

ENGLISH: *CREATIVE WRITING*

“Technology can either increase or decrease an individual’s sense of belonging.”

Compose a text about an individual’s sense of belonging or not belonging in which technology or digital communication plays a key role.

The embroidered napkin floated heavily onto the shimmering glass tiles, the cracked and overturned wine glass dripped its contents onto the silk tablecloth. Glimmering tears rolled down her face as the unwelcome realisation set in. He was not coming. He never has the intention to. The black blood was pumping furiously into her cheeks in embarrassment. With hunched shoulders she barged brashly through the restaurant door, elbowing a waitress aside. Plumes of fatty smoke wafting into her face as the sentimental harp music faded from her ears with every step that she took.

The carefree ambience of preschool day-care was shattered by effusive chaos. The piercing screams of a young girl with vegemite war paint engrained into her cheeks echoed into surrounding suburbs. The colours were never quite right with Amelia, her finger-paintings “abstract” was her teachers called them, with their coral trees and plum felines. Many thought she would grow up and out of this petty, attention seeking phase...

Pacing blind and frantically on the bitumen pavement Amelia heard Doctor Clark’s recommendation echoing behind her artistically pierced ear “Do you realise bionic eyes are at the forefront of medical innovation? With a minor surgical procedure you can have the restoration of perfect eyesight and the vanishment of your.... well....from what you have told me... detrimental colour-blindness”

She could not count how many times she was left deserted at the diner or secluded on the sidewalk. With this pressing on her mind and with her black blood still boiling, she swiftly turned and walked away, off to the place where childhood memories filled the air, a place where she could ponder and ponder her next step.

Her footsteps padded noiseless across the plum arched bridge, the moons smiling reflection floating on the surface of the transparent water. She kept walking with eyes shut in a rebellious gesture until she felt the crunching leaves underfoot. She crouched and crawled into the natural cubbyhouse that her parents carved into the blood-red forest for her many years ago, the soft olive moonlight filtering through the dense leaf ceiling.

She had learnt a lot in her safe haven. She learnt that if she sat still enough the world could be completely silent. Placing her fingertips delicately upon her cornea Amelia imagined how the pristine mechanical clogs, leavers, and mirrors of the bionic eyes would feel in her age-old eye sockets. She shivered at the idea. The orange vicious rain was like lead bullets on her shoulders as she recoiled in disgust at the thought of accepting Doctor Clark’s proposition. My eyes are like the moon she thought, perfectly dysfunctional and a part of not only my exterior but my soul. With soaked clothes she lifting herself off the ground and poked her head through the intertwined blood-red branches, elevating herself out of the feeling of discord to one of understanding.

Grey clouds were floating in the velvet night sky, obscuring the moon. A little girl was sitting on the bench with crystal blue eyes, beside a pussycat with fur as white as snow. Observing the slanting artwork above the reserved tables, Amelia shivered. It took her a while to focus on the man that graciously slid into the chair in front of her. She was still getting use to the idea of being part robot.