

Self Reflection

By the time Chris got home after what he thought was a momentous day, his limbs were weak and drained like a balloon that had finished losing all of its helium and now laid slack on the floor. He looked at himself in the mirror that Scott gave him as an anniversary present and then slumped onto the couch. He looked back to the moment that he was on that jetty, standing there with his mother and what that meant to him. For the briefest of moments he thought of sympathy for her and his father seeing them almost as wounded animals that he felt obligated to help

It was then that it hit Chris, he had never owed his parents anything, and as much as his dad's passing made the world feel a little less full, he still wasn't obligated to support his mother through it after the constant pressure she exerted for his entire life. Every Time he visited his parents during uni, it was a dreaded experience because he knew that she would ask 'when are you going to settle down with a nice young girl', or 'when are you going to have children', and he knew he'd have to cross eyes with his fathers contorted sneer.

'I'm not seeing anyone right now mum' he'd sigh

Chris' father had never accepted him fully, even in the moments before his death. When he was younger his father treated him differently because of how he was, this even bordered on bullying on some occasions, including their two trips to the lake that his mother so incessantly insists were fun for both of them. When Chris got older, his dad started to treat him differently, the ways that his father would put him down for his unspoken secret changed but the motivations always stayed the same. As he sat on his couch reflecting, Chris looked back on the relationship he shared with his father, and how from every interaction they had ever shared, he had gleaned that he was not the son that his father wanted, but he was also the son that he specifically didn't want. It was because of this kind of relationship that Chris grew up avoiding his father and him avoiding Chris in return, because of this, Chris lacked a real father for most of his life.

A buzz and a ring from his phone pulled Chris away from his inner thoughts and he looked over at it, his eyes narrowing in on it like a hawk would its prey. He picked it up and read the message from his mum. 'Can you come back here?' Chris felt his heart drop, and a burning like hell flame light in his chest. After everything that he had been through today, the ordeal of putting up with her and the traumatisation of going back to the place where his father confronted his differentiation from society. The thumping now in his chest was getting faster and stronger, harder to ignore with every passing second and as if he had no control at all, he flung the phone across the room, it flew to the other wall and hit the mirror which then fell and shattered.

Everything slowed down, his head was lighter than air and his body was heavier than lead, everything had left him all at once and collapsed back onto the couch, he wanted Scott, Scott would know what to do right now. Scott was always there to help Chris when he was stuck and couldn't move forwards. He'd always show Chris the way out of the darkness and into the warm light of his love. Scott wasn't there though, Chris had waited too long to do what he should have and Scott walked away. Chris remembered the last time they spoke. 'What is your problem Chris? Why can't you just introduce me to them?' Chris remained

silent. Scott sighed, fed up with Chris' avoidance 'You know what? This is the third time Chris' Chris whimpered and shrunk away from Scott.

'I don't know what to say, they wouldn't accept it'

'Why do you care Chris?' Scott exclaimed

'I-I don't know'

'Goodbye Chris', Scott turned away, walked out, and slammed the door on his way, leaving a thunderous sound ringing through the whole room.

It wasn't just Chris' family that caused problems for others, his care about the irrelevant opinion of others had affected the best thing in his life and he still thought about it every day. Chris forced himself up and walked over to his phone, grasping it with the little amount of energy he had left, and opening the message from his mum. 'No', a bubble appeared

'Why not?'

'I've never been treated as myself by you, since the day I was born'

'That's not true, I can't believe you'd say that to me'

'Don't contact me again'

He opened his contacts, found her and blocked her number from reaching him ever again.

Written Explanation

I have written a creative piece to resolve *Ashes*. The piece was written in the style of Kennedy which includes flashbacks and self reflection. I used this style because it allows me to convey the correct themes and messages that I wished to convey.

The perspective of my piece is of the third person and follows Chris. To adhere to this format I made careful use of characters' names and his/her pronouns. I wrote my story in this format because it allows for readers to see all aspects of a story instead of just one character.

The audience for this piece are people who have had people manipulate or abuse them emotionally or mentally in their lifetime. The story appeals to these people because it tells the story of an individual rejecting the person in their life that hurt them. The story was written for this audience because it is a topic that needs to be talked about more for people to have an understanding about it.

The message that my piece is trying to convey is that it is okay to cut someone out your life if they hurt you. I present this message by showing Chris accepting that he has made his own mistakes and hurt others because of his sympathy for those who hurt him. I convey this message because it is a message that needs to be more widely known to people.

This creative piece fits into the rest of the collection because of the themes of everyday struggles that people go through silently away from the eyes of the general public. The difference my piece holds over the other stories in the collection is that it is a resolution which is uncommon in Kennedy's collection.