

# Friday Write #1

Date: Friday September 13<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: The Difficult Decision

Title: 24 flavours

The line was long behind her, and long in front of her. Her heart raced as she thought about her choice. She had to choose one. One of twenty four flavors and she had to choose one.

The line was quickly approaching the counter, the twenty four flavours slowly came in to view with every step. Should she be safe and go with chocolate? Or should she be adventurous and go for lion's mane? Why was this so hard?

"what can I get you?" She had been so focused she did not notice that it was her turn. She slowly looked up, panic filled her eyes.

"ummm..." the lady behind the counter rolled her eyes.

"listen up girl. I got a lot of people here, figure out what you want now or go to the back of the line."

She looked behind her. The line wound its way all the way outside the shop, she could not even see the end. And she knew it was hot outside. There was no way she was gonna go outside without an ice cream

She decided to be safe, "Chocolate." she said assertively.

"what kind of chocolate?" What! There was more than one kind of chocolate?

the lady saw her confusion, "We got white chocolate, milk chocolate, dark chocolate, chocolate cheese cake, chocolate mint, chocolate peanut butter, chocolate chip, and chocolate cookie dough." She felt her jaw drop, how could they have so many flavours?

"Regular chocolate." She could not remember half the options the lady had said.

"Girl." The lady looked upset. "I don't got time for this."

"Ugh!" she sighed, "Just choose for me."

The ice cream lady sighed from relief. "You look like a chocolate cheese cake kinda girl."

She walked over to one of the freezers, "What cone do you want?"

Not another decision, "I don't know"

"Girl, you need to take a class on making decisions. I'm gonna give you one scoop of chocolate cheese cake on a regular cone. You gotta problem with that?"

She shook her head.

"Good" the ice cream lady grabbed a cone and started to scoop.

She handed her the ice cream. "That will be \$4.50, would you like to donate \$1.00 to *ice cream for the kids*?"

Well she could not say no without being mean, kids do really like ice cream. But, she only had \$6.00 and she might want to keep that for something else.

"Just give me \$4.50 girl. I have other customers"

She handed the ice cream lady a \$5.00 bill. The ice cream lady gave her her change. She quickly ran out of the store, without saying thank you. She was just outside the door when she started to question her decision not to say thank you. But she licked her ice cream and that was all she needed. She turned and walked home.



# Friday Write #2

Date: September 27<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: A childhood experience that helped you to grow up

Title: The End of 3 Long Months

After three long months the acidic smell of cleaner still burned my nose. After three long months the the pastel walls still blurred with the pastel floor. After three long months my mom was still in the hospital. There was only one thing that was good about this place, the air conditioning. It was the only source of relief from the blistering heat that filled my days.

The bed was soft beneath me as I sat next to my mom playing *go fish* late into the evening. The putrid smell of the salty hospital food would tell us it was time to go. And the coughing of the mysterious man on the other side of the curtain would never stop. But one day it all ended. At least for me. The day it ended so did everything else. The days would blur to night through a shield of tears. The condolences for my loss would never end. The person I thought would always be there would never be seen again.

It was a beautiful day, the sun moved on the cement from the shifting of the trees. The birds gossiped to one another as they marched along the branches of the oak tree in my grandma's backyard. And the clouds were non existent in the clear blue sky.

It was a simple day, spent with my grandfather. (He bought me tidbits) everything was normal, I looked forward to ranting to my mom about the heat latter in the day. But that rant never came. My aunt stoped by to picked me up, her nurses uniform clung to her back as we walked to the car. We talked and gossiped on the way to her apartment near Lafarge lake. We watched TV and ate cookies as I waited for my dad to picked me up.

The moment he walked through the door I new the news. He rushed to me picking me up in his arm his tears wetting my hair.

"You mom... she's gone."

"No" I moaned as I too started to cry.

"No" I cried again.

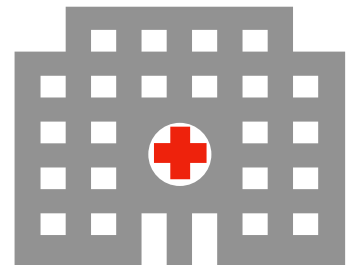
My aunt wiped a tear that had strayed down her cheek, my uncle turned away.

We stayed like that for a long time. My dad and I arm in arm and we cried.

That day I decided. I needed to be strong for my dad and my family. I had lost one of the people who went the most to me. I lost the person who was supposed to teach me about being a girl about being a woman. I lost the person who I called mom.

Since they I had to figure out so much on my own. What do you do when you get your period, or so many other things men do not understand. I had to grow up, I had to teach myself how to do so much.

I was not alone, I had my dad and all my other family. But knowing I would never feel her hugs again, I would never hear her say *I love you* again, I would never get to see her again except in the frozen times, the frozen photos of my childhood made me feel more sad and alone then I had ever felt before.



# Friday Write #3

Date: Friday October 10<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: a surprising turn of events

Title: Tried for Murder

Her heart was racing her hands were clammy. If she answered wrong her life would be over. She was terrified. All eyes were on her as she contemplated, taking too long. She had done it. They all knew it. A person was dead because of her. A person's soul was lost because of her. She was going to jail because she was stupid and a bad liar.

The judge turned to her. "You will answer the question miss Smith." He boomed.

She brushed a tear from her eye, "I did not kill my brother." She cried.

The prosecutor turned to her, "Miss Smith where were you on the night of the incident?"

She looked to her lawyer. He was a small, mousy man who was very bad at his job. He was looking at his hands, offering no help to her.

She looked back at the prosecutor, "I was at home asleep. Where the police found me."

She had not been asleep, she had been there, she had been the one to kill him.

"And how were you not awoken when your brother was killed? You must have heard something." The prosecutor stepped closer as he talked she could nearly feel the warm and moist breath on her face.

"I am a very heavy sleeper." She spoke simply. She tried to be strong but she did not want to go to jail. She was not done, she still had a sister.

A while later it was time for closing statements. The prosecutor stepped up first.

He turned to the jury as he spoke, "The accused did commit the murder. She had every opportunity and every way to get away with it." His arm shot out towards her. "The only fingerprints were hers, just because she is his sister does not make her free from a suspect. She has a motive, wanting of favoritism from her family. And she had the weapon. We all saw how unsurprised she was when the murder weapon was revealed." He turned back to the judge, "that is all your honor."

Her lawyer hobbled up to the stand, "the accused did not do the murder, she has no motive and none of the strength to overpower her *older* brother." He turned and smiled at her, "she is a little girl. A little innocent girl." He hobbled back to their table and sat down with a sigh.

"Pretty good closing statement hey." He whispered.

She disagreed, it was quite poor compared to the prosecutor's

The jury left to go home and she was forced to wait. She was not free and she would not be for a long time.

They would send a 11 year old girl to jail.

The jury returned and the paper was given to the judge.

They stood,

They waited,

She hoped,

Yet she knew, jail.

The judge stood, "The court finds the accused *not guilty*."

Her lawyer hugged her. She turned to her family sitting on the benches behind her sister was the first to hug her.

She pulled her sister close.

"I did it, and your next." She whispered.

Her sister jerked away looking at her horrified.



# Friday Write #4

Date: Friday October 11<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: the day when you realized the world was bigger than you thought

Title: Little, Big World

Her small Canadian town in western Saskatchewan was no match for what stretched out in front of her now. The maps and globes in her classrooms over the years did nothing to compare to what she saw before her now.

She was the youngest of four kids, her parents were still married which shocked the town. They all lived in a three bedroom rancher house in the centre of a town where everyone knew everyone. Where everyone was expected to stay and raise their own family. She had always known she would leave. But she had never known how far she would go.

She was 18 when she moved away from the little three bedroom rancher house and her family, to go to university in Toronto. Her school had been paid for by an aunt that she had never met but always wanted to know. After going to school for many years she got her degree as an aerospace engineer. None of her family had come to her graduation since her older sister had just had her second child.

She stayed in Toronto rarely talking to her family and friends back in her small little town.

Toronto was big, she had met new people and found a new family between her friends.

Top of her class she was asked to be a resident engineer at the University of Toronto where she had lived for the past many years.

Her world has always been small, Toronto seemed huge compared to her little town in western Saskatchewan. But she had never thought much of it.

Everything changed at the age of thirty, when she was chosen to go to the international space station that September. When she got the news she called her family who only said they would not support it. That is was too dangerous, that she should just come home.

She had been terrified, the training, the risk, the pressure which never seemed to end. For months she waited, the day of take off, watching it get closer by the second.

Her space suit felt gigantic and she waited for the count down to start. The other three people in with her had become her friends over the many months of training. They were talking amongst themselves when the count down began.

3..., 2..., 1...,

The rocket roared to life below her. She struggled to look out the little window by her seat.

The ride to the space station took long, her anticipation and adrenalin continued to build.

Finally they were settled on the space station, she rushed to a window. Flying without the pull of gravity. As she looked out the little window she saw Earth stretch out beneath her. She could vaguely make out the shape of the different continents, as she searched for her own. She could only make out North America. Her little town did not exist up here. She longed for her family so far below.

She felt small. The place she had always known so well seemed so large, impossible and mysterious.

She pictured her family in their little house, in their little town, in their little province, in their little country, in their little continent, in their little world.

She was drawn back by another team member calling her. She floated away from the window her eyes not leaving the world below her.



# Friday Write #5

Date: Friday October 18<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: Sometimes people are unable to control the directions of their own lives

Title: The Choices I Could Not Make

Filly and uncomfortable, the only words to explain this mess of fabric I was being forced to wear. It was my wedding day everyone told me I should be so happy. *Well okay aunt Gladys I will be happy marrying a total jerk my mom chose for me because it will be "good for our family."*

I had only met the guy once and I must say my ten year old brother who wrestles with our dogs is more of a gentleman. I hardly knew this guy, his name was a mystery to me, I know it starts with a "J" though. I looked terrible. Hot pink lips to match my nails. My mother dressed me and you could tell. Amazingly the mirror did not crack as I looked into it staring at my self.

"Charleen dear!" My mother screeched as she trotted into the room.

I gave her the best smile I could muster. "Mother, lovely to see you."

She trotted over to me, fixing my dress, "Who put this thing on you? The corset is too loose you look fat."

She started to fix my dress, tightening the corset making it hard for me to breath.

"Mother," I gasped out, "Mother it is too tight." She stopped fiddling meeting my eyes in the mirror with a cold stare.

She gripped my arm, "I am trying to make you presentable Charleen, it is not my fault you went and got pregnant!" She snapped.

I dropped her eyes looking at my hands. "It was not my fault mother." Her fingers dug into my arm, "You know that."

I pulled myself out of her grip and walked over to the chair at my vanity.

She looked at herself in my mirror, "You went out looking like... like a whore. You were asking for it."

She was so calm and I bothered me more. I blinked away a tear, "How you say that?"

She turned to me, "I only said it because it is true. You should have been acting like a lady, not what you were."

"It was not my fault *mother*," I shouted, "you think I wanted that to happen? Do you think I am happy being pregnant?" Her eyes were piercing mine.

"You snuck out of the house. You decided to go out alone at *night*."

Our conversation was stopped when a maid arrived, "All the guests are here. The ceremony is about to start."

Mother turned marching towards the door, she paused at the door her back to me, "fix your makeup Charleen, you look atrocious."

I turned back to the mirror. If I had no control over being pregnant, getting married, or anything else... maybe I could make my mother as mad and humiliated as she made me.

I grabbed a tissue of the table and wiped my makeup smudging it along my face. I marched towards the ball room where the ceremony was being held. I shoved open the large doors hitting the door men with them. All heads turned to me and my messed up makeup. My mother's face was mixed with shock and horror. *Good*. I grabbed my dad arm, dragging him down the aisle behind me. The audience didn't have time to stand before I got to the front. My future groom starred at me, disgusted.

I looked him up and down, lastly meeting his eyes, "My mother dressed me. She was trying to make me look good." I turned to my mother and smiled. "She didn't do a very good job did she?"

Everyone's mouths dropped.

"In fact I think I look like a bit of a whore, my mother would know, she's the expert." No one moved. I smiled at my audience.

Turning back to my fiancé, "So whatever your name is. Let's get married, I'm pregnant and this corset is killing me." My fiancé looked to his parents for confirmation he had to do this.

"Hurry up." I said to the officiant, "I want cake."



# Friday Write #6

Date: Friday November 1<sup>st</sup> 2019

Topic: The important things in life endure over time.

Title: Everlasting REVENGE

Food, Water, Happiness, Choice, Revenge: the five most important things in my life. Believe it or not, I could care less either way. I did not ask to be here, I did not ask to be raised the way a was, I did not ask for any of this; yet, here I am.

Food, water, happiness, choice, and revenge are the five pillars we all need to survive and I was forced to grow up with only the first two in limited quantities. I was raised in a family of nine kids of which I am the youngest. My mother left a few years after I was born and I had always hated her for it. She left me with a family of superheroes. Literally. Most people think it is so great, all my sibling are out saving the world. Making the worlds a better place, making us rich. Ha! You thought. We are broke. See the thing no one get is when everyone in your house is out being a superhero they have no time to get a job. Leaving me to walk down to the food bank to get food.

I was neglected while the world around me got all the attention and love I had longed for so long.

I sat up the old mattress sinking beneath my every movement enveloping me, begging me not to go. I had to though; don't you remember? Revenge? The fifth most important thing in life. Revenge had been my life's work. Plotting how to pay my family back for the years of neglect had taken up my days. I actually got fired from my job flipping burgers at a fast food joint because I had burnt down half the kitchen while lost in thought.

Last night I had found the perfect plan. I was gonna become the villain. I was gonna torture my siblings the way they tortures me.

Revenge is a dish best served cold; that is what I was gonna be. I marched down the hall hugging my quilt around my shoulders, hopping it could fight a way the cold, dampness of the apartment. Finally reaching the end of the hall I pulled out the key to my sister's room; which, I had stolen last night. Shoving her door open with my shoulder I fell into her room. It was the largest in the house and it had the most stuff.

I picked up a SIG Sauer P938 cradling it in my shaking hands. I was gonna end them all. Pointing the gun at the target pined up on the wall I smiled and squeezed my hands around the trigger, relishing in the force if the gun pushing back in to my had as the bullet shot out.

After a few minutes of searching through her drawers and cupboards had found a Benelli Black Eagle, a couple extra magazines and a mask.

The 8 other rooms were the same. More weapons, more disguises.

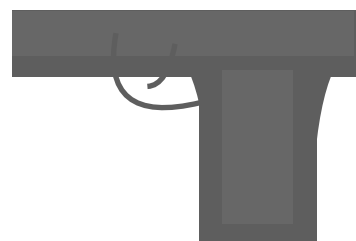
For the rest of the day I practiced shooting getting exceedingly better with every round. By the time my older sister hobbled though the door asking about dinner I had her own gun pointed at her. She stoped; drawn back by her gun pointing back at her. A second latter she had her gun drawn on me but not fast enough. I dragged her to the dinning room sitting her at the bare table. I reloaded the gun and took my place back in-front of the door. Lest then a half hour past before my youngest brother got home. He froze slowly raising his hands above his head with a puzzled expression. He was my favorite, he would go last. I marched him to the dining room sitting him next to his beloved dead sister. I bound his hands to the table.

The same repeated six more times. Some I would shoot at the door, other I would tie to the table for them to wait. By the time everyone was gathered around the table all in different states of life I sat down resting my had on the shoulder of one of my sisters who was fighting against the loss of blood.

"You did this" I whispered.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Now, no one would neglect me. I left them sitting at the table, blood pouring out of them and went to bed. I hadn't eaten but my stomach was full of satisfaction my life mission was complete.



# Friday Write #7

Date: Friday November 8<sup>th</sup> 2019

Topic: Forming meaningful connections may enrich lives

Title: Fixed Promotion

She tucked her white blouse into her dark blue pencil skirt, wrapped her hair in a perfect bun, touched up her makeup for the perfect, professional look, pulled on her dark blue blazer, and lastly she stepped into her 4 inch stiletto heels. She turned and smiled at her reflection in the mirror. 6 years it had taken for her to get this position; she was going to nail this.

“New outfit I see?” Her assistant matched her long strides as she walked towards the boss's office, clutching her books to her chest.

“Yes! I need to impress the boss.” Her assistant laughed.

She stopped and turned towards her assistant in one motion, “What is that supposed to mean Miss. Flores?” She asked decisively, eyebrows raised.

Her assistant stopped, “Did you forget Mrs. Jones? The boss is your husband, he has to like you.”

She laughed, “Just because he is my husband does not mean I am guaranteed a job.”

Her assistant rolled her eyes, “of course Mrs. Jones. What was I thinking?” They started walking again.

“Oh one more thing!” Her assistant shouted.

“Go.” She spoke wanting to be done with her overstepping assistant.

“I have a message from your husband.” She held out a yellow sticky note.

“My husband or my boss?” She snatched the paper from her assistant's little hands.

*Good luck today Grace!  
I know your boss, he will go easy on you.  
-your husband, John*

She smiled at the note, playing with it in her hand.

“Here we are” her assistant turned to walk away.

Walking backwards her assistant shouted from down the hall, “that note proves my point.”

She turned facing the door, *I am going to fire that woman any day now* she thought to herself.

She got ready to knock pausing, her assistant was right. Her husband, was the only reason she was here.

She was strong and smart but meeting him had gotten her here.

She brushed a stray tear from her cheek, straightened her skirt and knocked.

The door swung open to reveal her husband smiling brightly at her.

“Long time no see, Mrs. Jones.” He laughed, closing the door behind her.

“It's been an hour.” She reminded him.

He guided her to the chair across his desk. The chair she had many memories in that chair, she had been sitting there when he proposed. She smiled remembering that night as he settled into his chair across the desk.

“Well, you may have guessed but you have the job.” He was smiling at her, she was not returning the look; instead she stared at her hands resting in her lap.

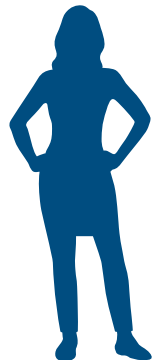
“What's wrong?” He leaned forward on his desk, concern covered his face.

She looked up at him a tear traced her cheek, “the only reason I am here is because of you —”

Reached over, wiping away the tear. He held her chin in his hands and whispered, “The reason you are here is because of who you are and what you do. I gave you a shot because of what I saw in you, and how you made me feel... you just needed someone who you connected with to give you a chance.”

He walked over and wrapped his arms around her. In that moment she knew. Knowing him had helped her, had given her a leg up. But it did not carry her.

“I need to go do something.” She whispered, pulling away from his embrace. He waved as she walked out the door ready to fire her assistant.



# Friday Write #8

Date: Friday November 22 2019

Topic: With independence comes increased responsibility

Title: The Queen of Ofria

She rolled over in her king size bed fit for the first prime minister of the newly independent Ofria. Last night she had another dream about her husband's assassination. As she stumbled to the bathroom she could not get the image of her husband falling limp in her arms, the bullet was meant for her, but it found the wrong person.

She cried out as her bare feet hit the cold tile floor of her bathroom. Stumbling over to the mirror she griped the counter and waited for the floor to become warm where her feet were. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and read the agenda for the day, *make a public press announcement addressing her plans for there new country, organize countries finances, read and respond to letters from concerned citizens.*

Marching down the hall of the Ofria government building, her home and workplace, she held her shoes in her hand and walked fast yet quietly. It was to early to be inundated by her parliament asking about anything.

Her country had finally won the war against Rine Vafri, otherwise known as the Mother of Countries. Rine Vafri had the most colonies witch they left broke and in debt. Ofria was the least broke then all of Rine Vafri's colonies, and they fought, everyone, man or woman who was eligible. They won, but not without losses, 23,604 489 Ofrians dead over 2 years. But that was over, Ofria had gained independence and Milja Falk was in charge of it all. Milja was praised for her leadership and strength during the war, and still to this day she was burdened with the responsibility of running and independent country that was hated by all the other countries.

She plopped down at the breakfast table, resting her head in her hands.

"Ms. Falk! I have been looking everywhere for you!" Her assistant ran in.

"Ugh?" Milja responded, raising her head to look at her assistant.

"Ms. Falk you have a country to run." She trotted over to pull her up, "I don't need to tell you how much responsibility this is, Ofria is depending on you Ms."

Milja stood up, "Miss. Havens, go tell the parent I will be there in 10 minutes." Her assistant trotted out the door,

Milja poured herself a big cup of coffee, wolfed down a day old muffin, and slowly walked to the hall of meeting.

"Thank you all for being here today." She smiled at the gathered men, women and press, "*We have a new country to run.*"

