

Writing Portfolio and Reflection

There is Nothing They Can Do.

“What do we want?”

“Equal pay!”

“When do we want it?”

“Now!”

The chants fill the air, deafening anyone who wasn't brave enough to venture out of their homes into the mass of men charging through the streets. Signs displaying phrases such as, 'Men are people too!' and 'Our bodies are not your property!' float high above the crowd and bob along as if being carried by a stream. A group of men wearing revealing football shorts and Bintang singlets proudly flaunt their skin as women watch on in horror at the sudden influx of confidence portrayed by these men, once too oppressed to speak out. Young women scattered through the waves of men proudly protest with their partners, brothers, fathers, sons and friends, knowing that if it were them in that situation, they would want those around them to share their support too.

George turns to his girlfriend marching beside him and smiles, he was sceptical about coming to the march today because his boss may not react well if she found out but it was his girlfriend who talked him into it. The two of them are professional footballers however George has had to pick up another job on the side because he's earning nothing in comparison to her and that's not fair in any case. The difference between their paycheques is astronomical when compared side by side. Lily being worth almost \$1million a year when in form whereas George only earns an average of \$10,000 a year, that's not even \$200 a week.

But why? Because, “Nobody wants to watch men's football.”

George's sign for the march displays a phrase that makes some of the older women, watching on in horror from the safety of their homes, gasp. It says “I wore this suit to my prom, so what?” To the naked eye that would not seem so incredulous but due to the retrogression of society, this statement, proclaiming that he's allowed to wear the same formal outfit more than once is just absurd.

From out of nowhere, a small shoe comes hurling out of a window from one of the higher floors in a building to his left. It strikes him across the face, causing him to stumble and almost trip but he will not let something as small as a shoe stop him from protesting peacefully. It does, however, send some of the more passionate men around him into a frenzy. One of them, a big burly man with a long black beard, marches up to a Police Officer and starts shouting at her, demanding there be some form of punishment for the violent act. She smirks and ignores his pleas without a second thought. George can see the man's anger building in him but the flow of foot traffic pushes them onward. There is nothing they can do.

Another man, along with his partner and their dog, stop and start screaming up at the windows. More shoes come. There is nothing they can do.

As things continue to plummet from the open windows above, a few Police try their best to get involved but there is just too many people. There is nothing they can do.

In the end, the peaceful protest turns into a brawl, men and women screaming, shoving, shouting at one another, achieving nothing and destroying the positive culture of the march as a whole. A single moment now leaving a community of men scrambling to remain in control of an already ridiculous situation. No matter how hard they try, there will always be an element of oppression.

There is nothing they can do.

Memories of a Forgotten Time.

I shudder.

Layers of frost building on my glasses, I struggle to even take a step further, fearing that my bones will snap upon impact with the frozen earth. My breath billows out of my nose and mouth, precious warmth escaping my body with every passing second. Rising upwards, almost waving at me as it drifts away in the harsh breeze. The only light for kilometres is the dim red orb hanging eerily above me, distorted and dulled by the thick haze hanging in the air.

My foot crushes something beneath it but it is too dark to see what it is. The sudden deafening crunch sends shivers down my already aching spine. Fumbling around blindly, my hand finally grasps the now crumpled object. It appears to be a frozen leaf of some kind, thick and rigid, snapped in the middle from where my heavy boot made impact. It must be ancient by now, there hasn't been any greenery around in what feels like almost a lifetime since I arrived. But where did it come from?

There is a buzzing sound whirring around me, almost as if a drone is hovering nearby, but it is far too cold for anything to fly in this damp cavern. A vague scent of dirt and fruit that is slightly past its prime fills my nose, flooding my brain with the distant memories of the local grocery store from my childhood, long suppressed until now. An echo of childish laughter rings through my ears as I vividly picture the clattering shopping carts whizzing past, down the never ending aisles of tinned food and packaged goods. A waft of cigarette smoke and old meat tickles the end of my nose, summoning some suppressed sense of sentimentality from the pit of my stomach, before disappearing into the thick fog around me. A long forgotten time that all seemed now. Stretching my hands out in front of me, I walk blindly into the foggy chamber. Deeper than I had dared to go a mere ten minutes ago. There is no sign of life. No movement. No warmth. No comfort. Just a cold, dark, barren wasteland of nothing.

How did I get here?

Reflection

My texts were composed for a modern audience who are old enough to understand allusions to issues such as gender inequality and complex metaphors. I engaged my audience but using techniques such as allusion, metaphor, simile and imagery to compose unique worlds within my texts. I chose to compose two types of reimagined worlds, one where the roles played by societal groups were reversed and the other where the physical landscape is altered. I did this to fit the guidelines set by the 'reimagined worlds' topic and task guidelines. In my first piece, 'There is Nothing They Can Do', my intention was to address the inequality issues that are still prominent in today's society by placing those same ideas in an alternate world, highlighting the absurdity of some issues such as body shaming and double standards for men and women. In my second piece, 'Memories of a Forgotten Time', I tried to convey the feelings that I felt when experiencing an unfamiliar situation without explicitly stating what I was talking about, focusing solely on imagery and metaphoric techniques to describe the setting and emotions.

I have written pieces similar to these in the past, compositions where I chose to focus more on the descriptive elements of a scene as opposed to the characters and how they interact with other people and things because I have found that I am not very good with dialogue and describing how two people interact with one another. I drew on my knowledge from the 'looking at key concepts' page in the 'Literary Worlds' module to influence the style in which I wrote my pieces. I chose to write both pieces in the realism style as this allowed me to take descriptive elements from every-day life but reflected them in a reimagined way. I also decided to reflect opposing types of worlds in my pieces, the first is a very public world whereas the second is a private world. I was influenced by our study of public and private worlds in the 'Differences between worlds' page in OneNote to explore these layers of literary worlds in my own compositions.

The first piece I started writing with prompts from the page 'composing your own reimagined world' in OneNote but my first draft I didn't really like. The end of the story didn't flow as well as the start because it lost some of the descriptive techniques I used previously so I decided to delete the second half and rewrite it. I found it easier to write the second time as I removed the interactions between the two characters and focussed solely on the main character, George. Similarly, I chose not to include any other characters in 'Memories of a Forgotten Time' as this would detract from the barrenness of the reimagined world. I still need to work on writing a range of texts as, although these have varying subject matter, they are similar in composition and use the same techniques throughout both. 'Memories of a Forgotten Time' was also influenced by my study of 'Pan's Labyrinth' as we looked at the effects of lighting and dark themes in this text and that inspired me to write about an almost entirely dark world.