

ENGLISH: CREATIVE PIECE

Creative Conflict Essay

(Using the Graham Greene's novel, The Quiet American)

The room was an abyss of loneliness. Its once vibrant interior was exchanged for blankets of cobwebs and mountains of thick dust. The flamboyant walls that used to ring with radiance and the French windows that dazzled the room like light reflecting on the surface of a diamond, now resonated a deathly tune. The sounds of violent winds echoed against the void walls and the threatening darkness stripped away any form of life. Yet in the far corner of the vacuous room, a little boy stood beside the towering opaque window. His tiny hands pressed heavily against the glass pane, his wide eyes glowed like the headlights of an incoming train, searching desperately for her. As his gaze ventured into the night, the shrill sound of a woman's laughter as she walked pass the window reminded him of her...

'Entwined in her arms, pressed against her bosom, I felt her warmth flowing through me. Spinning my teeny body round and round like a twirling ribbon, I opened my eyes to see the world become a blur around me. Although my head spun like a rushing whirlpool, I felt safe as I knew her welcoming arms would always be there to catch me. I stared into her turquoise eyes and felt my body sinking into the waters of her gaze, her majesty engulfing me. As I close my eyes, the singing tune of her mellifluous laughter accentuated, spreading a tingly sensation through me; at that moment I felt as if the world only contained the two of us.'

In the hollow room, sitting alone in the pithiness the little boy hunched into a tight ball wrapping his lanky arms around his skeletal body; imitating the past. His pale skin pricked with the craving to feel her soothing finger touch the curls of his golden hair and caress the tip of his ears, and his punctured heart ached to be renewed by her healing warmth. Hearing only the wails of the hostile winds, and the clatters of footsteps passing by, he strained his eyes harder, trying to find her silhouette. Then as a shadow slowly neared the ghostly window, his eyes widened. Quivering with excitement, like a lion catching his prey, he sprang closer to the glass. However to his dismay, strolling outside the room was a young girl skipping gleefully along the path. One hand in the security of her mother's palm, the other grasping onto a lollipop, the little girl tilted her head and smiled thankfully at her mother. Desperate for the same affection, the little boy reminisced...

'Ambling in the park, the clement sunlight of the spring day warmed the back of my neck and the sight of ducks and swans brought a smile to my face. Yet, these external pleasures were incomparable to the warmth within me. Claspng her delicate hands around mine, I felt as if a flame was ignited between us, spreading a magnificent blaze within my heart. As I clutched her hand tighter, she kneeled in front of me and ran her thumb down my face and smiled at me. "I love you," she whispered.'

Glancing down at the place where her hands once laid, the little boy now saw the deserted lines on his palms and his lonely fingers. The flame she had created blew out and the nipping air had taken its place. His palm itched for the trace of her touch, and his hunger to be clutched in her arms grew stronger. Slamming his hand against the glass and looking outside, his fingers like the claws of an eagle grew longer and sharper as he tried to stab through the barrier of glass, to find her. Eyeing the little girl being carried by her mother, like a lamb cradled by its shepherd, his teeth clenched and fist tightened as he reflected on those days...

'Tired from the strenuous soccer match, my legs became two heavy sacks of cement abnegating to move. Armed with bundles of overflowing grocery bags, she glanced down at my flustered face and affectionately smiled at me. Dropping all her bags, she ran towards me and tickled my bulging belly. Then, like being swept by the wind she swung me onto her back, picked up her groceries and sauntered home. Swathing my arms around her neck, I nestled my face into her silky hair and

rested my tired body upon hers. The gentle trail of lavender wafting from her body and the delicate brushing of her fine hair against my face soon beckoned me to sleep.'

The little boy remained glued to the window, refusing to believe she had forgotten about him. Peering out into the picturesque night image, he looked pensively at the face of the moon. The vacuum in his heart expanded as he realised that although the moon was engulfed by the inkiness of the vast sky, it was surrounded by islands of blinking stars, its holes of loneliness was consummated with light.

"Where are you?" he thought.

Fixed on the outside scenery, the little boy did not notice the rattle of clanging keys and the screech of the turning doorknob as she entered the room. Staring nostalgically at the cracking walls and the web infested ceiling, she stepped closer towards him. She stroked the edges of the loom French window, the flakes of paint and tearing splinters dug deeply into her fingertips. The window that could once blend the outer surrounding with the inside was now frosted and worn by the years of rain, wind, sun and hail. Placing her hands against the leaden window, her gaze searched desperately outside, trying to look for him. Seeing nothing apart from the desolate night sky, she realised he was no longer in this world and would never come back to her again. Clutching her shoulders longingly, tears of anguish, regret and pain rolled down her worn face as she recalled that accident that changed her life. How much she longed to hear the sounds of his heartening laughter, to feel the touch of his smooth baby skin and to smell the scent of his talcum powdered body; yet he was gone. As she turned to leave the house of memories, she felt an invisible force grab onto her arms, refusing to let her go.

'Trying to reach for her hands once more, my hands only swept passed you. I don't want you to leave; I want you to stay with me, to look after me. After all this time, I can finally feel your embrace, please don't abandon me. Please stay with me Mummy, please...'