seen to be of extremely strong influence, in the developing, creating and progressive stages of this short story. Through researching, both primary and secondary methods were used to gain knowledge and insight into the narrative style and development, and were essential in the realisation of personal limits. Practice and reading through novels as well as self-help sites, devoted to writing, the realisation of creating a 'perfect' major work was found to be unrealistic, and from this, more information and skill as well as ideas were accessed and used, to create the best possible short story that I could create.

Inspiration and motivation in coming up with ideas and actually working on my story were derived mostly from informal primary research, such as discussions with teachers, parents, friends and other four-unit classmates.

Much has been accomplished in this short story format of major work, and the process has developed many skills such as time management, and organisational skills. Goals have been achieved, standards met, and limits realised – all highly beneficial aspects in day to day life.

Resource list.

- [www.kidswriting.about.com](http://www.kidswriting.about.com)
- [www.novalearn.com](http://www.novalearn.com)
- [www.scanlar.com](http://www.scanlar.com)
- [www.emilyhanlon.com](http://www.emilyhanlon.com)
- [www.poewar.com](http://www.poewar.com)
- [www.purefiction.com](http://www.purefiction.com)
- [www.absolutewrite.com](http://www.absolutewrite.com)
- [www.members.tripod.com](http://www.members.tripod.com)
- [www.babynames.com](http://www.babynames.com)

- “Jessica” by Bryce Courtenay
- “April Fools Day” by Bryce Courtenay
- “Power of One” by Bryce Courtenay
- “Tandia” by Bryce Courtenay
- “Not a penny more, not a penny less” by Jeffrey Archer
- “Peeling the Onion” by Wendy Orr
- “Queen Kat, Carmel and St Jude get a life” by Maureen McCarthy
- “Chain of hearts” by Maureen McCarthy
- “Jane Eyre” by Charlotte Bronte