

WRITTEN EXPLANATION

For my creative response, I chose to write in the form of a short story where I focus partially but mainly of the climax of my short story: 'The Gift that Lasts Forever'. ~~to ~~the~~ ~~story~~ ~~story~~~~
~~I am writing~~ Continuing from the scene where the 18-year-old and Mr. Moreton ~~leave~~ ~~leave~~ the hospital. I am writing from Mr. Moreton's perspective to reflect and also to express his feelings towards familial relationships and peers around him. I have chosen to write this story in informal language as I want to portray this story in a human-like manner to make it appear to the audience that it is more realistic. I decided to write in first person as the audience would be able to associate more intimately with Mr. Moreton's experiences.

My piece is to be published potentially in a book for people who may have experienced situations in hospital or familial relationships or trying to connect without a sense of belonging. As the audience may have familiarity with the concepts explored, my intentions with people who finish this story is leaving with a meaning of forgiveness, love and also an understanding of certain circumstances and reasoning for bad satisfaction habits within the story.

The purpose of this short story is to ~~display~~ ^{display} the struggles of familial relationships due to disconnection through distance, also to reveal a variety of outcomes that occur in situations relating to reality in order for the audience to be able to relate and understand what is happening. Another purpose I will fulfill within this short story is to create a sense of belonging relating to characters in the short story. In 'Lamney and Mirrors' I explore the context of frail of the body as the ~~text~~ ^{piece} examines the idea of disconnection which draws the ideas that it falls into reality and demonstrates the disconnection between

Mr. Moreton and his daughter which then forms a stronger bond between Ella (18-year-old) and Mr. Moreton. This story gives an insight ~~at~~ into life, death, love and compassion.

'The gift that lasts forever'

As the piercing air gushes through my fragile lungs, we exit the hospital, both Ella and I. She wheels me around to the side of the hospital where we are nowhere to be seen. Ella hands me a pack of cigarettes. "Go on" she says. I give her a nod and begin the old ritual. Pick the cigarette on the top left in the box, place on right side inside mouth. I light the cigarette cautiously as I feel the toxins enter my lungs, but still complete satisfaction and relaxation, as I exhale, I let out a troubled cough as my chest slightly tightens. "I don't know how you do it Mr. Moreton" Ella says with surprise. "takes tough lungs and a tough past to breathe these kinds of toxins kid" I reply with. Ella nods and stands back from the smoke. It's so contradicting, a orange and white stick can be so deadly yet so helpful. As I finish off my third cigarette, Ella unclips the wheel chair and we start to make our way back.

With a successful trip out and in, I lay there on the hard, pre-made hospital bed staring at the ceiling, thinking about my beloved daughter ~~and how she is doing~~ Peggy, wondering what she is doing. If she is safe, if she is happy, but most importantly, if she is loved by those around her. I beg for forgiveness to god at the actions taken place that had effected her childhood, that me leaving was for the best as I had obviously become a threat to the family, even though the mother had been sneaking behind

my back. Leaving was the only option.

"Bath time Mr. Moreton!" Ella calls out, my fragile legs and feet hit the cold concrete floor as I let my lifeless body off of the bed. One step at a time my body feels heavy and weighed down. I roughly slip into the warm, relaxing bath, oozing with bubbles. As I depart from my bath, Ella grips my arm assisting me whilst I step out of the bath, once pot dry I begin my commute back to that horrible bed. I start to feel ~~light~~ light-headed, then sudden squeezing as if someone reached right through my chest and squeezed my heart several

times. Burning sensations run through my body as sharp pain occurs through my wings, as if someone stabbed multiple needles through my heart. "Ella!" I attempt to yell as she comes rushing in from cleaning the bathroom. "Everything is going to be fine, I'm going to get someone" she tells me cautiously. ~~My~~ My knees tremble

and drop to the ground. The shooting pains or cold spikes run through the course of my veins, pounds of bricks continuously layering on top of ~~me~~ my chest, weighing me down further and further, until I stop breathing.

Faded voices call out, the voices of which I'd hear whilst under ~~the~~ water. "Mr. Moreton, Mr. Moreton can you hear me?" The repetition of my name awakens me, feeling fatigued and overwhelmed, doctors surround me as they check diagnostics. "You have had a heart attack Mr. Moreton, we are running diagnostics now, put three fingers up if you can understand me" Doctor explains. I raise my weak, frail hands

and put up one, two, three fingers that could instantly be snapped off in a tick. My ~~weak~~ weak arms reach for the glass of water, but instead a young, non-wrinkled hand grabs it for me. "Here you go father" that ~~voice~~ voice sounding so recognisable, I glance up to see

a young, beautiful face. "P-P-Peggy?" I stutter and struggle to say. ~~My delicate eyes fill with tears~~ My delicate eyes fill with floods of tears as she pulls me in for a tight hug.

"I forgive you" Peggy says with a soft tone. I let out an ~~exhale~~ or relief, I grab her by the shoulders and thank her as she lets out a genuine smile. "Mummy Mummy! Can we come in now?" these little mysterious voices come from behind the door, these two ~~children~~ ^{children} enter the room ~~with~~ with Ella, running straight to what they can only reach, Peggy's legs to cuddle. "They are beautiful Peggy" I say with pride. Officially a grandfather to two charming little boys.

As ~~the~~ Peggy and the children leave the room for lunch, Ella remains in the room. She holds my ~~my~~ delicate hand with her laminex-smelling hands and says "Your soul is so strong, and now your bond with your daughter" again.

"All thanks to you Ella, I am grateful and appreciative of your actions, this was truly the best gift I have received" I say with a smile.

"NO Mr. Moreton, its your family that the gift. They are the gift that lasts forever" Ella replies.